

4<sup>th</sup> Weeks

Questions for  
Self examination

Practs for the week

"What manner of persons  
ought ye to be?"

2. Peter 3-11.

Feb 17 - 1855.

Belham Irving

What manner of person  
ought I to be?

That must depend.

I

Upon who I am.

Who am I?

1. Am I guilty or innocent  
in my self?
2. Am I holy or unholy before God?
3. Am I solitary and in private?  
or am I public and responsible?
4. Am I living only in the present  
or have I a life hereafter?

If I am a sinner, guilty but  
pardon'd - redeem'd - call'd to  
be a saint - brought into communion  
with God in Christ, having the  
spirit of God to dwell in me  
and lead me?

What manner of person ought I to be?

What manner of person ought  
I to be?

That must depend  
on  
Upon where I am

Where am I?

1. At home or abroad?
2. Alone or in company?
3. With friends or with enemies?
4. What eyes are upon me?
5. Who are watching me?
6. With what mind and feelings are they watching me?

If I am surrounded with difficulties - put upon trial - am journeying - am fighting - with the Master's eye upon me?

What manner of person ought I to be?

What manner of person ought  
I to be?

That must depend

III

Upon what I have to do

What have I to do

1. Am I at my disposal?
2. Do I belong to another?
3. Have I full control of myself?
4. Have I important obligations to discharge to others?
5. To what ends was I sent into this world.

If I have no right to be idle, if God has given me something to do - if I am his servant - his agent and have a particular time given me to work in them. What manner of person ought I to be

What advantages do I enjoy?

1. Have I not received a clear description and knowledge of my duty?
2. Have I not heard the Gospel?
3. Do I not know its commands?
4. Do I not know the advantage of obeying them?
5. Have I not every opportunity and means to obey God & glorify his name?
- 6.

If I am richly endowed with benefits - if I am surrounded with light influence and example then

What manner of person ought I to be?

What manner of person ought I to be?

That must depend

IV

Upon the advantages I enjoy?

What manner of person  
ought I to be?

That must depend

▽

Upon the result of the whole?

What are the results of the whole?

