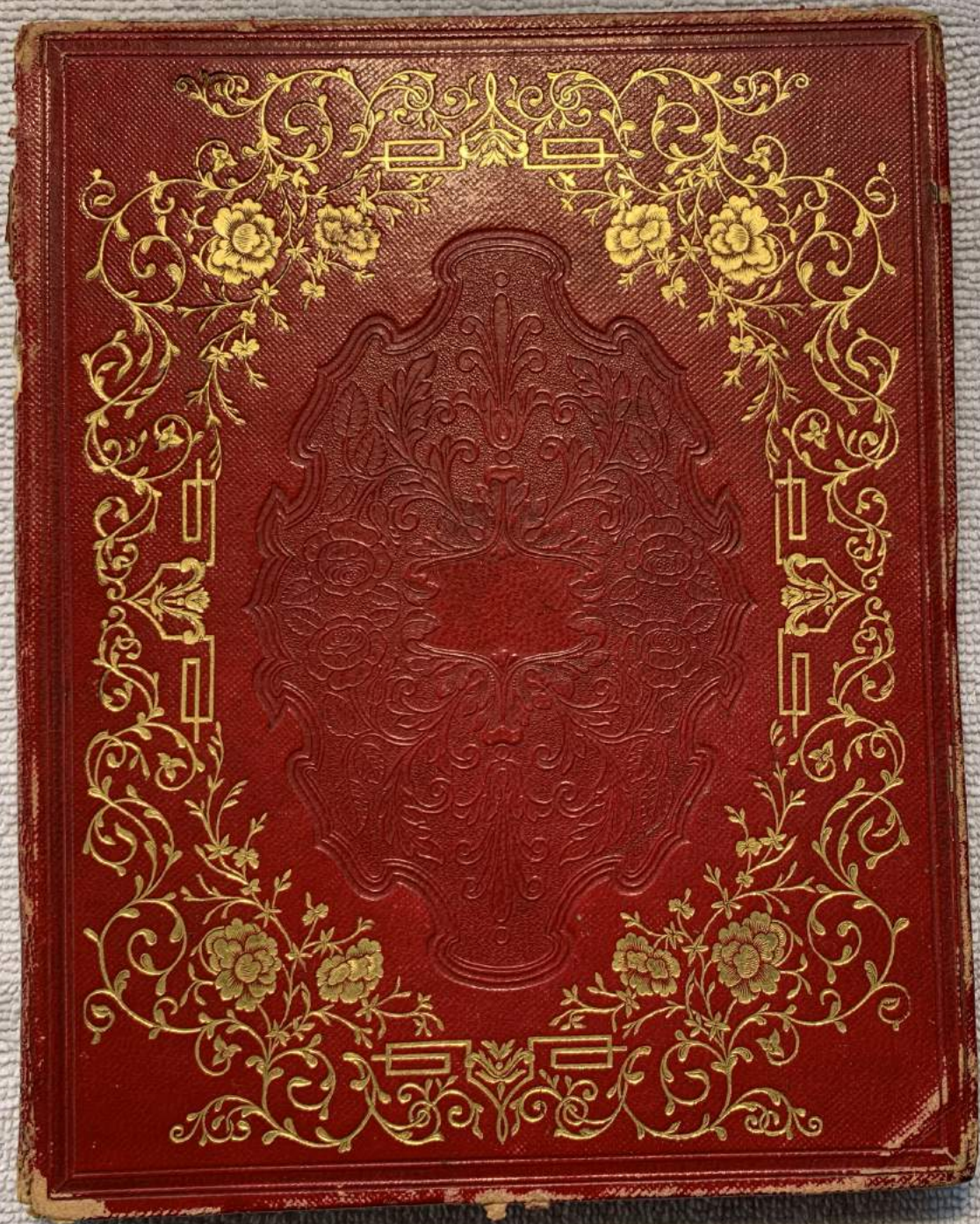




Mrs. Rebecca Rush.

From her husband.

April, 1843.



My Album is a garden plot,  
Here all my friends may sow,  
Where thorns and thistles flourish not  
But flowers alone will grow:  
With smiles for sunshine, tears for showers,  
I'll water, warm, and watch these flowers.

