

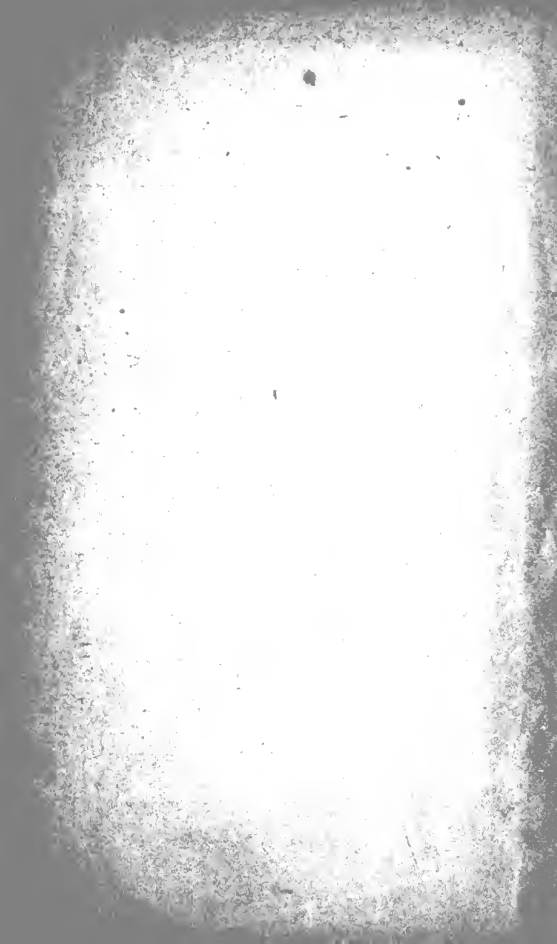


P o e m s .



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P O E M S :

WITH

A SKETCH

OF THE



LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

OF

ANNIE R. SMITH.

BY

MRS. REBEKAH SMITH.

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MANCHESTER, N. H.

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P R E F A C E .



A small volume of poems entitled, "Home Here and Home in Heaven," by Annie R. Smith, appeared shortly after her death, in 1855. Her numerous friends wishing some account of her life and last sickness, have from time to time desired me to prepare such a sketch for publication. I have also been requested to publish in connection therewith, a collection of my own poetical efforts. This is the immediate occasion of the appearance of the present volume, the publication of which, circumstances have conspired to delay till the present time. It lays no claim to literary merit, but professes to be only a description in rhyme of some of the ordinary experiences of life, and the common feelings of the heart. I have appended some additional pieces written by Annie R. Smith, and some by Uriah Smith, which I have desired to see published in this form. It is com-

mended to the charitable consideration of friends, with the hope that its appearance may prove a gratification and a benefit to some.

MRS. REBEKAH SMITH.

West Wilton, N. H.



P O E M S .



Life's Conflict.

In the deep recess of the inmost heart,
Where Satan tempts and angels come to shield,
Are foes by which we would be overcome,
Were Christ not with us on the battle-field.

The tempter, seeking whom he may devour,
Would sift as wheat, and finally prevail;
But Jesus intercedes and prays for us,
That faith in these dread conflicts may not fail.

These calls unheeded, who the end can know?
The Spirit grieved and angels forced to leave,
The victims, though unconscious, hastening where
No pardoning love is found, and no relieve.

If yet there's hope, one mighty effort make
To conquer, and the enemy defeat;
Watch unto prayer, in Jesus Christ abide,
And hasten to be made in him complete.

No true enjoyment here aside from this.
No other name on earth e'er to be given,
Through him we must be cleansed and purified,
Or closed to us will be the gates of Heaven.

Christian Love.

Jesus sees, he feels, he pities ; he for us keen anguish
knew,
He was numbered with transgressors ; harmless, but
his friends were few.
Those immersed in love's deep ocean, nothing will or
can offend ;
They will bow in sweet submission, knowing Heaven
will them defend.

Let us then our suffering brother seek where'er his
lot is cast ;
Priests and Levites having seen him, on the other
side have passed ;
But of God he's not forsaken ; He has known each
bitter pang ;
He has seen his tears and sorrows, and has known
from whence they sprang.

Jesus sees when best to succor, every wrong will bring
to light ;
He will have obedient children who in doing good
delight,
Who will move in love and pity, bleeding wounds to
soothe and bind,
Good Samaritans, who ever seek some path of love to
find.

Courage new is then imparted, chilling words no
more oppress ;
Oh ! for more true kindred spirits, who would make
our sufferings less.
Lord forgive thine erring people ; form them for thy-
self alone ;
Then they'll bear each other's burdens, calling nought
they have their own.

Then each suffering child of sorrow would be watched
with tender care,
Love and pity for the erring would be felt and witnessed there.
Strife and jealousy would vanish; love be felt that
works no ill;
Peace, sweet peace, and joy and gladness, would each
home and bosom fill.



Love Not the World.

Love not the world, trust not its joys; uncertain is
their stay;
Its treasures I've so highly prized, on wings have
flown away.
Its riches I would not recall, their loss would not
deplore;
Content I'll be if but my Lord salvation's joys restore.

Nature inclines us all to seek, a rich and grand career;
Undue attachment will but make our losses more
severe.
Hardly we know how much we love our friends and
things below,
Till called to see them one by one from our possession go.

How often then the stricken heart deplores no comfort left,
Forgetting we have blessings still, of which we're not bereft.
Let houses, lands and splendor go, surroundings all
upset,
If home is where we've friends to love, and friends to
love us yet.

With such a home, no matter where, how unadorned
the place,
If but my Lord's, he'll visit there, and with his pres-
ence grace.
Thus consecrated to the Lord, his glory will be there.
How blest the place where oft is heard the voice of
praise and prayer.

Be I but meet for such a place, where angels camp
around,
Where truth and duty are proclaimed, and works of
love abound.
The poor and friendless there resort and find their
wants supplied,
No lack whose trust is in the Lord; for such he will
provide.

There all of every name and race, in need of friendly
aid,
Find equal welcome to the board where no distinc-
tion's made.
Thus treasures are laid up above, where endless life
is given;
They who are rich in works of love, may hope for rest
in Heaven.



Preparation for Heaven.

Our every sin must be confessed,
All guile be taken from the breast;
A holy life must we maintain,
If with the Saviour we would reign.

Be trimmed our lamps, our light appear,
Proclaim we Jesus draweth near;
That mercy's closing hour is nigh,
Will be the angel's last loud cry.

Now are we drawing near the port,
Decisions soon all made in court,
The scene will close, the Lord will come,—
And who with him will have a home ?

To self we must be crucified,
Be purified, made white and tried,
Without one spot, and guileless be,
To stand before his Majesty.

Oh! be our sleeping powers awake ;
Eternal bliss is now at stake ;
One wrong unrighted, spot or stain,
Will bind in sin's destructive chain.

Haste then, from every error flee ;
Strive till you gain the victory.
Triumph in Jesus' name alone,
And sit with him upon his throne.

This right with his own blood he bought ;
Oh! bliss beyond all human thought,
Where ransomed throngs the Lord adore,
And sing free grace forevermore.



Submission.

The Saviour knows our every grief ;
He knows the time to give relief :
When we are purified and tried,
And our whole wills are sanctified.

How to destroy our dross and tin,
And cleanse us from each stain of sin,
What to inflict, the Lord knows best ;
'Tis only ours to stand the test.

What though we suffer grief and pain,
And earth's fair prospects strew the plain,
Let us submit, whate'er befall,
And make our God our all in all.

What though we're wrongfully accused,
Oft times e'en slanderously abused ?
Say not these ills we cannot bear,
But in our Saviour's suffering share.

What he endured no tongue can tell,
When on Him our transgressions fell ;
Meekly he bore them on the tree,
And paid the debt for you and me.

He purchased holiness and Heaven,
Or we could ne'er have been forgiven.
The Saviour's blood redemption cost,
Without which all our race was lost.

Shall we then sink beneath the rod,
Inflicted by a holy God
To purify and make us white,
That he may be our sole delight ?

No ; though it sharply smites, resign,
And pray for grace and love divine ;
For all this, Heaven will make amends,
And oftentimes quick deliverance sends.

The Lord in him would have us free ;
Through Him we gain the victory,
All he will be to us we need,
That we a holy life may lead.

Be holy. Oh ! how blest to know,
Our Father helps to make us so ;
'Tis but for us to yield our will,
His word and promise he'll fulfill.

No guilt or fear, no will, no choice ;
In God alone we now rejoice,
And bless the hand that gave the blow,
And laid our earthly comforts low.



It Was True.

I loved th' enchanting viol's sound,
I loved the sprightly dance,
And all the dear, delightful scenes
Of nature's wild romance.

I know the fascinating charms,
In all their depth and hight,
Presumed on days and months and years
Of exquisite delight.

Though seventy-six, I feel I still
These halls of mirth could grace ;
I left them when in youth* and sought
In Christ a hiding place.

But oh! the bitter cup I drank
That tamed my wild career ;
Death struck my parents from my side
And drowned my joy in tears.

My dear loved home of childhood's years,
Where all was life and glee,
Became a house of mourning, and
Ere long no home for me.

I've since formed nearer, dearer ties,
And they too, have been riven.
By these repeated strokes I've learned
There's nothing true but Heaven.

* At eighteen.

My treasure's there, my heart is there,
 The prize I mean to win ;
 But know the victory must be gained
 O'er every darling sin.

And may refiner's fire go through
 Till I am purified ;
 Till patience is perfected here,
 And all my graces tried.

I'd bear the fiery trial now,
 Till holy made and pure,
 That I Christ's image may reflect,
 And be in him secure.

A home in Heaven will then be mine,
 A house not made with hands ;
 Where Jesus will his saints receive,
 Who walk in his commands.

Be it mine to walk the narrow way,
 Which my Redeemer trod,
 And in the City have a place
 Close by the throne of God.

There friends will meet to part no more,
 Whose sins are here forgiven.
 I would not rest until I know,
 I have a home in Heaven.



No Resting Here.

No resting place ! oh ! sad, oppressive thought !
 The overburdened heart oppress with grief,
 Must bear its weight o'er sad reflection's tide,
 Fearing at last the fate of unbelief.

Is there one here, without one beam of hope?
 Oppressed, desponding, bordering on despair?
 Still sinking 'neath gloom's dark and heavy cloud,
 Not thinking e'er one cheering boon to share?

Lie still, e'en here, and search the hidden cause;
 O'er every sin has victory been won?
 Then trust in God o'er this dark, dreary way,
 And say, Dear Lord, thy will, not mine, be done.

The broken heart, the humble, contrite one,
 God will relieve from sin's dark, heavy load;
 He will reveal himself a present help,
 And make for us a sure and safe abode.

For such as these a resting place remains,
 When earth's dark scenes and trials all are o'er;
 A home in Heaven where saints and angels are
 Chanting glad songs of glory evermore.



Deny Thyself.

The word we preach is nigh thee,
 Is in thy mouth and heart,
 To cease from every evil,
 From every idol part.

The last decree, how solemn,
 Except we conquer now,
 No remedy can reach us,
 Nor pay our broken vow.

While faithless, unrepentant,
 We cannot be forgiven,
 No mercy will be offered,
 No home for us in Heaven.

As well give up to perish,
 If we cannot deny
 Our appetites and passions,
 While Heavenly aid is nigh.

Soon there will be no promise
 Of pardoning grace, now free.
 Ere Jesus ceases pleading,
 We must get victory.

Soon with no mediator
 To help our ruined case,
 The filthy must be filthy,
 Beyond the reach of grace.



Baptism.

We fail not, when watching, our duty to know,
 While Jesus makes out all our pathway below.
 When he bids be buried with him 'neath the wave,
 Let nought keep us back from the watery grave.

Go forward ; these waters are ever the place,
 Where Jesus is found with his presence to grace ;
 While angels make each of its subjects their care,
 And the Spirit of God sheds its blessedness there.

Oh, blest institution ! the Lord owns it still,
 And moves on his people his word to fulfill ;
 In newness of life will he help to arise, [prize.
 While they humbly press on toward the mark for the

How heavenly the sight of an ordinance like this ;
 The pledge, it would seem, of perpetual bliss :
 God honored below, while his people rejoice,
 Making known to the world, they obey him from
 choice.

We'll follow the footsteps of Jesus, our King,
Till we the glad songs of deliverance sing.
We'll exalt him while here, we will love and adore,
And with the redeemed sound his praise evermore.



Despair of the Lost.

Of our strength we are shorn by indulgence in sin ;
Where Jesus has reigned, now there's no room within ;
A host of his murderers dwell in the heart ;
Rejected, though grieved, he's obliged to depart.

As he goes who can know he will ever return ?
That the blessing is lost we may soon have to learn,
With a wail of despair, a lamentable cry,
We may soon see ourselves forever passed by.

Too late ! oh, too late ! now my soul must be lost ;
Though redemption was offered at infinite cost ;
Though help has been laid on one mighty to save ;
To self and the world I the preference gave.

Could the hope of salvation be given once more,
Would we not turn our backs on our Lord, as before ?
Would not the same spirit still bear the same fruit ?
And the Lord still to us our transgressions impute ?

Oh ! poor fallen man, rushing on to despair,
With high hopes all anchored in earth's fatal snare,
To be swept away soon, with the refuge of lies,
While the soul in deep anguish the second death dies.

Depart from Sin.

Could the deluded votaries
Of fashion and of song,
But see their danger, they would cry,
We've ventured here too long.

Yes, ventured o'er a precipice,
Held by a brittle thread,
While "fiery billows roll beneath"
The slippery paths we tread.

We've ventured to reject the call,
In love and pity given,
To flee sin's awful destiny,
And seek a home in Heaven.

Could tears prevail, could pity move,
You would not longer stand,
Exposed by every dashing wave
In yon broad gulf to land.

But tears and pity cannot save,
Nor for one sin atone,
Redemption's purchased with the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

The debt is paid ; salvation's free,
Though Jesus' life it cost,
And all who come to him he'll save ;
Then why should you be lost ?

Oh ! be entreated to forsake
The road that leads to hell,
And thus be fitted for the place
Where saints and angels dwell.

Old, but Young.

Infirmities of age have not
As yet made me their prey ;
In social life I sometimes feel
As one still young and gay.

My spirits buoyant, hopeful, free,
No cloud to intervene,
Till I'm a wonder to myself,
And ask what this can mean.

Is there a dark and heavy cloud,
Now gathering out of sight,
To come o'er this my cheerful path,
And turn it into night ?

Well, be it so ; I'll now enjoy
Life's blessings while I may,
And meet its changes as they come,
The footsteps of decay.

At seventy-six we might expect
Our life-lights to grow dim,
The slow-paced step and wasted form,
Though once erect and trim.

'Tis nature's course ; time's withering blight
Will come on all below.
Be ready then for any change
Time bids us undergo.

Then when this earth is made anew
All clothed in living green,
Where blight, decay, and care-worn brows
Are never to be seen,

We all shall bloom immortal, fair,
 In Eden beauty dressed,
 To share all Heaven's eternal joys,
 And be forever blessed.



Passing the Gate.

Lines on leaving the house of a dear friend where I had
 pleasantly spent several weeks.

Down deep in the heart is a fountain of tears,
 Though seldom it flows to the eye;
 'Tis not that I have not true interest and love,
 That I say not the sad words, Good bye.

The gate must be opened, and opened for me,
 For me to go out of the place,
 Where I have enjoyed the best bounties of earth,
 Where in love face has answered to face.

As I passed through the gate, language fails to express
 My deep-felt emotions of heart;
 'Twas leaving a home where was freedom and rest;
 And who else can such favors impart?

Not that I was homeless; another dear place
 Was all ready and waiting me, where
 Again I should mingle with children and friends;
 But oh! there's life's burden and care.

'Tis not that I'd shun them, and useless remain,
 That I felt thus while passing the gate;
 But feelings which beckon to higher results,
 Thoughts I may not attempt to relate.

When fortune's wheel turns, will the gate opened be,
Be opened for me to come through ?
Shall I find the same friends and the dear quiet room,
And my former engagements pursue ?

To Him who controls all the myriad worlds,
With Him would I leave each event ;
I would move in his order, and walk in his light,
And know that my time is well spent.

Then whether I ever that gate pass, or not,
Those loved ones again ever see,
The gates of the City will open for all
Who its glories and beauties would see.



Trust all to God.

We wait on God, our strength renewed,
Our love of self and pride subdued,
We then can cruel slander bear,
Nor ask why we these sufferings share.

We may exalted be by men,
Be censured and condemned ; what then ?
Our worth is in the Lord alone,
To whom our thoughts and acts are known.

That I am God, know and be still,
Though wrongfully you're suffering ill.
How many sins committed where
No eye has seen, yet still I spare.

Be humble, meek, and low of heart,
Nor from my holy law depart.
Thus will your strength be oft renewed,
And you with holy zeal imbued.

In that dread day you then can stand,
 Where rocks are rent, and solid land
 And mountains shake, and cities fall ;
 I'll be your strength, your God, your all.

From earth's dread ruins you'll be caught,
 To God's celestial city brought,
 Robed in a pure and spotless dress,
 The robe of Christ's own righteousness.

Then every stain will be erased
 From reputations now defaced ;
 And where was anguish, grief and tears,
 Now smiles and bliss and joy appears.

To be forever with the Lord,
 To share the infinite reward,
 To sit with him upon his throne,
 To see and know as we are known.

In everlasting songs divine,
 In sweetest union all will join.
 Who can describe the bliss there'll be,
 When blessed with immortality ?



The Vanity of Earth.

Sickness prostrates ; helpless sufferer, *i*
 Who can stem the sorrowing tide ?
 Oh ! how vain, when death approacheth,
 Earthly pleasures, wealth and pride.

Though your name may be illustrious,
 Handed down through ages yet,
 Worldly honor and distinction,
 We shall all ere long forget.

Weeping friends may stand around you,
Flattering prospects urge your stay ;
But compelled by the destroyer,
To be launched from earth away.

Past reflections, oh ! how painful,
If not answered life's great end ;
Time all spent in vain delusion,
Now no hope, no God, no friend.

Who can paint the bitter anguish,
Felt at such a time as this ;
Soon to leave those cherished idols,
Purchased with unending bliss.

Though we gain the world, what profit,
If we lose our souls at last ?
Buy the gold, the shining raiment,
Ere the day of grace is past.



Dying Words.

There was one who to me was most lovely and dear ;
I looked, and that loved one I saw disappear ;
My dear, only daughter, who in life's early years,
Has gone to the grave, and has left me in tears.

The words of her parting, were, Jesus is mine ;
He'll save, and I shall in his own likeness shine.
To God be all glory ; Heaven's opened to me ;
I shall rise with the saints, and immortal shall be.

My brothers, be wise and obey Heaven's laws ;
Seek the Saviour to please and to honor his cause ;
Rest not till you know all your sins are forgiven,
Oh ! fail not, my brothers, to meet me in Heaven.

