

ALBION

Anne Forster

September 16th / 39.

H/2

H/2

Come open my pages & there you will find
However fastidious, something to your mind
Here's grace, & here's gay, and if very nice,
Emulation for virtue, & warning for vice
You may quiz them & welcome, the fault is
You must leave something also for others to quiz

Missionary Hymn

From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand
Where Africas sunny fountains
Roll down its golden sand
From many an ancient river
From many a balmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain

What then the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's Isle
Tho' every prospect pleases
And only man is vile
But up in with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood & stone

Continued
Shall we whose souls are ^{lighten}
With wisdom from on high
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny
Salvation. O Salvation
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiahs name

Waft, Waft ye winds his ^{story}
And ye ye waters roll
Till like a stea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole
Till o'er our ransom'd nation
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redemer King Creator
Return in bliss to reign

Done 16/38 R

To Anne Foster.

Yes, once more, that dying strain
Anno, teach thy lute for me;
Sweet when Piff's tones complain,
Doubly sweet is melody.

While the virtues thus move
Mildly soft the humming song.
Winter long and tedious
Ghosts myself, was ever, alone.

Thus when life hath taken wing,
And the winter night is deep,
Thus shall Nature's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

E. Hall

Albums are coffers where light thought,
Is treasured and arrayed;
Records of moments else forgot,
Embalmments of the past -

Mementos of full many a breast,
Whose grief no more can wake;
Of many a hand whose icy rest,
But the last trump can break.

The heart, the mind, oh what are they
But Albums? where are set
The marks of many a changeful day
Long past - remembered yet.

Where characters divinely fair,
By joy's light hand we trace;
Tho' oft, alas! by anxious care,
Marred, blotted and defaced.

May she to whom this verse is due,
Light trials meet if any;
Her hours of gloom may they be few
Her sunny moments many -

Oration on Death
by the Rev J. Irving

Seeing we have all to pass
through the same Ordeal of death
through which our Saviour passed
before & to explore the unknown
beyond it from which he alone
returned, it behoves us to
apply to him for advice upon
the best outfit for the
journey. He alone doth
know, for he alone hath
seen, Our own fancies are
dubious & may prove as
wide of the truth when we
awaken upon the long day
of eternity, as our dreams
upon our pillow do seem
in the morning, neither let
us be directed by the

fancies of other men
who see no further beyond
death than we do, —
The land is a new land
to the nature of which
you & I & all men are
strangers, It lies like a
wide dark ocean spread
around the little island
of life whereon we sojourn
& dark impenetrable curtains
shroud it from our view
of which the sight is
fearful & the neighbourhood
appalling, all men are
hastening to this dark
verge with ceaseless &
anxious motion & sometimes
it will approach & shroud
up multitudes prematurely
within its invisible womb
& all trace of them is for
ever gone, It flits & shifts

before us with fearful
uncertainty and no man
laying himself down at
night is sure that he will
rise again in the morning
among his friends & in his
native land. But though
it shifts awhile the gloomy
boorne of our pilgrimage
hath an unshifting limit
behind which it never recedes
And soon that limit is reached
by all, On we move help-
less as the sheep to the
slaughter & the moment
we reach the dark
confine, we disappear, &
all clue of us is lost

Robert

My ear the flight of narrow time
Permeates the image of a Friend?

Can changing here or varying there
The dear departed contrast end;

No! not in Friendships passed be-
tween, months, and years' many busy roll,
These only claim the passing year
But what disunite the part.
April 2/90

BB

Congenial Spirits.
by Mrs. Abby.

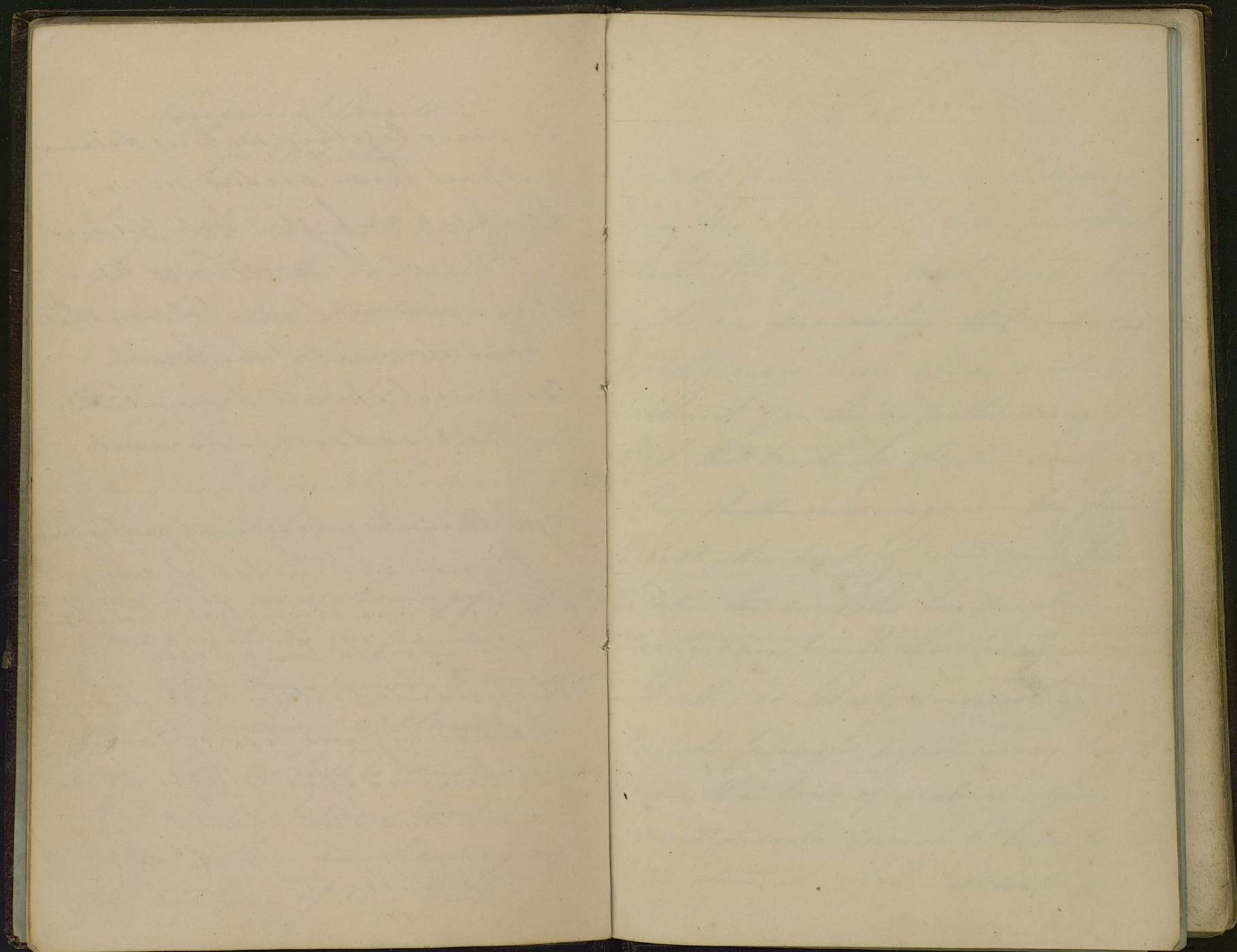
Oh! in the varied scenes of life
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial Spirits meet?
Feelings & thoughts, a fairy band
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start to meet the master hand
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause;
And when we list to Music's sighs,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eyes
The rapture of our own!

To share together waking dreams,
Apart from sordid cares,
Or speak on high & holy themes,
Beyond the worldlings' cares:
These are most dear;—but soon ^{shades} shall
That summons of the heart
Congenial Spirits, soon, alas!
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet those to whom such grief is given
Mourn not thy lot of woe,
Say, can a wandering light from heaven
E'er sparkle long below?
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,
With such pure ties of love;
Let kindred Spirits hope no rest,
Save in a rest above!

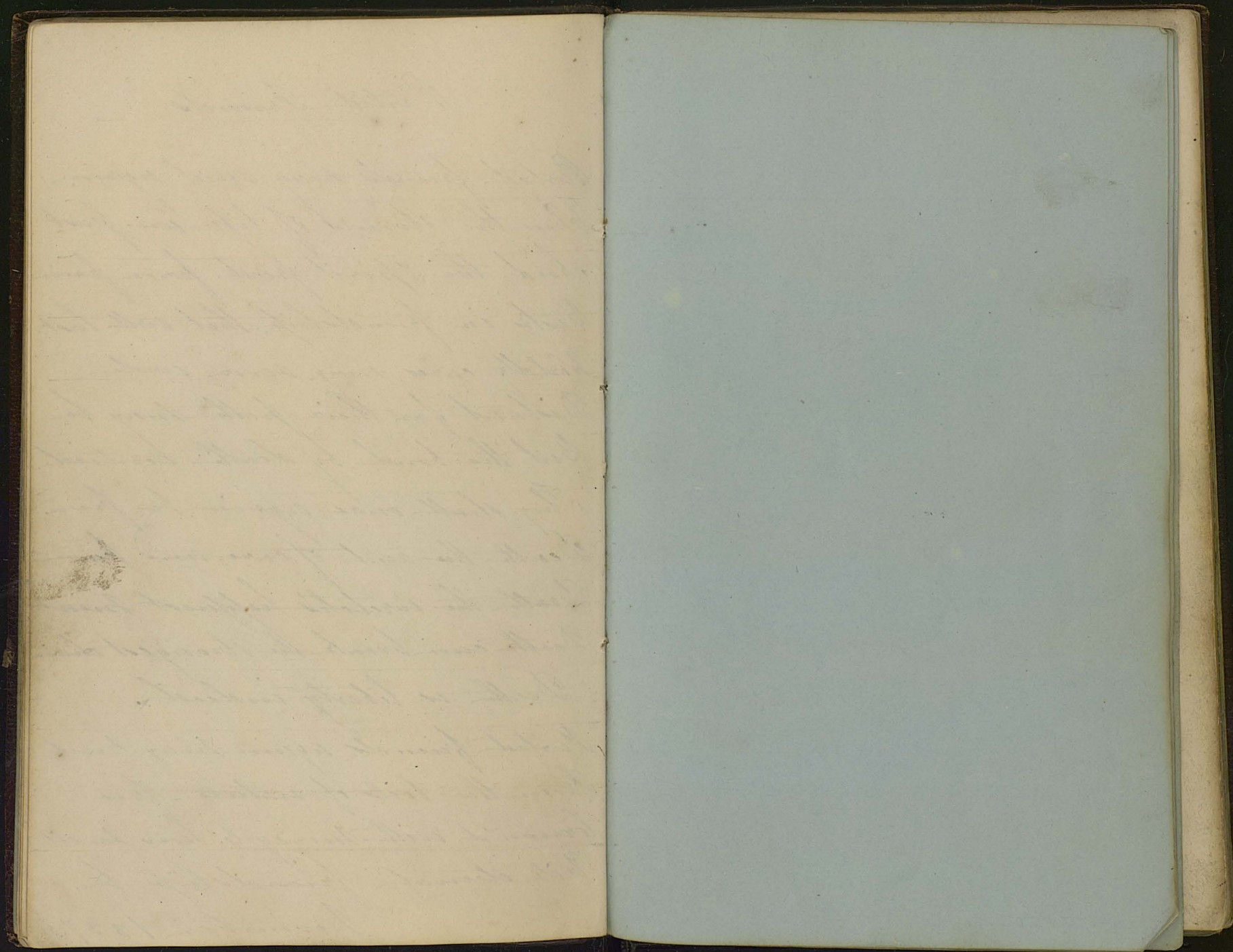
September 25th (D.A.)
1837.