To Little Ruth.

No Gem from Imaginations Casket, nor  
pearl from Meditations deep, nor Garland  
from a softly intellect, can I cast upon  
this altar of Friendship; but upon it  
will I lay a votive offering, brought up  
from a secret deep, deep, in the Soul—  
a pure desire that thy Life may be  
as sweet as the Life that reposes on  
the bosom of the Silver Lake; that the  
red fragrant Geranium may be an emblem  
of the odorous influence thou wilt diffuse  
around; that the winter-blooming Chrysanthemum  
be an emblem of the friendship thou  
wilt ever give and receive. I ask  
not that Life may have no chills  
for thee, but I ask that the  
hottest cup may pass from thee.

But whatever it's attend, strive to  
Consider them Heavens Blessings in  
Saviours Garb, and thus may they  
Love be cleansed from Gross, Let  
it reflect, as a perfect mirror, an  
exact likeness of our Saviour. Thus  
beats and ever with, the Heart of your  
Brother and Pastor in the Lord.  
L. R. M. Horick.

Keene. N. H. May. 1. 1843.

Mrs. Rush.

"My Album is a garden plot;"

Thy Garden is pleasant, and fruits here may grow  
And ripen amid the sweet flowers;  
Be cautious whose hands are permitted to sow,  
And who recline in these Bowers!

We read of a Garden all lovely and fair,  
Where Innocence dwelt for awhile;  
Its keepers were strangers to trouble and care,  
For, as yet, they were strangers to guile.

But Sin entered there, and its dwellers must go  
And wander as Exiles in gloom!  
How deep was their sorrow, how wasting their love!  
How sad, Oh, how sad was their doom!

We read of a Garden <sup>where</sup> fruits ever grow,  
Where flowers do perennial bloom;  
In the land which is ever exempted from woe,  
And its dwellers from sorrow and gloom.

Keep well thy best Garden, the soil of thy heart,  
Then "fruits of the Spirit" will bear;  
And thou shalt forever rejoice in thy part  
Midst flowers that are fadeless and fair.

July 31, 1852,

B. M. Hall.

To Sister Rush.

May Virtue and Innocence be your  
Guide; and the Grace of the  
Spirit compose the Laurel wreath  
that shall encircle your brow, untill  
you may be transferred to the Paradise  
of God, to bloom forever in immortal  
youth and beauty, in fairer worlds  
on high, is the sincere prayer  
of the Subscriber.

L. R. M. Herick.

Dear Sister

Bless'd be thy passage through  
the changing scenes of life - The  
clouds be few that intercept  
thy light of joy and the  
waves roll gently on beneath  
thy bark of hope and bear  
the safely up to meet thy  
Heavenly Father God - <sup>the prayer of</sup>  
B. F. A.

Sand Lake, Nov. 1830 -



*Is there a tear that scalds the cheek*

*Is there a grief we cannot speak*

*Is there a sigh the bosom needs*

*Is it at the last adieu of friends*

*Farewell dear friend a short farewell*

*Till we shall meet again above*

*In the sweet ground where pleasure dwells*

*And trees of life bear fruits of love*

*Remember me Martha*

To Sister Ruth

"May friendship pure as morning dew,  
Thy smiles with aders, ever greet,  
Its radiance shed as bright a hue,  
But not so frail, nor quick to fleet.  
May Science open her golden gate,  
And fill thy mind exalted glows  
And virtue ever on the wait,  
As pure as diamonds dipped in snow,  
"May an unmingled thought remain,  
From sorrow strife and follies free,  
Till life be passed without a stain,  
And you forever happy be,

And must we part, Oh! yes we must,  
For death the silver cord will sever,  
When mingled with our kindred dust  
'Tis then we part on earth forever.  
But let us part, my dear sister, in hope of  
meeting in a better world than this, if we  
never meet again here! D. H. Woods, I leave

To sister Rush.

Adieu, beloved friend adieu  
On earth we only meet to part  
Yet to the Christians brighter view  
Still we are one still near in heart.  
That "thrafold cord" of Christians love  
Which from the heights of heaven descends.  
When parted here is join'd above,  
And holds to Christ and Christian friends.

