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Second Advent Movement

A. W. Spalding

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Original by C. Fitch.

Let others love the fragrant flower,
The landscape or the shady bowers,
The moon light walk by lake or vill,
When all is peaceful all is still.
Let others dwell with fond delight,
On loves young dreams and visions bright,
And listen as the soft breeze sighs,
Or music breathes its melodies.
Or let them love the midnight hour,
When melancholy, & witching power,
Steals o'er the mind: when silence reigns,
Throughout creation's wide domains.
But I will love the distant roar,
Of wild waves dashing on the shore,
Or hear the thunder's awful sound
Roll peal on peal creation round.
I love to hear the howling storm,
And contemplate the Almighty's form,
Upon the raging winds borne high,
Envolv'd in dreadful majesty.
And then I love in gloom of night,
When every star is veild from sight,

To see the forked lightnings gleam
 Dart fiercely in its Leven stream.
 And th. Move to think that God
 Rules all things by his mighty nod,
 That storms and winds obey his will,
 And at his dread command are still.

1826.
 Providence. August. 15.

Original.

Soe heard there was no joy on earth,
 That bliss was of celestial birth,
 That there is nothing here but pain.
 That peace can never be found again.
 In this poor world where thistles grow,
 And tempests rage and wild winds blow,
 Where bittermoes and boding ill,
 The youthful breast with anguish fill,
 Where bright hope's sunny ray is dark,
 And where life's little fragile bark,
 Is tossed upon the angry wave,
 With none to guide her, none to save,
 And on misfortune's rock bound shore
 Is dashed and seen, ah, seen no more.
 But who when life's young moon is bright,
 Would weep through fear of coming night,
 And ^{present} good despise,
 So weep o'er ills which may arise,
 And pleasure's cup dash from his lip,
 The joys of future woe to sip?
 Neglect the spring time's roseate bloom,
 To brood o'er winters angry gloom?
 But is there no true pleasure here?
 Is life indeed so dark and drear?

Is there no bright, no mellow ray,
 To dawn on and to cheer our way?
 No lovely flowers to deck our path?
 No lulling of the tempest's wrath?
 No soft winds sigh, no pleasing song,
 No rose to bloom the thorns among?
 No pleasure to the young heart dear?
 No tender friend, no loved one near?
 Ah say not this. When love has flown,
 The man is left to weep alone,
 When the pure friendship of the heart,
 Shall from this gloomy world depart,
 When there's no fond, no faithful breast,
 On which the aching head may rest,
 When round the heart no ties shall turn,
 When no friend dearly loved is mine,
 Ah then, and not till then, I'll own,
 That no true joy on earth is known.

Brown University. Sept 10.

Chas. B.

Composed for a Ladies Album by C. Fitch. 7

My life is but a transient thing,
It blossoms formed for withering,
The Dew Drop in the morning sun,
That ere one little hour is gone.
Tis like the music of a song,
Sweet soft upon the evening air,
It floats in plaintive strains along,
We heard it - but it now is where
That soft breeze is which bore its lays.
Tis but in thought of other days,
My breath is like the deep drawn sigh,
Often uttered by the autumnal wind,
Even now it pours my lattice by,
And now tis gone. and none shall find,
In one short hour a trace, to tell
Of all that I have loved so well.
For all my friends will sleep with me,
Beneath the weeping willow tree,
And all my joys and all my pains,
And every trace of my remains,
Full soon, too soon will be forgot,
And like a dream remembered not.

8 And the same sun that shines on me,
And the same moon that smiles on thee,
On other brows will beam as fair
As now on us. And all we are,
And all we have, or hope to gain,
Will then be sought — if sought — in vain.
Yet weep not, Lady, though the rose,
Which fair in vernal beauty grows,
Should wither. It will bloom again,
As fair as now; and though we then
May wither like it and be laid,
To slumber in the cypress shade,
Yet there is found beyond the tomb,
A world where flowers unfading bloom,
And we shall live, and we shall love
To tread those shining words above,
And bid adieu to every pain.
And in perennial glory reign.
Charles.

Brown University.
Oct. 8. 1826.