1. Has my conduct any connection with the future?
2. Are there any issues hereafter that must depend on it?

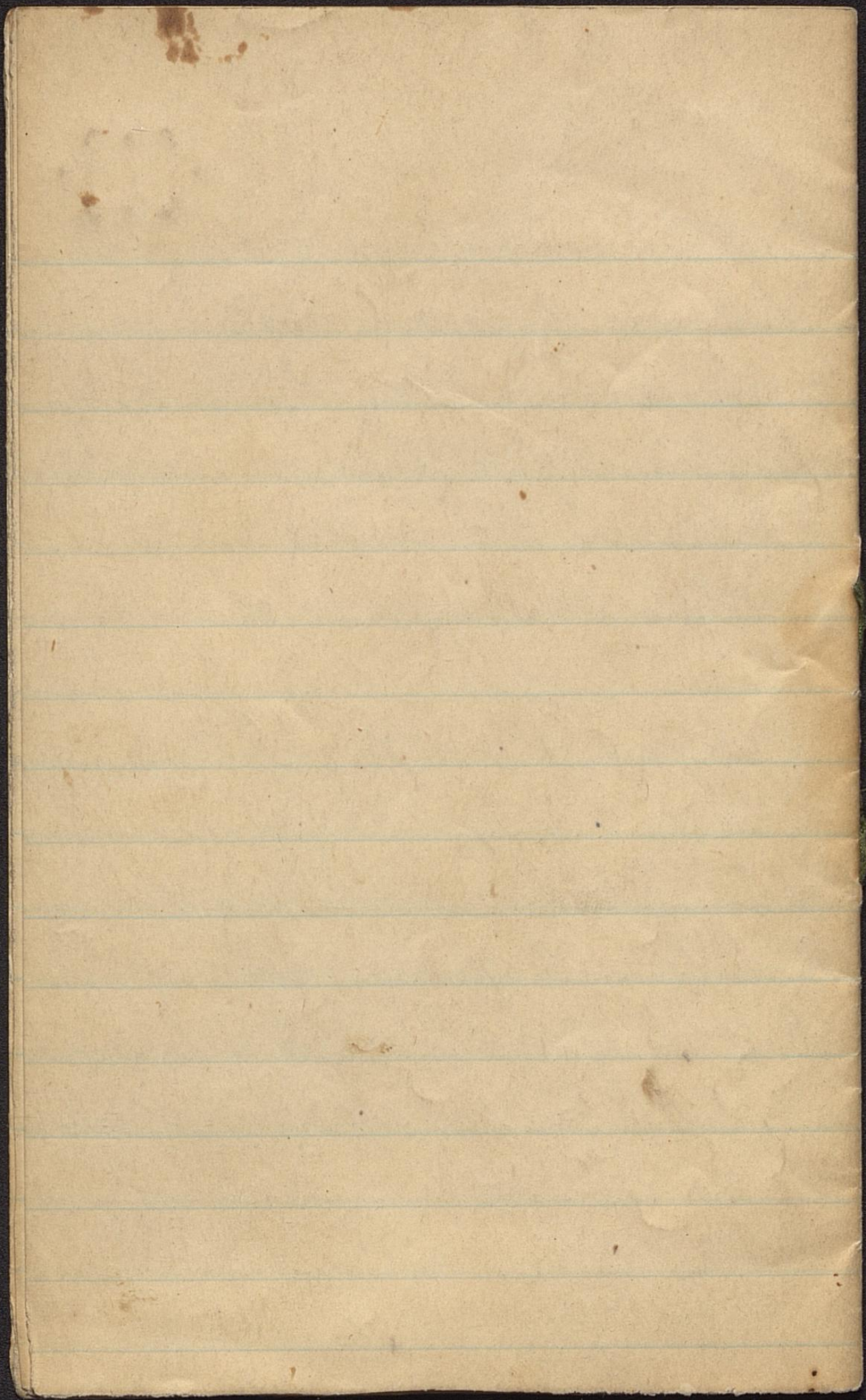
If I am hastening forward to a judgement-day - If I am to meet an hour when every thought of my heart is to be exposed - and according to my character here, my eternity is to be a thorn -

What manner of person ought I to be?  
What?

That I may fulfil the standard  
of Gods word,  
Let me consider,

1. What earnestness and watchfulness becomes me?
2. How anxious I ought to be, to be found faithful and acceptable in the end?
3. While I have opportunity let me  
"Prepare to meet my God"

Eternity! tremendous word—  
To souls unpardoned & abhorred  
But Oh, if Gods ears hear me  
How sweet the accents—how divine—





John A. Miller

Questions  
for  
Self-examination

Protho.  
for the week

"<sup>29</sup>  
I am a chosen generation"

1. Peter 2. 9.

Feb: 24<sup>th</sup> 1855

Belham Priory

Am I one of a chosen generation

Then I would consider

I

Who hath chosen me.

Who hath chosen me?

John 13. 18. 15. 16. 19. Ephes 1. 4.

2. Thess. 2. 13. 1 Peter 2. 9. Rev. 17. 14.

1. Do I love Him?
2. Have I sought Him?
3. Do I love to pray to Him?
4. Is it my real desire to obey Him?

I ought to love him ardently  
I ought to seek him diligently  
I ought to pray to him earnestly  
It ought to be my chief desire  
To know his will and steadily  
to obey it. So shall I make my  
calling and election sure to  
myself and others

Am I one of a chosen generation?

Then I would consider

II

Why has God chosen me?

Why has God chosen me?

1. When was I when in eternity  
God chose me.

2. With what nature did I  
come into the world. Ps. 51.

3. What good thing could be  
found in me?

Rom 7:18. Rom 3-10-12. Tit 1:1, 3, 4. Gal 3:17, 18.

4. Could I possibly do any good  
thing without God enabling me?

John 15:4, 5.

5. Could I then have chosen  
Him if he had not chosen me?

John 3:16. 1 John 4:10. Phil 2:13.

James 1:16-18.

Am I one of a chosen  
generation?

Then I would consider

III

For what purpose has God  
chosen me?