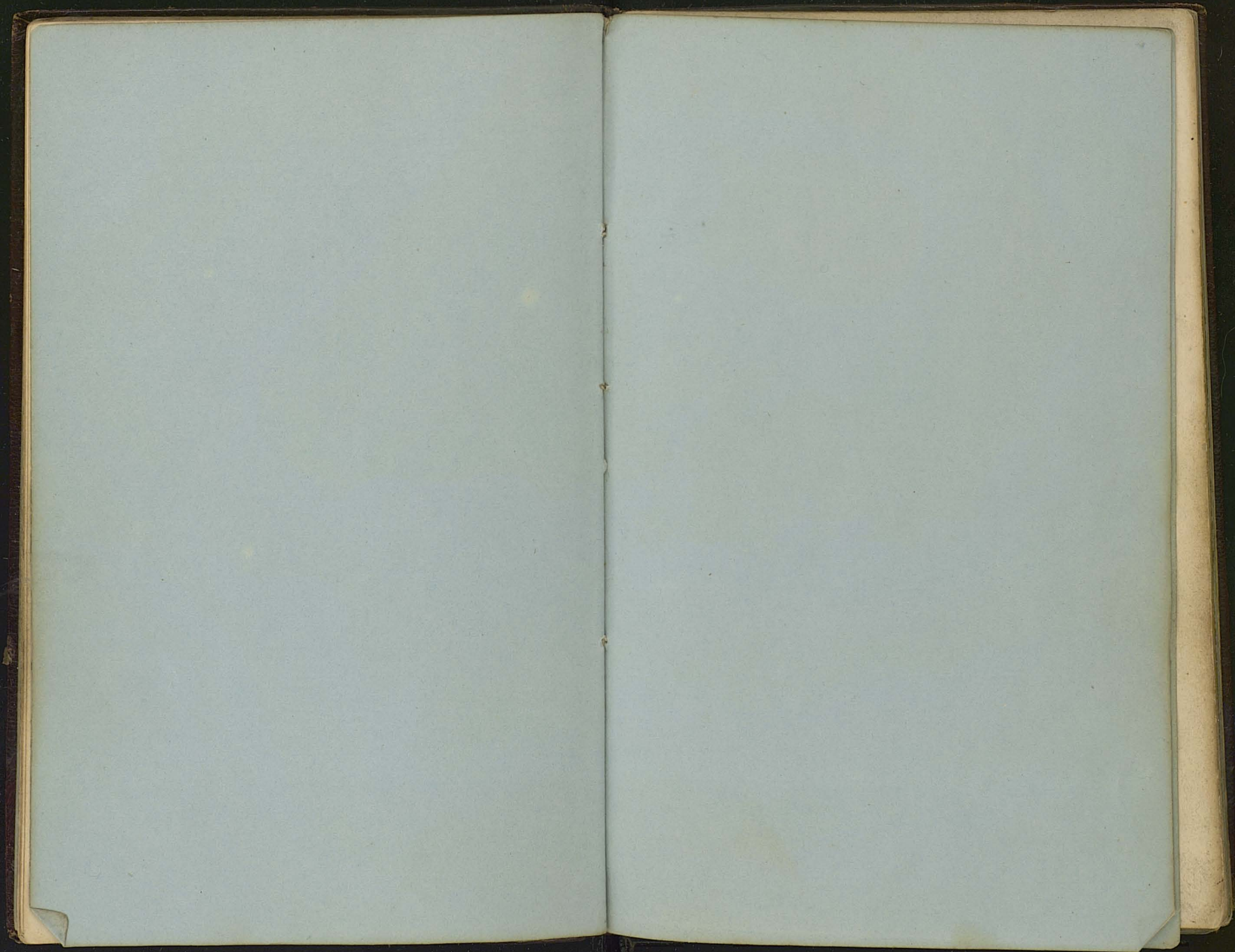


Parted Friends

Parted friends may meet again
When the storm of life are past
And the spirit freed from pain
Rests in friendship that will last.
Worldly cares may sever wide
Distant far their path may be
But the bond by death united
They shall once again be free.
Death, the end of care and pain
Death the wretch's happiest friend
Death can break the strongest chain
Death is liberty indeed.

Parted friends again may meet
From the toil of nature free
Crowned with mercy O! how sweet
With eternal friendships be.
November 1837.

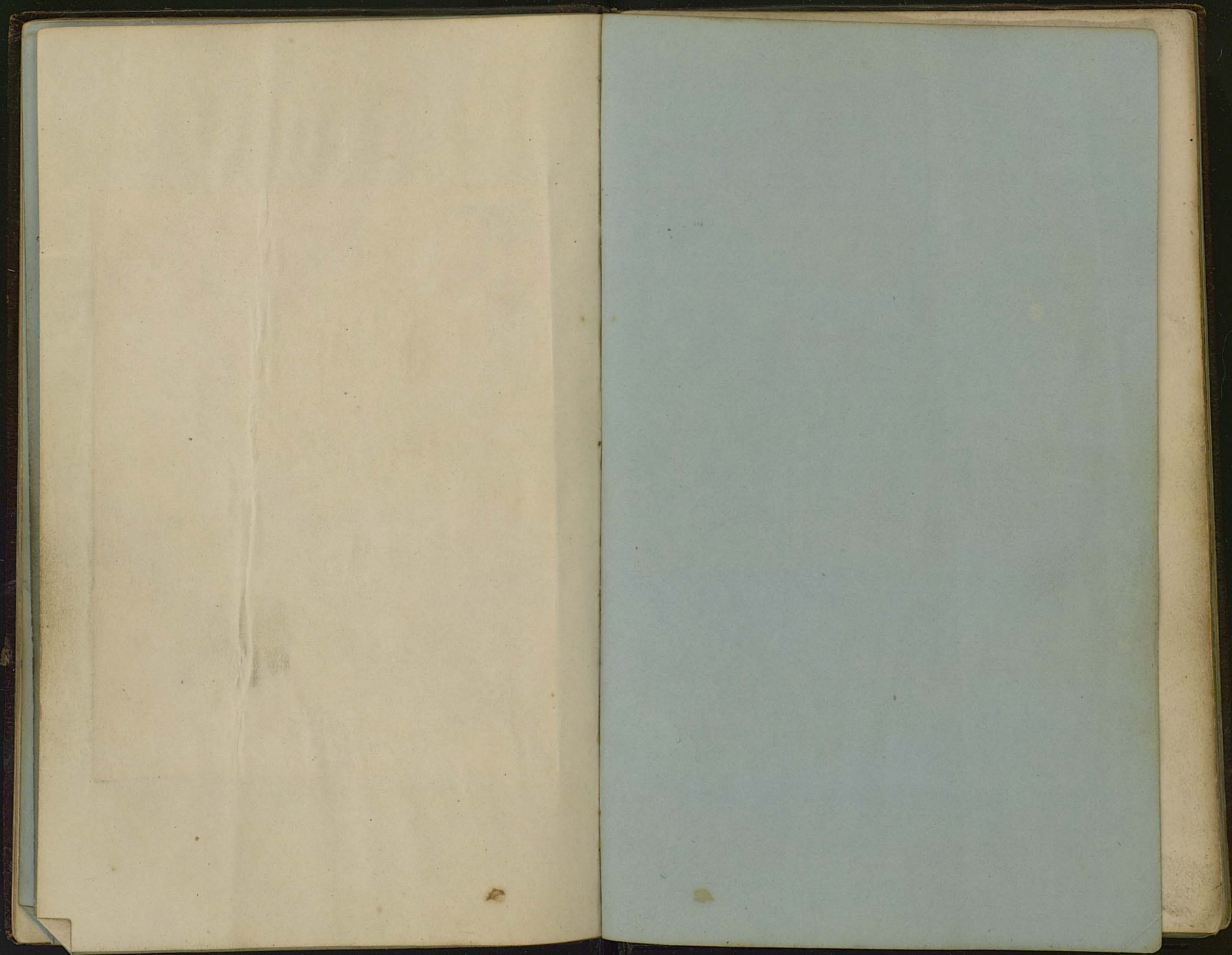




The Oriental Love-letter

'Tis Eve, and from her lattice high
An Eastern maid is bending,
Whose music breathes to waft a sigh
On the soft breeze ascending:
This voice is on the trembling string!
But she may not greet her lover;
Her timid hand dare only fling
A silent token o'er.
Ah love! thou play'st a wizard's part,
To fling an ample dower
Of meanings, whispering to the heart
Even through the simplest flower!
A. A.