Evening - Thought

The evening zephyr on its wings
The sigh of recollection brings
For days and seasons past;
And with it too, a voice it bears
Trust to your God your hopes and cares
Your fears, your comforts and your prayers
While days and seasons last

From mine eye's garden I have culled
A flower of brilliant hue,
Tinged with a dye that never will fade
I leave it here for you

Here let its fragrance long be found
Be this its only doom,
To linger bright when all around
Is silent in the tomb. &

Precepts—

"May the precepts of Virtue be always your ^{guide}
May integrity over your actions preside,
May fortune smile on you, & life's cloudy moon
Be scented with roses exempt from the thorns.
May contentment and joy find a home in your breast
And self-approbation be ever your guest,
And when age and sickness shall weaken thy breath,
And the pulses of life are receding in death,
When the feelings of pleasure or pain are all flown,
And the soul is departing to regions unknown,
May Faith, Hope and Charity shine thro' the gloom,
And point to a Heaven beyond the dark tomb.
With joy may you rise to the mansions of Heaven
And receive the bright Crown that to Virtue is given."

"Oh when shall we learn that this state of probation
Was never design'd for the home of our joy
That our souls should aspire to that bright exaltation
Of permanent happiness free from alloy—

Selected by your friend M. L. C.

How pure does the page of an Album appear
How snow white and spotless its leaf
When untouched by the pen it emblem the tear
That sympathy gives for relief-

Still purer it is when the pen of true love
Has added effusions sincere -
Like affection that swells the breast of the dear
It's always enhanced when they're near

The heart is an Album much purer than all
When untinted by vanity's pride -
Yet purer of all is this album when full
Of marks of religion Beside -

How fleeting. how inconsistent, and
and how uncertain are all earthly things
How frail is life? A few short years and
where are we? Yet we live for time and
forget eternity - The path of life appears
carpeted with flowers - the youthful heart
clings fondly to the inducements of the
world and earthly pleasures promise happiness
But there is poison in the cup -
Religion has a higher aim - When earthly
pleasures fade - When time with us must

said. 'Tis this will point the soul to
Heaven - Choose this my friends, and
the bitterness of life will never reach thy
heart

" 'Tis this that makes our darkest day -
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven -"

May peace, happiness, and an
approving conscience accompany you down
the smooth current of life - May
every hope be gratified, and so may your
last be your happiest day -

" O'er the lot years so gently fall
They shall not crush one flower beneath "

D.

This life's a dream,
Why should we seem,
H bent on earthly treasure?
If we attain,
It's but a vain
Or yields but little pleasure.

On journey dear,
We travel here,
Hope's meteor lights the way,
Like meteor bright,
Its fleeting light,
Has little time to stay.

Shun lot in use,
And not abuse,
The blessing God has given,
Death soon will come
And waft us home
To brighter bliss of heaven.

If times so dear,
Torn from us here,
Shall cause our tears to flow,
There, joined in heart,
We ne'er shall part,
And sorrow never know.

J. H. April 11th 1828

Friendship.

There is no joy on earth like this, —
Pure, holy, and unmingled bliss, —
The union of delights and fears,
The sympathy in joy and tears,
No kindred spirits only told;

By friendships heavenly laws controll'd.
We gaze in silent feeling, wrought
Into the ecstasy of thought,

On those whose friendship lights a ray
To guide and cheer our desert way;
— To share with them the thoughts that dwell
On joys unknown, unspeakable,
Reserved in Heaven for them whose love,
While burning here, ascends above,
— To feel the balm of comfort shed
Its healing influence on our head,
When toil, bereavement, pain, distress,
Weigh down the soul with bitterness;
— To listen to affection's voice,
Bidding our very hearts rejoice;
And telling, in the hour of woe,
Of springs whence peace and comfort flow;
— To bend before the throne of prayer,
Breathing, earnest supplication there,

Our longings, and desires, and fears,
To him who treasures up our tears;
To see, by faith, at his right hand,
The Angel of the Covenant stand,
Presenting all our prayers to God,
Washed in his justifying blood,

— And then to feel his peace and love
Binding our spirits from above:

Oh! the calm rapture of that hour,
When these inspiring joys have power

To bind in exquisite controul
The thoughts and feelings of the soul!

— Heaven may have scenes of bliss as fair,
For all is joy and fondness there;
But there is none on earth like this,
Pure, holy, and unmingled bliss.

Worsham

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed
A calm for every wounded breast
Is found alone in — Heaven
There is a soft a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread
Where they may rest the aching head
And find repose in — Heaven
There is a house for weeping souls,
By sin, and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls
And all is dread but — Heaven
There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joy supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of — Heaven

M H I

The Royal Heir.