For what purpose has God  
chosen me?

1. Was it not to honor him

Am I an honor to him

2. Was it not to shew forth his  
grace, love and power

3. Do I shew forth his grace

4. Do I shew forth his power

5. Do I shew forth his love

6. Do I earnestly desire in  
all things to do so.

7. Am I praying earnestly for  
knowledge and strength to do so.

So should I make my calling  
and election sure to myself  
and others too.

2 Thess. 2. 13. John 14. 16.

Am. I one of a chosen  
generation.

Then I would consider

IV

For what results hath God  
chosen me?

For what results hath God  
chosen me:

1. Was it not for everlasting glory  
then is my hope of Heaven clear  
and constant.
  2. Was it not for salvation —  
then am I encouraged to  
press on confidently in His love and  
strength that I shall never be overcome.
  3. Am I triumphing over difficulties
  4. Am I rejoicing even in trib-  
ulations?
  5. Do I see by faith my rest  
that "remaineth"?
  6. Do I feel spiritually the Almi-  
ghty arm which is around me.
2. Thess 2. 13. Rom 8-28-29. →

Am I one of a chosen  
generation?

Then I would consider

V

Has God really thus chosen  
me?

"Hereby we know that he dwell-  
eth in us - by the Spirit which  
he hath given us"

Has God really chosen me?

The evidence of this must be  
in my state and character -

1. Have I chosen God - Christ.
2. Do I really love God. 1 Jhn 4:19-4:8.
3. Does ~~any~~ thing appear to me  
more important than an interest  
in Christ.

Am I willing to part with  
everything rather than with  
what I know and believe and  
hope for in this respect -

3. Am I humble?

Am I grateful?

Am I prayerful?

Am I watchful?

Am I earnest?

If I have any reason to  
believe I am one of a chosen  
generation.

Then let me seriously con-  
sider how?

I ought to strive with all dil-  
igence to grow in my Christian  
character and in heavenly graces  
My walk ought to be  
different from the world's  
course - and consistent with  
gospel principles?

It ought to be peaceful  
and successful.

And the God of hope would certainly  
fill me with peace and joy in be-  
lieving through the power of the  
Holy Spirit.

"What thousands never knew the soul  
What thousands hate it when 'tis known  
None but the chosen tribes of God  
Will seek & cherish for their own"

Kings of the Jews.