And when we part the throne of grace  
Shall be our center and retreat  
Though distant far at that bright place,  
We still may hold communion sweet.

Prayer shall a vast triangle form  
On whose wide base we still can meet.  
And whose high top surmounts each storm  
And joins us at our Saviours feet.

And should the stream of death divide  
Our souls a moment on its shore  
They part to meet — they join to abide  
No bare pain and parting are no more.

N. W. Richardson.  
Keine.

Pure love is always active and benevolent.  
It is so in nature; Love is the bond of Society?  
Faith in God produces that.  
May that be yours is my sincere wish.

Watertown Mass. March 24 1883

Mrs Wm Edwards.

16

Original

— Religion. —

The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion Cheers, as well as composes the Soul. It banishes indeed all Levity of Behavior, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

L. R. M. Herrick.

Rever. St. G.

May 11<sup>th</sup> 1872.

Religion

All way of the partake;  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,  
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous Stone  
That turneth all to Gold.  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.  
No. M. 9



Sister Ruth  
Be as holy and as happy,  
And as useful here below,  
As it is your Father's pleasure  
Jesus, only Jesus know.  
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,  
Perfect lowliness, and then  
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,  
Perfect love for God and man  
Your Be in the Lord.  
Henry C.

June 14th May 1848

To Sister Bush

May thine dear Sister be the smooth  
And not life's rugged ways  
But like a glorious May day morn  
Cheered by the sun's bright rays.

May friends enshrined within thy heart  
Their faithful homage prove  
And be the halo round thy life  
An atmosphere of love.

Oh may your days glide sweetly on  
As gentle streamlets flow  
A stranger to thy bosom be  
The slightest <sup>touch</sup> of woe.

And may the frow of sorrow be  
An alien to thine eye  
But should the pearly gems descend  
Like dew drops from the sky.

May they but spring from captives source  
From bliss that seeks relief  
On flow at pity's gentle tone  
And shed for others grief

And now whilst on fife's troubled sea  
Your bark glides gently o'er  
Thy sister breathes her heart's best wish  
God bless thee evermore.

J. M. Hirsch.

Memorial for Sister R. Bush

Farewell Good friend we have met,  
And while life lasts O I can never,  
The joy I've known with thee forget;  
But now we part - perhaps forever.

~~~~~  
Thus friendship throws her silken chain,  
Round those who seem that nought can sever,  
But soon the cord is snapt in twain,  
They part - perhaps like us forever.