While in this chequered scene below
Still may thy days serenely flow
And if the thought would cause thee ^{more}
Neer let it rest on me

Though oft retired from public eye

In fancy's dream far hence I fly
To raise the aspiring thought ^{high} on

In ardent prayer for thee

If doomed in sorrows vale to stray
Whilst hope forsakes the weary way

Or those most dear are snatched away

And leave thee prefit with ill

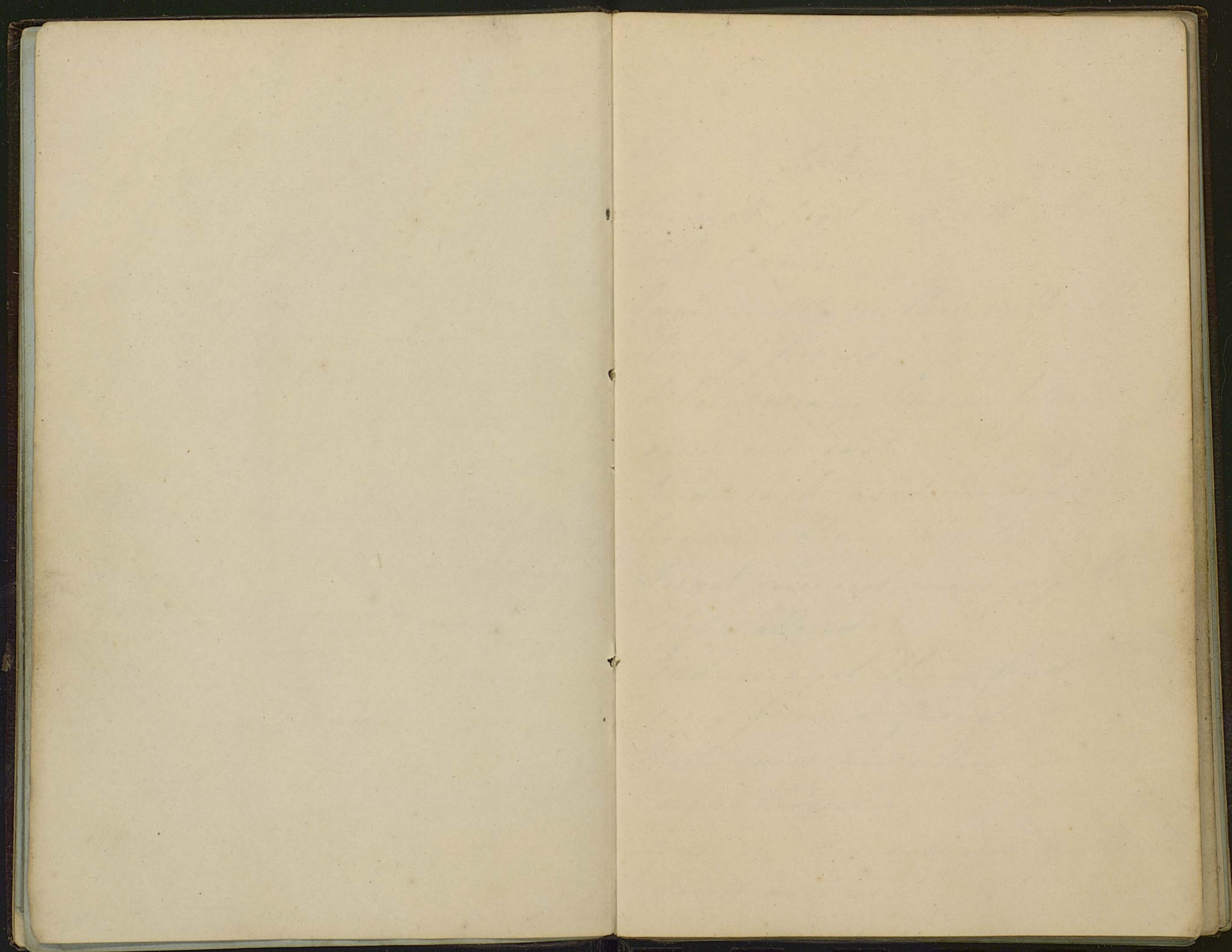
Turn then thy ^{feet} turn thy wandering

Again to seek this calm retreat

For here thou wilt not fail to meet

A friend who loves thee still

CCJ



To Anne

Forwell: forget me not when
thine gaze

Encountered on Life, with the
looks of praise.

Where weary tongues before my
eyes are cast

And each and every seems
to know the last

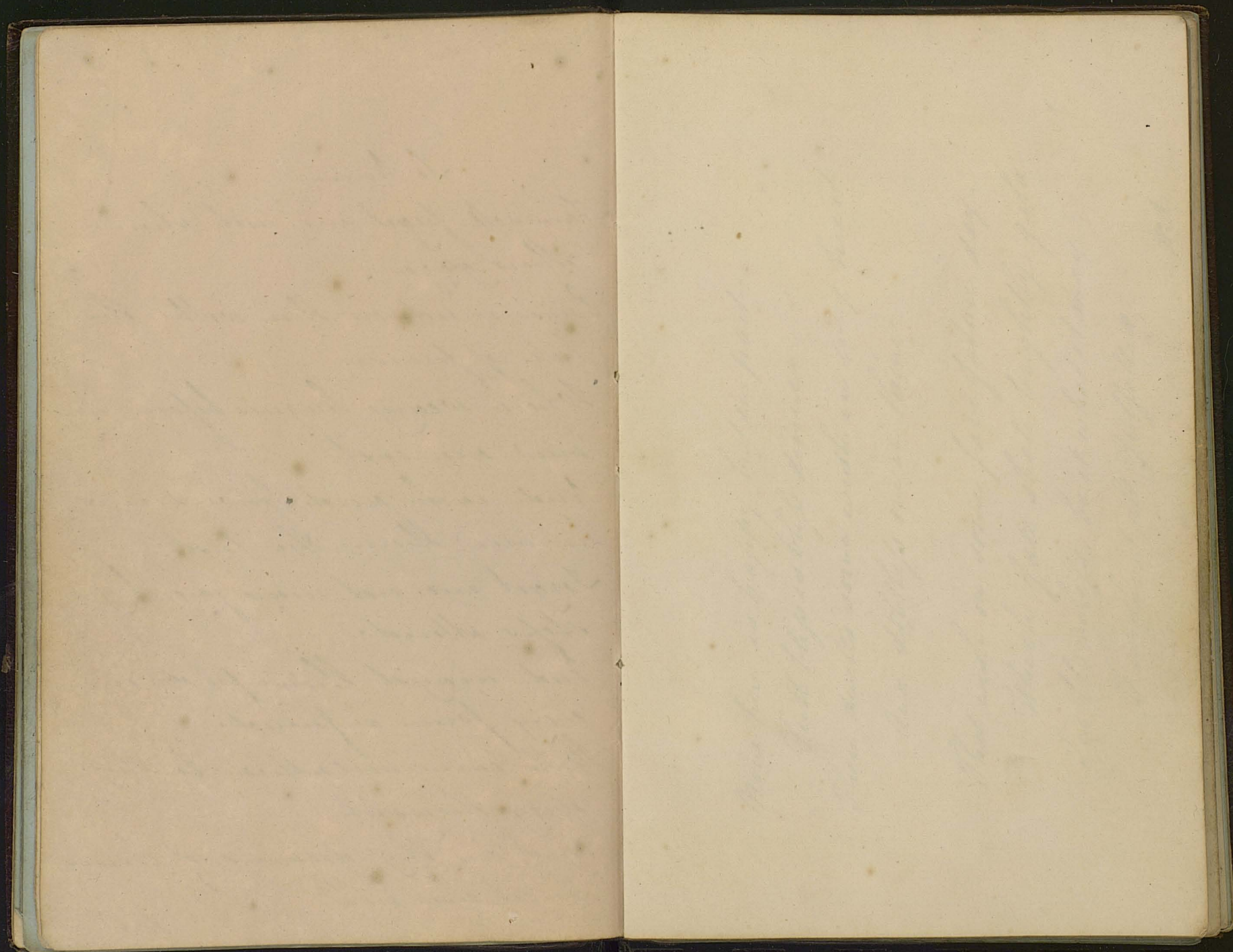
Forget me not my joy they
stop attend.

And amongst them find in
every form a friend.

With care unwilling to they
every thought

And in thy dreams of Home
"Forget me not"

W. L.



None here is happy but in part—

Full ships is ships divine

There dwells some wish in every heart.

And dwells one in mine.

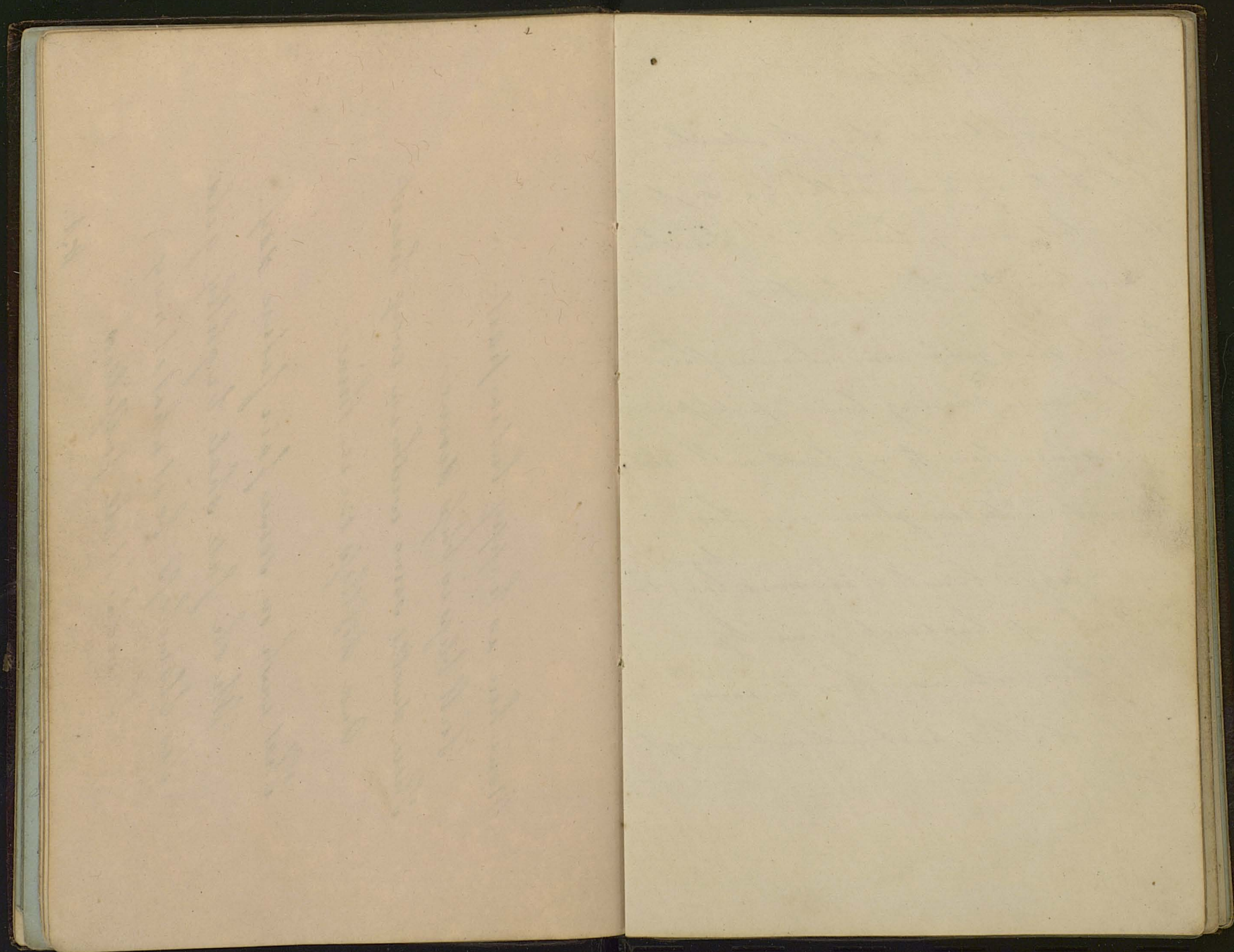
That wish on some fair future day—

Which fate shall brightly gild

(For blameless, be it what it may)

I wish it all fulfilled.