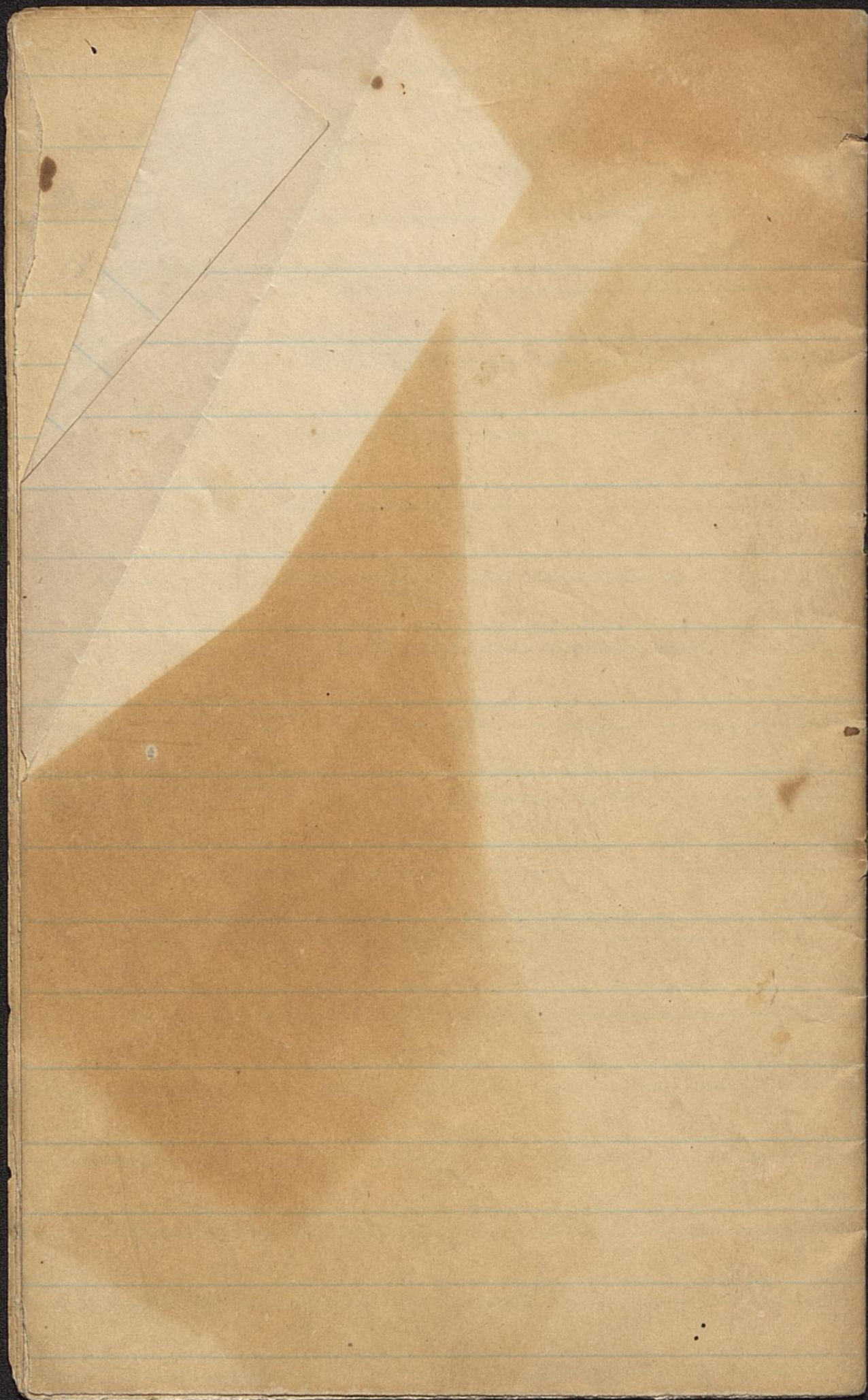
Dates, B. P.

1079

Saul

David





2<sup>d</sup>. Week

Questions for  
Self-examination

Motto for the week  
"Ye are the salt of the earth"  
Matt. 5:13.

Pelham Priory  
May 5<sup>th</sup> 1835.

As Christians we are in the world  
not only to instruct others in the way of  
salvation as "lights", but to preserve  
the world from entire corruption and  
degeneracy as "salt".

Christians are placed here to resist  
and to counteract the power of evil, to  
preserve others from sin, under the  
dominion of their lusts & the burden  
of their own iniquities.

To rescue the wretched - to save the  
lost - and to restore the deceiving  
this is the great responsibility and  
work of Christians in this world.

"Walk in wisdom towards  
them that are without, redeeming  
the time." "Shewing incompleteness,  
gravity, sincerity, soft speech -  
seasoned with salt, that it may  
minister grace to the hearers.

As I desire and profess to  
be a Christian, let me consider

### I.

I must exercise a positive in-  
fluence in the world.

Is not this the property and  
purpose of salt?

Is my influence active?

Am I restraining evil?

Am I overcoming hostility?

Am I increasing the happiness  
of any one?

Am I soothing and relieving the  
sorrows of any one?

Am I doing any or all of these  
things to the utmost of my ability?

Do I never yield to the sinful  
influence of others?

If they can influence me for  
wrong, ought I not much  
rather influence them to right?

Whom have I blessed?

To whom in this family, or neigh-  
borhood - in the Church or out in  
the world, have I been the Sower  
of life unto life?

"While we journey homeward, let us  
help each other in the word;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
I know through all the way are they;  
It behooves us each to bear a brother's load."

If I am the "salt of the earth"  
Then I ought to consider, secondly

"  
That I must cultivate the  
active power of grace in my  
own heart."

"Do I believe what Jesus saith  
And think the gospel true,  
Lord make me bold to own my faith  
And practise virtue too."

