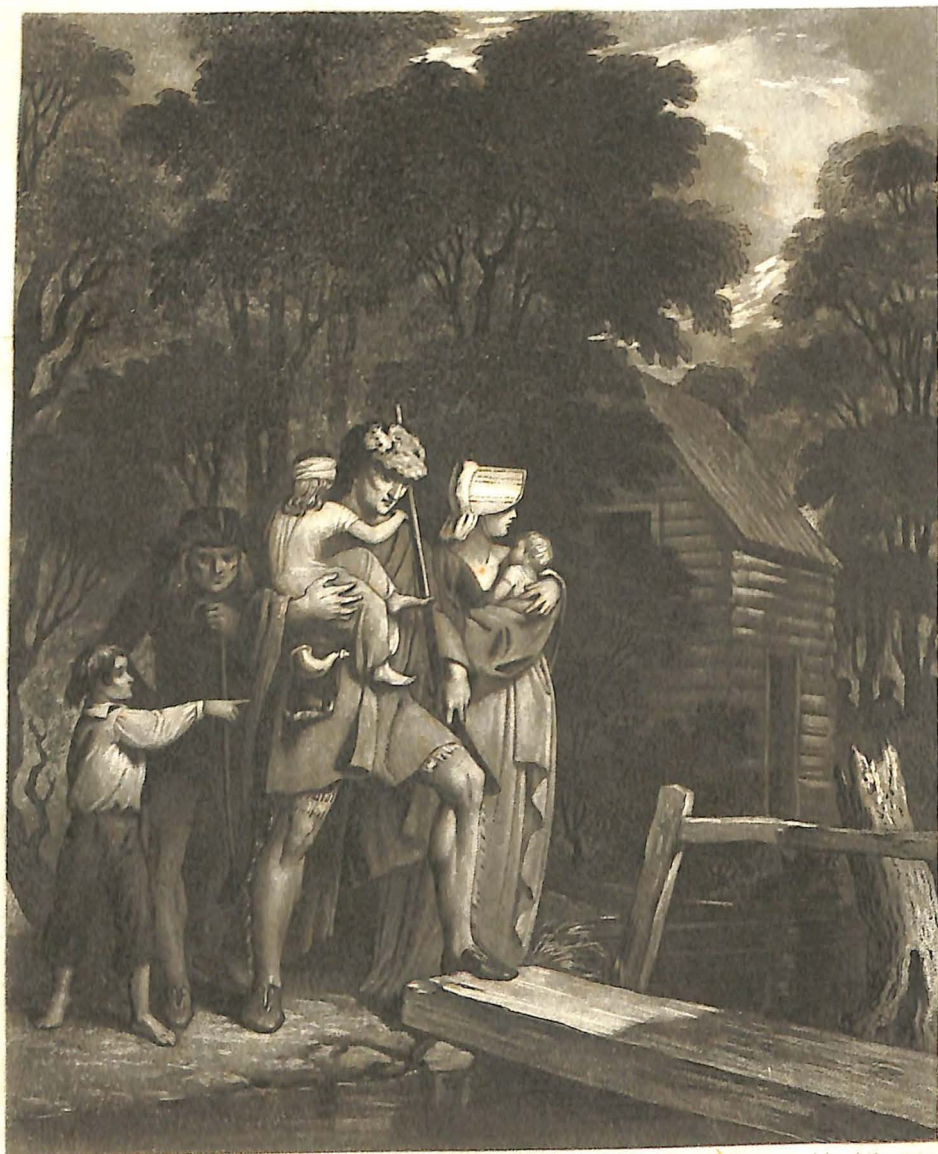


Album
of
Friendship

9/ 14/5
A farewell gift to my beloved sister
Emma Molony
May 1851.

"May peace be around thee
wherever thou roo'st"
Matilda.



Drawn by P F Rothermel

Engraved by J Sartain

FOREST WORSHIP.

A L B U M
O F
F R I E N D S H I P .



Drawn by F.F. Rothmel.

Engraved by J. Sartain.

NEW YORK.

J. G. BRICKER. 133 N. 7TH ST.

To my dear Emma, a Mother's prayer.
1827.

Had I a prayer to make for thee
I'd pray that thou should'st happy be,
But still, my love, I would not pray,
For things that pass as breath away,
For lands, for state, or worldly gear,
And all the blessings of the year.
I'd hope for thee a better part,
The love of God within your heart,
I will resigned, whate'er be tide,
And trust that He will be your guide,
'Till sin & sorrow vex no more,
And thou depart to a brighter shore,
Where joy forever dwells above,
And all is life, & light, & love,
When, with all the saints, you'll sing,
Praised to your God and King.