My mother, be ready to meet me that day,
 Nor mourn that here with you no longer I stay.
 Prepare for the trouble that soon is to come—
 Who then will enjoy his own loved quiet home ?

I die in the Lord, from my labors to rest
 With the dead, of whom it is said, "They are blest."
 For me bid farewell to the loved and the true,
 May we meet where is heard no mournful adieu.

My mother, I'm dying, but Jesus is here ;
 With him I have nothing of evil to fear.
 Thus peaceful she died, but still lingered the trace
 Of the image divine on her cold pallid face.

In the lone, quiet tomb where she's longed to repose,
 She rests from life's cares, from its "burden of woes,"
 Beside her loved father, to memory dear—
 O'er the graves of these loved, I withhold not the tear.



The Slave of Appetite.

What stings of conscience men will bear,
 Their tastes to gratify ;
 Resolve and re-resolve, and still
 Themselves cannot deny.

They say, "I'd give a thousand worlds
 Could I the victory gain."
 Your cause is just, to conquer here,
 And all your rights maintain.

"What use," you ask, "to say I will,
 And almost know I shan't ;
 I've tried, and tried, and tried again,
 To quit, but oh ! I can't."

Well, be it so ; your course pursue,
But what will be the end ?
Your conscience soon will be so seared,
You'll want no other friend.

Chief of the comforts you enjoy,
What comfort now you take.
When you're deprived of these, how sad,
Gloomy and desolate.

Why thus ? Your nerves are all unstrung ;
You're almost ruined now.
Does patience have her perfect work,
While thus you break each vow ?

When worn with toil, how soon you seek
Your coffee, rum, or tea ;
When trouble comes, these are your gods,
To which for help you flee.

Another, all his senses gone,
When giving up his quid,
In irritation mourns his lot,
From him all good seems hid.

The poisonous weed, the deadly drink
Are eagerly pursued ;
So are they loved, men hardly wish
Their appetites subdued.

The exhilarating influence
When loved, who will forego ?
The sad effects of these produce
The sum of human woe.

Not we alone the sufferers are ;
Our friends must bear a part ;
The animation felt by us
With them is a broken heart.

An oft untimely grave the lot,
Of those thus overcome ;
What desolation then is felt,
In their once peaceful home ?

Ere vigor, health, and life are gone,
Rouse every latent power ;
The victory gained, again you're blest,
Within your own loved bower.

Heed not the tempter when he comes,
And pleads once more to yield ;
Have you not fully yet resolved,
To shun this battle-field ?

Why risk the victory you have gained ?
Your resolution lost
This once might prove your ruin here,
And life eternal cost.

Try once again, while there is hope
To conquer and to live ;
God will, if you will let him, help,
And all the past forgive.

He'll help to get the victory ;
And victory must be gained,
Or no resolve to break the hold,
Will ever be maintained.

Not victory for a single day,
A week, a month, a year ;
But victory that will stand the test
While we continue here.

A victory that will overcome
Inordinate desire,
To gratify perverted taste,
By habit made entire.

The conflict rages fiercely on ;
 Here victory, then defeat ;
 But faint not, you can overcome,
 And make your foes retreat.

An armor for us is prepared,
 A helmet, sword and shield,
 And He who mighty is to save,
 Is with us on the field.

Experience can alone impart
 The joy of sins forgiven,
 Freedom in God while here below,
 And soon a home in Heaven.



All Trials Cease.

[A young lady passing through great trials, accidentally met with a piece of poetry, and was greatly comforted and relieved from her sorrow by the last line, "All trials cease in Heaven, at home with God."]

Are we assured our home's in Heaven ?
 That all our sins are now forgiven ?
 Do we with all the heart believe,
 And God's approving smile receive ?

Is every weight now laid aside ?
 The last besetting sin denied ?
 God then to us this knowledge gives :
 "I know that my Redemer lives."

This consciousness must purify,
 And bring eternal glories nigh,
 Though here we bear affliction's rod,
 No tears "in Heaven, at home with God."

No suffering there ; " all trials cease,
 In Heaven at home with God," is peace.
 Yea, more than this, all there unite,
 In sweetest anthems of delight.

There will they hallelujahs sing,
 In honor of their Heavenly King ;
 Forever there, their voices raise,
 In songs seraphic to his praise.

This glory Jesus' word reveals ;
 Each promise with his blood he seals.
 We're sure, if here to him we come,
 To be in Heaven with God at home.

To Ellena Boutwell.

And is there another dear loved one for me ?
 May a strong cord of union now bind me to thee ?
 Would you call me your mother ? Permit in return,
 That I call thee my child, and your history learn.

Pleased with your demeanor, and turn of your mind,
 With attractions I seem to see in thee combined ;
 But few would take interest in one of my age,
 Though he might be an artist, a bard or a sage.

Though past man's allotted threescore and ten years,
 Though I've passed through afflictions, in sorrow and
 tears,
 In feeling still young, and in sympathy true,
 I would have the world better for my passing through.

I'm glad I have seen you ; I've one more to love,
 On whom to ask blessings that come from above.
 This friendship new-formed — may it ever increase,
 And we find in Jesus true heavenly peace.

To Aaron A. Smith,

On his leaving to join the Army.

For one who can fill such a place in the choir,
Whose musical talents none can but admire,
Who is loved and looked up to as teacher and guide,
To leave for the war, will be felt far and wide.

But it is not, dear nephew, for earth's vain delight,
That you leave home and friends for your country to
fight;
It is for the Union — our rights to maintain —
That you go where the strife piles its thousands of
slain.

Good bye! God protect you; on his arm rely,
There is safety for no one except from on high.
We are safe only while we in Jesus abide;
He's our rule, he's our pattern, our only sure guide.

Be careful to follow where he leads the way;
Let nothing entice from his footsteps to stray.
May he keep you from falling and lead you safe
through
To the home and the friends you are bidding adieu.


To Samuel.

Good morning, you said, as you left for your bride,
For the one in whom you so truly confide,
Good morning, my son, Heaven's blessings attend,
As you take a companion, a dear, chosen friend.

I'm happy in thinking you'll bring home a wife
To take the direction in things of this life,
May her interest and aim be all one with us here,
And she be to mother a daughter most dear.

The sister, the daughter, and wife, all combine ;
The home of her childhood she too must resign.
Though former companions may not be forgot,
New duties, new trials will fall to her lot.

Be true and affectionate, always the same ;
One in heart as you now are to be one in name,
Wherever she is, be it your joy to come ;
While each can say truly, " There's no place like
home."

You've doubtless informed her you intended your
mother
Would have a home with you, and also your brother,
That she unexpectedly might not find these,
To add to her household, to care for and please.

You've been an affectionate, dutiful son ;
Everything in your power, for my comfort you've
done ;
You've said this attention you owed me through life—
Oh ! I'd be a rich blessing to your and your wife.

Should I be a burden still greater to bear,
The daughter and wife in the trial must share.
Think then of my age, over seventy years,
And bear with me though I cause sorrow and tears.

Though fretful, impatient, not suited at all,
And you think it best not to mind every call,
Remember past seasons, my kindness, and know
I would have you as blest as one could be below.

And in the new earth when all trials are o'er,
I would be with you there to have life evermore.
An unbroken band may we all there appear,
The father, the mother, the children so dear.

We should there know each other, and all we've been
through,
While Annie would greet her dear brothers anew
And Harriet and Frances* would help swell the song,
Of Heaven's free grace, with the numerous throng.



My dearest Samuel, through life's scenes
I'd thought to live with thee,
But providentially a change,
Has taken you from me ;
Dear child you need not fear for me.

Those kind words, " Mother, live with me,"
As then are now the same ;
Unshaken is my confidence,
That you are just the same,
To-day, the very, very same.

Oh! how my heart goes after thee,
My dear, loved, cherished son,
Your father's name and image bear,
As does no other one ;
I see the once-loved in my son.

I see thee oft in fancy's view,
And love to see thee so ;
I'm happy that to your new home,
I'm wholly free to go ;
My son to your home I can go.

It is my choice ; I would be here,
I love to be alone,
I love this quiet solitude,
I love the wild wind's moan ;
My child, I would be here alone.

* Daughters-in-law.

Yet not alone, another son
 Is with me all the while.
 Though frail in health, he cares for me,
 And greets me with a smile;
 He does my lonely hours beguile.

Another too, though far away,
 Away now at the West—
 With three kind sons to care for me,
 Most signally I'm blest;
 Be Heaven our place of final rest.

The husband and the daughter sleep;
 Thus friends are parted here,
 But they in joy will live again,
 When Jesus shall appear,
 To dry each Christian mourner's tear.

February, 1865.



Lines

Written on the death of Annie R. Smith.

Let Annie sleep; her rest is with the dead;
 All sorrow past, her last sad tear is shed;
 Why call to mind the sufferings here she bore,
 When now with her they are forever o'er?

Why ope the wound — that wound so deeply given,
 When from the parent tree this branch was riven?
 Oh! spare thy tears, wake not the fount of grief;
 No human power can aid or give relief.

She died in hope of living evermore
 With those she loved, when Time's last scene is o'er.
 When Jesus comes, we trust there'll be a place
 Prepared for her with all the ransomed race.

Shall we then see her in immortal bloom,
Risen triumphant from the silent tomb?
Shall we there meet her all in bright array,
And spend in Heaven with her an endless day?

Shall we behold the glorious city fair,
And by the King of kings be welcomed there?
To eat with her the fruit of earth made new,
And give to Jesus praise and glory due?

Oh, 'tis enough! Let earthly sorrow cease,
While Jesus says in him we shall have peace.
That God in us may his designs fulfill,
We'll meekly suffer all his holy will.



To My Mother.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.

My lot has been to roam
Far from the cheering light of home,
Mid scenes of commotion, turmoil and strife,
Temptation and snares that beset this life.
Oh! yonder I see a beacon light gleaming,
O'er the dark wave its lustre is beaming,
Dear mother! as the light to the mariner lost,
So thou to the bark on the billow tossed.

My lot has been to meet
The bitter mixed with transient sweet;
To struggle on, in toil and care,
The tide of adverse fate to bear.
Oh! yonder I see a tender vine, twining
Around a tree, its tendrils are shining;
Dear mother! as the vine twines around the tree,
So from life's rude blasts I cling to thee.

My lot has been to feel
 Dark shadows o'er my spirit steal ;
 From slanderous tongues, and envy's wiles,
 Deceit that lurked 'neath wreathing smiles.

Oh! yonder I see the floweret's hue ;
 Reviving 'neath the pearly dew.
 Dear mother! as the dew to the drooping flower,
 So thou to me in sorrow's dark hour.

My lot has been to learn
 Of friendship false, that bright will burn
 When fortune spreads her wing of light,
 But fades away when cometh night.

Oh! yonder I see a bright star sparkling,
 While all around lies cold and darkling.
 Dear mother! as the star thou art in weal or wo,
 The darker the night, the brighter the glow.

My lot has been to pore
 Learning's classic pages o'er ;
 Seeking for hidden pearls to wear,
 Fame's golden wreath, the victors bear.

Oh! yonder I see a lone bird flying,
 Seeking her nest with voice of sighing.
 Dear mother! as the wearied bird her downy nest,
 So seek I thee, for quiet rest.

My lot is now to tread
 A troubled path whence light hath fled ;
 But ne'er do I thy words forget,
 Or smiles of love from thee I've met.

I think of thee in morning's beaming light,
 In burning noon and shadowy night.
 Dear mother! mid all my thoughtless wanderings
 wild,
 Still clings to thee thy devoted child.

Whate'er my future lot may be,
 On life's tempestuous trackless sea,
 Oh, may I never, where'er I roam,
 Forget the cheering light of home,
 That blessed light to the wanderer given,
 To guide the way that leads to Heaven.
 Dear mother! to thee may I cling till life is o'er,
 And united above — we part nevermore.

◆◆◆

Response.

DEAR ANNIE :

What though thy lot has been to bear
 Much adverse fate, 'mid toil and care,
 Raised expectations crushed and dead,
 And hope's triumphant visions fled ?

Dost thou not feel a mightier power,
 A hand divine in this dark hour ?
 Does not thy heart begin to feel
 The claims of Him who wounds to heal ?

'Tis true, my child, misfortune's blast
 But breaks the rock whence gems are cast ;
 The polished steel and marble white,
 Was once as rough and dark as night.

As purest gold and clearest glass
 Must through the hottest furnace pass,
 So oft repeated strokes are given,
 To form and fit a soul for Heaven.

What though you've learned of envy's wiles,
 The slanderous tongue, which oft beguiles ?
 The sweetest fruit on bush and trees,
 Is culled and plucked by birds and bees.

Although you've traced the landscape fair,
 And sought for knowledge rich and rare,
 Gone to the depth of hidden ore,
 That richest mine you might explore,

Lines "To my Mother," more I prize
 Than all the paintings 'neath the skies ;
 And they will ever bring to me,
 Dear child, sweet memories of thee.

Although I prize the painter's art,
 Yet more th' effusions of the heart ;
 Kind feelings, sympathy and love,
 All arts and wealth I prize above.

Since then these trials but refine,
 Bring out deep caverns' hidden mine,
 Resign all to that power on high,
 Till sufferings cease and sorrows die.



Lines

To a mother whose son enlisted in the army.

For a mother to part, for the war, with a son,
 Whose kindness and love her affections have won,
 Cannot but excite deep emotions of grief,
 And in tears the torn bosom will seek for relief.

Commend, in submission, this loved son to Heaven,
 And thank Him who gave, that to you he was given ;
 That he leaves here a circle of associates dear,
 Who his memory and name will delight to revere.

In the family circle his place will be missed,
 And some may regret that he felt to enlist,
 While others look forward, still hoping to see
 Him back in the choir, where his place used to be.

If God has a work for him still here to do,
 His eye will be on him to bring him safe through.
 He will suffer no harm to befall him while there ;
 As a man spares his own son, so God will him spare.

But nought of the future to us is revealed ;
 His destiny and ours is most wisely concealed ;
 'Tis for us to submit; be our lot what it may,
 And all the requirements of Heaven obey.



Lines

Read at a gathering of the oldest people of Wilton, at
 Miss Sarah Livermore's, November, 1870.

Now far advanced in life we're here,
 To visit one long held most dear ;
 Though we have all been young and gay,
 Time's rolling years have worked decay.

Though lingering here on earth's broad shore,
 Life's journey must be nearly o'er ;
 And may this friendly, gathering call,
 A blessing prove to one and all.

Convened here, then, be this our aim,
 To make each other glad we came ;
 In union these rich blessings share,
 And say, 'Twas good that we were there.

Refreshed, we'd patiently pursue
 This last part of our journey through.
 On those who entertain these guests,
 Would ask that they be doubly blest.

We would not fail while here to see
 All we're required to do and be.
 Would advocate and teach the right,
 Still hastening toward perfection's hight.

Earth's pleasures then will be increased
 By this delightful, social feast,
 And we prepared to meet in Heaven,
 Where joys eternal will be given.



Lines

On the death of my husband, Samuel Smith.

Gone is my husband, no more shall I see
 That kind look of love as he smiled upon me.
 I cherished and loved him; and who can tell
 My anguish while on his departure I dwell?
 Long I have been with him, in sickness and health,
 Shared in his losses, and enjoyed with him wealth;
 He lives in my memory, lives in my heart,
 His virtues are printed there, ne'er to depart.

Fast were we joined by the tenderest ties,
 And lonely I mourn o'er the grave where he lies.
 I hear not his steps, but the lone place I see,
 Where oft his kind words have been spoken to me.
 I miss him while gather the shadows of night;
 I miss him when dawns the fair morning light.
 I miss him — but where are the words to express
 The depth of my grief in such loneliness.

I smile when I'm sad, and seem joyful in grief;
 When alone bitter tears are my only relief;
 Bruised now is the heart by the blow that has come,

Dark now the dear spot, once so bright as my home.
Though wealth were my portion, and splendor surround,
More empty 'twould seem while the loved was not found.
With him I'd be blest, though earth's treasures were few,
And trouble should prove my affection more true.

Oft I imagine each member is here,
Those pledges of love and affection so dear,
I view the loved circle, but ah! there's a space—
'Tis vacant, and nought can to me fill the place.
But those left behind, his dear image reveal,
Who only affection and sympathy feel;
Their kindness I know, the returns of their love,
And ask for them blessings that come from above.

But he's gone to the grave, where, free from all care,
He knows not the grief which for him I now bear.
There rest till our Saviour shall bid thee arise;
Then may we immortal ascend to the skies.
With this hope I can triumph o'er earth's deepest gloom,
The dearest and loveliest can yield to the tomb;
When bowed in submission, my Saviour appears,
Bids me trust in his word, and refrain from my tears.



Look Up.

Lone Pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh—
Look up! redemption draweth nigh.
Have loved ones gone, does earth look drear?
Look up! shed not that bitter tear.

What though the heart is saddened now,
And shadows gather on thy brow,
And grief the bosom heaving still —
Look up! submit to Heaven's own will.

Do trials, unexpected, rise?
Look up! and view the glorious prize;
Let not life's sorrows press you down —
Look up! prepare to take the crown.

Lift up your head, rejoice and sing —
Look up! by faith behold your King.
He soon is coming, heed his call —
Look up! and make your God your all.

He'll come, all troubles here to end,
He'll come, a never-failing friend,
He'll come to take his children home —
Look up! and pray, Lord, quickly come.



Overcoming Sin.

How fiercely does the conflict rage within,
While striving to subdue some cherished sin;
What shall be done? The idol is most dear,
And often is the victim vanquished here.

Though trivial it may seem, sin's poisonous dart
Will sting the conscience and will wound the heart,
Destroy the peace and condemnation bring,
And drive us from the shelter of His wing.

In view of this, who dare a sin commit?
Our cherished idols we must all submit;
As one small leak the largest ship will sink,
So one dear sin, will lead to ruin's brink.

While love for sin in any form remains,
 Though not committed, we are still in chains ;
 Sins must be broken off by righteousness,
 And then will God deliver, own and bless.

No condemnation then — all peace within,
 Untrammelled freedom from the love of sin ;
 Oh ! blessed freedom ! nought can then control
 The heavenward flight and rapture of the soul.



Will You be a Pilgrim?

Will you come in with the pilgrims, though a rem-
 nant they may be,
 And know the blessed privilege of gospel liberty ?
 Will you take the name of Christ, and be redeemed
 by sovereign grace,
 And find in him from every storm a sure, safe hiding-
 place ?

Will you part with earth's delusive joys, with all its
 vain delights,
 And "bear the consecrated cross," to have the Chris-
 tian's rights ?
 They have a right to call on God ; and he's vouch-
 safed his aid.
 The ancients said, We'll trust in thee, nor ever be
 dismayed.

They said, 'Tis nothing, Lord, with thee, with many or
 with few,
 To put a mighty host to flight, and all our foes sub-
 due.
 Will you go against the multitude, in his own strength
 and name ?
 He fought their battles and he's still unchangeably the
 same.