Wt.



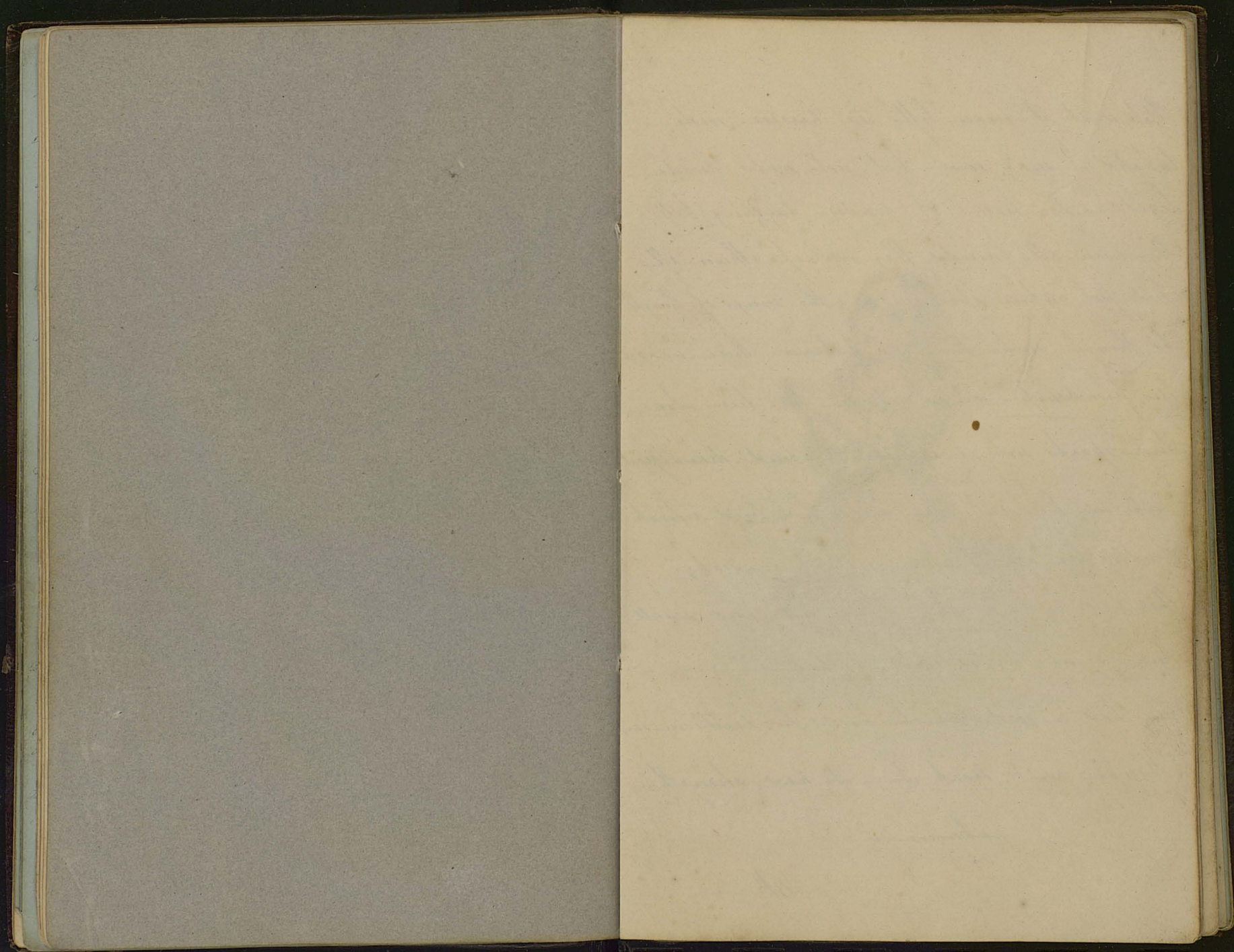
^{off}
The Adieu

Adieu, yes let me try to speak
That torturing word without a sigh
Adieu, but no my heart will break
I cannot no I will not try

For at that word remembrance flies
Back to some pleasing hour of bliss
Some scene dear to my heart will rise
And cast a deeper gloom o'er this
More rugged hearts than mine have ^{heard} -
To think of happiness gone by
Can I, then who am thus bereaved
Think of the past without a sigh

I go - but never, while time rolls on
Shall thy loved image be forgot
And may I hope that when I'm gone
These lines will plead forget me not

Adieu! Adieu! and may thy years
In happiness continued flow
Unmixed with sorrows bitter tears
Untinctured with one drop of woe
E. C. J.



Yet what if ocean lifts its barriers wide,
Perhaps it may sever, but not souls divide.
Light as the beams of yonder dazzling ball,
They surmount all bounds, they overleap them all,
And feel, when sporting on the wings of thought,
As though such thing as distance there was not.
Yes, friendship weeps not in the tear alone,
And speaks not always in the loud drawn groan,
Deep in the soul she makes her loved retreat,
Kindles her altar, and erects her seat,
She has a voice, but it is still and small,
And sympathy is ever at her call;
She has a cord, which binds two hearts in one,
Absence can't break it - it has strength
unknown.

MB.



Friendship

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

D^r Goldsmith

Look back upon a former page,
And there ~~you will find~~ you'll find it ^{or written},
That friendship's charms will last
in age;
If so - The Doctor was better.

(See Poetic Friends) where the writer speaks
of the decay of friendship while Doctor Goldsmith cries
it down as "a mere name"

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Darer friends care for thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her, who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I w'd to sing thee;—
Oh! then remember me.

See how beneath the moonbeams ^{smile}
Upon little billow heaves its breast,
And foam and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

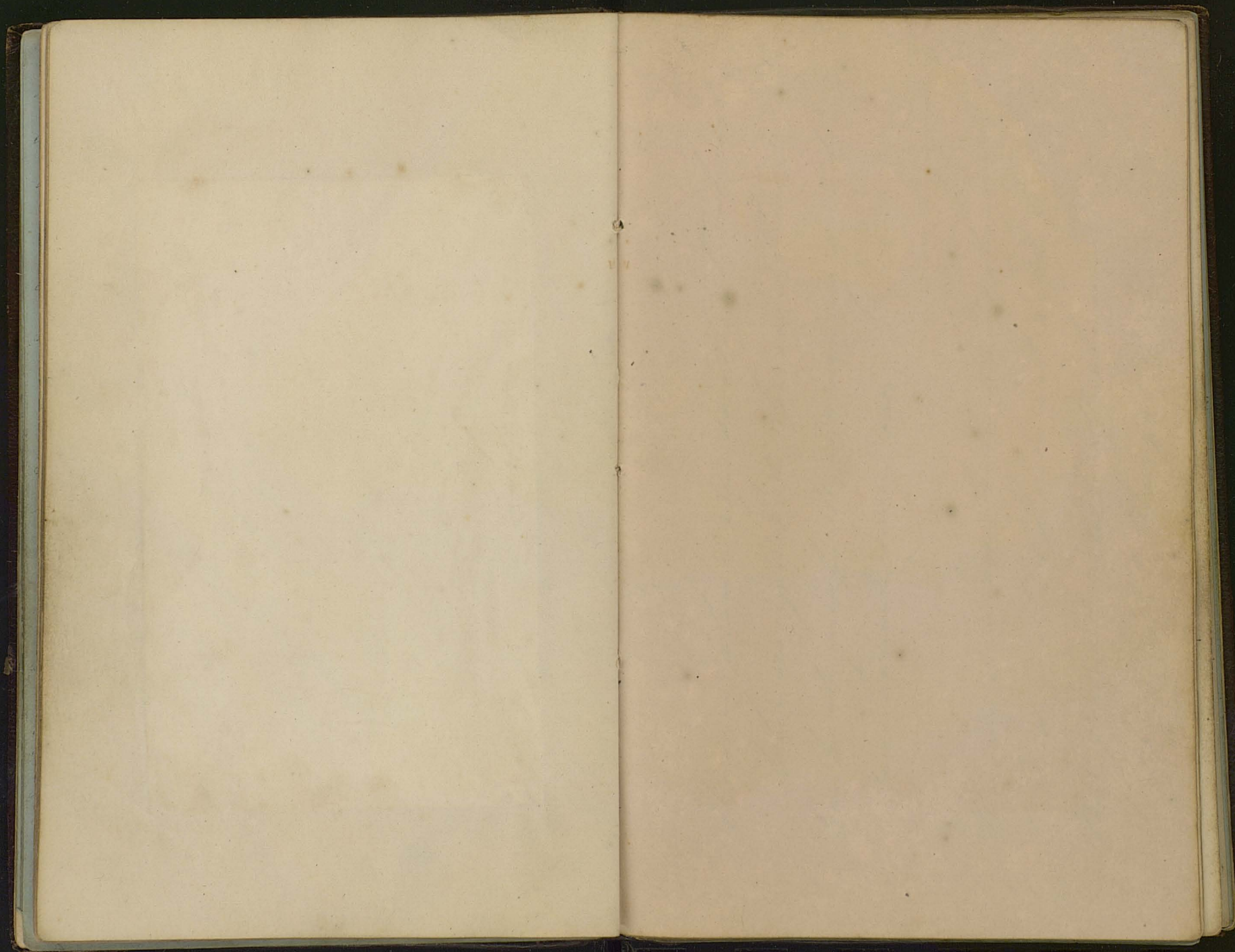
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises in time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