A receipt for Emma's Wedding cake.

From her friend Ellen Dyer, 1829.

A pound of ginger & a pound of spice
Three great big rats, & two dear little mice
& an ounce of pepper & a quart of mace
Two pounds of salt, & a horse's hoof & face
Three pretty lizards and a dozen fleas,
Two large potatoes and a pound of peas.
Three dozen flies, without their wings & eyes
Two little pigs just taken from their sies.
A little gin, a little lapses too,
Some vinegar all mixed with an old shoe
Three onions, turnips, & a pound of meat
With flies, with ants, and all my kitchen feet
But now I'll finish, for 'tis time to make
A finish of poor Emma's wedding cake.

Stockbridge August 7th 1825.

My dear Mrs Nicholas,

A few evenings since you did me
the honor to wish for some of my rhymes, and
even to propose yourself as their subject.

I'm fully aware that I could do no justice to
such a theme, yet it was too tempting a one
to be resisted. Have the goodness to accept the
effort in the same spirit of kindness with
which it was made, and thus sheltered I
shall not fear to expose it even to your nice
taste in these matters.

Yours Truly
S. Sedgewick.

When all the springs of life were new,
A little Maiden met my view.
She had an eye so dark so rare,
A wily Cupid ambushed there!

Who seemed with threatening air to say
What he would do another day.

And like a Boy who covert keeps,
Get forth in venturesous peep
So He, his fringed curtain through
Would peep, and laugh, & peep too.

And then her smile - 'twas Beauty's own!
Her laughter - it was joy's glad tone!
While Health admiring round her played
And decked the little jocund Maid.

With merry feet we trod the floor,
In many dances o'er and o'er;
Oft joined our hands in pleasure's ring,
And felt within the electric spring!

We parted - and we met no more
Till days & months and years were o'er
And she was changed. - Ah! is there aught
That's born of Earth that changes not?

But 'twas such change as some thing gives
Of greater charm to what it leaves.

Her face was richer if less fair
Than his first opening beauties were;
And still a lapid I could spy,
That couched himself within her eye!
But now no more with frolic wild
He seemed a lovely prisoned child,
Who wearied with his truant play,
In durance, and in languor lay.
His wings were cleft, his bow unstrung,
And fetters too were o'er him flung;
And tho' his darts he still would keep,
He'd sink amid their plumes to sleep;
Then starting press with firmer grasp
As sleeping babes their play-things clasp.
Her smile had even greater power
Than in her happy matin hour;

And her gay laugh would burst as free
As in her childhood's revelry!

And then her voice! - but he alone
Can know the magic of its tone.

Who hears it with its wondrous art
Lifts to the Poet's dream impart!

And as the melting accents flow,
Has felt his heart - shew chill and glow.
But midst her features reckless grace
A tinge of sadness you might trace;
And shades would gather o'er that brow
Where all was smooth and bright - even now
And sometimes too a sigh would swell,
That seemed a secret grief to tell.
Ah! is there then a canker there
Where all without is fresh and fair?
Oh! deem it not alone your lot
To mourn that what was once, is not!
And what tho' bitter drops may fall

Within the cup that holds our all,
We lose not if our moral sight
But read the lesson sent aright.
If humbled thus, we purify
Those fountains of ill, that hidden lie;
In wise submission train our souls
To God, who all our path conholds;
And seek in Heaven a better share
For Perfect good alone is there!

1798

My aching heart so used to mourning
And hope left that its woes will end
To thee (still constant) ever turning
To thee its never changing friend.

Oh! when ruthless Fate was frowning
First bade my Father leave his land
His child in seas of trouble drowning
Lived by thy timely saving hand.

Death took my friends - A tender Mother
First caused my youthful heart to weep
Oh God! another and another
Hast followed to an end left deep.

I only weaked I, remaining
Of all the little joyous band
That grew beneath a Father's training

And flourished by his pruning hand -

I doomed to lengthened life of mourning
Still sighing for that life to end
To thee for comfort ever turning,
To thee, my almost ~~only~~ only friend.
C. A. C.



Drawn by P.F. Rothermel

Engraved by J. Sartain

THE ELDER SISTER.