Their hope's an anchor to the soul, both sure and
 steadfast too,
 And buoys their spirits up in all the conflicts they go
 through.
 Will you have this hope to cheer you, to an unfading
 crown —
 A crown that far outshines this world, with all its
 grand renown ?

They've no abiding city here, but look for one to
 come,
 A glorious city all illumed, to be their final home.
 Oh! will you suffer sorrow here, and have a home in
 Heaven,
 A kingdom that will shortly be, to all the faithful
 given ?



Home for the Weary.

If there's rest for the weary, a home for the meek,
 Hope for the trembling and strength for the weak,
 Take courage, worn pilgrim, nor sink in despair,
 While braving the storms that but hasten us there.

The waves and the billows will over us go,
 And waters most bitter will oft overflow.
 Our hearts with fierce conflicts and anguish be riven,
 But hope to the end; there's salvation in Heaven.

Oh, who will endure the last searching test,
 With Abrah'm and Isaac and Jacob be blest
 In the kingdom of God? and who will be lost,
 To find when too late, what earth's pleasures have
 cost ?

Shall we cling, then, to what Christ would have us
give up ?

Oh, no! grieve him not, and he with us will sup.
He'll shelter us here in the last coming strife,
And give us to drink of the water of life.

How blest to be ready and waiting to hear
The last trumpet sound, and see Jesus appear !
Such then will rejoice that redemption has come,
Be changed to his image, and received to their home.



The Enemy's Power.

Rev. xii, 12.

As Satan has in wrath come down,
To bring us 'neath our Maker's frown,
We must resist his course.
He'll bring beneath his dread control
The doubting, disobedient soul,
By his satanic force.

Where least expected his attack,
To lead us to perdition back,
And claim us as his own.
Alarming are his wily arts,
Most fearful, too, his fiery darts,
When undiscovered thrown.

Armed and equipped we must be sure,
His fierce temptations to endure,
His fatal snares to meet.
'Tis easy going with the tide ;
In Jesus Christ we must abide,
And be in him complete.

There's no true consolation here,
But to be holy in our sphere,
 From condemnation free.
When all our foes within are slain,
The tempter then comes but in vain,
 With Heaven he'll ne'er agree.

The humble, merciful and just,
In God who wholly put their trust,
 Shall find protection sure.
Their fortress, shield and firm defense,
Is naught less than Omnipotence,
 With strength given to endure.

Those who in God securely stand,
When thousands fall at their right hand,
 No plague will them come nigh;
They're safe 'neath Heaven's sheltering wings,
'Mid crash of worlds, all earthly things,
 Which will in ruin lie.

Thus guarded here, when all is o'er,
They'll be with those who die no more,
 Forever safe in Heaven,
Where all is union, peace and love,
Made welcome to the courts above,
 Where life eternal's given.

But we are here on dangerous ground;
Some will be weighed and wanting found,
 Will from the truth depart,
Will false, delusive spirits heed,
And pride and arrogance will feed,
 And harden still the heart.

When self, that mighty foe, prevails
To conquer, every effort fails;
 Self will be gratified,

E'en at the expense of present peace,
Till conscience' warning voice will cease,
And self feel justified.

And some, in view of being lost,
Will self indulge, whate'er the cost,
Nor think to be forgiven.
Their dearest idol bears such sway,
So loved, their practice does but say,
If one must go, 'tis Heaven.

A course deliberate thus pursued,
Instead of having self subdued,
Eternal life they'll lose.
They'll bear the burden of their guilt,
For which the blood of Christ was spilt,
And go the way they choose.

Justice will utter, Let them go,
They've proved their final overthrow —
Their day of grace is past.
May those who're not yet given o'er,
Repent, ere closed is mercy's door,
And thus be saved at last.



Sustaining Grace.

Homeless was my blessed Saviour,
Patient, too, mid all his grief;
Why be downcast, sad, desponding,
When he'll freely give relief?

Oh, 'tis not that I am homeless,
Nor that I am suffering pain;
But my Saviour seems hid from me,
And my hope does not sustain.

I would daily have the witness,
That my dear Redeemer lives ;
That he's interceding for me,
And my every blessing gives.

Live then for this blest approval,
Not one sin allow a place ;
God commands us to be holy,
While we run the Christian race.

He is holy who hath called you ;
So be ye, in word and deed ;
To enjoy the Saviour's presence,
We must to our ways take heed.

None can have this full salvation,
While to one known sin a slave ;
Jesus came to free and pardon,
And from sin his people save.

Fearless then go forth to battle,
Conquering sin through Christ the Lord ;
He'll assist while we're obedient
To the teachings of his word.

Glorious conquests have been witnessed ;
God for ever is the same ;
We may all be strong and mighty,
Through his great and holy name.



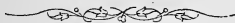
Go Forward.

Stay not halting, be decided !
With God's people take your place,
They who seek a home in Heaven
All must run the Christian race.

Though the Red Sea is before you,
And the Egyptians in the rear,
Venture forward, no retreating,
Linger not a moment here.

If you go, you can but perish ;
Onward move where God can save.
Hasten ere you're with the wicked,
Sinking 'neath the swelling wave.

God here meets his trusting people,
Makes a passage through the deep,
He'll display his power in saving
Those who his commandments keep.



Why Art Thou Cast Down?

Why this dark depth of grief and gloom, this anguish
and despair ?

The unpardonable sin you mourn, is not yet yours to
bear.

Why thus disquieted, cast down? Hope thou in
God; he'll give

The very blessing you most need; look up to him
and live.

This crushing weight of heartfelt grief, this flow of
sorrow's tide,

Will ere long bring the sad report, Of broken heart
he died.

God knows what has befallen you, knows why the
sore event;

Wait until he shall show you why this bitter cup was
sent.

Be at your post, where'er it be; the claims of life
fulfill.

Be no one act or motive wrong; heed Heaven's own
bidding still.

Then let the hail sweep o'er your path, let storms in
fury rise,

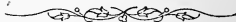
God will in safety bring you through to mansions in
the skies.

He's at the helm, he'll guide the ship through every
dangerous strait,

And make you welcome when within the holy city's
gate.

No bitter scenes of heartfelt grief, though now with
anguish riven,

Will meet you in that world of bliss, the holy calm
of Heaven.



Trust.

My cause is with my blessed Lord, he does my foot-
steps guide;

He's led me in an unknown way, and laid my plans
aside;

He's hedged up all my well-laid schemes, or what
seemed so to me,

And oh! what wisdom I behold, now his designs I
see.

I'll glory in his holy name, and pray, Lord guide me
still;


In each event submission learn, and sink into his will.
His will is welcome, tho' it lay each earthly prospect
low;

God is too wise to err, and will what's best for us be-
stow.

The Psalmist made his boast in God, and we may do
the same ;
The word exhorts to cry aloud, and praise his holy
name.
Should those here hold their peace, whom God has
his own Spirit given,
Where could he look for honor due, and whom make
meet for Heaven ?

Regardless of the world's cold frown, we would march
boldly on,
Nor right nor left would turn, but go where our dear
Saviour's gone,
There's mansions there, and Jesus will prepare his
saints a place,
Where they will never cease to sing of his redeeming
grace.

Are we expecting to be there, and share each prof-
fered bliss ?
The Father's love is not in those who love a world
like this.
Then tarry not in all the plain ; seek high and holy
ground,
Lest in the balance when we're weighed, we should
be wanting found.



“Brother, Live !”

When dark misfortune's tide is up,
Its surges running high,
If we have lost our hold on God,
Where then for refuge fly ?

Oppressed, desponding, near despair,
 Health, strength and courage fled,
 These cheering words heed, "*Brother, live!*"
 And raise your sinking head.

Though anguish deep, and bitter grief
 Be felt and long be borne,
 Abide the test; seek no relief
 That's not from Heaven alone.

Deliverance must be found in God,
 A blessing to secure;
 There is encouragement for those
 Who trials well endure.

In tribulation's beaten path,
 The ancient prophets trod;
 It is the only way that brings
 The wanderer home to God.

Let patience have its perfect work,
 Be purified and tried;
 Be ready when the King shall come,
 To e'er with him abide.



Condense.

The article which now you think
 So perfect and complete,
 Would doubtless be, if half as long,
 For printing twice as meet.

Once and again your thoughts condense,
 Then what remains improve;
 For matter must be weighty now,
 The minds of men to move.

No preface does your piece demand,
No introduction needs ;
Select the wheat, but cast aside
The straw, and chaff, and weeds.

How many worse than wasted hours
Are spent foul works to read,
Fictions which poison heart and mind,
And basest passions feed.

Search for some richer gems than these,
Ideas new and rare ;
Soon will you learn the good to save,
The valueless to spare.

With heart and mind thus disciplined,
And quickened every sense,
Let these three rules your pen control —
Condense, condense, condense.



“The Bond of Peace.”

When love unites the saints
There'll be no sad complaints
Against each other ;
No bitter root will spring,
A wrong report to bring
Against a brother.

Each will delight to see
Sweet peace and harmony,
And long for more ;
God's love the heart will fill,
And selfish motives kill,
As ne'er before.

In union there'll be strength,
 Through all the breadth and length
 Of this grand host ;
 Armed for the battle-field,
 No point of truth they'll yield,
 Firm at their post.

And when the battle's o'er,
 They're safe forevermore,
 With Christ their King ;
 Through him they gain their crown,
 And lay their weapons down,
 And victory sing.



Christian Submission.

The Lord is mine, his will my choice ;
 I'm his to suffer or rejoice,
 While here on earth I stay.
 I know in whom I have believed ;
 He has my sacrifice received,
 And will direct my way.

Whate'er he calls me here to do,
 He'll give me grace and help me through ;
 He'll lead and guide me home.
 He's promised to be with me here,
 And said to me, " Be of good cheer,
 The world I've overcome."

Let friends deride, let scoffers rage,
 Let hell against my soul engage ;
 No one of them I fear.
 My Lord has conquered all my foes,
 In vain they rage, or me oppose,
 While my Deliverer's near.

Myself, my all, to God I give,
 And to his glory would I live,
 From sin's dominion freed.
 I'll trust him though he hides his face.
 Sufficient for me is his grace,
 In every time of need.

He's coming, whom we have desired,
 In all his saints to be admired;
 Even so, Lord Jesus, come.
 Come, in thine own appointed way;
 We'd wait in patience to that day,
 When thou shalt call us home.



Who is Without Fault?

Is there one here, who, e'er thus far,
 Has blameless been preserved?
 Who never strayed, made one mistake,
 Or e'er from duty swerved?

There may have been no outward act
 To cause one pang of grief;
 But has there been no secret fault,
 No sin of unbelief?

Then judge not harshly; who can tell
 Thy brother's suffering now,
 That he has failed in any point,
 To pay the Lord his vow?

From secret faults, the Psalmist prayed,
 Dear Lord, oh! cleanse thou me,
 And from presumptuous sins keep back,
 Preserve and make me free.

Left to himself, how great his fall !
And he himself the guide.
How humbled, mortified, subdued,
His vanity and pride !

We are left to sin, to punish sin,
No consolation here ;
Reflection only swells the tide
Of anguish sad and drear.

Our falls oft cause a bitter grief,
That no redemption knows ;
The deep, the painful, bleeding wound,
Time here can never close.

The die when cast, the ship when sunk,
To light can never rise.
Our good name lost — and all on board,
Then goes in sad surprise.

Oh ! what a vacancy then made,
An empty, aching void ;
Our peace of mind in silence crushed,
And hope's bright boon destroyed.

But there is pardon with our God,
For crimes of deepest dye ;
Be self and pride then humbled low,
In dust and ashes lie.

It should be there, and God will see
Those whom he loves refined.
He'll keep them in the crucible
Till they his statutes mind.

He'll watch the furnace and will see
The gold sustains no loss.
Oh ! be the faithful process borne,
And all consumed the dross.

God must in us his image see,
And we reflect the same.
Oh ! may we honor and adore,
And glorify his name.



Overcome and Live.

Confess your faults, and for each other pray ;
The slanderous tongue, oh ! be it far away ;
That tameless thing which sets the world on fire,
And rouses all the angry passion's ire.

Where this is god, our God can ne'er abide,
Nor where there's lightness, selfishness, or pride ;
His dwelling's with the meek and low of heart,
And for himself he'll set all these apart.

Who would not thus be honored of the Lord,
And have from him a large and rich reward ?
Who would not be with saints and angels blest,
And have in Heaven at last eternal rest ?

Live for it, then ; all God's commandments keep,
Although the way be through afflictions deep.
Cast all your care on Him who cares for you,
And he will lead and guide you safely through.

And when you reach fair Canaan's blissful shore,
When sin and suffering are forever o'er,
You'll find the city glorious to behold,
Christ is its light, its streets all paved with gold.

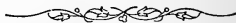
You'll by the King of kings be welcomed there,
Where tuned to praise is every sigh and prayer.
No blight to mar, no tear to dim the sight ;
And to the tree of life you'll have a right.

You'll meet dear loved ones long since fallen asleep,
All deathless raised from their lone caverns deep ;
Together there you'll sing, We're saved by grace,
And brought by Jesus to this g'lorious place.

No farewell parting, no sad word adieu,
Your home forever in the earth made new.
Oh ! bliss which mortal tongue can ne'er express,
To be with Jesus, robed in righteousness.

Glory and honor will to Him be given,
Who's purchased for us peace and rest in Heaven,
Who bore our sins, and by whose stripes we're healed.
And to eternal life and glory sealed.

With glory, hallelujah, Heaven will ring,
In honor to the Lord our sovereign King.
Each will his note the highest strive to raise,
To give to Jesus, honor, glory, praise.



The Last Message of Mercy.

Angel of mercy art thou here
And hovering o'er us now ?
Oh ! may we all before our God,
In adoration bow.

To heed the message, or reject,
The world will soon decide.
While some in love receive the truth,
More will its claims deride ;

Why will they slight the offered boon ?
Though we their lot deplore,
They place themselves beyond the reach
Of mercy's lingering store.

Too late! their dreadful doom now sealed,
Too late! will be their cry;
We might have lived, but now, alas!
The second death must die.

The Spirit and the bride say come,
Let naught obstruct the way;
But hasten God's commands to keep,
And all his will obey.

Oh! be entreated while there's hope,
To heed the message given;
That with the ransomed you may find
A place of rest in Heaven.



We Love.

We love; for Jesus loves,
We love his image here.
We love to meet, we love to pray,
And hold each other dear.

We know it's of the Lord,
Or we could not unite
With those ne'er seen before
In bonds of sweet delight.

By this shall all men know,
One family we are.
Oh! could they know our joys,
And with us in them share!

There's hope, we know there's hope,
That mercy lingers yet,
Or we should cease to feel,
Their miseries forget.

We'll feel as Jesus feels ;
 We'll love and pity too ;
 We'll weep, we'll pray, we'll plead,
 And tell them it's for you.

This love we'll not give o'er
 Though we endure their hate.
 'Twill urge, Oh! come to Christ
 Ere it shall be too late.

'Twill bring us at their feet
 In attitude of prayer,
 'Twill cry, O Lord, forgive,
 And these yet longer spare.

He says, I hear your prayer,
 I'll save if they will come,
 Oh! then to God return,
 And have in Heaven a home.



Have Mercy on Yourselves.

Have mercy, Lord, we often pray,
 And lead us in the narrow way,
 While we ourselves refuse to go
 Where God can lead or mercy show.

Have mercy on yourselves. Beware
 Lest you are caught in Satan's snare,
 Or wandering far on worldly ground,
 Are in its deadening spirit drowned.

Have mercy on yourselves. Take heed,
 That no perverted taste you feed ;
 That neither word nor act degrade
 The vows and promises you've made.

True, in ourselves we helpless are
To help ourselves. Lord help, 's our prayer,
Poor, wretched, miserable and blind,
In thee all needed help we find.

Be this our motto, then : We'll try
To help ourselves ; while God is nigh ;
And he in every trying hour
Will aid us with his sovereign power.



The Advent.

Those who've heard the proclamation
Of a coming Saviour near,
Will behold him in great splendor,
When in clouds he shall appear.

He will come ; this generation
Will not pass till all is o'er.
Signs foretell he's now approaching,
And is even at the door.

Oh ! what scenes will burst upon us,
When the heavens and earth shall shake,
When the trump of God is sounding,
And the dead in Christ awake !

Saints now living, made immortal,
With the risen from the dead,
All arrayed in robes of honor,
With their Saviour at their head.

Freed from sin and every sorrow,
Ever to be with their Lord,
And for all they've suffered for him,
Meet a rich and sure reward.

But where will the thoughtless sinner
Find a secret place to hide,
From the wrath of him who loved us,
And for us was crucified ?

Rocks and mountains cannot hide them,
Caves and dens are sought in vain ;
Unlamented and unburied,
Will be found the wicked slain.

If there's yet one ray of mercy,
Lingering for transgressors here,
Let them haste to gain the treasure,
Bought and paid for us so dear.



The Coming Day.

The great day is near, when probation no more,
For the careless backslider will longer remain;
And the sinner will find when all mercy is o'er,
What a treasure he's lost which he might have at-
tain'd.

The saints will come forth in immortal array,
Their triumph o'er death and the grave be com-
plete,
The living be changed, and together ascend,
Their glorious Redeemer in Heaven to meet.

With him forever, 'tis said they will be,
And the song of their victory never shall end.
Forever with Christ in his glorious home, —
Oh, who can such glory and bliss comprehend ?

And are we prepared for this glorious place ?
 Are we able to stand when the Lord shall appear ?
 Our victory o'er self must be full and entire,
 Or still for ourselves may we tremble and fear.

God loves to redeem and to save us from sin ;
 Let us haste to pursue the true path of reform ;
 And the strength of Omnipotence then will be ours ;
 We shall conquer the foe, we shall weather the
 storm.



Domestic Afflictions.

From the story "A Skeleton in every house."

Domestic afflictions ! Oh ! how they divide ;
 How sad when we can't in each other confide,
 This anguish, though deep, must in silence be borne,
 Abroad, home afflictions should not be made known.

Beware when 'tis said, Oh ! how happy you are,
 Not even to hint there's a skeleton there,
 The sight of which fills with deep anguish the heart,
 Oh ! 'tis nought to see loved ones and kindred depart :

When the grave has enclosed them, the grief wears
 away ;
 But oh ! living griefs on the stoutest hearts prey ;
 Though you smile and seem joyful, 'tis but to conceal
 The depth of the misery you inwardly feel.

How oft, where true peace undisturbed is enjoyed,
 By a member additional, all is destroyed ;
 No congenial spirit, domestic joys o'er,
 And home, O sweet home, there is realized no more.

When obliged to have inmates aside from our own,
How oft seeds of discord and anguish are sown ;
The world thus is filled with confusion and strife,
Embittering the peace and the quiet of life.

Well, be this our portion ; be broken each tie ;
On the arm of the Lord we alone must rely.
With a meek, quiet spirit, resigning our all,
Content in our Father's allotments to fall.