Suppress my thorns - subdue my fears,  
Come on with heavenly zeal,  
That I may make thy power appear  
And works of praise fulfil."

I ought to cultivate the active  
power of grace in my own heart.

1. Does grace qualify my own  
character?
2. Does a divine power subdue  
and sanctify my nature,
3. My mind - my judgment,

my heart, and will, do they  
all show that they are savored  
with this heavenly power or  
salt?

4. Is my conversation sanctified  
by it.

5. Are my actions governed and  
directed by it?

6. Is the whole course of my  
life adorned by it?

7. Am I earnest in watching  
for this?

8. Am I zealous in praying  
for and striving to cultivate  
this?

If I am the "gate of the  
faith" then I should consider

III

that my daily walk among men  
must be constantly watched.

So I ask, why?

Let me consider that my influ-  
ence is always active whether  
I will or no.

I cannot refuse to receive it.  
It is not voluntary control, as  
to its existence or operation -

but I am responsible for its  
character whether good or bad.

Wherever I am, something may  
be done or left undone; some  
thing may be said or withheld,  
which must do good or harm  
and so exert an influence.

III

My daily walk among men  
must be constantly watched.

1. Wherever I go, whatever I say  
or do, what kind of thought  
I excite in the minds of others?

2. What direction do I give by my  
presence, example, & conversation,  
to the mind and character of  
those most frequently about  
me?

3. Since others will look on and  
think, will listen and judge,  
am I very careful about what  
I do and say?

4. About whom I go?

About whom I choose as my  
companions and friends?

At the judgment bar of God,  
could my present companions  
use God for my example and  
influence, or would they testify  
against me?

Let me resolve to walk circum-  
spectly and be safe indeed in  
all the associations in which  
the will of God has placed me.

If I am "the salt of the earth"  
Let me consider.

10.

That I must be very careful not  
to lose the gifts of grace myself.

That the Lord would guide my way  
to keep his statutes still!

That my God would grant me grace  
to know and do his will!

Send thy Spirit down to write  
thy law upon my heart!

Let not my tongue indulge itself  
in vain words.

Let not the tears of mine  
eyes run down.

Let no vain thoughts  
enter into my mind.

Let no vain desires  
arise in my heart.

Within this soul of mine  
let no vain words be spoken.

Order my footsteps by thy word  
and let my heart be still.

Let my heart be still  
and let my heart be still.

But keep my conscience clear  
and let my heart be still.

+++++

Make me to walk in thy commands  
for 'tis a delightful word.

Let not my head or heart or hands  
be lifted up against thy God!

+++++

#### IV

I must be very careful not to  
lose the gifts of grace myself.

1. To what if any one of it has  
lost its power?

2. Can we use what at all in  
its decay?

3. Of what use is the unworthy  
backsliding professor?

4. If I should grow light and  
efficiency of what use can I be as  
a Christian?

5. If I should become vain and  
careless of what use should I be as a Christian?

6. If I should grow worldly and  
indifferent, then what should  
I be fit for?

7. Is there no danger lest I should  
grow cold and backslide?

8. What! shall I ever be a member  
of the witness & in the church  
of Christ?

9. Would it not be wise in me to  
watch & pray & strive against such  
an awful evil?

God alone can keep you from  
it, and if you seek grace and  
truth from me, I know he will

### Conclusion

If men regard me, and God holds me responsible as "the salt of the earth", then let me very seriously consider how I can rise up to my duty and so keep my conscience clear before God and man.

Am I diligently studying out my duty from God's word?

Am I perseveringly praying for strength to do all I know is right?

Am I closely watching with self denying restrictions all I do and say?

Is the idea of any great responsibility in this matter ever present with me?

### Exercises

"A charge to keep I have" &c.  
"Give us strength, O Lord" &c.

1. Do I desire this title?
2. Do I profess this title?
3. Do I merit this title in the opinion of man?
4. Do I fulfill this title in the estimation of God?