Real religion is full of repose. It is not indolent & inactive, but it is not restless. Its person is so calm & constant that it attracts little notice. It has not the vividness of the electric flash, but it burns like the beacon light, & is as cheering and salutary.

The domestic circle may exhibit some of the most beautiful developments of female piety and it affords opportunities to the youngest Christians to evidence their religion. The source of religion is the heart, and it radiates through the system, and tho' its diverging beams strike upon remote objects, they must fall first on those that are nearest to the centre.

Lines on the laps of her clothes,
by Miss E. A. Collier.

If e'er thy gentle heart was prone,
To pity sorrows, not its own.

If e'er the true & mournful tale
Has made thy blooming cheek turn pale
Or dimmed the lustre of thine eye
With tears for others misery.

Deign not now thy friendly aid
To soothe a poor dejected maid
Who sinks beneath a weight of woes
And mours the laps of all her clothes.

Twelve shifts I had, both old & new,
With some a little patched, tis true,
And some a little thin,
But what of that, for who could see,
They came so far above my knee,
It mattered not a pin.

Six under petticoats are gone,
And left me not a single one
To keep me from the cold -
Six cheer coats as e'er were worn
Excepting three a little torn
And three a little old.

Four pair of pockets too, beside
Which oft in pretty pairs did ride
Upon each faithful hip,
Without a hole, without a tear
Excepting every here & there
By chance you found a rip

My mourning caps that used to grace
Or serve to hide my mourning face
Alas! are lost to me!
And now, behold my fore head bare
Exposed to sun, exposed to air
For every eye to see -

Two daisy gowns - my hearts delight
They looked so trim, and sat so tight
And had so smart an air
With fur belows and flouncings round
They trailed a yard upon the ground
And swept the streets with care.

Oh! had you seen the hippee waist
All plucked in the newest taste
With buttons all in rows;
Oh! had you seen the Lisbon sleeve,
You would not ask me why I grieve
Or wonder at my woes!

Lament - Lament - for here's the part,
Will wring each soft and tender heart
Oh! here's the part most shocking
Oh! here in pity let me beg
Here, drop a tear upon my leg
It's left without a stocking

And now my dismal story told,
While shivering in the biting cold
Can sorrow find a friend?
Ah! who will make the poor their care
For who has caps and gowns to spare
Or who has shifts to lend—

'Tis in our sleep that fancy sits supreme
Sole arbiter, and to the shadowings
Of our waking thoughts, gives bold & vivid
Coloring; then the disencumbered mind
To her its undivided homage pays
And seats her on the throne; reason hath lost
Her sway; and memory made powerless now
No longer mars the vision of our bliss
By showing us what hath been; what we are
Judgement & no more can tell us, with her sleep
The sense of sin, which of itself hath power
To blight earth's purest joys; then loose from bonds
The unreprieved spirit, fancy's slave
And its own creation takes its joyful range
 Oft times led to scenes of earthly bliss,
But, with higher, nobler aims more oft
Her flight she takes, to reach those airy heights
Which mortal feet have never trod, to view
Ecstasies, the abodes of purity
Prepared for God's redeemed: and hears in trance

Strains of celestial harmony, with which
When angels tune their harps, all Heaven rings
And every son of God triumphantly
Adds to the general song his loud acclaim.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream
But mingling strange of vision and reality,
What is, with what may be
By the uncertain light of a pale lamp,
Which cast a fitful shade across his brow,
A youth I saw, within a narrow chamber
Secluded, one of many such, enclosed

Within the walls of a rude building,
Bending him over a page of other times,
And other language: with powerless act,
His mind did task itself to its dull labor,
But as unbidden thoughts swept over it,
Of those so loved, to whom his heart had clung,
With all its youthful fondness, nature resumed
Her sway; and over his face clasping his hands,

As if in very mockery to hide
The agony, which none there was to witness,
He wept; and as upon his memory,
Affection, and its purest, sweetest joys,
Came thronging back, keenly did he feel
The service of His God a bondage.
'Twas but a moment; from that earthly dream
Awaking, suddenly his glance lighted
Upon another page, open beside him,
The page of the Eternal, and there beheld,
As 'twere with pen of iron engraven,
Upon his heart, "small is thy strength, indeed,
If in the day of thine adversity,
Thou faintest." "Father", he cried, "I am thine,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing, hide me,
Until this bitterness be overpast."