The Christian's Desire.

I long, O God ! to call thee mine,
And know that I am truly thine ;
That all I think, or say, or do,
May meet thine approbation, too.

In all, thy glory I would seek,
And but for thee, Lord, would not speak ;
I'd raise my voice in grateful lays,
Nor would I move but to thy praise.

I'd part with joys of earthly mould,
And pass through trials yet untold,
Could I but know my Lord was there,
And did each bitter cup prepare.

I'd love to drink it, and rejoice
To have thy will, dear Lord, my choice.
If I might choose, I'd leave to thee
The whole control of mine and me.

God will protect and save his own,
Though in the fiery furnace thrown ;
But did we know our case was sure,
'T might not effect sin's needed cure.

To break our hold of every tie,
That we to sin and self may die,
God seems to quite forsake us here,
Nor leave one ray of light to cheer.

Though painful now, "the darkest day,
To-morrow, will have passed away,"
Deliverance will be found ere long,
And then will come the conquerer's song.

If I am favored here to share
An answer to my Saviour's prayer,
We shall be one, his voice I'll hear,
When in the clouds he shall appear.

Oh! glorious day to those who're found
In Him when the last trump shall sound;
Their sorrows and their sufferings o'er,
And prayer to praise turned evermore.



The Warfare.

Temptations are presented, and we yield e'er we're
aware,
And again become entangled in the tempter's subtle
snare;
Our warring passions raging, with the sound of battle
din,
Though outward foes in arms array, this warfare is
within.

There's hatred, pride and unbelief, and many evils
there,
And our besetting sins oft battle faith and humble
prayer;

Thus wasted are our energies, our strength and nobler powers,
And we ourselves deprive of joys, which otherwise were ours.

Poor, wretched, miserable and blind, how vain our boastings all ;
Our misspent moments, worse than lost, we never can recall.
The good we might have done, had we obeyed each precept given,
Will be a blank, and less will be our crowns of joy in Heaven.

Why wound our souls ? Why take the gall perverted tastes to please,
When nought but Jesus' dying blood, God's anger can appease ?
Like Peter we deny our Lord, and spurn his tender care ;
Such base ingratitude as this, who but a God could bear ?

Most deeply must we feel and weep, ere Christ will on us look,
And bless us with the assurance, that our names are in life's book ;
He knows our frailties and is touched with penitential tears ;
'Tis just like Jesus to forgive, and banish all our fears.

Such depths of love, such pity, too, should make us prostrate fall
Before our King whom we should crown forever
" Lord of all ; "

And when we're freely justified, continued help we
 crave,
 Our strength is weakness, and ourselves from sin we
 cannot save.

Thy mission here was, Lord, to save thy people from
 their sins,
 And here if e'er we overcome, is where our hope be-
 gins.
 Through Christ alone the victory's gained, and noth-
 ing can we merit ;
 If we are overcomers, we in him all things inherit.

Not unto us, but Lord to thee, the glory shall be
 given ;
 It is the noblest song on earth, 'twill noblest be in
 Heaven ;
 No warring passions to unstring the holy, heavenly
 lyre,
 At the loss of all things here, would I be one in that
 blest choir.



Always Rejoicing.

If our heart do not condemn us, we have confidence
 in God,
 We can bear the world's reproaches, we can bear
 affliction's rod ;
 If we suffer with the Saviour, we shall also with him
 reign,
 Here we cast our burden on him, with the promise,
 he'll sustain.

What though false reports are started, and believed
 by those we love ?

We can love though they turn from us ; we can plead
for them above ;
Lord, impart the Holy Spirit ; for the want of this
they erred ;
Had they waited for thy teachings, they the Shep-
herd's voice had heard ;

Would have known thy stately steppings, when thy
glory was displayed ;
Would have felt the holy influence, and thine urgent
call obeyed.
Oh ! withhold no blessing from them, for the wrong
dealt out to me,
But for Jesus' sake have mercy ; mercy, Lord, is all
our plea.

Jesus has pronounced a blessing on those falsely here
accused,
Who for his sake are derided, persecuted and abused ;
He has said, Rejoice, in that day ye may be exceed-
ing glad,
Greater still our joy in Heaven, when in robes of
glory clad.

He will hide in his pavilion ; there we're safe from
every foe,
Under the Almighty's shadow we can through dis-
asters go ;
Well can we bear wrongs and censure, while God
knows our innocence,
While he justifies us freely ; is our shield and our
defense.

Glory to the Lord, my Saviour ! glory to his holy
name !
Oh ! for his sake I can suffer, bear reproach and grief
and shame !

Who, with such a friend as Jesus, can be troubled or
dismayed ?

Who while on the waters walking, said, 'Tis I, be
not afraid.

He can still the raging tempest; him the winds and
waves obey;

While we sail these seas of trouble, he will smooth
and calm the way.

Soon the ship will be in harbor, storms and tem-
pests all be o'er;

Oh! how blest the glorious landing, tossed with sins
and griefs no more!



The Work of Reform.

The dearest joys of earth can ne'er
One solid pleasure give;
We're only blest when we can know
That 'tis for God we live.

We love by nature what he hates;
We shun ourselves to see;
We love our appetites and pride,
Ease and carnality.

The strife must come, and self must die,
Our idols all be slain;
How sad should they o'er us at last
Their cruel victory gain!

Too soon we cannot overcome
Our every sin and wrong.
Through Jesus let us conquer self,
And join the blood-washed throng.

Our wings of strength and zeal we plume,
And rouse the dormant will,
To yield our hearts to Nature's laws,
And all their claims fulfill.

This move in heavenly wisdom made,
To fit for trouble's hour,
Has blessings for the willing heart,
Of health and strength and power.

That all around may see the light,
Let's raise our banner high,
And be epistles known and read
By all who may come nigh.

The platform for us now is laid ;
Reform is on the sign ;
We'll rally round, resolving each,
It's blessings shall be mine.



Live for God.

The offering has been made,
The ransom has been paid ;
On one full strong to save
Has help for us been laid.
Behold, O God, our shield,
On thine Anointed look,
And blot, for his dear sake,
Our sins from out thy book.

Sins now of deepest dye,
Can all be washed away ;
God just, and justify
Those who his laws obey.
"Glory to God on high ;

Good will to men on earth :"—
Such was the rapturous cry,
That told a Saviour's birth.

The Saviour's life and death,
"Has ruined Satan's throne ;"
His mighty arm, alone,
Can crush his empire down.
Though god now of this world,
His triumph soon is o'er.
We hail the dawning day
When he shall reign no more.

Salvation's wondrous plan,
Has made all Heaven rejoice ;
'Tis wisdom now in man
To make this boon his choice.
By this can he o'ercome,
And when each sin's forgiven,
Be found at last an heir
Of glory and of Heaven.

Ere long at home in Heaven,
His place of final rest—
There's no oppressor there ;
And none will be oppressed.
All harmony and love,
All joy and glory there—
Say, would you not in these
Eternal blessings share ?

Live then for joys like these ;
Hear Jesus' voice to-day,
Who comes to me, I will
In no wise cast away.
Just as you are, then, come ;
Secure his pardoning love,
And have, at last, the bliss,
And joy of Heaven above.

My Sheep Hear My Voice.

The voice of a stranger my sheep will not hear;
I know them, they follow, my words reach their ear.
I'll lead them, direct them, they never need stray,
I myself am the life, and the truth, and the way.

Yea, Lord, this we know; but we lose sight of thee;
Unguarded we're snared ere our danger we see;
So hidden the net, 'tis in thy light alone
That a spirit that's not of thee clearly is known.

O Lord search us out; our impurities heal;
Thou, tempted, though sinless, knowest all that we
 feel;
A way of escape for the humble thou'lt find,
And help them the pure testimony to bind.

How sweet and consoling the true Shepherd's voice!
His love I'll acknowledge and in him rejoice;
O Lord I believe, help my unbelief now,
To trust all to thee and perform every vow.

My strength is but weakness; be thou, Lord, my
 strength;
Thy love may I know in its height, depth and length;
Reflecting thine image, thy will being mine,
My darkness enlightened, the true light must shine.

We then can do all things through Jesus our Lord,
With the sword of the Spirit, his own written word;
The foes that lurk inward being all put to flight,
God truly goes with us our battles to fight.

Each keeping the ranks, all united in one,
Saying, Lord, as thou hast commanded, we've done;
No weapon will prosper formed here to divide,
And victory will turn upon Israel's side.

Where Is Thy God?

“My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?” Ps. 42: 3.

Through day and night my tears have been my meat,
Anguish and grief there find a blest retreat ;
The spirit crushed, the heart with anguish riven,
Almost forgets there will be rest in Heaven.

Dear loved one sleeping —sympathy, oh, where ?
Is there no one who will our sorrows share ?
The flowing streamlet, and the murmuring rill,
In ocean find a kindred spirit still.

Do tears oft say, Oh ! where is now thy God ?
Submit to this and every chastening rod.
I'd calmly yield to every needed ill,
And learn to bear God's visitation still.

Not unaccustomed to the galling yoke,
Though oft uncalled for, I would bear each stroke ;
Though wet with tears my pillow oft may be,
Still to the Lord for succor will I flee.



They who Love the Law.

Great peace have they that love thy law,
Them nothing will offend ;
They'll bear neglect, reproach and scorn,
Though without cause contemned.

Their innocence will bear them up,
Though falsely they're accused ;
Their hearts will melt with love for those
By whom they are abused.

The court of Heaven their cause will plead,
The innocent will clear ;
Though men may load their names with guilt,
While they continue here.

A consciousness of right within,
Great peace and joy afford ;
How free, how happy, oh ! how blest,
Communing with the Lord.

He says revile not, when reviled,
Thy wrongs I will repay ;
Be every burden cast on me,
I'll be thy strength and stay.



*God, the Comforter of Those Who Are
Cast Down.*

In view of dear and loved ones gone,
We oft feel desolate and lone.
We seek man's sympathy in vain ;
A passing look we hardly gain.

But few can feel another's woe ;
And fewer still will with us go
To share the depth of heart-felt grief ;
And sacrifice to give relief.

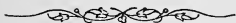
To bear affliction's chastening rod,
Our confidence must be in God.
With this above the cloud we soar,
And soon we'll shout our suffering o'er.

Disease and dark misfortune's frown,
Then will not sink our spirits down.
We'll shout, O death where is thy sting ?
O grave, thou canst no victory bring !

By Jesus, our Deliverer, freed,
 No light of sun or moon we need.
 His glory is the city's light,
 And with him there we've all a right.

Each bitter pang which here we bear,
 Will be a gem of glory there.
 Th' eternal weight of glory, wrought
 By suffering is not dearly bought.

Be cold indifference, grief or pain
 Mine to endure—the loss is gain.
 Through sorrow's depths I here would wade
 To be through sufferings perfect made.



Worldly Sorrow.

Worldly sorrow worketh death ;
 Sink not beneath its power ;
 'Twill darken much that else were bright,
 In mercy's lingering hour.

Forgotten be the trials past,
 The present meekly borne ;
 Our burdens cast upon the Lord,
 Who comforts those that mourn.

With heavenly wisdom we shall know
 What God would have us do ;
 While moving in his order on,
 Our hope and strength renew.

Revived and strengthened we're prepared
 To spread the truth abroad,
 Beseeching men in Jesus' stead,
 Be reconciled to God.

Then jewels will be gathered in,
The church built up again,
And all prepared to meet the Lord,
Who's coming soon to reign.



The Race and Warfare.

Are we loitering on the way
To the realms of endless day ?
Sleep we on while danger's near ?
Have we nought to dread or fear ?

Let us heed the call, Awake !
Our eternal all's at stake ;
One false step our fate may seal,
Ruin, soon our souls may feel.

Foes our every move to spy,
All around in ambush lie ;
Watching, they will take the place
Left unfortified by grace.

Oh ! what havoc then is made,
Structures fair in ruin laid ;
Messengers driven from the field,
Those who should be valiant, yield.

Some who started to go through
Now a wicked course pursue ;
What account must soon be given !
Why thus sink in sight of Heaven ?

Flee, oh ! flee the tempter's snare !
There is power with God in prayer ;
He is ready to forgive,
Saying, Look to me and live.

The Darkness of Despair.

The heart knows its bitterness, thought 't may be said,
 You are happy and blest all the while ;
 The depth of your misery, your burden of sin
 May in anguish be hid 'neath a smile.

Thy waves and thy billows are over me gone,
 With the Psalmist, I mournfully say,
 And ask, Why cast down? Why disquieted, op-
 prest ?
 'Tis why I've no heart now to pray?

Has the Spirit been grieved? Has it taken its flight ?
 To this desolate self am I left ?
 And merited sure, naught else is deserved,
 But to be thus of comfort bereft.

I groan, being burdened, and cannot look up,
 By reason of sin's dread array,
 O keep back from sins, and from secret faults cleanse,
 Or despairing, I sink in dismay.

Sin hardens, and blinds, and shuts up in despair ;
 The way of transgressors is hard,
 Its end is destruction, its wages are death,
 Thus forever from Heaven debarred.

This anguish of spirit, this sad state of the soul,
 I must bear though I may not submit.
 God is just though I perish, his throne remains pure,
 However many he may not acquit.

Oh! for one gleam of hope, thus to break the dread
 spell,
 By which I in misery seem bound ;
 Naught of earth, but the power of Heaven must heal
 Sin's painful, sin's deep, bleeding wound.

Should I ever again meet the smiles of my God,
Should I ever his praise again sing,
In rapturous song I would swell the grand theme,
And my tribute of thanksgiving bring.

Oh! here is the mystery,—give glory to God;
The blessing is coming e'en now.
I'll sing hallelujah, I'll praise and adore,
And low in humility bow.

With the Psalmist, I cry, Come praise ye the Lord,
Praise and glory to God now belong;
My heart with my hands, lift to God in the Heavens,
Giving praise with the angelic throng.

This praise ne'er will end; the redeemed will unite,
And with angels, God's glory repeat.
To the pure tree of life all will there have a right,
And the fruit of the vineyard will eat.

How blest to know Jesus our Lord will be there,
The glory and light of the place,
And the song which forever will rise on its air,
Will be sung to his sovereign grace.



The Latter Rain.

We may look for a Pentecost season to dawn
When the saints through the purifying process have
gone;
When Jesus' loved image in them we can trace,
Reflecting the glory of full sovereign grace.

Who then will not wish when this glory they see
To join in the song, Hallelujah, we're free!
Yea, free in the Lord, while our voices we raise
In victory's songs and hosannas of praise.

The true melting Spirit is felt from the Lord,
And light and instruction shine out from his word.
God's power is made known and his glory displayed.

While scoffers will feel that they need Heaven's aid.

Who here long can stand with his sins unconfessed?
May all be searched out, and God's people be blessed.

Confess ye your faults, and thus honor your King,
And into his store-house your offerings bring.

'Tis a cross-bearing way by which Heaven is obtained;

In humility's vale is the victory gained.

True love there prevails; and our sins are forgiven,
While union and strength mark the pilgrims for Heaven.



The Hour of Judgment.

The time has come, that all-important day,
When sins must be confessed and washed away!
When hearts must feel, and conscience' voice be heard
In swift obedience to God's holy word.

"Be zealous and repent," is God's command.
We must in humble ranks united stand.
With us, 'tis said, the judgment first begins;
And we must soon be cleansed from all our sins.

We must let Jesus in. Our mighty foe
Is ready to effect our overthrow.
With Christ we're safe; in conflict he'll unite,
Help on to victory, and maintain the right.

The eye-salve, well applied, sheds light around,
And all our secret faults and sins are found,
To be confessed, while Jesus intercedes,
And while for us his precious blood he pleads.

Though scarlet be our sins—of crimson dye—
If penitent, he'll not our suit deny.
He waits for full confession, which, when made,
Whate'er our sin and guilt, he'll not upbraid.

He's ready to acquit and set us free,
And will proclaim our perfect liberty.
He'll seal us his, and make us here his care ;
He'll fit us for his throne, and take us there.

He's cutting short his work in righteousness,
And coming soon his waiting saints to bless.
When once he's left the mediatorial place,
No ray of mercy lights our ruined race.

'Twill then be known, the offers we've refused,
The blood-bought privileges that we've abused—
How must it sharpen every pang of guilt
To think, for us the Saviour's blood was spilt ;

To know we might have had our sins forgiven,
And lived forever with the loved in Heaven.
In view of anguish deep we then must feel.
No wounds of sin may we here slightly heal.

Broad as th' offense, confession I will make,
And all my dear, loved idol sins forsake.
Yes, glory be to God! the victory's gained,
And self-denial shall be hence maintained.

'Twill take our all to buy the pure tried gold ;
And naught of earth can we in heart withhold.
A cheaper way I would not, could I, go ;
A dearer way no one can ever show.

I love the blessed way ; it buoys me up ;
 My Saviour's here, and with him I may sup.
 I'll be content with nothing short of this ;
 And this alone makes Heaven perpetual bliss.

Then let us make our hope and calling sure ;
 And all our trials patiently endure.
 They'll soon be o'er ; our lives we'll not hold dear.
 And soon in glory with our Lord appear.



The Remnant Church.

There is a people coming up, with gifts, and power
 divine,
 Whose holy influence will be felt, whose holy light
 will shine ;
 It will be known who do in truth, the solemn message
 heed,
 Such will be zealous and repent, becoming saints in-
 deed.

Their love and union will increase, their interests will
 be one ;
 They'll know that they are heirs of God, and joint
 heirs with his Son ;
 They'll love God for his own dear sake, not that He's
 them forgiven ;
 And truly " sin will be their hell, and holiness their
 Heaven."

Their company will be the saints, and each will be so
 dear,
 They'll love to make a sacrifice to benefit them here.
 They'll love for their Redeemer's sake ; as answers
 face to face,
 So will their hearts while they in each, his lovely im-
 age trace.

This dread, dull sameness will not long among the
saints bear sway,
The glory in their midst will soon purgè all the chaff
away ;
Thus separated from the vile, the strong be stronger
still ;
The great refreshing time is near, and all may come
who will.

But, oh ! some will not be refined, nor give their idols
up ;
Such never will let Jesus in, nor with him ever sup.
They yet may linger round the shore, and think to
get on board,
But they must come to Heaven's terms ; the standard
can't be lowered.

Thrice happy they who're in the ship, though tossed
with angry waves !
"Our Father's at the helm," and all who trust in him
he saves ;
Those who in heart give up their all, lie passive in
his hand,
He'll bring with safety into port, to their own prom-
ised land.



False Fame and True.

While men, our faults perceiving not, would move
our fame to raise,
How oft our natures weakly yield to flattery and
praise,
Oh ! what in us should e'er excite our vanity and
pride !
Or cause us not in lowliness, vain thoughts of self to
hide ?

Let deeds of charity and love in all our life abound ;
Philanthropy fails not to go, where'er a sufferer's
found,
To seek the poor, degraded, low, the wicked and de-
based,
Though his own name by slander's tongue, be ever
thus defaced.