~~~~~  
But there's a world supremely bright,  
Where grief is heard at parting never,  
Where friendship dwells in heavenly light,  
And Love endures - pure - warm forever.

~~~~~  
Farewell then since on earth we find,  
Time will all connections sever,  
Leave only that best tie of minds,  
Which there endures - unchanged forever.

Keene Aug 14<sup>th</sup> 1843

Susan C Woods

## Wild Flowers.

Perhaps if I should cull a flower-  
From some fair garden plot-  
Which other hands have planted there-  
A flower of happy thought-  
Some bloom of rarest beauty's blush,  
<sup>And fragrant with delight</sup>  
I would better please my sister Ruth  
Than verses I should write.

My flowers are not the choicest kind,  
But humble blossoms wild;  
The product of untutored mind:  
The treasures of a child.  
The God of nature made them so:  
"He doeth all things well!"  
Shakes roses in the garden grow,  
And daisies in the dell.

Your garden now with beauty glows,  
For you have kept it well;  
Your tender care, its order shows,  
And you're its keeper still;  
But suffer me to plant among  
The flowers which blossom there,  
A few that bards have never sung,  
Though not so sweet and fair.

Wild Flowers:—cont.  
They will not take from other flowers  
Their incense or their smile  
But lend their modest, feeble powers,  
The weary hours to while;  
Though they may be of little grace,  
So lowly and so small,  
Be this their plea, whate'er their place:  
"My God hath made them all."

In the wild-wood of the heart-world  
There peeps a lowly flower  
Unheeded by the part-world  
Whose joys are but an hour,  
They throng life's pleasure-garden  
The aged and the youth  
But its pleasures only harden  
And draw them from the truth:

They gaze upon its glitter,  
As it sparkles in the light;  
But how soon its glories wither  
And fade upon their sight;  
But the flower of the wild-wood  
Retains its modest hue:  
'Tis as fresh in age as childhood:  
I've selected it for you.

Wild Flowers:—cont.  
It is conscience that is given,  
Like a beacon in our path,  
To light us up to Heaven,  
From the way of sin and death:  
From the way of flower-companions,  
It has other flower-companions,  
Lowly virtues from above,  
They were sown in royal gardens,  
They are Faith and Hope and Love.

Like all seed of rich production,  
They must grow be sown in shame,  
In the dust of deep contrition,  
In the wild-wood still the same;  
But they soon will be transplanted  
To the paradise on high,  
Where they'll deck the bowers enchanted,  
And never, never die.

Let us keep our garden, Sisters!  
Keep the garden of our hearts:  
Let us watch the wild-flow'rs, Sisters!  
For their beauty ne'er departs.  
Let us go to Him for wisdom,  
Who hath made all flowers to bloom:  
He will make our hearts to blossom  
Through the wild-wood—through the Tomb.

Yours in Hope of Heaven, S. Wm. Cooper

Albion Nov. 20, 1860.

To Sister Rush

"Oft have I seen the rising tear,  
Start forth at the word Farewell,  
The lingering look of fondness dear,  
Speaking more than words can tell.

Oft have I seen loves smile appear,  
Amid those drops of parting sorrow,  
As cupid whispered in the ear,  
You only part to meet tomorrow?

Oft have I heard the trembling sigh,  
Burst from the bosoms deep & free,  
And if I'd ask the reason why,  
Should answer, we must part! Oh yes.

And must we part, Oh! yes we must.  
For death the silver cord will sever,  
When mingled with our kindred dust,  
'Tis then we part on earth forever."

Your Sister in the Lord,  
Mary A. Russell.  
Decem. 21. H. May 2. 1843.



To Sister Ruth

Only a sweet and virtuous <sup>soul</sup>  
Like seasoned timber never gives  
But, though the whole world turn <sup>to cold</sup>  
Thine chiefly lives.

Juda Ann Taylor

That the best of Heaven's gifts,  
Health and Happiness, may be yours always;  
Is the sincere wish of your Friend,

Mrs W H Ingraham.  
Watertown 1883.