A change came over the spirit of my dream
The Boy had found him friends; happy faces
Were beaming on him looks of love, and his heart
Now lightened of its burden, felt the joy
Of sympathy's strong tie; his dark eye shone,

With living lustre, and his voice betrayed
A tender deep, which lent peculiar grace.
Gentleness did seem the very spirit
Of his being; and those who looked on him
Looked, but to admire and love.

Yet there was one amidst that happy group
Who, herself had trod life's dreariest paths,
And to the dregs, had drunk its cup of woe ^(him)
And while with busy thought she followed
Amid the thousand snares that lie in wait,
The unwary to entrap, and them to turn aside
From every high and holy purpose,
She felt, that none but He, the Goodness,
The Deliverer, who had created him
The image of his own eternity,
Could, with it, that holiness impart
Which, as a shield invincible, should save
In peril's hour. —

A change came over the spirit of my dream
The loved and lovely still were round him,
But he? was there in him no change?
Slight, indeed it was, and undetected,
Save by the apprehensive eye of her
Who watched him, even with a mother's love,
His countenance, the mirror of the mind,
No longer glowed with feeling, and his bones
Betrayed a recklessness, which ill did suit him
The gentleness, which from the depth of piety
Did seem to have its source, now fitfully;
As an uncertain and expiring light
Cast a dim radiance; and as if the glorious
And the fearful name, of God the Eternal
Had ceased to be his refuge.

A change came over the spirit of my dream
She sat alone, that mournful lady,
And in the wanderings of her fancy
Had traced him back, even to the very moment,

When, from the Eternal Throne, that blessed ^{Ray}
Had pierced into his soul's recesses, dispelling thence
All gloom and darkness; of his first holy love
Then came the ardor, and the zeal, the firm resolve
And the determined purpose; the singleness
And purity, which mark the child of God.
And now - if she did read him right, the crown
From his head had it not fallen?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
They were alone, that youth and lady;
In the very boldness of her love, for him
She had inscribed the tablets of her thoughts
And, as with quivering lip, and burning cheek
His soul drank in its meaning, deeply she ^{looked}
Him, and silently she prayed, that God
"Would point the arrow to its mark!"

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
Within the house of God, a multitude

Whose hearts were bowed in deep humility,
And touched by heaven by grace, were listening
To the words of one, who stood before them,
"Severe in youthful beauty"; to proclaim
Pardon and peace to the repentant sinner.
Silence hung upon his voice delighted,
As of the blessedness he spoke, to which
Earth, no parallel holds, the blessedness
Of those, who place their trust in God.
And as his eye, in its pure peacefulness,
Glanced o'er the assembled throng mingled
With a thrill of gratitude, that warning
Came to his remembrance, while she who ^{glance of}
In the dust long since had slumbered.

Anne, H. Nicholas.



Drawn by P F Rothermel

Engraved by J Sartain.

THE FIRST STORM.

Hymn ~

We will not weep; - for God is standing by us
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt; - if darkness still doth try us;
Our souls have promise of serene & light.

We will not faint; - if heavy burdens bind us,
They press not harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past's despair -

Oh! not in doubt shall be our journey's ending
Sin, with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes, in glad fulfilment blending
Life shall be with us where the death is past.

Help us O Father! - when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend
Help us O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

W. H. Hurlbut.

March 27th 1853.

"Thus may each Christian pilgrim commune
with his own heart, while standing beneath
the shadowy portal of another cycle of time.
Ere yet we meet its new & sacred claims, its
duties, its responsibilities, and its trials, it
may be our wisdom to remember that we
"are not as yet come to the rest and to the
inheritance which the Lord our God gives
us." Our path, pointing homewards, lies
across a long and dreary desert. We have as
yet many a milestone to pass, many a stage
to travel, many a foe to confront, many a
battle to win. We cannot exult as those
who put off the armor and wave the palm.
And yet we are going home. Going home!
what a soothing reflection, what an

ecstatic prospect! The heart throbs quicker; the eye beams brighter; the spirit grows elastic; the whole soul uplifts its soaring pinion, eager for its flight, at the very thought of heaven. "I go to prepare a place for you," was one of the last and sweetest assurances that breathed from the lips of the departing Saviour; and though uttered eighteen hundred years ago, these words come stealing upon the memory like the echoes of bygone music, thrilling the heart with holy and indescribable transports. Yes! he has passed within the veil as our Forerunner; he has prepared heaven for us, and, by his gentle, wise, & loving discipline, he is preparing us for heaven.