These are the jewels he would gain, this course would
fain pursue ;
That he is not like them, he asks, to whom is glory
due ?
Who made us thus to differ here ? who gives the
strength and power
To hold the victory over self, in dark temptation's
hour ?

Let him who thinks he stands take heed ; this is the
word to all ;
The strongest may be overcome, and through tempta-
tion fall.
Do we in higher circles move ? are higher placed by
birth ?
No such distinction will be known, when moldering
in the earth.

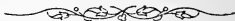
But deeds of kind benevolence will live when we are
dead ;
The poor will think how they were clothed, and shared
our daily bread ;
The once abandoned who've reformed beneath our
fostering care,
Will bless the day they ever lived our sympathies to
share.

Such the remembrance I would have, alive or in my
grave,
To have been the humble instrument some sinking
soul to save.

For this I turn from pleasure's scenes, to weep with
those that weep ;
To strive their sufferings to assuage, their confidence
to keep.

Though on them glows the copper tint, though African
their race,
What matters these distinctions of their nation, lot,
or place ?
For oh ! the highest joy of earth is comfort to im-
part
To those who lie 'neath fortune's frowns, with sad
and suffering heart.

Though hidden from the public view, unseen your
acts of love,
If heart and hand be clean and pure, their record
lives above.
Let me thus seek my neighbor's good, thus helpless
sufferers raise ;
Be this the glory of my fame ; be deeds of love my
praise.



Return unto the Lord.

Have you again become
To appetite a slave ?
You've boasted victory here,
Why sink beneath the wave ?

You say, I have no hope,
No strength within me lies,
And sinking still, I fear
I ne'er again shall rise.

My efforts all have failed,
To keep the victory gained.
Where look for refuge now ?
Or hope to be sustained ?

A helpless sufferer, true,
On confines of despair,
While knowing there's no hope,
If you continue there.

Debased and losing still
Life's elevating powers,
A worse than blank you feel
In this grand world of ours.

A world God loved so well,
He sent his only Son,
That we through him might find
On earth a Heaven begun.

A world to which he sends
Rich blessings from above,
And daily here renews
His covenant of love.

Be moved, despairing one ;
Be helped again to live ;
God pities, and will yet
A greater victory give.

He's waiting your return,
With pardon in his hand ;
In his strength you can rise,
And in him we can stand.

Yes ; stand amidst the scenes
Of peril, war and strife,
While Jesus is our guide
To everlasting life.

Come while he waits to save.
 Your case will hopeless be
 Except you come where God
 In Christ can make you free.

Come and he'll save you here
 From sin's destructive power,
 And be your all, when comes
 The great decisive hour.



Safety in the Lord.

There's safety only in the Lord, whate'er our station be;
 We may be rich, we may be poor, may be on land or sea.
 Life's changing fortune will be ours where'er our lot is cast;
 Unchanged in mind be ours to meet each change while it shall last.

Dear friends are with us here to day with prospects fair to live;
 To-morrow to the dust, in tears, their dear remains we give.
 Now pain and suffering is our lot; now dawns a brighter day;
 But soon a cloud o'ercasts the sky and shuts the light away.

An under current often works to sweep away our peace,
 Our reputation is at stake, our trials fast increase.

Dear reputation, dearest far, of all we've called our
own,
Must be defaced ; then be it so ; to God all things are
known,

Be every circumstance combined, the elements to
raise ;
By these be every trace removed of all our evil ways.
When Jesus speaks it will be calm, the storm and
wind subside ;
Oh ! may it last till all is gone of selfishness and
pride.

All else but this we could endure ; this then is what
we need ;
Our very idol must be slain, and we from self be
freed.
Then are we fit for Heaven's use, to help build up
God's cause,
To boldly speak in his defense, and vindicate his
laws.

Oh ! be it ours to live for God, his glory all our aim ;
He'll work in power when we come to him in Jesus'
name.
All that is wrong will he remove, and bring the
truth to light ;
Oh ! we can trust our all with him ; his ways are
just and right.

We'll go then where he leads the way, whatever
man may say.
The greatest saint is nought except the Lord direct
his way.
Angels can't help but through their Lord ; to his
arm all is due ;
We'll follow him, for surely he will lead us safely
through.

The Health Institute.

God knows our needs, he overrules, and calls this
work his own ;

We're agents to perform his will, as he shall make it
known.

Thus has an Institute been built ; in this his hand we
see ;

Where health reform is lived and taught, in strictest
harmony.

We look, admire, in joy exclaim, Come see what God
hath wrought !

Here invalids are raised to health, and truth and duty
taught.

Perverted tastes are overcome ; the way to live we
learn ;

And all who will its rules obey, a rich experience
earn.

The light and truth are carried forth by those who
leave the place,

Showing what ground may yet be gained by our de-
generate race.

How blest ! for those who overcome their every sin
and wrong,

Can love the right, and walk in ways that life and
health prolong.

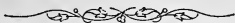
None can appreciate its worth, but those who test its
powers ;

This grand reform ! how great and good ! Its bless-
ings shall be ours.

Pure nature's fruits no art require to gratify the taste,
And those who stop at her demands, nor time nor
substance waste.

Who will escape the many ills increasing on the land ?
The cleansed and purified alone, diseases can with-
stand.

Haste, then, the cleansing process here, God's pre-
cepts all obey,
And be prepared to stand when comes the great and
dreadful day.



Divine Love.

Though knowledge here is power, yet 'tis love sub-
dues the heart,
Subjects the will to Heaven, and will endless life im-
part.

It conquers every passion ; and the soul that feels its
power
Moves in a world of freedom, within its own loved
bower.

'Tis shielded, safely shielded ; the interior nought can
reach ;

No outward condemnation can this inward love im-
peach.

No weapon formed can prosper ; and it fears no out-
ward foe :

While all within is conquered, 'tis a Heaven begun
below.

The world's applause, its censure too, are both alike
received ;

If undeserved, 'tis heeded not, though all may be be-
lieved.

It knows no good but that in God, it bears life's every
ill,

And moves undauntedly along, in Heaven's own
blessed will.

Though outwardly you see conveyed "a libel in a frown."

You'll stand unmoved, though they may "wink your reputation down ;"

Your deeds of charity assailed, your motives questioned too—

Reviled, you'll not revile again, nor fear what man can do.

Oh! for the gold tried in the fire — our eyes anointed here —

White raiment that we may be clothed, and not in shame appear.

We then should move in harmony ; our God would own and bless ;

We then should see his works abound in love and righteousness.

The day is near, it hasteth on, when saints will all unite ;

When every sin will be confessed, and every wrong made right ;

When we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known,

And sit with Jesus, as he sits upon his Father's throne.

Oh! glory, hallelujah to our high, exalted King ;

We'll praise him here, we'll praise him there, and make Heaven's arches ring.

Who then can sacrifice too much, too much for him endure ?

So may we purify ourselves, as Christ our Lord is pure.

Appeal to the Sinner.

Though earth delights and charms us here, its treasures are but naught;
In wisdom's light 'tis clearly seen how dear its love is bought,
The price though now not realized, must soon be strictly paid.
For this the soul must perish soon, in hopeless ruin laid.

The second death must be endured in anguish and despair;
While you will see the righteous saved, no friend can reach you there.
Oh! loss beyond all losses! Then what profit here to gain
This fleeting world, and call at last for endless life, in vain!

The blood of Jesus set at naught—rejected every call—
The Spirit will be forced to yield, and let God's vengeance fall.
The wrath of God e'en now impends; and soon you'll feel its weight.
Oh! flee for refuge while there's hope; full soon 'twill be too late.

A moment more the Saviour waits; for you his blood he pleads,
My blood! my Father, oh, my blood! forgive the sinner's deeds!
But if you still refuse to bow, and be by him forgiven,
You must be banished from the Lord, and find no place in Heaven.

To free from sin and second death, the Saviour's
blood has cost —

What weeping and what wailing when you see what
you have lost.

God's justice will be manifest in your destruction
sure;

And hopeless agony will be your portion to endure.

Once more in prayer I prostrate fall, once more I'll
plead your case;

Have mercy, Lord, and here bestow unmerited free
grace.

He's knocking now! he's wet with dew! Oh! let the
Saviour in;

He'll sup with you, and you with him; he'll cleanse
you from all sin.

He'll shelter from the coming storm; no plague
shall e'er come nigh;

He'll hide from God's avenging wrath, and you shall
never die.

Life's water pure is here: come, drink! 'tis freely
offered still;

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! Come, who-
soever will.



The Love of Many is Waxed Cold.

Are we suffering persecution, trying God's commands
to keep?

Are our spirits crushed within us? Do we oft in si-
lence weep?

From the world naught else we look for; we expect
its coldest frown;

But when those we love turn from us, how we sink in
sorrow down!

Where we've felt God's image planted, where in union
we have prayed,
Where our faith has gained the victory, and we knew
from Heaven our aid,
Oh! what change has cooled the fervor; what could
mean this cold retreat?
Lord, let thine in union ever, and in love, each other
greet.

God's own searching eye is on us! Jesus feels our
every grief!
He'll not leave his own thus wounded, but will bring
them swift relief;
Making known our every duty, teaching where he'd
have us go,
Saying, Fear not! I'll be with you, and all needed
help bestow.

Though you see your bread withholden, find no place
to lay your head;
Cast your all on Heaven's protection: God to life can
raise the dead!
Who the widow's oil replenished? Who kept good
her needed store,
When Elijah shared her morsel, having naught to
purchase more?

If we blindly hug earth's treasures, where shall we a
shelter find?
Soon the plagues will be upon us! all then on the
altar bind.
Do you say 'tis on the altar? By the fruit it will be
known:
God is searching out his people, and is sealing for
his own.

Let us fear lest we offend him, and he pass our dwell-
ing by:

He will have a holy people, whom no plague can e'er
 come nigh.
 Haste to get thee disentangled! Haste to get from
 bondage free!
 Lose not for this world's possessions, life and immor-
 tality!



Early Recollections.

I look back to the past, call to mind former days;
 When life was all life, all illumined its rays;
 When I entered the ball room in pleasing attire,
 Having all that my vain mind or wish could desire.

I had naught here to check, all elated in mind,
 Both pastor and people the gay circle joined; [rare,
 When the priest craved a blessing on dainties most
 Oh! why should I think any harm could be there?

No cloud had come o'er me; all prospects were
 bright;
 This vain course I pursued with exquisite delight;
 I dreamed not that tears would these pleasures efface,
 That sickness and death would come in for a place.

But my own dear loved father, in manhood and
 bloom,
 Was called from life's stage and consigned to the
 tomb;
 How great such a change, and how solemn the day,
 The same priest referred to was with us to pray.

Being then in youth's bloom, in its glory and prime,
 My grief wore away with the swiftness of time.
 True, a loss I sustained in his death; but, all o'er,
 I again joined the song and the dance as before.

The scene soon was changed, we could just number
years,
When my mother, my dear mother left me in tears ;
She died e're I'd come to the age of eighteen ;
How deep was my grief, how afflictive the scene.

To cheer, friends and relatives strove but in vain ;
From weeping incessant I scarce could refrain ;
The wound seemed too deep for this world e'er to
heal ;
That I'd no hope in God, I was then brought to feel.

Repentance moved Jesus my sins to forgive ;
I could trust in his word, on his promises live ;
But I found no response, none to guide in the place ;
Those around had no faith in a change wrought by
grace.

'Midst life's changing scenes, I most happily found
A people who knew Heaven's own joyful sound ;
Our union and love then were truly divine,
I'd the witness, and knew Heaven's blessings were
mine.

I could then bless the Lord for this chastening rod ;
How far above earth's this enjoyment in God ;
The hight of earth's pleasures all dwindled away,
In the light and the glory of this blessed day.



The Circle Broken.

This dear, lone room, a sacred place —
Here friends have met in love's embrace ;
Here, too, have died the loved and dear,
The circle first was broken here.

The lonely hearth, the vacant chair,
 But tell the father is not there.
 The only daughter, loved and true,
 Here bid earth's scenes a last adieu.

I love here to recall the past,
 And mourn o'er joys too bright to last.
 In fancy's vision here I see
 Those forms so loved, so dear to me.



The Christian's Confidence.

We know that help on one is laid
 Who has his life a ransom paid ;
 We know his blood can cleanse from sin,
 And make us clean and pure within.

We know the arm that's strong to save,
 The power that rescues from the grave.
 We know that ne'er Jehovah's ear
 Is deafened that he cannot hear.

Taken in Satan's artful snare,
 Who once had power with God in prayer,
 Their minds and hearts by sin enslaved—
 Can such go through ? can such be saved ?

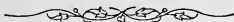
Though we may not their case decide,
 The faithful all will be supplied.
 They'll see "the cloud of radiant light,"
 "The fount of glory" full and bright.

They see the signs fulfilling fast ;
 And soon earth's conflict will be past :
 Nor do they shrink from being there ;
 For they presume not nor despair.

They know in whom they have believed ;
Their Saviour victory has achieved.
Though heaven and earth to ruin go,
His promise will no failure know.

No cause for doubts or darkness here,
For troubled mind or slavish fear.
Trials and crosses we'll receive,
If some may turn to God and live.

But those who will not heed the call,
For God and Heaven to give up all,
May well sink down in dark despair ;
For they will gain no entrance there.



For a Gathering of the Aged.

Out from life's hour glass we must see our sands have
nearly run,
And we with social scenes in life shall surely soon
have done.
Be this improved, then, for our good ; our last days
be our best,
And in the final gathering we be found among the
blest.

On us is seen th' effect of age ; we see the furrowed
brow.
Time's stern realities o'ertake, and we are forced to
bow.
Compared the once bright, sparkling eye, the rosy,
blooming cheek,
Our present looks, infirmities, and form, do volumes
speak.

Though some most helpless, others bowed, on all is
 seen decay,
 There're those o'er three-score years and ten who're
 youthful, blithe, and gay.
 Be such, then, hopeful, full of life, as may become us
 here.
 There's much at best t' imbitter life, to make it sad
 and drear.

We have unfading beauty here, if we have love di-
 vine,
 Howe'er defaced by time and age will nature's works
 outshine ;
 Its rays of light reflecting o'er this moral atmosphere,
 Will still be seen and felt for good, though we may
 disappear.

This present meeting then will seem a little Heaven
 below,
 Its influence, too, be spread abroad wherever we may
 go.
 Be this the pleasing, glad result ; and then in fadeless
 bloom,
 We shall in beauty be arrayed beyond the silent
 tomb.



Emptiness of Earth.

What though while here we soar in fame,
 And gain earth's most illustrious name,
 Have heaps on heaps of sordid gold,
 No pleasures here desired, withhold.

Be mayor, emperor and king ;
 To light and use improvements bring ;
 For having some great place explored,

Be worshiped, honored and adored ;
 Your influence o'er an empire spread,
 And you looked up to as the head ;
 What then ? the king and hero dies ;
 And though 'tis said the great here lies,
 'T might well be asked, " False marble, where ?
 Nothing but sordid dust lies here."

Thus earth's career, however grand,
 When called before their judge to stand,
 If not to God and Heaven resigned,
 Ere to the tomb they were consigned,
 Will prove no covering for the head,
 Though banners here were for them spread.
 What horror then must seize the heart,
 When God commands, from him depart ;
 Though laws and statutes here they made,
 This sentence then must be obeyed.

Sin's dread beginning here we know,
 Its issue none on earth can show ;
 But oh ! the " end, the dreadful end,"
 Of those who have in God no friend.



The Christian's Triumph.

Ye idols all depart,
 The Lord shall have my heart ;
 I'm his by right.
 On him my sins were laid ;
 He has my ransom paid,
 In God's pure sight.

Through him I'll conquer too,
 And all my sins subdue ;
 In him be free.

He died to have it so,
And in his strength I'll go,
Till him I see.

Oh! shall I see his face,
And rest in his embrace
Forevermore?
My soul is on the wing
To glorify my King;
Him I adore.


All Heaven adore him now,
In adoration bow;
It is his due.
For saints shall swell the song
Of the angelic throng,
In earth made new.

They'll see him as he is,
And know that they are his;
Be like him made.
In union, all the same,
There'll be to his dear name,
True homage paid.

Hail, that all-glorious place,
When all the ransomed race,
Their voices raise;
And all with sweet accord,
Give glory to the Lord,
In ceaseless praise.

In Eden beauty dressed,
Will be each heavenly guest,
All blooming fair.
This inward truth we know,
And there we long to go;
God will be there.

A BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE
Life, Last Sickness and Death
OF
ANNIE R. SMITH.



ANNIE REBEKAH SMITH, only daughter of Samuel and Rebekah Smith, was born in West Wilton, N. H., March 16, 1828. When ten years of age, she was converted and joined the Baptist church, in which connection she remained till 1844, when she embraced the doctrine of the soon coming of Christ, and withdrew from the church that she might more freely engage in the work of preparation for that event. After the passing of the time in 1844, being thrown with others into doubt respecting our position in the prophetic calendar, she pursued her favorite occupations of studying and teaching. Commencing in 1844, as assistant in a select school kept by Miss Sarah Livermore, in Wilton, between that time and 1850 she taught, in different places, seven district schools, attending, meanwhile, a term each in Milford, Hancock and New Ipswich, N. H., and six terms at the Ladies' Female Seminary in Charlestown, Mass. At the latter place she fitted herself for a teacher in Oil Painting and French.

In 1850 she took a sketch of Boston and Charlestown from Prospect Hill, Somerville, three miles distant. The effort was too much for her eyes, and, for about eight months she almost entirely lost the use of them. On account of this difficulty, she was obliged to decline a proposition to teach in the seminary at Hancock, which made her misfortune seem almost intolerable, so great was her disappointment. The only alleviation which she found for her affliction in this time, was in becoming an agent for, and contributor to, "The Ladies' Wreath," a monthly magazine published in New York. Her contributions to this periodical, with the exception of a few pieces published in the "Odd Fellow," and some other papers, were her first efforts at public writing.

Her friends in Charlestown, thinking the salt water would prove a benefit to her eyes, invited her to spend a season with them. She went in 1851, not expecting to be gone many weeks, but did not return till November, 1852, when she was called home by the sickness and death of her father. During her stay in Boston and vicinity she went to Portland and Nova Scotia. I requested her to go once, to please me, to sister Temple's, in Boston, to a Seventh-day Adventist meeting. Some remarkable incidents in connection with her attendance at this meeting, together with the faithful efforts of the friends of the truth, arrested her attention; and in about three weeks she committed herself upon the Sabbath and its attendant truths. The next week she sent to the

“Advent Review” the piece of poetry entitled “Fear not, Little Flock,” which was her first contribution to that paper. The “Review” was then published in Saratoga, N. Y., and she was immediately requested to take a position in that office. She replied that she could not, on account of the trouble with her eyes, but was told to come as she was, or to that effect. Arriving there, the directions in James 5 : 14, 15, were followed, and her eyes were so far strengthened in answer to prayer, that she was soon enabled to engage without restraint in the work of the office.