Remember me, is all I ask,  
But if remembrance be a task,  
Forget me -

Alice C. Ingraham

Watertown. 4. 5. 1883.

My Dear Mrs Rush!

Passing through life's field of action,  
Lest we part before its end,  
Take within your modest volume,  
This memento from a friend.

Passing through it, may we ever  
Friends continue as begun,  
And till death shall part us, never  
May our friendship cease to burn.

With much love. We are yours truly,

Mr & Mrs Thomas J. Pankes.

Watertown Mass April 2<sup>d</sup> 1883.

To Sister Rush

May the pleasures of life o sister attend you  
May the sweet lovely Saviour forever befriend you  
And when long we've been parted perhaps to meet never  
Will you think of her who now writes and will love you forever.

---

When in some far distant plain  
You roam with footsteps free  
Then soft and sweet the gentle strain  
Shall say remember me.

P. S. Jameson

Keene N.H. 1843

"Sometime, when all life's scenes have been learned,  
And sun and stars forever have set,  
The things which our weak judgments have pronounced  
The things on which we grieved, with lashes cut  
Will flash before me out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproach was love most true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,  
He must not tear the close shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyx of gold.  
And if, though patient toil, we reach the land  
When tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!" "

Your loving friend,

Ada C. Rose,

Chap. N. C.

Oct. 2 1878.

Dear sister Ruth

Ever your friend

Mrs. H. H. Good.

Aerostic.

Rebecca, as Matriarch of Ancient renown  
Endear'd to a patriarch favorably known  
To hold his devotion how pure and sincere  
Earnest meditations, believing with prayer  
Conceal'd in some measure, retir'd in the field  
Compos'd were his thoughts as his face was unveil'd  
A scene met his vision, the future reveal'd  
Rebecca was coming his home, to adorn  
United in heart he was won by the charm  
So happy their meeting - so fully agreed  
Henceforth they consented to be one indeed  
To sweetly they joined in the cause of the Lord  
And found peace according to His blest word  
May you my dear sister with your dearest friend  
United pursue the same happy end  
Endear'd to each other by different ties  
Let Christ be your pattern in his image rise  
Remain in His favour, As Him you've receiv'd  
Upheld by His Spirit, In whom you've believ'd  
So shall you inherit the joys of His grace  
Hail Him as your Saviour, see Him face to face.

Sandalake, March 24. 1847

Joseph James.

Sister Ruth.

I never look in Albums for sincerity.  
What is written is usually what <sup>the pen</sup> <sup>can</sup> write  
and not what the heart feels.

But believe me sincerely your brother  
in Christ.

J. Wesley Thompson

Bro. March. 30<sup>th</sup> - 68.

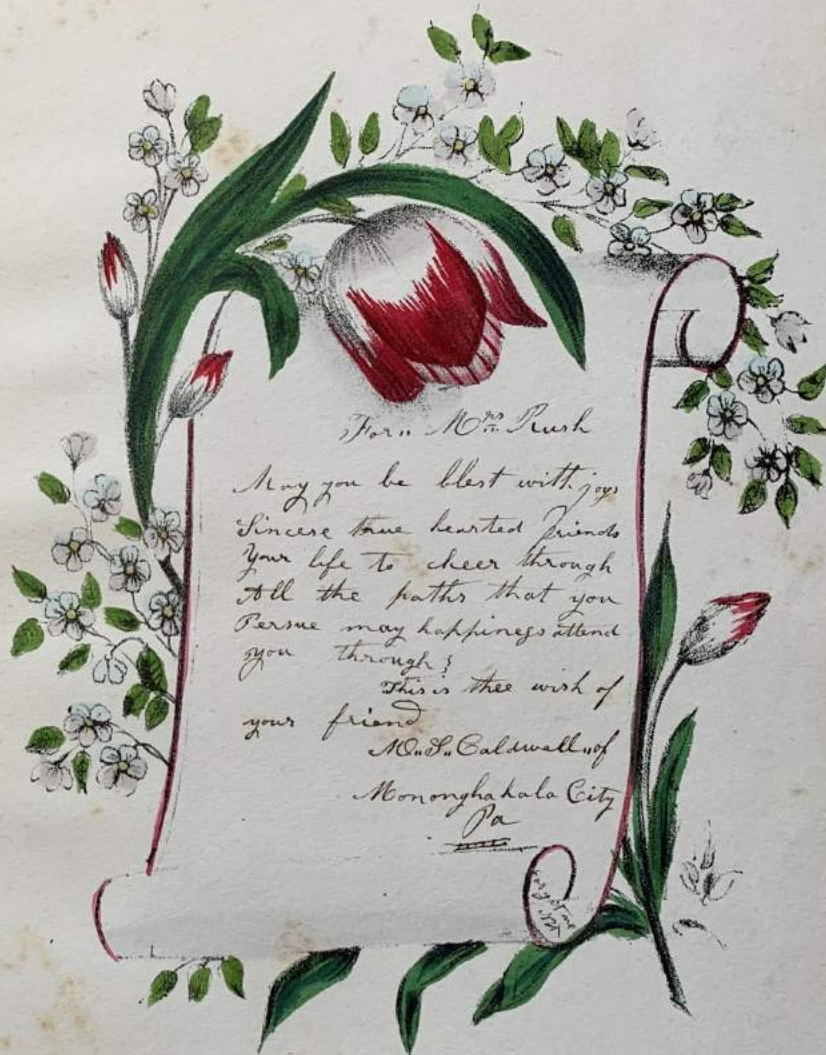
Sister Ruth

Your album abounds in things that are <sup>pretty</sup>  
things that are wise and things that are <sup>little</sup>  
To imitate these, the attempt would be vain  
So please let me simply inscribe <sup>name</sup> here

W. H. Frost

Albia Troy N.Y.

Apr. 1883



From Mrs. Rush

May you be blest with joys  
Sincere true hearted friends  
Your life to cheer through  
All the path that you  
Pursue may happiness attend  
you through!

This is the wish of  
your friend

Mrs. Caldwell of  
Monongahela City  
Pa

To Sir, Rush  
Friendship Original

When we in right exercise of our  
powers and faculties of soul single  
out from the great mass of our fellows  
One in whose bosom love lives and breaths  
Stimulating every passion and emotion  
to virtuous and useful Existence

This One is also a complete type  
of all we feel and desire or hope to as-  
pire to Judgement pronounces that one a  
Friend Such a one when found is  
true to all our interests temporal and  
eternal In Him we repose Confidence  