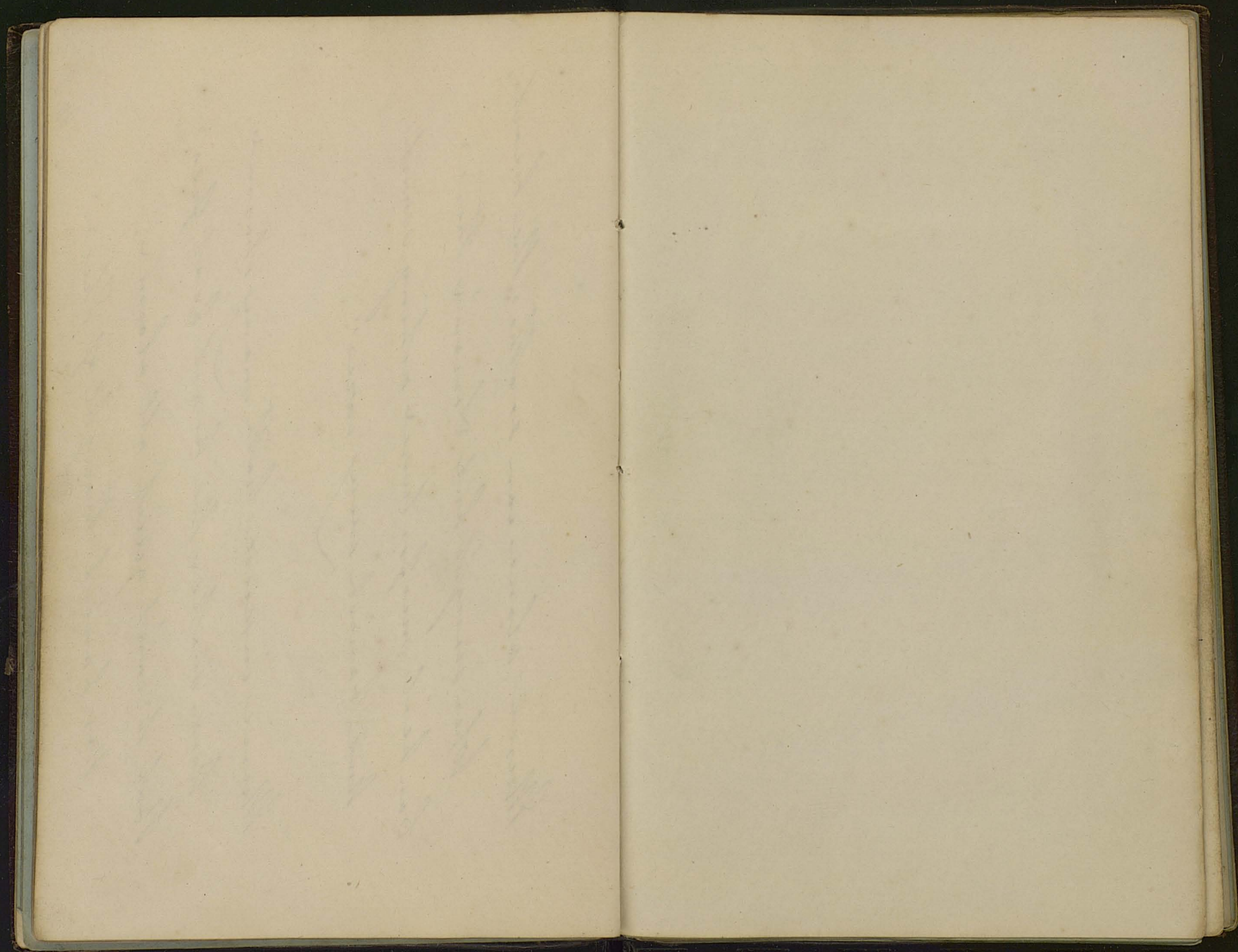
A. T. 1837---

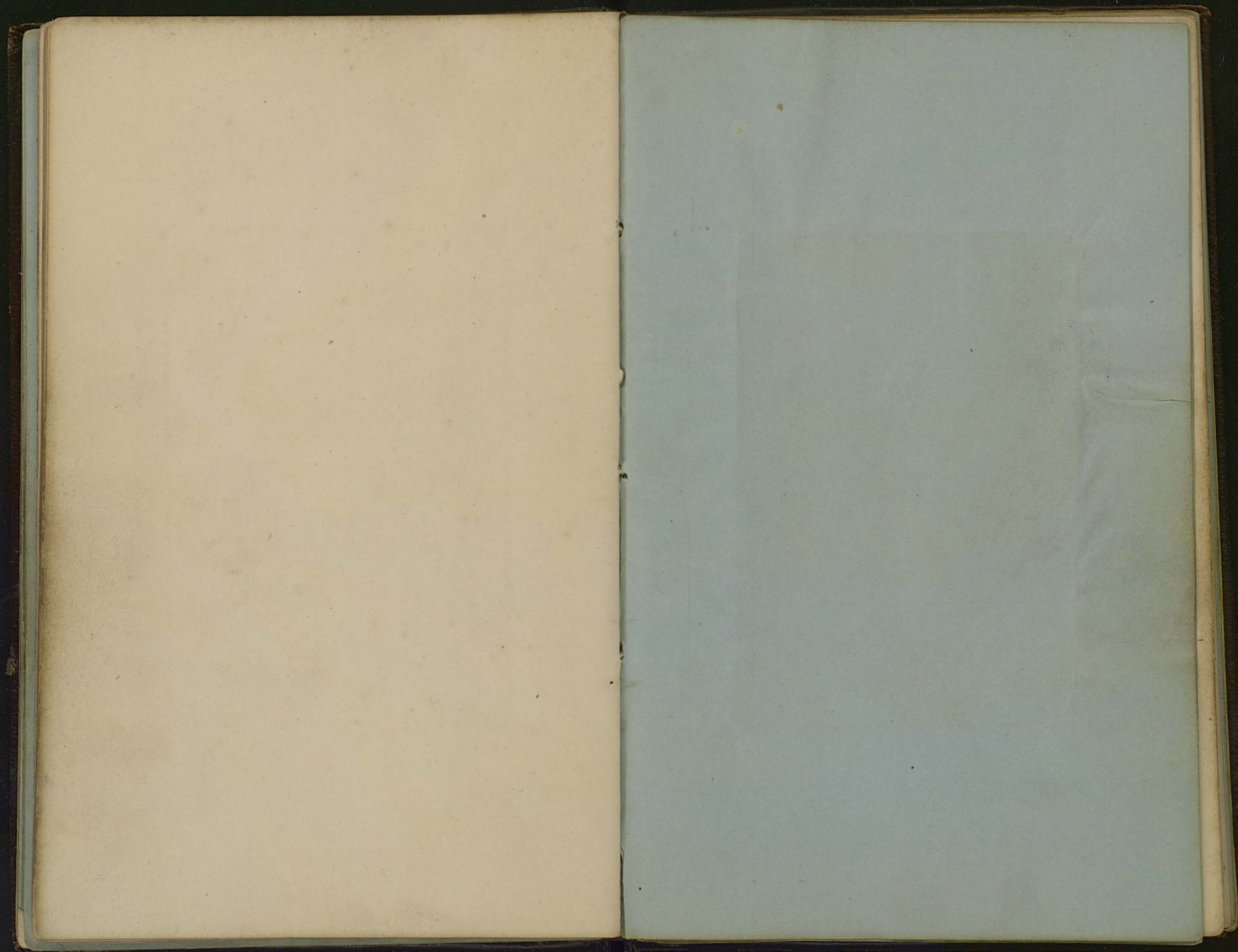
A PHILOMÈLE.

POURQUOI, plaintive Philomèle,
Songer encore à vos malheurs,
Quand, pour apaiser vos douleurs,
Tout cherche à vous marquer son zèle ?
L'univers, à votre retour,
Semble renaître pour vous plaire,
Les Dryades à votre amour
Prêtent leur ombre solitaire.
Loin de vous l'aiglon fougueux
Souffle sa piquante froidure :
La terre reprend sa verdure ;
Le ciel brille des plus beaux feux.
Pour vous l'amante de Céphale
Enrichit Flore de ses pleurs :
Le Zephyr cueille sur les fleurs
Les parfumes que la terre exhale.
Pour entendre vos doux accents
Les oiseaux cessent leur ramage,
Et le chasseur le plus sauvage
Respecte vos jours innocents.
Cependant votre âme attendrie
Par un douloureux souvenir,
Des malheurs d'une sœur chérie
Semble toujours s'entretenir.
Hélas ! que mes tristes pensées
M'offrent des maux bien plus cuisants !
Vous pleurez des peines passées,
Je pleure des ennuis présents !
Et, quand la nature attentive
Cherche à calmer vos déplaisirs,
Il faut même que je me prive
De la douceur de mes soupirs.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.









The Bible

Within this useful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way,
And better had they never been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Bartholomew M.B.

Byron

He prefer'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shun'd their company, & still sought mine:
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts tho' small, yet spoke his Love:
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the wood
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating star to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me
And let me take 'em out—

Friendship in Love

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of Love:
Therefore all hearts in Love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood,

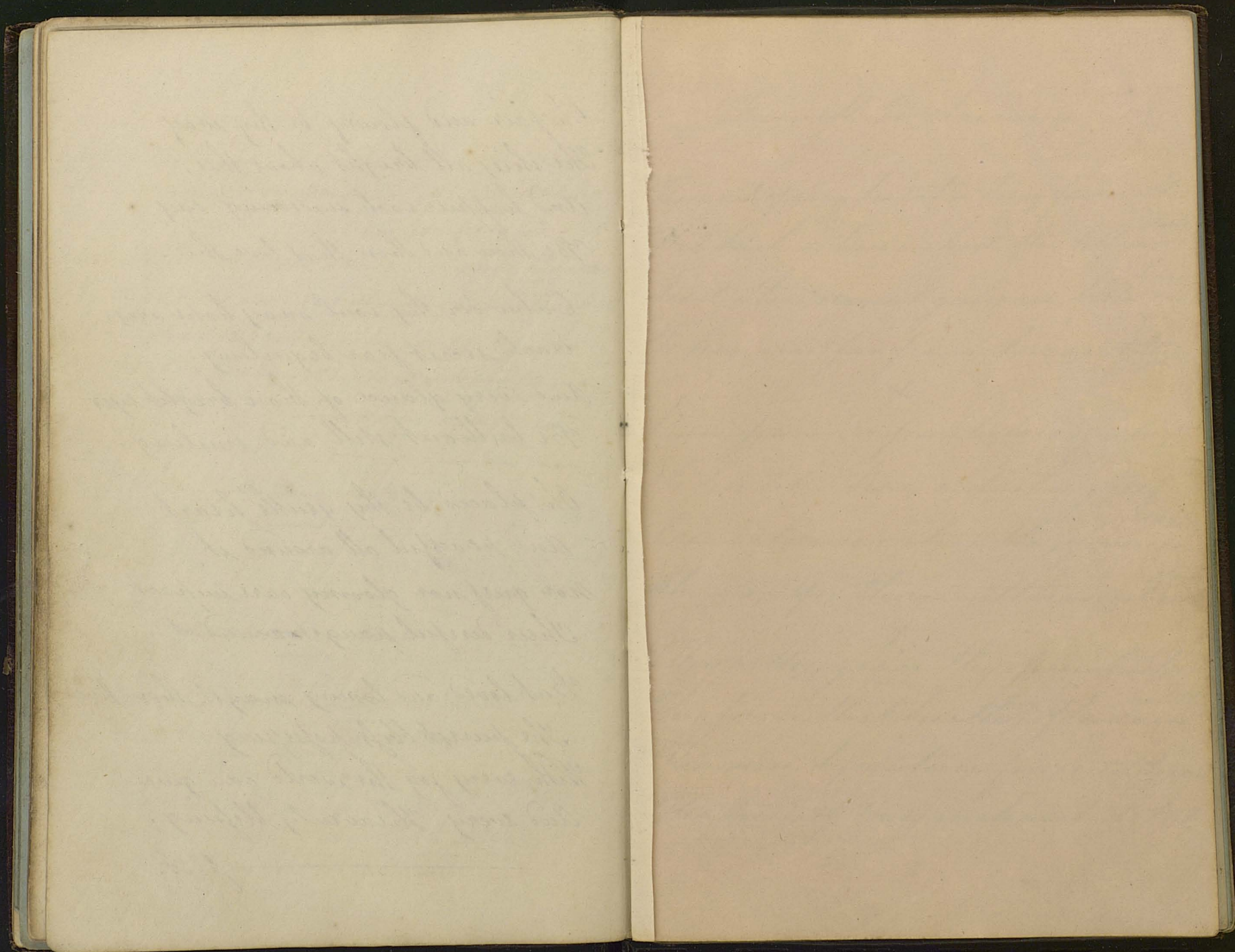
Oh! fair and flow'ry be thy way
The skies all bright above thee,
And happier each succeeding day
Be thou and those that love thee.