With strong faith and fervent zeal, she entered heartily into the work. She rejoiced in the new-found truth. The whole current of her mind was changed, and nobler aspirations took possession of her heart. From a position of exaltation and honor among men, she had now turned her eyes to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, reserved in Heaven for the followers of Christ, and to a place at last with the redeemed before the throne. Her contributions to the “Review” while it was published in Saratoga and Rochester, N. Y., afterwards published in her volume of poems, entitled, “Home here, and Home in Heaven,” show the themes upon which her mind delighted to dwell.

In November, 1852, as already stated, she was called home by the sickness of her father, who died the first of December following. In January, 1853, before returning to N. Y., she was solicited, in connection with her brother Uriah, to take charge of the

Academy in Mont Vernon, N. H., with a salary for the first year, of one thousand dollars, and a prospect of increase as they should bring the school up to a greater degree of prosperity. But she preferred to labor in some capacity where her efforts would tend more directly to spread a knowledge of the truth among the people, and lead them to seek salvation through Christ the Saviour of men. She therefore declined the offer, preferring, without any pecuniary consideration, to again connect herself with the office.

Two years later, in November, 1854, she came home to West Wilton, suffering under the first stages of that disease which shortly brought her to the grave. The following from a letter to a friend, written soon after her death, sets forth the occasion of her last sickness, and the circumstances attending the closing hours of her life :

On account of sickness in the family where she boarded, she assisted in the kitchen awhile, where was a warm stove, and in consequence of a letter being left, she hastened with it to the office unprepared for a cold, wet morning. Had she returned immediately, as she should have done, all might have been well. But she stayed through the day, as her work was there, and became very cold and chilly. That cold undoubtedly seated itself immediately upon her lungs, and threw her into night sweats and a hard cough, which ended but with her life.

So rapid was the wasting process of her disease, that within six weeks from the time she took the cold, she rode up in the cars, on her way home, with an intimate acquaintance of hers who did not know

her. He told me he thought of her, but thought it could not be Annie, she was so altered in her looks, being so poor and pale. Her brother Samuel said he did not think he should have known her had he met her unexpectedly, and said with a most dejected look, "*I don't think she will live.*"

She came home the 7th of November, kept about and worked some till about the 1st of December, when she had a very distressed day, and raised blood. Having confidence in water treatment, she went where she could receive such treatment, to see the effect it would have, and to get information. She continued this course till the following February. She felt better while under the exhilarating effect of the water, but became satisfied that she was no better.

The 14th of February, most providentially, Bro. Joseph Bates called on us, and stopped till the 18th. This was the occasion of a great blessing to her. At the commencement of the Sabbath, the 16th, the spirit and power of God descended upon her, and she praised God with a loud voice. I felt at the same time the sweet influence of Heaven, and the presence of holy angels. I believed God was hearing prayer, and granting his blessing, and joined them in praising and giving glory to his name. Bro. B. then said to Annie, "You needed this blessing, and now if the Lord sees that it is best for you to be laid away in the grave, he will go with you."

She appeared some stronger and better a few days in the day time, but I could not see that she rested, or was much different nights. Her cough remained obstinate, and I do not think the disease was ever stayed. She was greatly strengthened in a spiritual point of view, and engaged more earnestly in exhorting people to believe the Word, and be ready for the coming of the Lord. She would feel impressed to go out and talk with different individuals upon the truth, and was strengthened and blessed in so doing. Victory

was generally gained, so that the truth was verified, that whom the Lord makes free is free indeed. We had from that time as long as she lived, some of the most sweet, melting seasons of prayer that I ever enjoyed, often accompanied with shouts of praise to the Lord.

It was evident to all around that Annie was failing. Her symptoms became alarming. The 20th of March her brother Samuel was taken suddenly and very sick with influenza and fever, three miles and a half away at his boarding place, and unable to get home. Annie said I must go and attend upon him, even if she never saw me again.

The 30th she went to Mason Village to stay with sister Gorham, while I was with her brother. While there, word came that Annie was much worse. The 12th of April I went to Mason Village, and found her very much worse than I expected. For twelve days her death was almost hourly expected by those around. She said to me, "Mother, that poem I've been writing since January, 1855, [since published under the title of "Home Here and Home in Heaven,"] I suppose must all be lost. It is unconnected, and nothing can be done with it to advantage, without me." I went to Wilton and got the papers containing what she had written, but she was not able to do anything with them. She then prayed that she might be enabled to finish the poem, and prepare the book she had in contemplation; that if she did not live, it might be that through it, she being dead would yet speak, and that good might be done.

Sabbath April 21, the meeting was at sister Gorham's. We did not hold it in her room on account of her low state of health, but went in to close the exercises, when to our surprise she commenced praying with more than usual strength. The presence of God was manifested, and his power rested down upon her in a remarkable manner. She said she was

raised up to go home, and to do the will of the Lord. She rested better that night than she had for a long while. The next day she rode to Wilton, seven miles, to the astonishment of all. Many from our village had been to see her, and taken their leave, never expecting to see her again; and when they saw the carriage drive up, they came in to inquire when she died. Great was their surprise to find her able to walk about the room. She was again in her own quiet home, and soon commenced on her work. She was not able to write much herself, and I kept paper and pencil to write what she dictated at her will.

The 28th of May she had arranged and composed the last verse of her poem "Home Here and Home in Heaven." The 29th, her brother Uriah came home just in time to write it off for the press, and to assist her in arranging her other poetry for reprinting. She, however, made some alterations, and some little additions while he was copying it.

She dreamed in February that she was with a people, seemingly spectators, and before her was the most beautiful road, which glistened like gold. There was a company arranged by the side, and some one came to her with a peony, and said to her, "You must go over upon that road and hold up this peony." She stood there dressed in white, holding up the peony, when she awoke with the most pleasing impression, that she had yet something more to do for the Lord. She fully believed after she came from Mason, that she should accomplish the work she had in view, and that this was what was represented by her dream. The peony was her favorite flower, and as soon as they were in blossom, Uriah sketched and engraved one for the book, as is seen on the title page.

She often said in view of her dream, that when the book was done there would be a change in her. She should either be raised up to live, or she should die. Her prayer was answered. The book was all done

on her part, and as she had a desire to see the proof-sheet of her poem, and heard that help was needed at the office, she said to Uriah, "I feel bad to have you staying on my account, when it seems you might be accomplishing more good." It was thought she might live till frosty nights, if no longer. Under these considerations, Uriah left for Rochester the 17th of July. He had not been gone with the manuscript more than three hours, when she said, "I am ready now to die;" and she did not live quite ten days after.

The 18th she wrote the piece "Our Duty." The 19th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., she said, "Mother, some change has taken place. I don't think I shall live through the day." I saw there was a change, and stayed by her. Night drew on. No one happened in. She said, "It seems to me I could not breathe to have many in the room." I told her I was not afraid to be alone with her if she did die. She seemed gratified, as she wanted everything as quiet as could be, and she was not able to talk much with people if they were in. Her brother John and myself stayed with her during the night, when it seemed that any moment might be her last. She delivered many messages for different individuals, especially for her brother Samuel, if she did not live to see him. She said, "My mind was never clearer; I could do a sum in arithmetic."

About 2 o'clock she looked very happy. I said to John, "Annie is being blessed." She soon exclaimed, "Glory to God," a number of times, louder than she had spoken for a long while. She said, "Heaven is opened. I know Jesus is mine, and that he will save me. I shall come forth at the first resurrection;" and exhorted us to prepare for the time of trouble, and to be ready to meet her at that day, which she said she did not think was far distant.

Friday morning, the 20th, I wanted to write to Uriah, but she said "It will make no difference, I think

I am dying; don't leave me, mother, while I live." We sent for Samuel, and for sister Gorham. She remained about the same. Those who came in thought she must be just gone. They said it did not seem like a sick and dying room, she appeared so happy. She would look upon them and smile when she could not speak. Sabbath, July 21, she seemed better. Sunday, the 22d, more distressed, though she had some pleasing, and I trust profitable intercourse with her relatives and some of her particular friends. Monday morning, more comfortable. Some of us entertained hopes that she might, even then, revive and live. Monday night her distress returned. She said, "I think I cannot live." Thursday morning, the 24th, she composed her last two verses, "Oh! shed not a tear o'er the spot where I sleep," &c. In the afternoon she had a conflict with the enemy, and seemed to lose sight of Jesus. I told her it was no strange thing; it was only a sign the Lord was near and would deliver. She found it even so. Before night she was enabled to triumph over all the powers of darkness, and praised God aloud. She prayed for patience to suffer all her Father's will, saying, "I shall not suffer any too much. I can bear anything while Jesus sustains me;" and many like expressions.

Tuesday night was a solemn and interesting night. I stayed with her alone through the night. Neither of us slept. She was very happy, and talked much with me. She said in her former familiar way, "My mother, I've been afraid I should wear you all out. I've called after you by night and by day." She felt bad to have me kept up as I was on her account. But she said, "I am here now, your dying girl. I think this is the last night, and you must be sure to rest when I am gone. O, my blessed mother, I shall bless you in Heaven for taking such care of me. No sorrow or suffering there. We shall all be free there. Yes, we shall all be free when we arrive at home, and

we shall live forever. Yes, and I can smile upon you now through all my sufferings." It was her last suffering night. Wednesday, the 25th, a death coldness was upon her. In the afternoon she became more free from pain and distress. While speaking in the evening of taking care of her, she said, "I shall not want any one to sit up; you can lie on the lounge." At 1 o'clock I called Samuel. She talked with him, called for what she wanted as usual, and told him he might lie down. About three o'clock she called him to wet her head with water, and said she felt sleepy. She was indeed going into her last sleep. Samuel wet her head, and soon after spoke to me and said, "I don't know but Annie is dying." I spoke to her. She took no notice, breathed a few times, and died apparently as easy as any one going into a natural sleep. Her sufferings were over. She was gone. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, July 26, 1855.

She gave many directions about her burial; wanted as little parade as possible. We were expecting Bro. and sister White. We had had a letter from Bro. H. O. Nichols, saying they were expected there, and would be likely to call on us about that time. Brn. Bates, Burr and Nichols were written to, but circumstances prevented any of them from attending her funeral. Bro. Hastings and others spoke, prayed, and sung, to the edification of all. The hymns selected were, "Unconscious now in peaceful sleep," and "She hath passed death's chilling billow." It has since been said by the friends that they never attended a mere interesting funeral.

Annie looked very natural; more so than at any time after she came home. It was remarked that a holy sweetness seemed to rest upon her countenance, while her remains were with us. Annie had many favors shown her. For the interest and friendship manifested, the friends have my sincere love and gratitude. Though I ever thought much of them, they

seem doubly dear since her death, especially Bro. and sister White, with whom she was so long connected. Annie loved them, and manifested an interest for them, and the work there till the last. Bro. White made her the generous donation of seventy-five dollars and other valuable presents, during her sickness.

It was a great satisfaction that I had Annie with me, and that I was enabled to take care of her while she lived. Her complaints required an uneven temperature of the room, which was unfavorable for me. I took one cold after another, and was very much worn down at the time of her death. I took an additional cold when she was buried, and have scarcely been able to do anything since. I have thought sometimes, that what I had the privilege of doing for Annie, was worth my life, if it must go; and if it were not that I was still needed as a mother, I would now myself willingly lay off the burden of life's duties and cares.

West Wilton, N. H., Sept. 16, 1855.



POEMS, BY ANNIE R. SMITH.



The Friends of my Youth: Where are They?

Oh, where are they who once did tread
With me, in youth's sweet sunny morn,
The winding labyrinths that led
Where sweetest flowers the path adorn;
And gladsome birds send forth their lay,
And rivulets murmur on their way?

Oh, where are all the glad and gay,
That filled the brightly-lighted hall;
With loving hearts to music's lay,
Responded to the joyous call?
With blooming cheeks and beaming eye,
They dreamed of joy and heaved no sigh.

Some swept adown life's rolling tide,
By summer breezes borne along,
With prosperous gale they gently glide,
Like some sweet fairy boat of song;
And bask in pleasure's sunny fold,
And revel in their glittering gold.

And some are rudely borne along,
By dark misfortune's chilly blast;
The storm and tempest coming on,
The sky with clouds is overcast,
Till weary of their toil and care,
They sink in darkness and despair.

And some, whose sunny hopes have fled,
Like th' withered and deserted flower,
On which no tenderness is shed,—
They sicken in a single hour;
And e'en in youth and beauty's bloom,
Are ushered to the silent tomb.

And some in yonder graveyard sleep,
Beneath the ever verdant soil;
Where mortals ne'er are known to weep:
They rest from all their pain and toil;
Away from care, from sin set free,
They peaceful rest, O God, in Thee.

A few are left to struggle on,
Through dangers that beset life's way;
To mourn that all the loved are gone,
To weep and struggle, and to pray,
That all in Heaven at last may meet,
And joy each other there to greet.



Ode to the Winds.

Sound on, sound on, ye whistling winds,
As though ye fain would seek
Some quiet rest ye cannot find,
In this cold world so bleak.
Sound on, sound on; ye bring to mind
The bright and joyful past;
The golden hours of sunny yore,
That were too bright to last.

Sound on, sound on, ye whistling winds,
Like thee, 'mid bitter tears,
In vain I sigh for brighter days,
In other happier years.

Sound on, sound on ; ye seem to tell
That all things here decay ;
The brightest flowers the soonest oft
Will droop and pass away.

Sound on, sound on, ye whistling winds ;
Thy strange, mysterious voice
Seems like some spirit hovering near,
Bidding my heart rejoice.
Sound on, sound on ; for oh ! ye tell
Of a long, peaceful home,
Beyond this dark and fleeting world,
Where sorrows never come.

Sound on, sound on, ye whistling winds ;
Your moaning, solemn tone
Does with this heart so well accord,
So dreary, sad and lone.
Sound on, sound on ; for oh ! ye've power
To soothe each rising sigh,
And waft my spirit far away,
Where pleasures never die.



Lines

Suggested by the Wreck of the Minot Ledge Lighthouse.

On the rock, a beacon lighted,
Shone upon the stormy wave ;
There to guide the bark, benighted :
Home of those, the true and brave.
Clouds of wrath the skies are veiling,
Danger, wreck, and death are nigh ;
Lone and wild, the sea-bird's wailing
As the storm-wind whistles by.

Tempests rave — fierce roars the ocean,
Higher swells the angry foam ;
Winds and waves in wild commotion,
Fearful rock their storm-tossed home.
Night of anguish, wo and sorrow,
Wrapt in midnight's pall of gloom,
Gleams no light upon the morrow,
Dark beneath a watery tomb.

Hark ! the bell is loudly ringing
With a deep, and solemn wail.
Death-like knells around are flinging,
In the wild, terrific gale.
Still, the beacon-light is flashing,
None could reach them from the shore.
Towering waves, in fury dashing,
They must sink to rise no more.

Wrecks along the shore are lying,
On the heaving surges tossed ;
Mournful winds and waves are sighing,
Ocean's requiem for the lost ;
Mighty dome, by tempest shattered,
Billows o'er thee darkly sweep,
Treasure far more precious, scattered
In the bosom of the deep.

Far beneath the rolling billow,
Sleep the noble, young and brave ;
Ocean's coral bed their pillow,
And their shroud, the foamy wave ;
Wreck or monument, may never
Point the fatal rock, swept bare ;
But enshrined in m-mory, ever,
Faithful hearts that perished there.

Lines

Addressed to a little Orphan Child.

Poor little orphan child !

I see thee happy now,
With glossy ringlets waving
O'er thy sunny brow ;
With tender heart as light and free
As birds in summer air,
With beauty, grace, that well might vie
With rose and lily fair.

Poor little orphan child !

The tears steal down my cheek,
For oh ! how little dreamest thou
The world is cold and bleak ;
How little knowest thou the toil,
The turmoil, care, and strife,
The tears, the sighs, that may beset
The orphan's path in life.

Poor little orphan child !

'Tis bitter hard to roam
In this cold, dark, unfeeling world,
Both friendless and alone,
Where friendship ends in selfish aims,
Lips smile but to deceive,
Unkindness mars the spirit's peace,
And leaves the heart to grieve.

Poor little orphan child !

For thee is pained my heart ;
Should sickness pale thy rosy cheek,
And light and hope depart,—
Oh, who would then be near to bathe
The weary, aching head,
And twine around thee, arms of love,
And joy and gladness shed.

Poor little orphan child !
Thou'lt miss a mother's care,
To watch thy youthful steps,
Thy little griefs to share ;
No voice is like a mother's voice,
No look so sweet and mild,
No smile is like her loving smile,
Upon a darling child.

Oh ! ye who revel in your ease,
The orphan's cry should heed,
Nor with a cold indifference
Treat them in hour of need.
Ye know not of the anguish deep,
That rends their aching heart,
Or of the woe and misery
Your cold words may impart.

Poor little orphan child !
May angels guide their way,
For there are thousand treacherous paths,
That lead the feet astray.
Sin comes in many a dazzling form,—
Fearful the tempter's power,
Oh, God of love forbid thy fall,
In the dark, trying hour.

Poor little orphan child !
Should tears e'er dim the eye,
And grief and sorrow fill the soul,
And friends no one be nigh ;
There is a friend above, on whom
Cast all thy earthly care,
Who ne'er forsakes the fatherless,
But hears the orphan's prayer.

Poor little orphan child !

I would not shade thy brow,
By telling thee of after years,
To make thee sorrow now.
Oh, no ! in childish innocence
Play on with life and glee,
With dimpled cheek and joyous laugh,
So happy, pure and free.

Poor little orphan child !

Blest be thy passage o'er
The ever changing sea of life,
To Canaan's peaceful shore.
There mayst thou safely land
Where sorrow ne'er will come,
To join thy loved — that happy band
In one eternal home.



Oh! Let me be on the Stormy Sea.

Oh! let me be on the stormy sea,
Where darksome clouds arise ;
When the waters dash and the lightnings flash,
Along the dismal skies ;
There I should be so wild and free.
Oh! let me roam, on the ocean wave
Oh! give me a home.

Oh! let me be on the stormy sea,
When the tempests madly rave ;
Where no voice is heard, save the wild sea bird,
As it skims o'er the foamy wave ;
No strife and care would reach me there.
Then let me roam, on the ocean wave
Oh! give me a home.

Oh! let me be on the stormy sea,
 For there is the home of the brave ;
 We never fear when danger's near,
 Tossed on the towering wave ;
 Boldly they sail through wind and gale.
 There let me roam, on the ocean wave
 Oh! give me a home.

Oh! let me be on the stormy sea,
 Where the raging billows bound ;
 Where the roaring surge and mournful dirge
 Is ever heard around ;
 Where the wild winds sigh, as they whistle by.
 Oh! there would I roam, on the ocean wave
 Oh! give me a home.