And dost thou love the Lord? art thou his child?
And does his spirit in thy bosom rest?
Then hath a happy lot upon thee smiled,
And thou of priceless knowledge art possessed.

Hail, brother pilgrim, hail! though in disguise,
(Perhaps thy outland robe may speak the mean,
And as of little note in mortal eyes)
Yet O! thou hast a title, which, if seen
And read by earth's aspirants, would declare,
That thou art royal born - a prince - an heir.

And though a seeming exile from the land
Where dwell thy prospects so exceedingly fair,
The interests of thy Father's throne demand
Thy utmost vigilance, thy special care;
Thou wast not rescued from the dark domain,
Where captive, held by chains, malicious wrought,
To purchased light, and liberty, in vain, -
Thou art the Lord's redeemed, and dearly bought.

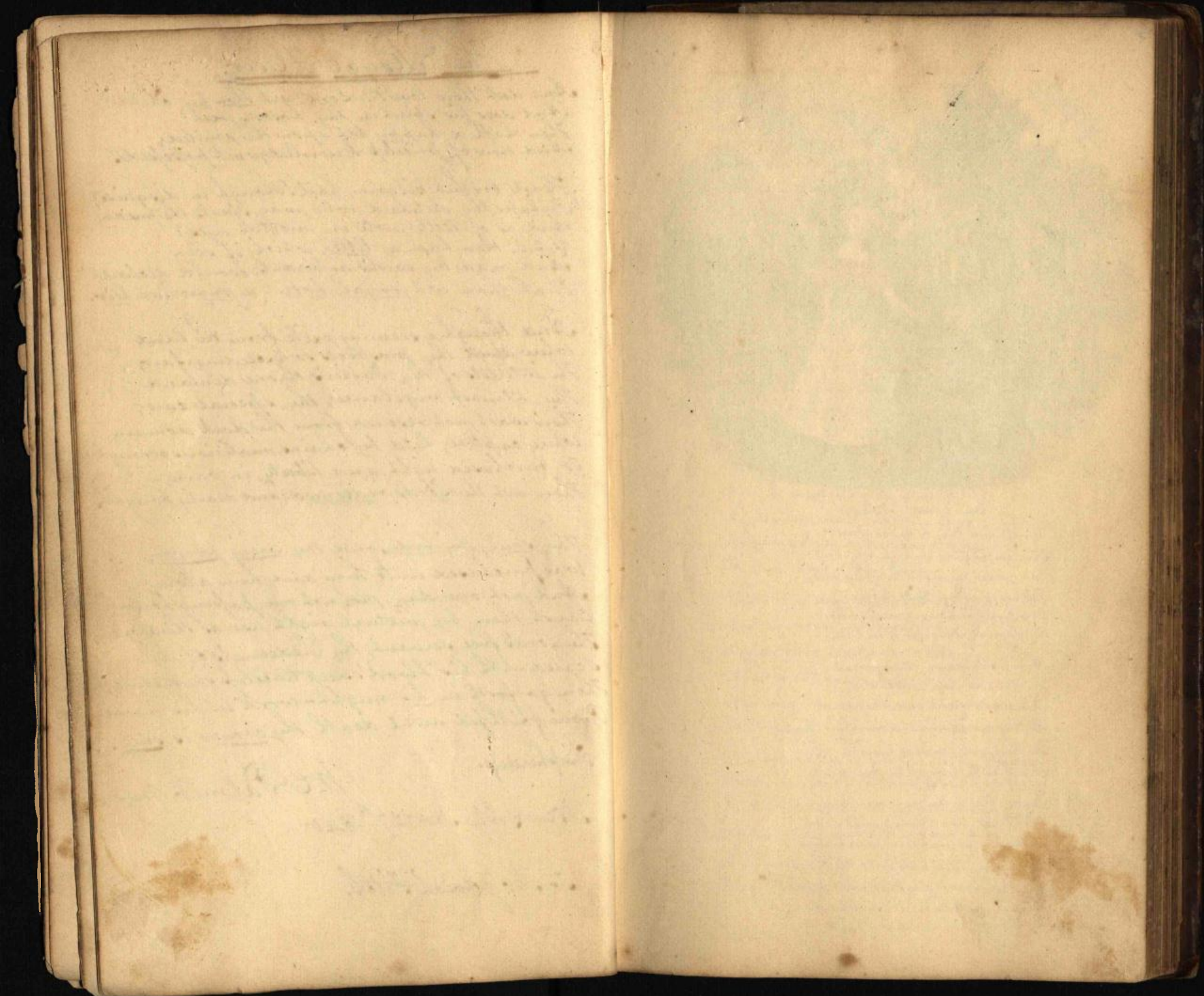
Thy soul, thy body, and thy every power,
Was purchased unto him, and him alone,
And not one day, no! not one passing hour,
Canst thou by virtual right use as thine own;
The Lord's free servant, thy Redeemer's claim
Sealed with his blood's deep traceless signature,
Then go forth in his might - work in his name
Prove faithful until death, thy crown is pure.