M. L.  
E. A. W.  
A. M. J.  
M. F.

Miscellaneous  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

8.2.9.4 = Leah  
6.9.8.11 = Saleth  
6.9.5.8 = Saul  
2.6.9.5 = Esau  
6.10.2.1 = Shelah  
6.9.8.3 = Salt





Verses for May day

Tell me sweet sister have you seen  
Earths fairest-child, <sup>the</sup> flower ~~queen~~  
The snow drop raised <sup>her</sup> lovely head  
To tell me winter old was dead.

Sister tell me, ~~tell me~~, have you seen  
Earths fairest, <sup>child</sup> flower ~~queen~~

---

O, yes, sweet sister, I have seen  
Earths fairest, <sup>child</sup> flower ~~queen~~

Hear you the wild birds how they sing

Welcome, welcome to the lovely spring

Hails, hail, they gaily sing

Welcome, welcome, welcome, spring

---

She comes, she comes with shout and song  
I see her tripping with the throng  
White wood and mead and forest green  
Bid welcome to our lovely queen

Hails, hail, the wild birds sing

Welcome, welcome, welcome, spring

---

God save our Queen

---

Lo! to the queen of May

Violet and rosebud sprays

Can only be given

May they sweet incense prove

Wafting her thoughts above

Filling her soul with love

For earth and heaven.

God save our gracious queen  
Long live our noble queen  
God save our queen  
Send her victorious  
Happy and glorious  
Long to reigns over us  
God save our queen

To the Queen of May

See here we bring fresh flowers of Spring  
While we in joyous chorus sing  
As they around their odors fling  
Sweet as our queen and blooming

---

Long may the rays of joy and love  
Bright o'er her pathway beaming  
Brighten that path where'er it rove  
Through lifes deep shaded vails  
Hail, Hail, Hail

Songs of the pieces sung May  
Night at Pelham Priory  
May 1855 - 18<sup>th</sup>

Things I love.

I love the little lark  
That flaps its tiny wing  
And soars up to the clouds  
Its lovely song to sing.

I love the Moon that through  
The cottage casement gleams  
Upon the snowy pillow  
Where the happy infant dreams.

I love the little brook  
That bubbles by the hill  
When evening shades draw near  
And every thing is still.

And Oh! I love the wildwood  
Where I so wild and free  
Have spent so many happy hours  
The flowers and birds to see.

I love the little stars  
So beautiful and bright  
They look like little angels  
Down on the dewy night.

I love the little lambs  
So innocent and mild  
So harmless and so beautiful  
They are so free from guile.

and I love the glowing sunset  
When throwing its last ray  
Upon the earth around us  
And upon the setting day.

Bella

"He doeth all things well."



I remember how I lov'd her, when a little girl she was,  
I saw her in the cradle as she look'd on me and said —  
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell;  
And I bless'd the glorious Ever, "who doeth all things well,"

Months passed, that bud of promise was unfolding every hour,  
I thought that earth had never smil'd upon a fairer flower;  
So beautiful it well might grace the bowers where angels dwell,  
And waft its fragrance to His throne, "who doeth all things well."

Months fled — that little daughter then was dear as life to me,  
And woke, in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry;  
I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,  
Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all things well."

She was the lonely star, whose light around my pathway shone,  
Amid this darksome vale of tears through which I journey on,  
Its radiance had obscured the light, which round His throne doth dwell,  
And I wandered far away from Him "who doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,  
In the bright and dazzling crown that decks the Conqueror's brow.  
The bow'd to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,  
But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth all things well,"

I remember well my sorrow as I stood beside her bed,  
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me she was dead;  
And oh! that cup of bitterness — but not my heart rebel,  
God gave — He took — He will restore —  
"He doeth all things well."

May the world my dear Friend ne'er impart  
Its cares or its sorrows to thee,  
May the arrows of pain ne'er be fired in that <sup>heart</sup>  
Where I hope there is friendship for me.