which is the Keystone of the great arch of  
the Temple of Friendship the grand cement-  
ing principle without it the magnificent  
temple in all its lovely proportions falls  
into ruins O Friendship thou sacred trea-  
sure I cherish it towards the One above. D. C. H. ....

Sandlake March 15<sup>th</sup> 1851

Be patient suffering soul! I bear thy cry.  
The trial fires may glow, but I am nigh.  
I see the altar; and I will refine  
Until My image shall upon it shine.  
Heave not, for I am near, thy help is so.  
Greater than all thy pain, My love for thee

O suffering one be strong!  
This trial of thy faith shall not be long.  
Ere now thy soul submissive to My will.  
Is learning how to trust Me, and be still.  
My embracing arms shall then enfold.  
Precious thou art to Me, as most fine gold.

Bright be thy future wherever you roam,  
From thy heart each cloud be driven.  
May earth be to thee a sweet peaceful home,  
A brighter is thine in heaven.

Mrs. Moses Whiting.

Watertown, Mass April 4, 1853.

He put his clean head 'neath my hand -  
He closed his eyes in sweet content -  
His master whistled loud and clear  
And quicker than a flash he went -

We meet in happy friendships here -  
We chat content as wild-wood doves,  
But duty's voice comes sweet and clear  
To do the work our Master loves -

Susanna Burnham  
Watertown Apr. 4<sup>th</sup> 1883.





Lady! my heart rings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!  
Longfellow.

Lucie Burnham  
Watertown April, 3, 1883.

wherever I may be, amid whatever  
scenes, I shall never forget the  
hand that guarded my infancy  
and has ever labored for my  
comfort. Believe me, dear moth-  
-er, I love you and think of you  
as one to whom my devotion can  
never fail,  
affectionately  
Frank,

Eng. Oct. 15<sup>th</sup> 1883,

To Mr South.

"Once more we together mingle,  
Here to give the parting hand  
May each heart with love entinctle  
Each with fondest hopes expand.  
Darken scenes will gather o'er us  
Doubts and fears will multiply,  
Father send thy light before us  
Even all our wants supply.

Grant that those that now must sever,  
Filled with doubts and cares afrest,  
May repose their cares forever,  
Where the weary are at rest.

Life before a stormy ocean  
Speaks its waters dark and wide  
Father, still its wild commotion,  
Be the weary pilgrims guide.

When the perished voyage is ended  
All its pains and perils past  
Let us by thine arm defended  
Meet and <sup>dwell</sup> in peace at last

Where no wintry storms are beating  
Where the billows cease to foam

Grant us an eternal meeting  
Lead O lead the wanderer home."

From your Friend and Sister in the Lord  
C. C. A. Taft.

Worcester May 9th 1843.

March 66

Ego sum; therefore, I write a word or two here.  
Life is a mockery, all men but members of one grand  
funeral procession marching to the grave. Time is  
the torturer of our being, holding up bright prospects  
to our view then dissipating them all when we draw  
nigh to their possession. Nothing in earth is there which  
is good but has its accompanying evil. Beauty is disgraced  
by a heart full of guile; Confidence is shattered by the demon  
of suspicion; Love is imbeciled by fear of inconstancy  
or dread of treachery. Friendship exists more in  
name than reality, and misery everywhere abounds.  
All this which is a reflection upon Divine goodness  
goes to prove a future life where all the wrongs of time  
will be regulated. Ego scripsi, therefore I stop.

E. M. Pegg.

To Sister Ruth

My dearest friend in bonds of love,  
Our hearts in sweetest union prove,  
Your friendships like a drawing band,  
Yet we must take the parting hand.  
Your presence sweet your unions dear,  
Your words delightful to my ear,  
And when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart.

From Your Sister

"We must win our crown for Heaven  
on the battle-field of life"

Sincerely your friend,

F. W. Greenleaf