Shepherds.

W. C. Palmer. M^d

New York Nov. 27th 1840

To Mrs Jerviah Fitch.





The Sylvan Brook

"Whence comest thou, O Sylvan Brook?
And whither flows thy lisp'ing wave?
From yonder mountains' heathery nook,
And many a mossy bank to lave:
Smaller, yet embracing smaller rills,
The dancing daughter of the hills

Nameless to me, yet not unnamed
By others, as thou leapest along,
But sweeter far the accents framed
By thy own wild and murmuring tongue;
For Fancy on thy pebbled beach
Hears lovely legends in that speech

Young look'st thou, as if born to-day,
Yet tell'st thou immemorial tales
Of deeds and manners passed away
From these dark hills and gloomy vales;
Yon church and yew, that old appear,
Have risen both since thou wert here.

The shadowing oak, whose tuft-clad root
Hath been so long the anglers' haunt,
And village minstrels with his flute
Preparing for the sabbath chaunt;—
The aged oak—that patriarch tree—
Is but a child in years, to thee.

Thou fields and banks that bound thy path,
They, of the ancient earth have changed
The landmark, and the harvest, hath;
The lord and serf, been oft estranged;
The memory of most is gone,
Thou, as of old, art smiling on.

The sighs of grieving hearts are fled:
The hopes and vows of lovers—where?
I see the household of the dead
Lie near me, and I answer—there;
Forgotten there a thousand lives:—
The tiny rivulet survives!

Yet be it so, dear Sylvan Brook,
And flow along as heretofore;
And let each heart, as in a book,
Read in thy bosom, tales of yore;
And sing thou on, till sun and moon
Fall from the Heavens,—thy own sweet tune.

Flow on and bathe each wildling flower
That lives, and dies, and lives again;
Flow on, blessed by the vernal shower,
And morning dew, and summer rain,
A little emblem of that river,
Which flows in Paradise forever!"

Western Dec 26 1834

For My Bitch—by her friend Mary

6
"If there any solace, for
the ills of life, while passing
through this vale of tears. There
is, Friendship has power to
alleviate the deepest sorrows
of the soul, it can shed a ray
of light upon the murkiness
darkest path, it does by tenderly
showing the grief of a burdened
soul, lighten its oppressive
weight, and if it is a friendship
founded cemented by the love
of Jesus, it can sweetly
administer consolation in the
hours of sickness, and gently
soothe the bed of death -
"These were the rays that manifested
through the gloom of mortal life,
in the wilderness, redeeming
features in the face of time,
"sweet drops, that made the
mitred cup of earth a palatable
draught - No bitter else!"

Marion W. L.

To my wife on our wedding day

(I cannot say that I will give thee
 All the pleasures wealth might purchase,
 I cannot say that I have power to gratify
 Thy every wish, & make life pass with thee
 At every day, on which no cloud shall rise.
 I cannot say no care shall ever enter
 That lord horne, I leave to me far
 Than all else earth can give me. For I know
 That this life will have sorrows.
 That he who makes us, never ^{yes I know} ^{has designed}
 This little hour of frail existence
 To be one of cloudless sunshine. We must
 Be tried to fit us for a better, fairer,
 Happier world. It may be clouds will darken
 Our horizon, tempests blow, & thunders roll.
 But I know that all things work for good
 To those who love their Maker. Well I know,
 That come what will of sorrow, while we stem
 Like billows tide, if our treasure's laid
 In heaven, & our hearts are there. 'tis well.
 I can give a heart & hand to help thee
 Onward to that blessed world. I can give
 My prayers, my tears, my joys, my griefs
 My full heart's best affection & point you
 To my trust in God. And these are all I have.