May Angels guard you with peculiar care  
And every blessing fall to your dear share  
May guardian Angels all your steps attend  
And never — never may you want a friend  
In every state may you most happy be  
And when far distant often think of me

Love inspires my youthful mind  
To you alone inclined  
Come sweetest in my arms  
And be my dear delight

Memory

Adeline

Masada



Farewell to my Home

Sweet home slight scenes I've left you  
And tried my heart to sever  
From memories of the soft sweet light  
Which lingers round you ever  
I've tried to tear my <sup>thoughts</sup> heart away  
And banish all my sadness  
But beyond dreams will ever they  
Beck to my home of gladness

I remember well remember  
My Father's deep stern word  
As he bade me look to God on high  
And consolation borrow  
I turned I left him with a prayer  
That Jesus in His kindness  
Would give me grace His Word to hear  
And guide me in my blindness

My heart my heart beats sadly  
As in such an hour as this  
I feel upon my burning brow  
My Mother's parting kiss  
I see her look of fervent love  
Her eyes upraised to Heaven  
In prayer that blessings from above

might to her child be given.

And can I then forget thee

My home with all thy lightness

Can I join the giddy throng

That wild and jingling lightness

Alas! I've tried to drown my sighs

That sin is the endeavor

That such an hidden to my eyes

I can forget thee - no

Leticia

Now show this if you do

Wisdom is oft times nearer  
Than when we soar

Predry Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 43  
Gurgoburn  
D. C.

Wisdom is oft times nearer when we stop  
Than when we soar  
Wardsworth.

On the portrait of the Marchioness of  
Carmathuen.  
By Charles West Thomson.

Sady! though far thy steps have stray'd  
From suns of childhood's early days  
And thou in other lands hast made  
Thy home of love, far, far away,

Do not thy thoughts oft fondly trace  
Thy native haunts of peace and joy,  
And bid thee neither time nor space  
The bond of birth can e'er destroy?

Ay! while to England's fertile plains  
The tie of love may closely bind,  
Columbia still her right retains  
To warm affections left behind.

This link'd so both by strongest ties,  
In thee those true born feelings bind,  
Which teach the heart soft to rise,  
And call the child of either friend.

O'er Albion's wales thy footsteps roam,  
But hither must thy heart expand:  
She is thy loved, adopted home,  
This, this is still thy native land.

Remember me.

By Prosper M. Wilmores

I bring no chain of rarest worth,  
No coral from the deep sea-cave;  
Nor gem, long hid within the earth,  
To shine where now those waves wave;  
A gift more precious far is mine  
Than sparkling gem from earth or sea,  
This treasure of thought - 'tis thine -  
The boon it asks - Remember me!

I may not here usurp the page,  
To court the breath of fleeting fame;  
Enough for me in after age,  
If in thy memory dwell my name:  
In after years, in distant climes,  
Whatever our future fate may be -  
A spell to call back by-gone times  
Shall dwell here - Remember me!

Remember me! how few - how strong -  
Those touching words, that little spell;  
What thoughts arise, what visions throng  
In waken'd fancy's holiest cell!  
They tell of many a change to come -  
May every change bring joy to thee!  
In pleasure's light, or sorrow's gloom,  
In bliss or woe - Remember me!

E. G. S.

This ticket is given to Miss Eleanor Scollay, as a mark  
of approbation for her good conduct in school; - for  
the commendable progress which she has made in  
the study of the Latin language - Geography -  
Natural Philosophy - Writing - Reading, and  
Arithmetic; as well as in praise of her Lady-  
like behaviour at all times, for the past year,  
by her Teacher — Robt. Hall

Oct 5 1844

# POEM FOR AUTUMN.

[From the (London) Weekly Dispatch.]

## SONG OF THE SEASON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;  
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,  
The willow tree sways with a gloomier frown,  
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!  
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,  
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;  
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,  
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,  
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,  
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,  
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm!  
Alas! poor thing, the first rustle will bring  
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,  
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling  
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,  
And the restless forms in hectic red,  
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,  
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead!  
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been  
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,  
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen  
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon  
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue:  
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,  
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.  
Oh! well it will be if our life, like the tree,  
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,  
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see  
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves!

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,  
The West wind over the land and seas,  
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,  
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!  
So Music is blest, till it meeteth a breast  
That is probed by the strain, while Memory grieves  
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,  
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower  
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;  
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,  
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!  
And so is man made to as peacefully fade,  
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,  
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,  
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track  
Of human hearts, strewn thickly o'er  
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,  
And every year still flinging more.  
But the soil is fed, where the branches are shed  
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,  
And so is our trust in the Future spread  
In the gloom of Morality's Autumn leaves!