Amidst the perpetually changing scenes of earth, it is refreshing to think of heaven as our certain home. "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." This is no quicksand basis for faith, no mirage of hope. Heaven is a promised "rest" - exquisitely expressive image! - and that promise is the word of Him who cannot lie. Nothing can surpass, nothing can compare with this. Human confidences - the strong and beautiful - have bent and broken beneath us. Hopes - bright and winning - we too fondly fed, have, like evening clouds of summer, faded away, draping the landscape they had painted with a thousand variegated hues, in the sombre pall of night. But heaven is true!

God has promised it, Christ has secured it,
the Holy Ghost is its earnest, and the joys
we now feel are its pledges and "first-fruits."
Christian, consider this new epoch of time,
unfold a new page of your yet unwritten
history with the full, unwavering conviction
that God is faithful; that in all the
negotiations, transactions, and events of the
unknown future, in all the diversified
& fluctuating phases of experience through
which you may pass, it will be your mercy
to do with Him of whom it is said, "It
is impossible that God can lie." Oh, take
this precious truth into your heart, & it
will shed a warm sunlight over all the
landscape of your yet shadowy existence.
"He who believeth faithfully, he cannot deny him."

self." Receive the promise, and confide in
the veracity of the Promiser, and he will
make good to its utmost the word upon
which he has caused you to hope. Stand-
ing yet within the solemn vestibule of this
new and portentous year, could our flut-
tering hearts find repose in a more appropriate
or sweeter truth than the divine faithfulness
of "Him" with whom there is no variableness,
neither the shadow of a turning?"

May 15th 1853. Lord's day -
Go -----

Tell me not that I must stay
While thou goest far away,
For indeed I cannot be
Anywhere if not with thee.

But wherever thou shalt roam
I will make thy side my home;
With thee rove, and with thee rest,
Leaning on thy gentle breast.

As the ivy, passion-bound,
Clasps her cherished clime around,
Holding it with many a ring;
So do thou, my love, I cling.

As the ivy, torn away
From her sole supporting stay,

Dropeth, dieth; so must I,
Severed from thee, droop and die.

O, my husband, know'st thou not
That the Lord hath linked our lot?
And whatever is thy fate,
Mine shall not be separate.

May 1853.

I seek for blossoms far and wide,
Is there not there one early comer?
Through all the wood, one single bud
To tell my yearning heart of summer?
By streams that seemed to sing of flowers,
They were so musically flowing,
I sought in vain, alas! not yet -
Not yet - but lo! the grass is growing.

Exquisite grass, each fairy blade,
Made glorious by the dew's adorning,
With starry splendor flashing back
The cloudless brilliancy of morning.
Fair grass, o'er all the barren earth
A robe of velvet verdure throwing;

No more in vain I wander forth -
The beautiful green grass is growing.

Where on the azure April skies
The "Iron Horse" his breath is flinging -
And in the stead of woodland birds
The busy steam boat bells are ringing -
Where up and down the noisy marts,
The restless human tide is flowing -
E'en there, a joy to yearning hearts,
The delicate young grass is growing.

Its fresh luxuriance bears me back
To the first memories of life's morning,
When winter seemed, "how leaden winged,"
And, Oh, how slow, the sun's returning.
Then watching through the ceaseless rain,

Life had no bliss like that of knowing
That Spring had surely come again,
The beautiful green grass was growing.

Sweet voucher of the coming Spring,
I bless thy gentle ministrations,
With the glad morn, I too would sing
A hymn of thanks and adoration.
Year after year with thee be hailed
By hearts like mine with gladness glowing,
When eyes that watch thee now have failed,
And o'er the grave the grass is growing.



Drawn by P F Rothermel

Engraved by J Sartain

BALBOA.

"Who art Thou that judgest
Another Man's Servant?"

How do we know what hearts have within?
How do we know?

Many may be like sepulchres within
Whole outward part is spotted as the snow.
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the soul of such have been,
What mercies, secret penitence may win.
How do we know?

How can we tell who hath more faults
How can we tell? (than we)

We think our brother walkers guilty,
And wonder how he can be so vile. Ah, well,
Perhaps he has been driven thro' the hell
Of his unobscured temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he.
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ill that others do?
Dare we condemn?

Quakers are weak - life's trials are not few

The tide of sinning is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
How do they need our help and pity too.
Ourselves we condemn?

God help us all - this evening and a stray
God help us all!