Calm o'er thy soul may hope arise
Each secret fear bequiling,
And every glance of those bright eyes
Be brilliant still and smiling.

Oh! placid be thy gentle heart
And peaceful all around it,
Nor grief nor gloomy care impart
Their direful pang to wound it.

But loved and loving may'st thou live
The purest bliss possessing
With every joy the world can give
And every heavenly blessing.

J. A.



Farewell to Anne

Thine, of my heart a long farewell
The bark is launched the billow ^{swells}
And the several gales are blowing ^{free}
To bear me far from love and thee

×
Can pain, or grief, bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief
Can absence cure this feverish ^{thirst}
Ah no; for thou wilt haunt me ^{still}

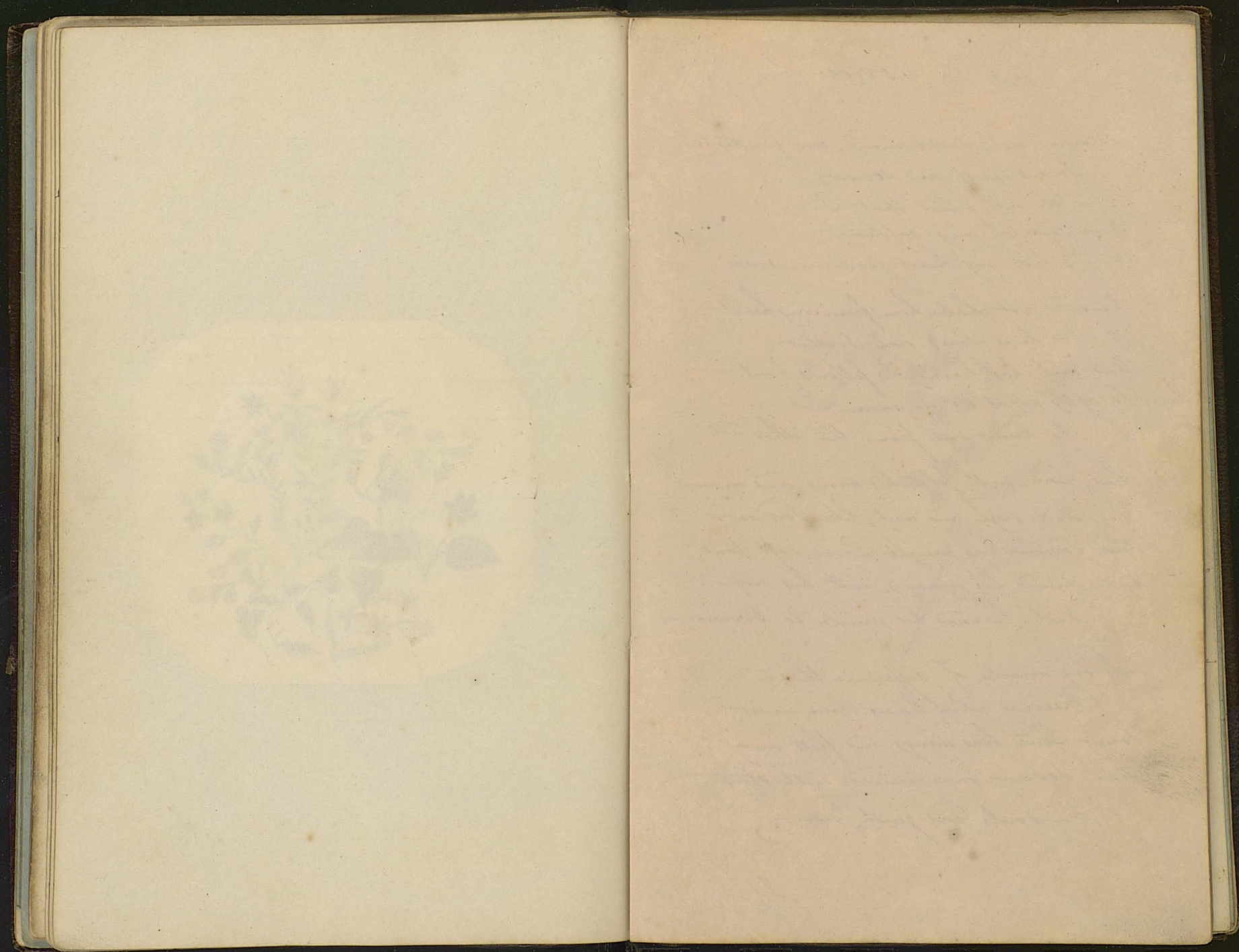
×
Thy artless grace thy open truth
Thy form that breathes of love and ^{youth}
Thy voice by nature framed to suit
The tongue of love, enchanted mute

Thy dimpling cheek & deep brown ^{eye}
Where tender thought and feeling ^{lie}
Thine eyelid like the evening cloud
That covers the star of love to shroud

Each int'ory of soul and sense
Enriched in Angel innocence
Combined to form the fatal spell
That blent, and broke my heart, -
Farewell, Ad C



Blank lined page for notes.



Love & Sorrow

Known not, sweet maid, nor fondly try
To rob me of my sorrow;

It is the only friend that I
Have left in my captivity

To bid my heart good-morrows

I would not chase him from my heart

For he is Love's own brother

And each has learned his fellow's part
So aptly, that tis no mean art

To know one from the other

Thus, Love will fold his arms, and moan

And sigh, and weep, like Sorrow;