They bid me to go where festivity reigns,  
Where fashion had bound her poor hot ties in chains;  
But e'er amidst the tinsel and jewels all's dress  
To me, for I am lonely when thou art not here,

They bid me to join to the swift & jiving dance,  
To be the bright one, to smile at each glance:  
'Tis all a vain effort, I smother the tear  
But oh! I am lonely, for thou art not here,

The dawn of love - M. Hastings, M.D.

The tell-tale eye is cloppert,  
By mirth or anger's sudden flutt;  
But for more meaning in its glance  
When Love peeps out beneath the lash,  
In vain the hand attempts to  
The thought to hide but to reveal,  
And downcast look, and crimson glow,  
Do but betray and not conceal,

The lips may move in studid phrase,  
And words well chosen for surprise;  
But ere my speech the heart is hid,  
The truth is spoken by the eyes!  
Think thou as well of  
Whose opening beams the shadows mope,  
As in the eye to quench the ray  
That speaks, unbid, The Dawn of Love!

To the absent one, by Miss Augusta C. Briggs,

Kind friends are around me, they bid me be gay,  
With merriment now to chase sadness away,  
Yes, round me they cluster, the loved and the dear,  
Yet still I am lonely, for thou art not here.

They bring me sweet music, and waken a strain,  
But the sweetest sweetest is mingled with pain—  
The tones breathe but sadness, my eye drops a tear,  
And still I am lonely, for thou art not here.

They bid me to join in the laugh and be glad:  
Alas! the soul dies in a feeling most sad—  
And strangely and wild does it fall on my ear,  
For oh! I am lonely while thou art not here.

They bring me gay flowers and gifts from the fair,  
Halt! Nature aloof them so gorgeously paints;  
They heap the bright blossoms around me and near,  
Yet still I am lonely, for thou art not here.

They tell me of wonders that Nature has done,  
But ere to recount them they've scarcely begun!  
The words but a sound of confusion appear,  
And oh! I am lonely, for thou art not here.

They bid me to hie to the voice of the wind—  
They say that its breathings can quiet the mind—  
Some spirits it may calm, but not mine, I fear,  
For oh! I am lonely while thou art not here.

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Wonders of Smithfield

Wonder why that shirt is so long coming home. Lizzie knows.  
Wonder if that Woman of the life of Josephine has been  
found. Some would like very much to have it.  
Wonder where those apples are that were to come  
down street. Ellen can tell.

Wonder if the weather will ever be such that  
the Bellis of Oliver can walk out against me  
is very loresome.

Wonder if anybody will take hunts. Afraid not.

Dear Sis,

I send you by David the Illu. Newspaper  
If Father is at home, will you ask him to send me some  
salve to dress Luanda's burn? Also two blue pills  
for big Mary. Love to all.

Yours affectionately

Anna L. Burdette

P.S. Hatty sends word to the children that her  
hen laid an egg today, but Scollay's rooster  
did not lay one, which she thinks was very  
lazy in him.

The Autumn Leaf.

Loose, trembling one  
Last of a summer's race, withered and near  
And shivering—wherefore dost thou linger here!  
Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all  
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,  
And the green leaves that knew thee in thy bloom,  
Wither and fall!

Why dost thou cling  
So fondly to the rough and sapless tree?  
Hath their existence aught like claim for thee,  
Thou fading thing!

The voice of Spring,  
Which waked thee into being, ne'er again  
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer's rain  
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath  
No more will waite for thee its melody—  
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be  
Thy hymn of death.

Yet a few days  
A few faint struggles with the Autumn storm,  
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form  
In vain may gaze.

Pale Autumn leaf!  
Thou art an emblem of mortality;  
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,  
Withered by grief.

Whose hopes are fled,  
Whose loved ones all have trooped and died away,  
Still cling to life - and lingering love to stay  
About the dead.

But let! can now  
I hear the gathering of the Northern blast,  
It comes - they frail from troubles - it is past,  
And thou art low!

May 1844.