Of this world's treasures none were ever mine,
For even I think they will be. I have ^{two} duties,
other labors, than to dig for gold,
Or ransack nature for the means to shine
In earthly splendor. My time is consecrated
Time. My talents, all I have & are
Are pledged to him who died for sinners.
But I can say that to do good is happiness.
I would not give the dear delight,
Of preaching, laboring, weeping, weaning out
In the best cause of ~~man~~ who did on Calvary,
For all the gems & crowns which monarchs wear
None. For all the thrones on which have sat
The rulers of earth's richest kingdoms.

Will you share my lot in life & with me
Put your trust in him who never yet has
Failed to be all that my highest hopes
Aimed at? Will it be your joy to pray for
And console me in the cares & trials, the
Trousous labors of that sacred office
Where my God has placed me?

And when this heart is weary
And this heart is aching burdened with the
Cares, the deep & bitter trials which will
Press upon me if I'm faithful to my
God & faithful to the words of those, for
Whom I turn at good I labor, shall I
Find a home full of tenderness &
Love - an oasis to rest, & for a while
Forget my weariness, & even rest at the

33
To labor in the cause of God then come
And be my all, as I am yours. We'll bear
Suffer ills, we'll share its joys together.
And when their eyes are shut, their tongues are mute,
And we are known on earth no longer,
Together we will dwell in brighter worlds,
Where sin nor sorrow can be known nor feared,
And love our business here & reigns forever.

Charles F.

May 19. 1828.

A Visit to My Friend Martin
In the Early Age of Eternity
To prepare a place for you Jan 14 2

Earth's travellers have all gone on,
The boundaries of time;

Not one but what have reached the shore
Of their peculiar clime—

Where all is cease. What had been
But dim, when on life's page,
In living substance here is seen,
Grown mightier still with age.

The beautiful City of My Go!
Jerusalem, so bright!
Well! its shining paths have trod
A happy Child of light!
And as I walk each golden street,
Counting each towering spire,
How many a much loved friend? meet
And strike anew my life.

But whose this palace? 'tis so fair
I venture in! & lo!
I find the blessed inmate there,
One I well knew below....

I remember! I do! this
You mentions I prepare,
This is my friend, 'twas for her made,
Why wonder that she's there.

Thine H Palmer
Is not the above my friend's mansion?
Bro Geriah Fitch's?
Nov 27 1840

1334

1335

From the pen of Mrs. James
of Mount Holly New Jersey.

"The Love Of Jesus."

"I have thought much of an
expression of the Rev. C. Fitch
in regard to the willingness
of the adorable Redeemer to
save His people from their sins.
He remarked emphatically
Jesus loves to do it! He loves
to take us for His own. He
loves to wash us from every
iniquity & make us all
glorious within. I was indu-
ced to write the following
lines from those sweet &
touching words, Jesus loves to do it.

"The ^{Bliss} Jesus loves to claim
The purchase of His blood, -
To take us for His own, & make
Our hearts His love a home: -

To "take away our dress & tin",
And "make us glorious all within",

1. He loves to take the wretched slave
From Satan's cruel grasp,
And clothe him in salvation's robe -
Then to His bosom clasp -
And call him his beloved one
Redeemed & saved by grace alone.

"He loves to take the sin-stained soul
From deepest depths of guilt,
And wash him in the precious blood,
For his redemption spilt,
And then, arrayed in spotless white,
That blest one to himself unite.

"He loves to take the stony heart
And melt its hardness down,
Then shape it in the mould divine
Of the Most Holy One,

That His own impress it may bear,
His lovely likeness shining there.

"He loves to make His shadowing wings
O'er covert from life's storms,
To shield us from the tempter's darts
And from earth's hurrying charms,
From all the ills that crowd our way
While in this vale of tears we stay."

"He loves to cheer our drooping souls,
In sorrows dreary hour,
And whisper words of peace & love,
When clouds of darkness lower,
And cast around their gloomy shade,
By burst in torrents on our head."

He loves to be our "Sun & Shield,
Our Comforter & Guide;
And no good thing will He withhold
If we in Him confide:

O, all we want we find in this
Blest source of light, & life, & bliss."

Maunt Holly, N. J.

M.

There is a change, an utter change,
That comes upon the heart,
Ere time one feature can destroy,
Or bid one smile depart;
The outward form is all the same;
Nor are, by words, expressed
The dark and boding thoughts that tame
The fires within the breast.