And Sorrow has caught Love's soft tone

And mixed his arrows with his own

And learned his smile to borrow

Only one mark of difference they

Preserve which leaves them never

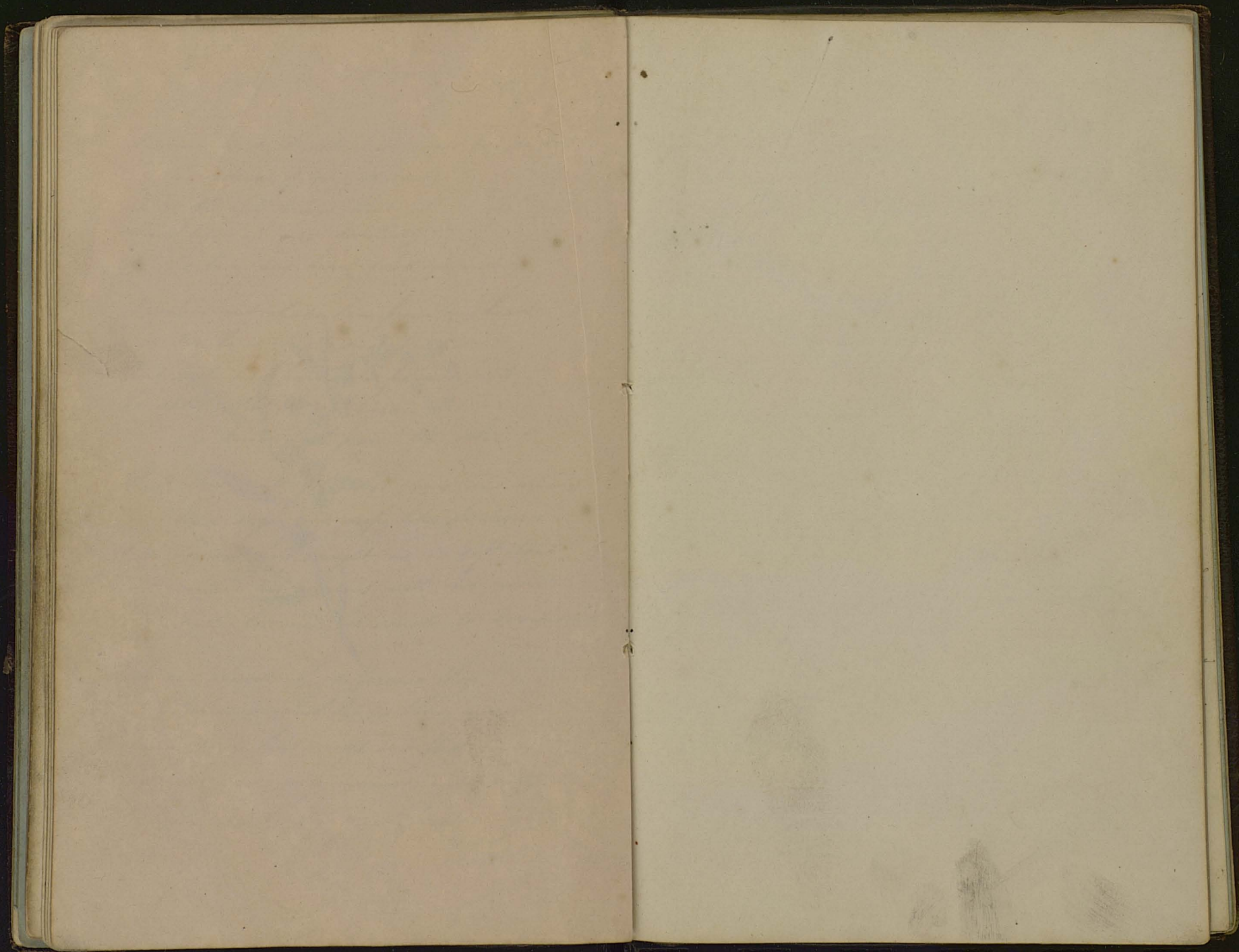
Young Love has wings and flies away

While Sorrow, once received, will stay

The souls sad guest forever

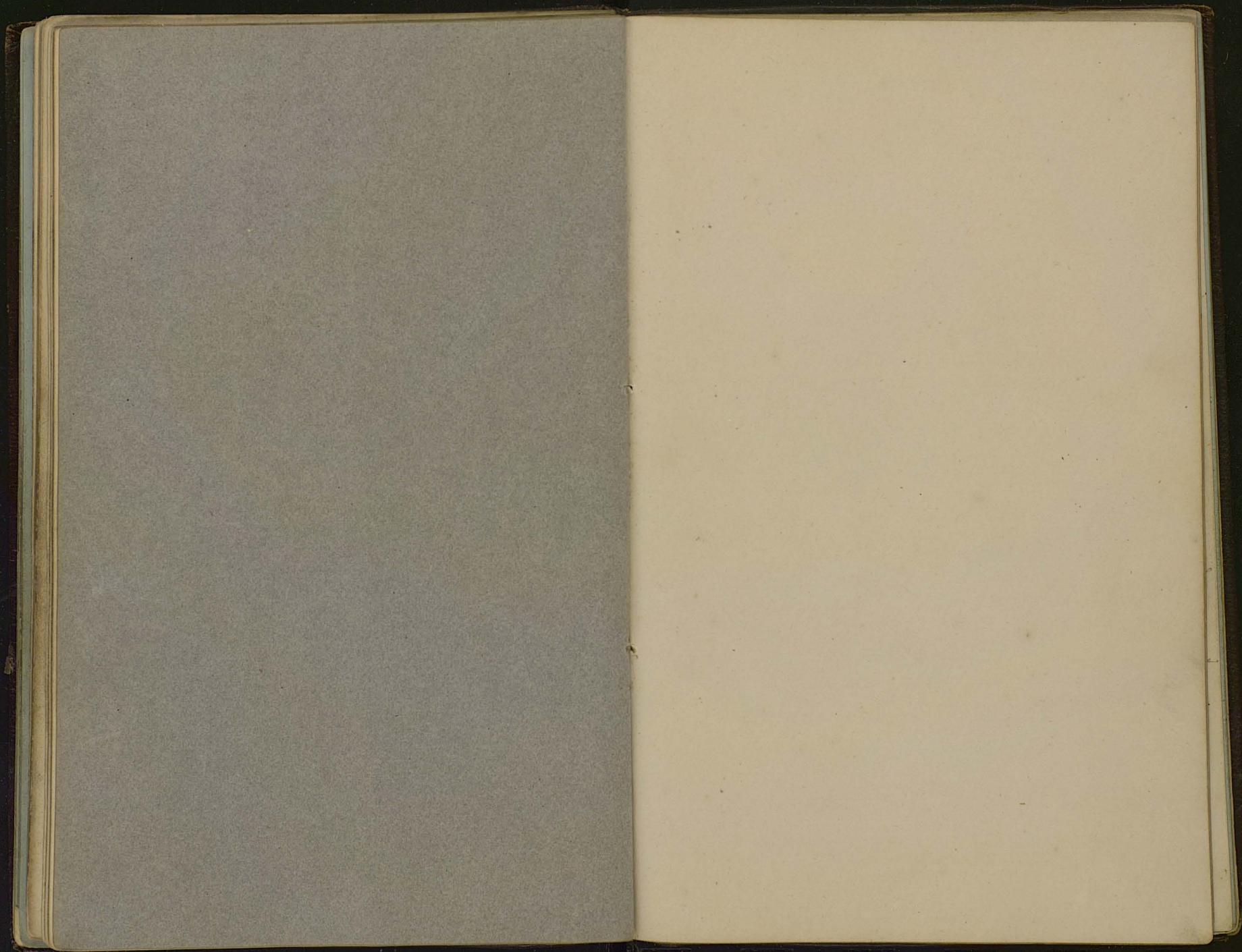
J. L.

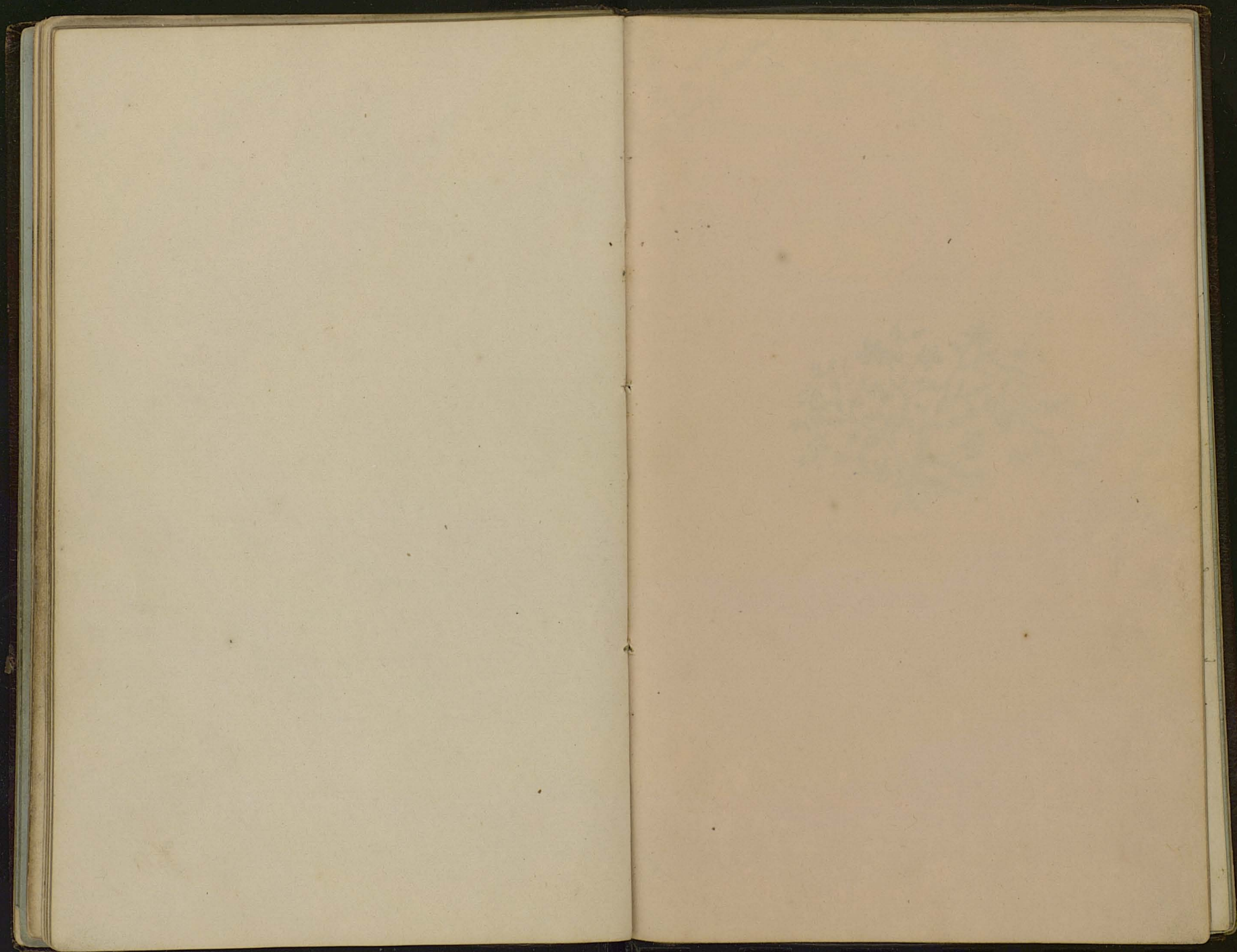




The little thought in about how
to show in French. I hope to be
And. I shall like to see the poor
With never cease to think in these