Oh! let me be on the stormy sea,
 Far down in the briny deep ;
 On corals gay, myriads lay,
 In their last silent sleep.
 Beneath the wave, a wat'ry grave
 They've found. No more they'll roam—
 'Neath ocean's wave they've found a home.



The Exiled Prisoner.

Lines occasioned by the Story of an Exile who died of
 grief on meeting a former friend.

I met him in his gloomy cell,
 Where all alone and sad,
 He spent the darksome day and night
 In homely vesture clad.
 No golden sunlight ever threw
 Its lustre o'er his room ;
 No gladsome voices ever cheered
 Its dreariness and gloom.

Oh! he was fair and beautiful,
With clustering auburn hair,
That waved in many a ringlet o'er
The brow of genius rare—
The loved in his sweet native land,
The pride of his dear home,
Once he, who sat within these walls,
In iron fetters lone.

I wept as I did on him look,
For we were friends in youth ;
Together trod the selfsame path
Of wisdom and of truth ;
Together roamed o'er hill and dale,
As happy, light, and free
As joyous birds in summer air,
In boyish pride and glee.

Ah! strangely altered now his face,
Depicted with despair ;
Yet still methought that I could trace
Some former beauty there.
Yet something of the light had gone
That flashed his raven eye,
And pallid cheek, and thin, white lip,
Told of full many a sigh.

Oh! tell me, friend, in grief he cried,
About my joyful home,
And those bright, sunny fields o'er which
We used to sport and roam.
Oh! is the waterfall still there,
Wherein I used to play,
Without one thought of grief and care,
Through all the livelong day.

And is my father, mother, there,
And brother, sister kind ?
And do they know my hopeless lot,
In this dark cell confined ?
Oh! could I see them but once more,
And press them to my breast,
And meet their sweet, forgiving smile,
My weary soul could rest.

Ah! had I not too fondly loved,
I had not seen this day,
Apart from all that I hold dear,
Alone to waste away.
A rival came—with vilest art
Allured her from my side,
And triumphed in my loss, until
She found him false, and died.

Sick of the world, I left my home,
Far from parental care ;
I roved, a wild and thoughtless thing,
Exposed to every snare,
Till tossed on fortune's faithless sea,
I sought to drown my woe
In revelry and crime, that's brought
Me in this dungeon low.

Oh! cruel Fate that bids me dwell
In this cold, living tomb !
Oh! mother, couldst thou see me here,
And know my deepest gloom,
Thou wouldst forgive thy erring son;
And heal his broken heart ;
Repenting, thou wouldst soothe his grief,
And words of love impart.

Upon his knees, his hands he clasped,
In agony he cried—
We part! the past comes o'er my brain
Like an overwhelming tide;
'Tis like a dark and troubled dream,
That fain I would forget—
But oh! through all the day and night
Its horror haunts me yet.

Ah! wildly now he gazed around
The cell; no more he said,
Save in some broken accents wild,
For reason now had fled.
I looked again—his noble form
Lay stretched upon the floor;
He gave one last, one bitter groan—
The prisoner was no more.



The Clouds.

How beautiful the clouds,
The morning's purple clouds;
How sweet they calm reposing lie
In yonder deep blue azure sky,
Streaked with crimson pale and red,
Fair as violets in their bed;
Gliding, floating, moving ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

How beautiful the clouds,
The noontide's burning clouds;
Mountains of pure white driven snow,
In upper regions on they go;
Pillars of ever living light,
Piles of crystal gems as bright,

Gliding, moving, hurrying ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

How beautiful the clouds,
The dark and rolling clouds ;
With tempest, storm, and fury crowned,
Where lightnings fiercely play around ;
Terrific, grand, sublime, they rise
When pealing thunders rend the skies ;
Whirling, heaving, rolling ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

How beautiful the clouds,
The golden sunset clouds ;
Tinged with yellow, mellow light,
Warm, rich hues that gladden sight ;
As sinks the wave in ocean's breast,
So fades the many-colored west ;
Fading, passing, gliding ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

How beautiful the clouds,
The evening, moonlit clouds ;
On tireless wings of snowy hue
They move through heaven's ethereal blue ;
Like fairy forms of crystal light,
Arrayed in robes of silver white ;
Gliding, floating, moving ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

And in our weary march,
The whirling, passing clouds
Are emblems of life's hurried way,
Swift passing down its fleeting day ;
In smiles and tears the restless mind
Is ever seeking—ne'er to find—
A resting place—but hurrying ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

Youth's hopes, oh ! what are they,
But clouds of changing hue ;
Sometimes they're tinged with golden light,
Beaming with softening beauty bright ;
Like clouds they fade, they pass, they die,
And leave no trace upon the sky ;
Fleeting, fading, passing ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.

I'd be, when life shall wane,
Like white-winged clouds of even ;
Through fields of endless day I'd roam,
And find me there a starry home ;
Beyond this world, far, far, away,
To Heaven's own light I'd wing my way ;
Through realms of bliss there roaming ever
Onward, onward, stopping never.



The Unchanged.

I saw her 'mid the birds and blossoms when a rosy
laughing child,
Playing by the silver rivulet, joyous in its murmur-
ings wild ;
Now wandering o'er the sunny green with buoyant
step and free,
In the mild and balmy breeze that fanned the flowery
lee.

In life's fair spring-time, when the heart is lightest,
free from care,
When fancy spreads her pinions wide and soars on
wings of air,
Earth's mantling robe, so brightly decked with rain-
bow-colored hue.
Came o'er the soul in visions soft as falls the pearly
dew.

The morn of youth was on her cheek when love her
bosom thrilled,
With golden dreams of future bliss her gentle soul
was filled—
Unsullied by the world's cold strife, its darkness and
untruth,
When in its tender infancy, the guileless love of
youth.

She thought the world could ne'er be lone while one
might not depart,
Who was the worshiped idol of her young and
trusting heart ;
His dark eyes woke the flame within of soul-lit lus-
trous hue,
To be unquenched—the holy light of pure devotion true.

Genius marked his lofty brow for wreathing chaplets
fair,
And from the deeply-treasured fount of knowledge
rich and rare,
She quaffed the crystal streams that flowed, with kind
and fervent heart,
As flowers will gather sweetness that may never more
depart.

And oft she gazed with rapture on that bright an-
gelic face,
So radiant and beautiful with eloquence and grace ;
His voice, like tones of music sweet, bound with a
magic spell,
As gems of wisdom from his lips in heavenly accents
fell.

In fashion's brilliant halls, where gay alluring pleas-
ures throng,
No flattering smiles could win her from her child-
hood's happy song ;

When many a garland twined her brow and passion's
voice soft fell,
She was true to him who knew not how she had loved
so well.

Ah! cruel fate that bids the shades of change with
fleeting years,
Sad separation's bitter pang must dim with burning
tears—

Like some lone beacon's glimmering ray the star of
hope shall be,
To guide the bark by tempest driven o'er life's dark,
troubled sea.

The cherished love of early years say not she can for-
get,
That springs in youth's fresh vernal prime, and with
its tears are wet;
Its tender buddings crushed may be, and blighted its
return,
Its wasted fragrance lingers still around its broken urn.

When time shall fade youth's glowing charms, its
joy and romance fled,
Love's purest flame is shining o'er the altar of the
dead—
Through desert paths and weary of life's ever-chang-
ing day,
With light and peace his memory shall pave her
lonely way.

I saw her in the moonlit vale, a lovely maiden's form,
Her spirit in illusions wrapped, her cheek with vigor
warm;
Untouched by sorrow's withering hand, so pale, for
hers were dreams
Of other years—that for the night had cast their halo
beams.

And may the silken tie so fond, unbroken e'er remain,
 Bright angels hover round her way to shield till life
 shall wane ;
 Unchanging be the heart's first love, till in immortal
 bloom,
 In yonder Paradise her home and rest beyond the
 tomb.



Lines

Written on the Death of Lorenzo D. Upham.

Lamented youth, thy spirit now has fled,
 Thy youthful form in earth's cold bosom lies.
 Why art thou numbered with the early dead ?
 Who would not weep when one so lovely dies ?

Why wert thou thus cut down in manhood's bloom,
 When life to thee was all a summer's day,
 Consigned unto the dark and silent tomb,
 Nought but a lump of cold and lifeless clay ?

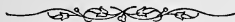
And oft the mourner there doth go and weep,
 And youthful friends shed many a bitter tear
 For him who lies in his last, dreamless sleep,
 For him they loved and ever held most dear.

We miss thee, brother, in our youthful band,
 Thy words of love, thy gentle accents sweet ;
 But thou hast left us in this dreary land,
 No more shall we thy social presence greet.

Thou wast a noble youth, the younger son,
 Thy father's hope and solace in his years ;
 But short thy stay ; ah ! soon life's labor done,
 Soon thou hast left a weary vale of tears.

Yes ; thou hast left a world of care and toil,
Where storms and tempests o'er our pathway rise,
Calmly to sleep beneath the verdant soil,
Till called triumphant to the upper skies.

Then rest thee, brother, free from all thy pain,
Above thee bloom the rose and violet fair.
We would not wish thee back to earth again,
But let thee calmly, sweetly, slumber there.



To M. D. B. On the present of a pen.

Dear sister, words cannot express
To you my heartfelt thankfulness ;
Or with what pleasure I behold
This precious gift—a pen of gold.

I prize it more, while now I see
In it remembrance kind of me ;
Which fills me with delight untold
In viewing my new pen of gold.

And thee, at morn and evening tide,
As past the fleeting moments glide,
Shall I remember, while I hold
Within my grasp this pen of gold.

With newer zeal I now would write,
Dispensing nought but truth and light ;
And richer treasures fain unfold,
The products of my pen of gold.

And when our weary task is done,
The conflict o'er, the victory won,
May we be found of finest mold,
As tried, refined, and pure as gold.

Be Cheerful.

Be cheerful! Be cheerful!
At the breaking of morn,
When the sun's gladd'ning rays
The earth shall adorn;
Be cheerful when noon
Shall its brightness display.
Be cheerful when eve
Ends the toil of the day,
For all nature is cheering
With harmonious voice;
All nature is bidding
Be glad and rejoice.

Be cheerful! Be cheerful!
Whatever thy lot!
If trouble awaits thee,
Thy woes are forgot.
Be cheerful, and light
Thy path shall surround;
With cheerfulness let
Every moment be crowned,
For all nature is cheering
With harmonious voice,
All nature is bidding
Be glad and rejoice.

Be cheerful! Be cheerful!
Let not the few days
That we spend on this earth
Be void of its lays.
Oft the ills we endure,
From the future we borrow;
Then be cheerful to-day —
Think not of the morrow;

For all nature is cheering
With harmonious voice,
All nature is bidding
Be glad and rejoice.

Be cheerful! Be cheerful!
In life's joyful spring,
When summer its beauties
And glories shall bring.
Be cheerful when autumn
Shall mantle in gloom,
When the winter of age
Brings near to the tomb;
For all nature is cheering
With harmonious voice,
All nature is bidding
Be glad and rejoice.



The Sister's Devotion.

There is no flower, brother, howe'er so sweetly bloom-
ing,
But it will fade in night;
No sunny sky with beams so bright illuming,
But clouds may shade its light,
But oh! there is a sister's love,
In sorrow's night unfading,
That clouds of earthborn care or woe
Ne'er will its light be shading.

CHORUS :

Oh! brother, then prize a sister's devotion,
Ever pure, unchanging, sincere,
Whose heart for thee beats with tender emotion,
And shareth each smile and each tear.

The beaming eye, brother, lit bright with smiles en-
wreathing,
Tears may unbidden dim,
The soul of music's melody, sweet breathing,
Discordant strains may hymn.
But oh! there is a sister's voice
To cheer with kind words spoken;
Her hand may wake sweet strains again
From harp-strings that were broken.

CHORUS: Oh! brother, then prize—

Fame's starry hight, brother, howe'er its gems al-
luring,
Cold storms and tempests crown;
The form of genius fair may fall, enduring
The world's dark chilling frown.
But oh! there is a sister's heart,
Forever true, unshaken,
That ne'er grows cold, but closer clings,
When all else has forsaken.

CHORUS: Oh! brother, then prize—

Our golden dreams, brother, we so fondly cherish,
May change like morning's rays;
Youth's fairest joys and pleasures all may perish,
With years that pass away.
But oh! there is a sister's prayer,
That happy be our meeting,
Safe wafted o'er life's sea in peace,
Where time no more is fleeting.

CHORUS: Oh: brother, then prize—

Trust Not, Love Not.

When the world is fair, entwining
Many a garland for thy brow,
When around thee wealth is shining,
Friendship's hand is near thee now.
But when clouds and storms shall gather
Round thy pathway rough and drear,
Few will cling as fond as ever,
Few will prove to thee sincere.

Oh! if thou canst find the treasure,
Close the precious jewel bind ;
Choicest blessing without measure,
Guardian angel—rare to find.
Speak or act, oh! coldly never,
Kindred spirits keenest feel ;
Silver links the blow may sever ;
Time the wound may never heal.

Friendship's ties too oft are riven,
By the slightest word or deed ;
Oh! trust not love's tokens given,
Lest thy heart with anguish bleed.
Trust not—hopes we fondly cherish,
Crushed and wounded leave the heart.
Love not—love's bright flowers perish,
Bloom to wither, then depart.

Love's sweet strains, like music flowing,
Drink not deep their melting tone.
Eyes that now so gently glowing,
Beam so fondly in thine own—
Ah! their light—it may deceive thee ;
Flattering smiles, oh, heed them not,
For their coldness soon may grieve thee,
Soon thou mayest be forgot.

Lavish not youth's tender feeling—
Warm, confiding—keep it true,
Ere dark shadows o'er thee stealing,
Bitter tears thy cheek bedew.
Trust not—change may, ere the morrow,
Rob thy cheek of beauty's bloom;
Love not, it may bring the sorrow,
Haste thee to an early tomb.

Solemn vows are lightly spoken,
Joys and pleasures fade and die;
Fondest, truest hearts are broken,
Golden dreams like phantoms fly.
Trust not—vows are falsely plighted—
Lest thy rashness give thee pain;
Love not—"for its flowers once blighted,
They may never bloom again."



Proof Reader's Lament.

What news is this falls on my ear?
What next will to my sight appear?
My brain doth whirl, my heart doth quake—
Oh, that egregious mistake!

"Too bad! too bad!!" I hear them cry,
"You might have seen with half an eye!
Strange! passing strange!! how could you make
So plain, so blunderous a mistake!"

Ah! where it happened, when and how,
This way or that, no matter now;
Myself from blame I cannot shake—
For there it is, that *sad mistake*.

Guilty, condemned, I trembling stand,
 With pressing cares on every hand,
 Without one single plea to make,
 For leaving such a *bad mistake*.

From morn till night, from night till morn,
 At every step, weary, forlorn,
 Whether I sleep, or whether wake,
 I'm haunted still with a *mistake*.

If right, no meed of praise is won,
 No more than *duty* then is done ;
 If wrong, then censure I partake,
 Deserving such a gross mistake.

How long shall I o'er this bewail ?
 "The best," 'tis said, "will sometimes fail ;"
 Must it then *peace* forever break—
 Summed up, 'tis only a *mistake*.

A smile is my delight to share,
 A frown is more than I can bear ;
 How great the sacrifice I'd make,
 If I could cease from a mistake.

"I'll try," my motto yet shall be—
 Whate'er I hear, whate'er I see,
 And for my own and others' sakes,
 Look out betimes *for all mistakes*.



Lines to H. N. S.

On the Reception of a Rose.

O sweet, lovely flower,
 For me didst thou bloom
 In a far distant bower,
 My path to perfume ?

For me wast thou nourished,
 In that dear, quiet spot,
 To tell when thou flourished,
 I was not forgot ?

Thine image, loved sister,
 In fancy I trace,
 And joy in the vision,
 To greet thine embrace ;
 But here I have never
 Thy hand clasped in mine ;
 Yet round us forever,
 Affection shall twine.

And oft this fond token
 Shall whisper to me,
 Of friendship unbroken,
 In remembrance of thee.
 Its freshness may perish ;
 But ne'er can depart
 Its fragrance I cherish
 So deep in my heart.



Lines

Composed by ANNIE R. SMITH, the day but one before
 her death.

Oh ! shed not a tear o'er the spot where I sleep ;
 For the living and not for the dead ye may weep ;
 Why mourn for the weary who sweetly repose,
 Free in the grave from life's burden of woes ?

I long now to rest in the lone, quiet tomb ;
 For the footsteps of Jesus have lightened its gloom.
 I die in the hope of soon meeting again
 The friends that I love, with Him ever to reign.

POEMS, BY URIAH SMITH.



The Willing and Obedient.

“ If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.” Isa. 1: 19.

Whose is a willing heart,
Whose is a ready hand ;
Joyful in Jesus' cause to start,
Joyful for him to stand ?
Whose breast with ardor glows,
The conflict to begin ;
Warring, but not with carnal foes,
Wrestling with every sin ?

Who when the cross appears,
Hasten its weight to bear ;
Glad, though it be through thorns and tears,
The cross of Christ to share ?
Who at stern duty's call,
Unbound by selfish will,
Meekly resign their earthly all,
Its bidding to fulfill ?

Who with unyielding feet,
When storms around them roar,
Shrink not the scorn and hate to meet
Which Christ their Saviour bore :
Deeming of higher worth,
Their Lord's reproaches now,
Than all the cankered gold of earth,
To which the worldlings bow ?

Whose is a willing heart ?
And who obedient stand ?
To them shall Heaven its joys impart,
To them the goodly land.
For them the City waits,
Unstained by woe or sin,
And as they come, the pearly gates
Shall ope to let them in.



Be Not Cast Down.

Tempted, tried, desponding one,
Why does darkness shade thy brow ?
Is there no all-beaming sun
In the heavens above thee now ?

Is the cloud of radiant light,
Glowing round th' Eternal throne,
Shrouded in a pall of night,
Or in outer darkness gone ?

Is the fount of glory dried ?
Are the gates of mercy closed ?
Went there ever unsupplied,
Any who in God reposed ?

Has his arm grown short to save ?
Heavy is his ear to hear ?
Bids he any be a slave
To despair or doubt or fear ?

Then may we refuse to move,
When his word and mighty arm,
Weak and impotent shall prove,
To deliver us from harm.

Then may we despondent be,
 And in him refuse to trust,
 When his throne and majesty
 Both shall crumble to the dust.

Has not help on One been laid
 Strong to save and set us free ?
 And is there no promise made,
 In his name, of victory ?

Then in Jesus let us trust ;
 On him stay our troubled mind :
 Not presume ; for God is just :
 Nor despair ; for he is kind.



Be Faithful.

TUNE—"Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home."

O brother, be faithful ! soon Jesus will come,
 For whom we have waited so long ;
 Oh ! soon we shall enter our glorious home,
 And join in the conqueror's song.
 O brother, be faithful ! for why should we prove
 Unfaithful to him who has shown
 Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—
 Who died to redeem us his own.