Over us - we scarce know whence or when
That change begins to steal
Which teaches that we never again,
As once we felt shall feel
A curtain, slowly, drawn aside,
Reveals a shadowed scene,
Wherewith the future differs wide
From what the past has been.

Yet mourn we not this early change -
'Tis sent our souls to show
How narrow is the utmost range
Allowed them here below;
'Tis sent to bid our youth aspire
From scenes so soon o'ercast,
To those whose pleasures never can tire,
And shall forever last.

Ch. C.

Flower hill, March, 2d, 1842,

Pleasant words are as an honey comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. — Proverbs, xvi. 24.

PLEASANT WORDS are full of sweetness

To the heart oppressed with care ;
Peace they bring, and bounteous gladness,
Light and love, the garb they wear.
Treasured more by far than rubies,
Yet alas ! how sadly rare !

Pleasant Words come to the weary
Like a sweet and dreamless sleep ;
Strength, and life, and health bestowing,
As from fountains broad and deep,
Welling up in sandy deserts
Sparkling waters onward sweep.

Pleasant Words are words of comfort,
Messengers of trust and love,
Laden well with richest blessings
From the treasure-house above ;
Borne on wings of hope and mercy,
Gentle as the Holy Dove.

Pleasant Words of quiet meekness,
Scatter doubts, and banish fears ;
Angry tongues may gather round us,
Crushing hopes, and causing tears ;
Words of kindness heal the anguish,
Darkness flies, and light appears.

Pleasant Words of large compassion,
Spring from tender hearts and true ;
Strong with gladness, hope and courage,
Ever old, and ever new,
Leading souls with sorrow burden'd,
Earth's dark journey safely through.

Pleasant Words are like the noon-day,
Cheering with a glad delight ;
Falsehood's breath may scorch and hurt us,
Turning all our day to night :
Friendship's words of trustful pleading,
Cover all our paths with light !

"Servir Dieu, n'est point passer
sa vie à genoux dans une oratoire, je le sais bien;
c'est remplir sur la terre, les devoirs qu'il nous im-
-pose; c'est faire, en vue de lui, place tout ce qui
convient à l'état où il nous a mis."

Haverhill Sept. 42

J.J. Rousseau.

E. G. Fletcher

"To see again the home of youth,
When weary years have passed,
Serenely bright, as when we turned,
And looked upon it lost;
To hear the voice of love, to meet
The softening embrace,
To gaze, through tears of gladness,
On each dear familiar face.

Oh! this indeed is joy, though here
We meet again to part;
But what transporting bliss awaits
The pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost,
Those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away,
Where partings come no more."

H. C. W.

Howe Hill Sept 31

"Happiness is of the heart & it is the mind that gives
its tone & coloring to nature."
~~~~~

Lizzy B. —



There lies hidden in every bosom  
a fountain of feeling gauded by a mysterious spell  
which is seldom broken;— a secret chamber of  
the heart which is visited but by fear; yet that  
fountain may be opened, & the waters made  
to flow forth pure, the chamber may be visited,  
& when illumined by the love of God, kindred  
spirits may indeed "hold sweet counsel together."  
It is good to feel this "mingling of the soul," in the  
affairs of earth, but how much more infinitely  
precious is it to the christian, when he sees in  
that kindred spirit, reflected light, the image of  
his blessed Lord & Master!

I have sometimes felt the waters of that  
fountain stirred within my own bosom, I have  
known, that some loved, cherished guest visited its  
secret cells, — & thus has it been, my dear sister  
during the few short months of our social inter-  
course; when together we have spoken of the  
love of "Him who died that He might redeem us to  
God," of our hopes, & fears, of the near approach  
of that time, when "He that shall come, will come,  
& will not tarry," — at such times I have felt that  
my heart, with all its sympathies, was open to your own.  
And may I hope it will still be thus? And  
while we may feel we are but "strangers, & pilgrims," on  
this earth, let us strive to encourage each other, onward,  
looking for our blessed Redeemer, — that "when He appears  
we may be made like Him," — and be found ready to



to go on to the marriage supper of the Lamb,  
having on the wedding-garments; - that when this  
earth with all its fleeting vanities, shall have passed  
away, we may have part in the inheritance of the  
saints, & become inhabitants of that glorious new  
earth, "whither dwelleth righteousness."

Yours in sincere love,  
Elizabeth C. Fletcher.

Haverhill Aug 22.



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