We cannot keep in wisdom's shining way
Evil doth lure and tempt us, and we fall.
Alas, Alas, our human strength is small;
Not one of us may last for not a day
Roll o'er our hearts but we have need to say
God help us all!

A. L. Guppy

The tide of wrong is difficult to stem;
And if we are more clearly than to them
In giving knowledge of the good, and true,
More do they need our help and pity, too.
Dare we condemn?

God help us all - the erring and astray
God help us all!

We cannot keep our wisdoms shining over
Evil doth lure and tempt us, and we fall.
Alas, alas, our human strength is small;
Not one of us can stay fast, for not a day
Rolls over our heads but we have need to say
God help us all!

A. L. Guppy

My Mother's Grave.

Once more I come, my Mother, to thy tomb!

Thy early, thy eternal resting place:

I come - no more in childhood's thoughtless bloom

As when I looked my last upon thy face.

Earth has no spot so dear to me, as now -

This grassy hillock where thou sleep'st below.

I never knew thee, Mother; never knew ^(should)
The full strong tide of love which in thee -

Unto thy boy - Get dream I of the blue
And deep intensity of eyes which yearned

To see my infant's life expand and swell -
That thou did'st never see - perhaps 'twas well.

Get had'st thou lived, I were not what I am; -
The gushing love heaped up within my heart
Would have, like torrents broken from its dam
Well'd out in streams; but now I may not rest -

The pent up feelings must at length overflow
And in a day, discharge long years of woe.

I must have loved thee, Mother! yes, I love
All else that's left me, with my very soul
Father and Sister! Oh! how far above
The world beside! — could I but only roll
The eternal bars of Death and Fate aside
I'd give thee joy, my Mother, joy and pride.

But now, I call thee Mother; see thy son
Upon thy grave, all solitary kneel;
Give but one look, one blessed look upon
His weary heart — that weary heart to heal,
One glance for memory to keep for aye
One cheering smile to help him on his way.

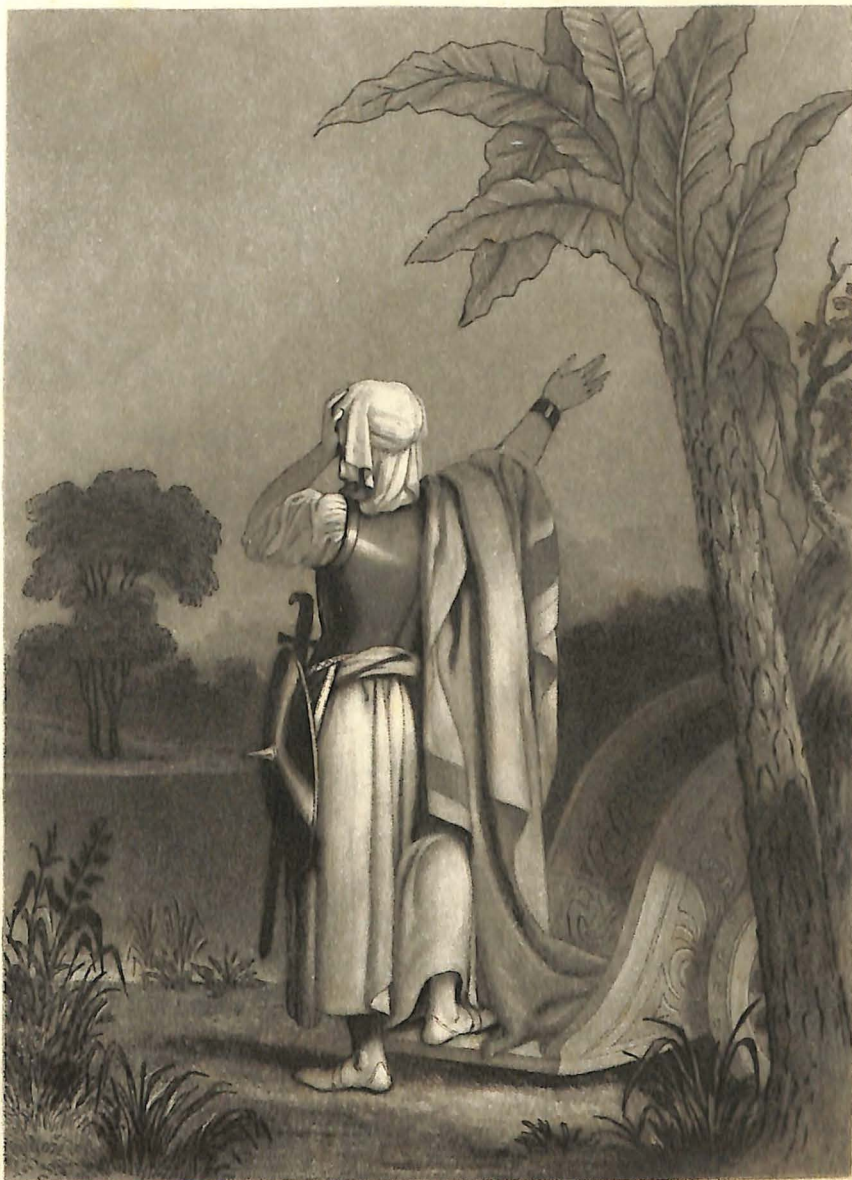
Alas! in vain my Mother! as I call —
Thou, closed within that dim & chill embrace