Watertown April 3rd '88.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;  
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

Mrs. R. W. Pierce.

Watertown April 3rd 1888.

May the snows of the winter of  
old age fall lightly on you.

truly yours  
Wm. H. Ingraham

Watutom Nef  
April 8. / 83

"A book of remembrance," I trust, in that one  
That was written for God with the names of His friends,  
With splendor unfading, while eyes shall remain,  
Yours shall glow in the light of the love that never ends.

M. A. V. V.

Albia, September, 1878.

To Sister Ruth

The Lilly of the Valley shall wither  
The trees of the Forest decay  
But our friendship shall blossom forever  
When all other things fade away

---

Your love to me has been most free  
Your conversation truth and manners free  
Oh let us live in a Saviours love  
That when we part on earth we may meet above

---

Mary M Randall  
Scene N° 16

We've looked at fishes deep in water -  
They seemed mere clubs, or dead at <sup>best</sup>  
But break a twig or make a clatter,  
They turn and show a silver breast.

So friends get busy with their cares  
We think them cold; we make repining  
But comes like this, roused ~~unaware~~  
They show their "clouds have silver  
linings".

When Autumn comes the colors yellow  
The pumpkins lie in golden heaps -  
And braided corn; How rich in color!  
May you your Golden Wedding keep.

And when you've climbed <sup>mountain</sup> life's lofty  
And all your journeying days are <sup>done</sup>  
(The Silver Cord, The Pitcher at the <sup>fair</sup> fountain)  
Your happy day will gild life setting <sup>sun</sup>.

Composed by Mrs. Susan W.  
Burnham of Watertown Mass-  
achusetts for her brother's Silver  
Wedding.

Dear John; I like these "Silver times."  
They give to life a cheerful tinge.  
The hill of life full half way climbed,  
A backward glance they seem to furnish.

And you who've traveled side by side  
So many pleasant years together  
Can bear to look both back and forth,  
Nor fear vale mists or frosty weather.

I've brought a Sugar Urn today -  
Here sweet suggestive thoughts discover,  
And when you're getting old and gray  
May thoughts like flies around it hover.

And with my dish I bring a wish:  
Ere life with all its joys are over  
May many a grandchild's little hand  
Slip armingly by beneath the cover.

And while it sucks its little fist  
And licks, content, each frosted finger  
May you ne'er feel a gathering mist  
When memories of tonight may linger

And here, from Sister Sig I bring  
A Pitcher for your dinner-water -  
And here's another little thing;  
A Match-Safe for your little daughter -

A Match-Safe - What a compound <sup>word!</sup>  
And here's the time and place to use it -  
Your match was safe I've always heard,  
How glad I am I chanced to choose it!

And John, To you again I turn,  
For Memory's War holds many a <sup>treasure</sup>  
That in the war you never died  
But bravely fought, we've pride and <sup>pleasure</sup>

And in that hard old civil war  
Your Nancy proved both true and <sup>strong</sup>

She stood the battle like a man -  
You found you had not chosen wrong.

Mid tears and fears was Charlie born  
Mid news of war from field & fort.  
Who wonders that in man-hood years  
The tiny needle is his sport?

No wonder Garret loves a gun!  
Still as a fish; no war of words;  
That all his shooting is for fun,  
He lives in peace and shoots the birds.

When weary in the days to come,  
Should you climb on in some defection,  
Just look at Sanger's silver spoons  
And learn the lesson of reflection.

They say our life is as we make it -  
December cold, or sunny June -  
Long or short faced; just how we take it,  
Like looking in a silver spoon -

Dear Mrs Rush.

I have no lofty flower  
to plant in your "Garden plot" but in  
this lone secluded place, I will plant  
the simple Forget-me-not,  
With much love.

Alodie Jones.

Aug. 23, 1869.