O brother, be faithful ! the city of gold,
 Prepared for the good and the blest,
 Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,
 And welcome thee into thy rest ;
 Then brother, prove faithful ! not long shall we stay,
 In weariness here and forlorn ;
 Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
 We haste to the glorious morn.

O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend,
 Creation's Omnipotent King,
 While legions of angels his chariot attend,
 And palm-wreaths of victory bring.
 O brother, be faithful! and soon thou shalt hear
 Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,
 Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear
 To enter the joy of thy Lord.

O brother, be faithful! eternity's years
 Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,
 When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears,
 And a coronet gleam on thy brow.
 O brother, be faithful! the promise is sure,
 That waits for the faithful and tried;
 To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,
 And ever with Jesus abide.



Lines

To J. T. and M. T. Lane, on the death of their little Child,
 Francis M. Lane, July 25, 1858.

Still reigns the tyrant Death in sable power;
 Sorrow and mourning wait at his command;
 For tender bud as well as blooming flower,
 Fades 'neath the touch of his relentless hand.

And hath his summons to your hearts been spoken?
 Hath his dark shadow crossed your threshold o'er?
 Hath he links of fond affection broken,
 And borne a loved one from this mortal shore?

So hath a floweret from your pathway faded;
 A bright star shining o'er you set in gloom;
 Bright rays of hope are from your vision shaded
 By the dark curtain of the silent tomb.

'Tis well to weep : stay not the bitter tears
 If thus the burdened heart may find relief ;
 For this dark earth hath been six thousand years
 A vale of woe, a charnel-house of grief.

Know then that here where dearest forms have per-
 ished,

There's nothing true on which our love to shed ;
 Not where death reigns can hopes of bliss be cher-
 ished,

Which may not wither 'neath his icy tread.

But ah ! there is land whose shores are nearing ;

The ills of earth its soil shall never bear ;

Of that bright world there stands this promise cheer-
 ing :

Death finds no entrance—pain no victims there.

To that fair land be now your footsteps tending ;

Fix heart and treasure on that blissful shore,

Where friends shall re-unite in joy unending,

Nor taste the pangs of separation more.



Passed Away.

Passed away from earth forever,

Frec from all its cares and fears,

She again will join us never

While we tread this vale of tears ;

For the turf is now her pillow,

And she sleeps among the dead ;

While the cypress and the willow

Wave above her lowly bed.

There she slumbers, calmly slumbers,

With the silent, peaceful dead.

With what grief and anguish riven,
 Should we see the loved depart,
 If there were no promise given,
 Which could soothe the wounded heart !
 If the chains with which death binds them,
 Ne'er again should broken be ;
 And his prison which confines them,
 Ne'er be burst to set them free ;
 If forever there to leave them,
 Were our hopeless destiny.

But a glorious day is nearing,
 Earth's long-wished-for jubilee ;
 When creation's King appearing,
 Shall proclaim his people free ;
 When upborne on Love's bright pinion,
 They shall shout from land and sea,
 Death ! where is thy dark dominion !
 Grave ! where is thy victory !
 Then we'll meet her, gladly meet her,
 Where we'll never parted be.



Ode.

Written for the anniversary exercises of the Golden Branch
 Society of Phillips' Exeter Academy, June, 1850.

Borne on in the swift course of time,
 The hour again is here,
 Which calls from us a sad adieu,
 And swells the parting tear.
 We'd fain the golden hours prolong,
 Which have so quickly past ;
 We'd fain delay the farewell song,
 And bid our union last.

But tho' we grieve that some so soon
Must leave our social band,
We would not have you linger here,
'Gainst duty's high demand.
But, rather, we would bid you forth
Into the field of life,
To battle for immortal names,
Like heroes in the strife.

Advance, then, in the grand career,
So nobly here begun ;
Aim to accomplish life's great end,
Until life's course is run.
May fortune smile upon your path,
And all your efforts bless ;
And may her arm be ever near
To crown you with success.

And, as you tread your onward course,
May virtue guide your way ;
And wreath of fame adorn your brow,
Which ne'er shall fade away,
"EXCELSIOR" will lead you on
To posts of honor high,
And call to mind our "holy bond,"
Of "Friendship's Sacred Tie."

And may you prove, while on you press
With banner wide unfurled,
An honor to your native land,
A blessing to the world.
And when at last, life's work is done,
This recompense you'll have,
The true and lasting fame that waits
The Great, the Good, the Brave.

Ode.

Written for the anniversary exercises of the Golden Branch
Society of Phillips' Exeter Academy, June, 1851.

We've met again within these halls—
These halls to mem'ry dear,
Where scenes of harmony and peace
Have filled the by-gone year.
But e'en while recollections fond
Still cling around the heart,
One bitter thought disturbs our joy :
For we have met to part.

Full well we know, our path through life
Can ne'er be always bright ;
The sweetest hours to mortals given
Are swiftest in their flight.
Then let us follow duty's call,
With calm, undaunted brow,
Nor weakly chide the stern behest,
Which separates us now.

Ye whom this consecrated spot
Still sheds its blessings o'er,
Use well the moments as they pass,
For they return no more.
Here you must gird your armor on,
Survey the field of life,
And then go forth to earn a name,
Or perish in the strife.

Great men have been before us here,
Whose fame the wide world knows ;
Excelsior still shines for us—
The star by which they rose.

They're shedding now a mighty spell.
On all the paths we tread ;
On living brows bloom laurel wreaths,
While cypress mourns the dead.

Then let us form the high resolve
To make our lives sublime,
And mark a clear and noble track
Upon the sands of time,
And bring fresh honors to the list
Of men and heroes all,
Whose power is felt from pole to pole—
The sons of Phillips' Hall.



I'm Coming Home Again.

The wheels of time roll ceaseless on,
The moments glide away ;
The hours but tell us they are gone,
Nor lingers long the day.
So that from friends, and home, away
I shall not long remain,
For soon the flying wings of time
Will bear me home again.

I have a home—oh ! blessed thought !—
Which oft I call to mind ;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And left dull care behind.
From this dear home, though far away,
I cannot long remain,
The ties of friendship, sure and strong,
Will bring me home again.

In fancy's vision oft I see
Friendship's extended hand,
And for a moment seem to be,
One in your happy band ;
But recollection suffers not
These visions to remain,
And so to see you face to face,
I'm coming home again.

The boisterous waves roll rough around
My thin and slender bark ;
While clouds arise, and storms resound,
And all is drear and dark.
But out upon the swelling tide
I shall not long remain,
For I'm coming into harbor—
I'm coming home again.



Charity.

There is a way more excellent, so traced the sacred
pen,
Than e'en to share the precious gifts which God
vouchsafes to men ;
It is to draw for every act our motive from above,
And make our whole of mortal life a holocaust of
love.

For though the mind with all the wealth of human
lore expand,
Though e'en an angel's glowing words we hold at
our command,
If in each thought and word expressed, no charity
abound,
'Twill but be like the tinkling brass, the cymbal's hol-
low sound.

And though all knowledge we possessed, all mysteries could prove,
Had faith to bid the rugged mount to yonder sea remove,
If charity dwell not within, the all-inspiring power,
We are but cyphers in the scale, the beings of an hour.

And though our goods we freely give to meet the sufferer's need,
And yield our bodies to the stake, the fiery flame to feed ;
If charity prompt not these acts, so fair to human sight,
It profits nothing in His eyes who reads the heart aright.

For charity is but the name for every heavenly grace ;
With human weakness long she bears, to anger ne'er gives place ;
Her features fair with kindness glow, no envy stirs her breast,
Nor e'er by boastful acts or words is inward pride expressed.

She ever seeketh others' good, regardless of her own ;
She thinks no evil, speaks no ill, by act, or look, or tone ;
Not in iniquity, but truth, doth she her comfort take,
And bears, believes, endures, and hopes, all things, for Jesus' sake.

Hail, holy Charity ! bright daughter of the skies !
An angel from the ruins of our once fair paradise,
Still lingering with our fallen race to point our feet above,
And show us what a Heaven will be, where all is wrought in love.

In the dark places of the earth thy footsteps may we
trace,
By fruitful fields and verdant plains where once were
desert wastes.
The orphan rises up with joy thy coming steps to
bless,
And widows, smiling through their tears, their grate-
ful thanks express.

To clothe the naked, feed the poor, bestowing joy for
pain ;
To bring relief to those who long in suffering have
lain ;
To cause the sad, despondent heart to sing aloud for
joy—
These are thy works, sweet Charity, thy holy, blest
employ.

We welcome thee, O Heavenly grace! be thou our
constant guide ;
Let thy sweet spirit in our hearts forevermore abide.
Help us to scatter deeds of love in all the paths we
tread ;
For blessing thus our fellow-men, we honor Christ
our head.



Lines

On the death of William M. Smith.

Dark 'is the hour when Death prevails,
And triumphs o'er the just—
A painful void within the breast,
When dust goes back to dust ;
And solemn is the pall, the bier,
That bears them from our presence here.

But there's a bright, a glorious hope,
That scatters death's dark gloom ;
It cheers the saddened spirits up,
It gilds the Christian's tomb ;
It brings the resurrection near,
When those we love shall re-appear.

Then mourn we not as those whose hopes
With fleeting life depart ;
For we have heard a voice from Heaven,
To every stricken heart :
Blest are the dead, forever blest,
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest.

With kind regard the Lord beholds
His saints when called to die ;
And precious in his holy sight
Their sacred dust shall lie,
Till all these storms of life are o'er,
And they shall rise to die no more.

A few more days and we shall meet
The loved, whose toil is o'er,
And plant with joy our bounding feet
On Canaan's radiant shore ;
Where, free from all earth's cares and fears,
We'll part no more through endless years.



The New Year, 1871.

Why hail we thus each new-born year,
With voice of joy and scenes of mirth ?
What room for gay and festive cheer,
While woe and darkness span the earth ?
While sin and suffering, pain and death, still throw,
Their baleful shadow over all below ?

Earth trembles at the cannon's roar,
War's murderous visage scours the plain ;
Its fairest spots are drenched with gore,
Its fruitful fields are piled with slain.
And what are all these slow-revolving years,
But funeral pageants of distress and tears ?

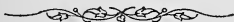
Contagions spread their wings of pall,
Fierce tempests rage with blasting breath,
And earthquake throes, engulfing all,
Make short and sure the way to death.
No peace, no safety, no enduring cheer,
To him who builds his hopes and treasures here.

Yet glad we hail each New Year's morn ;
For from the great high throne of Heaven
A royal fiat forth has gone,
A glorious word to earth is given :
Behold, says He who looks creation through,
Where sin has marred my works, I make anew.

New earth to smile before his face,
New heavens in crystal beauty dressed,
New years to run a guiltless race,
New joys for each immortal breast,
New flowers upspringing from the sinless sod,
New waters sparkling from the throne of God.

New bodies for these feeble forms,
New life from e'en the moldering tomb,
New skies unrent by raging storms,
New beauty, new unfading bloom,
New scenes the eternal era to begin,
Of peace for war, of righteousness for sin.

Speed then away, O tardy years !
Fly quickly, hours that intervene !
Groaning we wait the time when tears
Shall be but things that once have been.
Dawn, thou blest morn, so long in promise given,
The glorious glad New Year of God and Heaven.



Almost to the Beautiful Land.

Almost to the beautiful land !
This be the watchword to cheer thee,
When o'er thee dark tempests expand,
And dangers and trials are near thee.
Then from this perilous way,
Look up to the glory before us,
Which with unglimmering ray,
Like a bright bow of promise bends o'er us.
Only a few more seasons
Of watching and weariness here,
Ere the day-star arises,
Ere the day-dawn appear.

Almost to the beautiful land !
Where the pilgrim may rest him forever,
And bask on the golden strand
Of the crystal and flowing river.
Where the fadeless crown awaiteth,
For the cross which here we bore ;
And the glory ne'er abateth,
And sorrow is known no more.
Only a few more efforts
To toil up the rugged hight,
Ere we reach the glorious summit.
And faith is lost in sight.

Almost to the beautiful land !
 Shall we grow weary then ? Never !
 Lift up the faltering hand,
 Strengthen the feeble endeavor.
 Only a few more mornings
 Allotted to laboring here,
 Only a few more warnings
 To fall on the sinner's ear ;
 Only a few more conflicts
 To wage in the struggle of life,
 Then the sweet victory cometh,
 That endeth the toilsome strife.

Almost to the beautiful land !
 Shall we lose courage now ? Never !
 Bold in the conflict stand,
 Faint not in spirit nor waver.
 Woe now to him who shall suffer
 Earth's tinsel to blind his eyes ;
 Woe unto him who fainteth,
 In sight of the glorious prize.
 Up ! for the moments hasten,
 And the King is himself at hand :
 Nerve thee with this glad watchword—
 Almost to the beautiful land !



“They Shall be Mine.”

Mal. 3 : 16, 17.

They shall be mine in the coming day,
 When I shall gather my chosen ones ;
 When the Lord shall rise to the spoil and prey,
 And the year of Zion's redemption comes.
 They shall be mine ! the chosen few
 Who dare to honor my holy name,
 Who yield their hearts to their Maker, true,

And bear his cross nor heed the shame,
And turn not back for the scoffers' boasts—
They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts.

They shall be mine in the fearful hour
When heaven shall part as a shattered scroll ;
And earth shall reel from Jehovah's power.
And death shall seize on the sinner's soul ;
Then will the Lord to his servants bring
A crown for the cross which here they bore ;
And loud their shouts of joy will ring ;
And then shall be heard and feared no more
The critic's sneer, and the scoffer's boasts,
When saints shall be owned by the Lord of hosts.

They shall be mine in whom alone
Is power to save and to destroy ;
And as one spares his only son,
So will I spare my people's joy.
When the treach'rous hopes of the wicked flee,
And pestilence wastes the sons of men,
My servants true shall find, in me,
A refuge and a shelter then ;
And skeptics all shall cease their boasts
In terror for the Lord of hosts.

Then who would shrink from the lowly band,
Who make their peace with the King of kings ?
He holds the worlds in his mighty hand,
He rules o'er all created things ;
His arm alone can bear us up
When earth is drinking her dregs of woe ;
His mercy alone is ground for hope,
His chosen only will safety know—
Ah ! then who cares for the scoffer's boasts,
If he may be owned by the Lord of hosts.

In that dread day, when the proud and great
 For rocks and mountains shall vainly call,
 And kings and nobles, in high estate,
 Shall be robed alike in a funeral pall;
 When the Judge appears in the parting sky,
 And the angel-reapers from glory come
 To bear the good to their realms on high,
 And all thy saints are gathered home,
 From the isles afar, and the distant coasts—
 Let me be thine, O Lord of hosts!



The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

TUNE—Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

Come, come, come,
 Come to the marriage feast
 Prepared for saints above;
 The Lord now bids his guests
 To the banquet-room of love.
 Oh! why should the tinsel'd toys
 Of this earth allure us here,
 While pure, immortal joys,
 Wait us in a happier sphere.

CHORUS—Come, come, come,
 Come to the marriage feast,
 Prepared for saints above;
 The Lord now bids his guests
 To the banquet-room of love.

Come, come, come,
 Soon will the day be o'er,
 And hope's last hour be gone;
 And mercy's voice no more
 The day of grace prolong.

Life yet we may secure ;
 And the warning note is given,
 Make now your title sure
 To a lasting home in Heaven.

Come, come, come,
 The weary pilgrim there
 "Lays staff and sandals down"
 A conqueror's palm to bear,
 And an angel's glittering crown.
 Then all the scoffs we've borne,
 While this gloomy vale we've trod,
 "To lasting joys shall turn,"
 In the city of our God.



The Lord Will Come.

Tell me the Lord will come,
 That he will soon appear ;
 This world is not my home,
 I have no treasure here.
 The hope of joys that soon shall be
 Is what alone can comfort me.

Tell me the Lord will come—
 I love the cheering sound ;
 There's hope and joy and peace
 In that sweet promise found ;
 For then our ills, whate'er our lot,
 Will all be gone, and all forgot.

Tell me the Lord will come,
 'Tis music in my ears ;
 I would not longer roam
 In this dark vale of tears,

Where tempests gather o'er our way,
And darkness hides the light of day.

Tell me the Lord will come ;
In that victorious hour,
The dark and silent tomb
Must yield its gloomy power ;
For he shall call his slumbering dead,
Forever from their dusty bed.

Tell me the Lord will come,
He whom our souls do love,
To take his exiles home
To their own land above :
In those bright mansions of the blest,
Is where alone our souls can rest.

Ay, soon the Lord will come !
We are not left forlorn,
Without some cheering tone,
Some promise of the morn ;
Some token from our absent Friend,
That soon our pilgrimage will end.

Ay, soon the Lord will come !
He will not suffer long
The triumph of our foes,
The reign of sin and wrong.
With courage then still breast the storm,
For God has spoken and will perform.

Yea, soon the Lord will come,
And glad deliverance bring,
And crown with lasting joy
All who have honored him.
When heaven and earth abashed shall flee
The glories of his majesty.

I N D E X .

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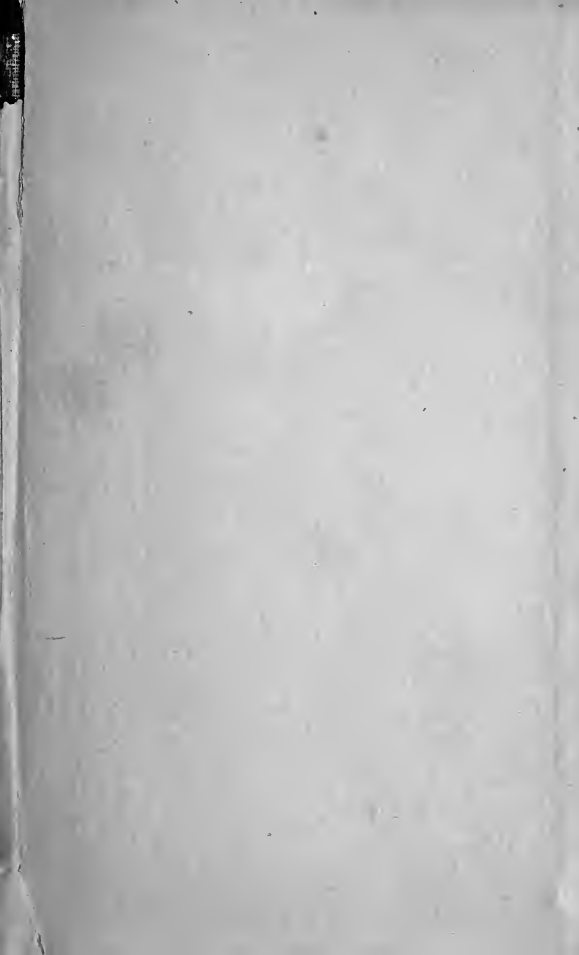
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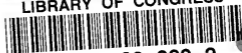




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