Thou dost not, canst not break the icy thrall
That binds thy mortal relics in this place;
Yet to my heart thou kindest & stillest shalt be
My polar guiding star, o'er life's dark sea.
Then let thy presence, Mother, ever dwell
Unseen and dim, but felt and thrilling deep,
The interchange of spirit - like the swell
Of ocean, 'neath the earnest moon, asleep.
Yet regular and with continual roll
Following its green ^{arc} from pole to pole.

Moon like and gentle be thy influence then,
Guiding my tossed and troubled mind aright
Or through the surf of anxious life, or when
Wrapt in the whirlpool of a false delight;
Watch thou, my guardian angel, o'er my track
And bring thy erring, wand'ring traveller back.

When joy around me, Mother, waves her wing
Smile thou upon my heart, and it shall be
More blest in that faint smile's sad welcoming
Than in the riches of the boundless sea:
And then should grief hang o'er my changing ^(not)
Smile once again, and all shall be forgot.

S. A. G.



Drawn by P.F. Rothenmel.

Engraved by J. Sartain.

NAAMAN.

Altehrwürdige Herren
Am 29^{ten} 1857

The Dictation.

I left the hall as late it now
And glad to be in her bosom

From surveillance exempt, I
Gazed on the book she last had read
The chair her form had hallowed

And grieved that it was empty.

And sleep his net was round me weaving
(while listening to that wind-harp breathing

Whose melody so mild is)

When one whose charms are not of earth
(Her father just a "Plum" is worth

And she his only child is)

Like Perthis fair maid before me stood
As if to kiss in madcap mood

My eyes in slumber folded.

Her form was large, too large you'd say
Yet know not whence to pare away

So finely it was moulded.

Her eyes were of a liquid blue

Like sapphires limpid water through

Thin softened lustre darting.

Her moon-illumined brow was white

As snow-drift in the pale moonlight.

The hair across it parting.

was of that pale brown (which told
by her hair) a thing of gold
When sunbeams thro' it shone
And round her mouth her dimples play
Like — nothing else on earth was so old

Those dimples to remember
And there she stood in girlish glee
To win a pair of gloves or see
How odd I'd look while waking
When I, like Blacksmith's Hat, her waist
So unexpectedly embraced

The bond there was no breaking.
Her swelling bosom heaved at first
As if her bodice thro' would burst
The angry little billows

Then, eye and face beneath its lashes
As streams on which the lightning flashes
Will sparkle thro' their shivering willows.

But when I loosed the eager grasp
In which I to my heart did clasp
Her, struggling and unwilling,

I felt her soft and slender fingers
(The tingling in my own still fingers)
Within my pressure thrilling.

I spoke to her — she answered not
I told her — now I scarce know what
I only do remember

My feelings, when in words expressed,
Tho' warm as August in my breast
Seemed colder than December.

But how can words the ~~the~~ thought express
Of love so deep, so unmeasured

As that which I have cherished?
Oh, God! had my secret heart but given
That same devotedness to Heaven

It would not thus have perished.
I flattered out, "you must have known
I long have loved, loved you above,

But cannot know how dearly."
I told her "if any hopes were erst
My every aim in life was lost."

She knew I spoke sincerely,
She answered, as breathless swept
Upon her words, and would have swept:

"Nay, more not thus the last say;
You have, you long have had." "Say on
Sweet girl - thy heart?" "Your foot upon
The floor of my father's hall"

Gaspar. - C. G. & S.