E. B.





An
Emblem of Purity
and a globe of Moisture

The
Globe of Life
and the Emblem of Purity

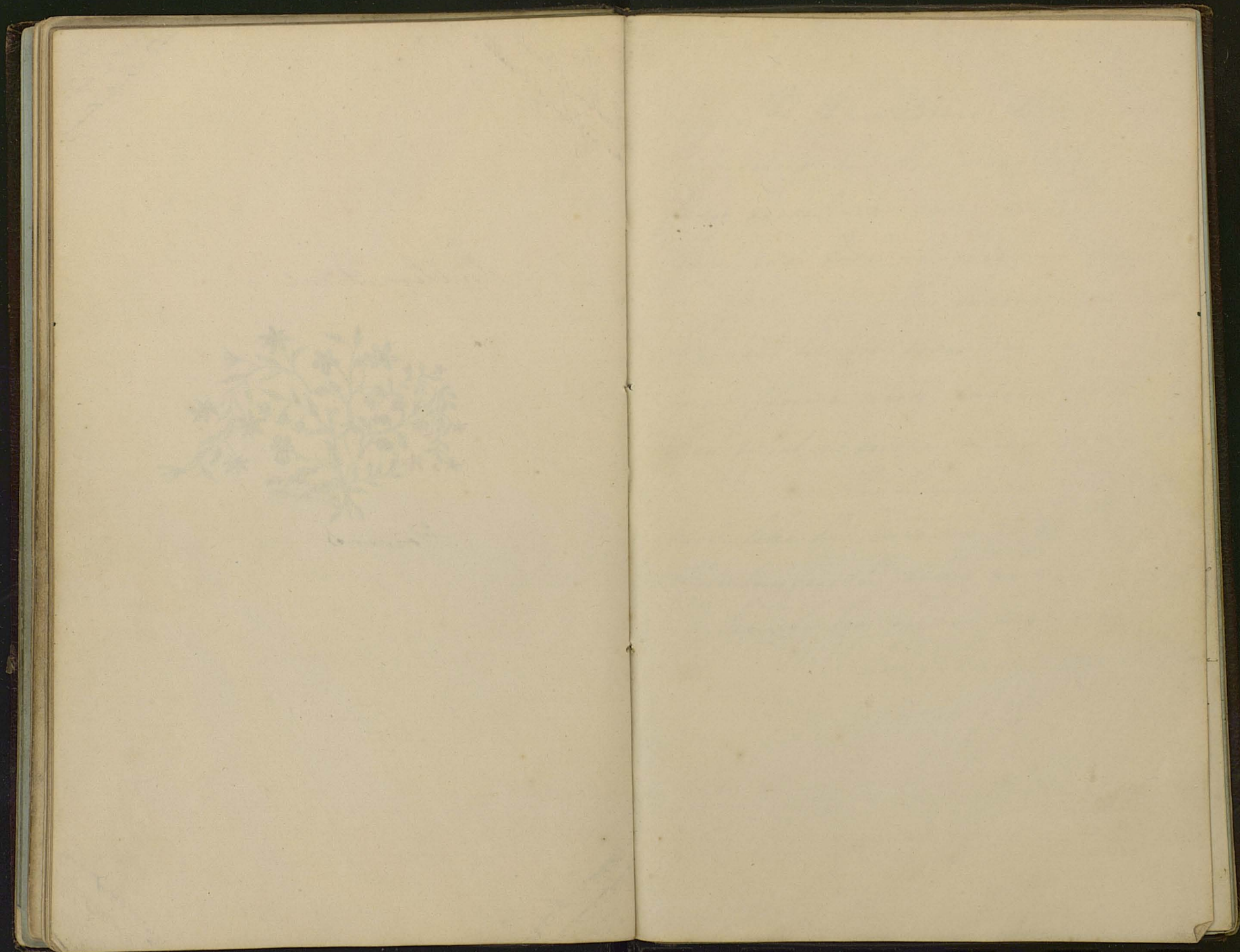
Emblematical —



Flowers —

The
Globe of Life
and the Emblem of Purity

The
Globe of Life
and the Emblem of Purity



The Hawthorn Blossom
Blooming in the month of May
Ever smiling, ever gay
Now! we lose it in a day

The Hawthorn Blossom
Winters have not come to still
Bring floods and latent ill,
But what is more grievous still

The Hawthorn Blossom
And like the birds on every spray,
They languish, drop and die away
So beauty too must soon decay

Like Hawthorn Blossom
H. L.

Not yet! Not yet!

Not yet - Not yet! When years shall show
Their snow upon your aching head
And thickening blood & failing nerve
Forbidden England's cause to serve
Then you may pay the common debt
Then you may die - but O! Not yet

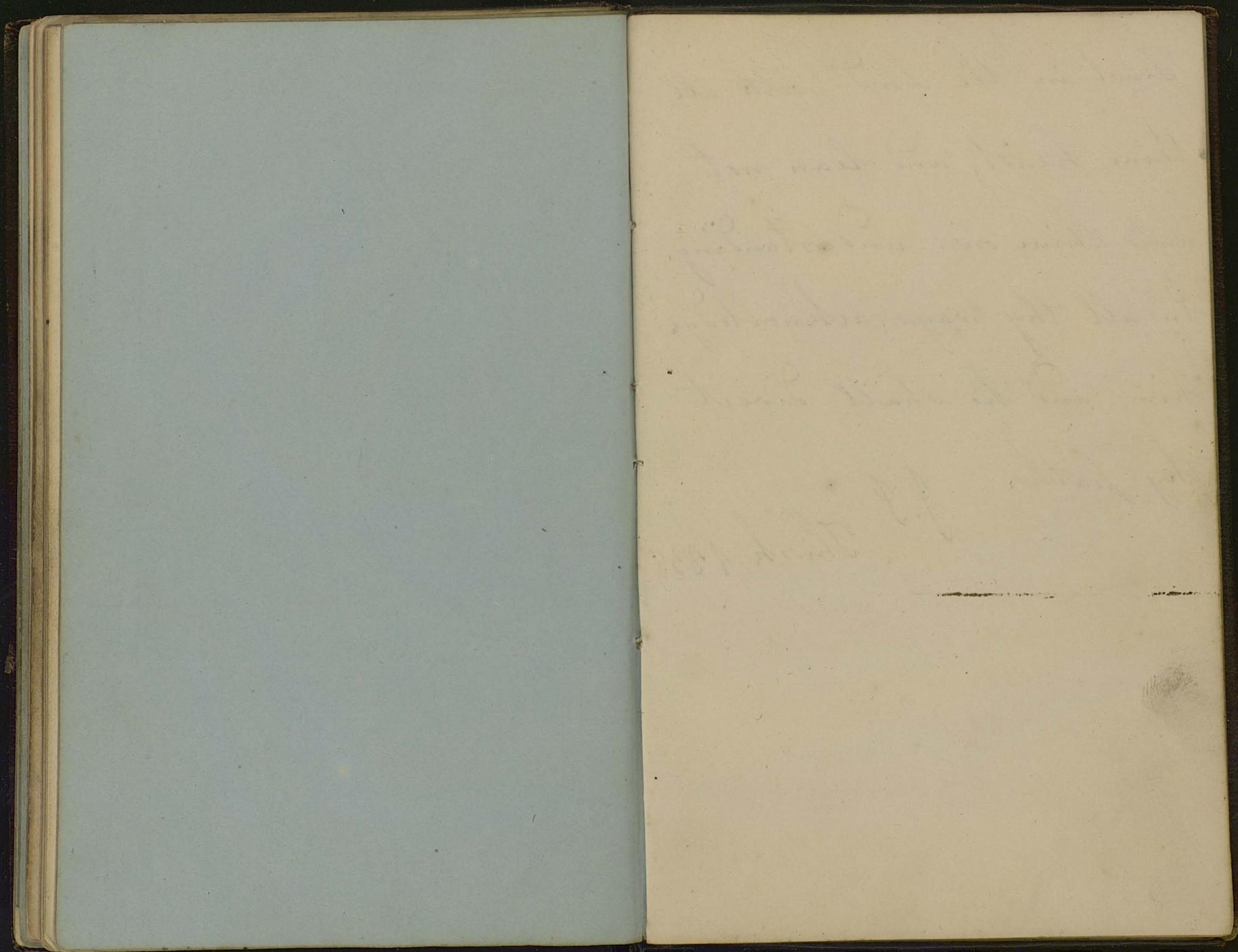
Not yet - Not yet - when we can spare
"The vice to do, the love to have"
When rebel Papistry is down
And safer are England's Church & Crown
Then you may pay the common debt
Then you may die - but O! Not yet

J. Haec

Thistle

No 1.

March 1838.



Trust in the Lord with all
thine heart, and lean not
unto thine own understanding.
In all thy ways acknowledge
him, and he shall direct
thy paths.

J. J. Thirk 1838

True Friendship is a Gordian Knot,

Which angel hands have tied;

By heavenly skill its texture wrought,

Who shall its folds divide?

In vain Death's all-triumphant sword

May strive the links to sever;

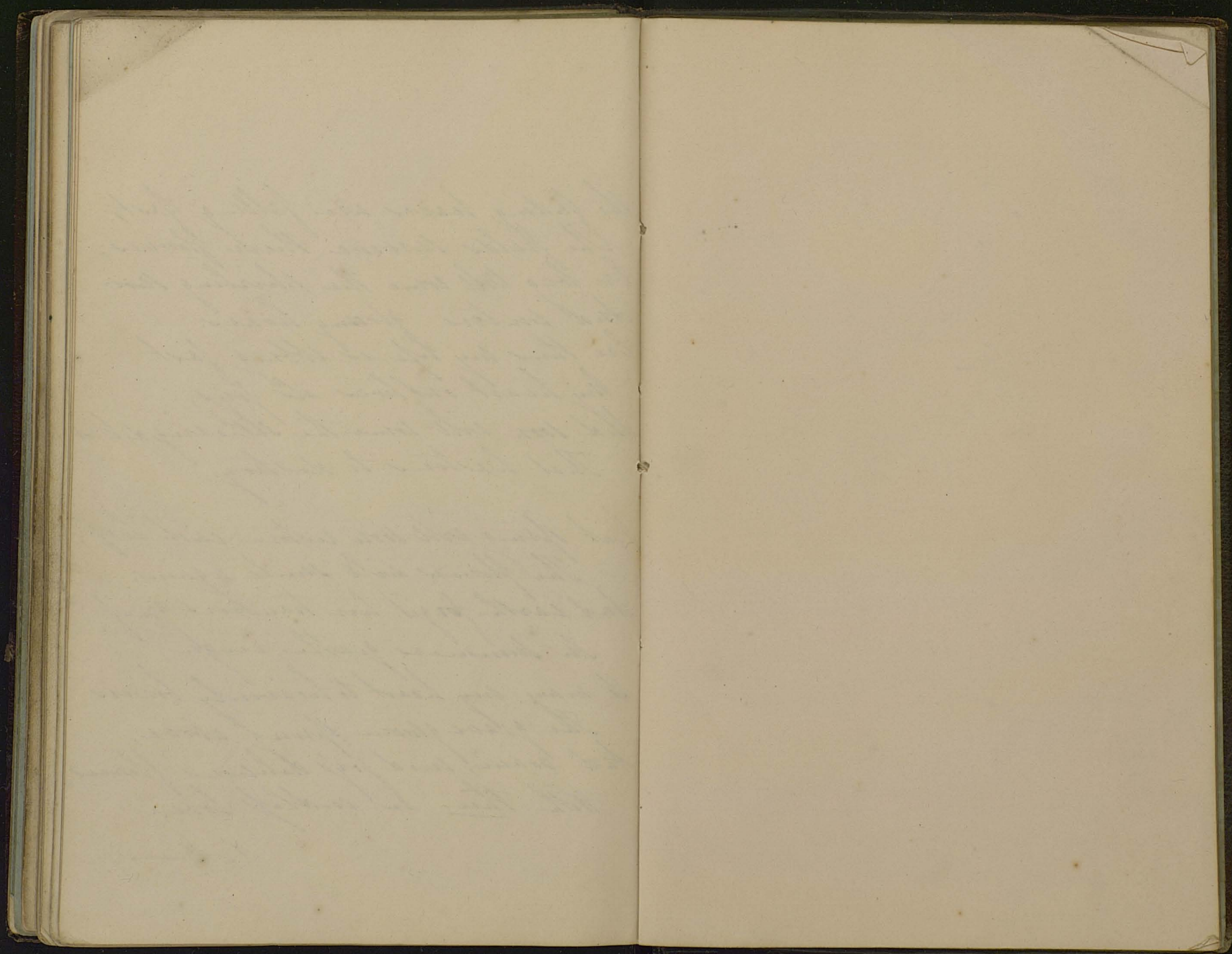
The union of twisted cord

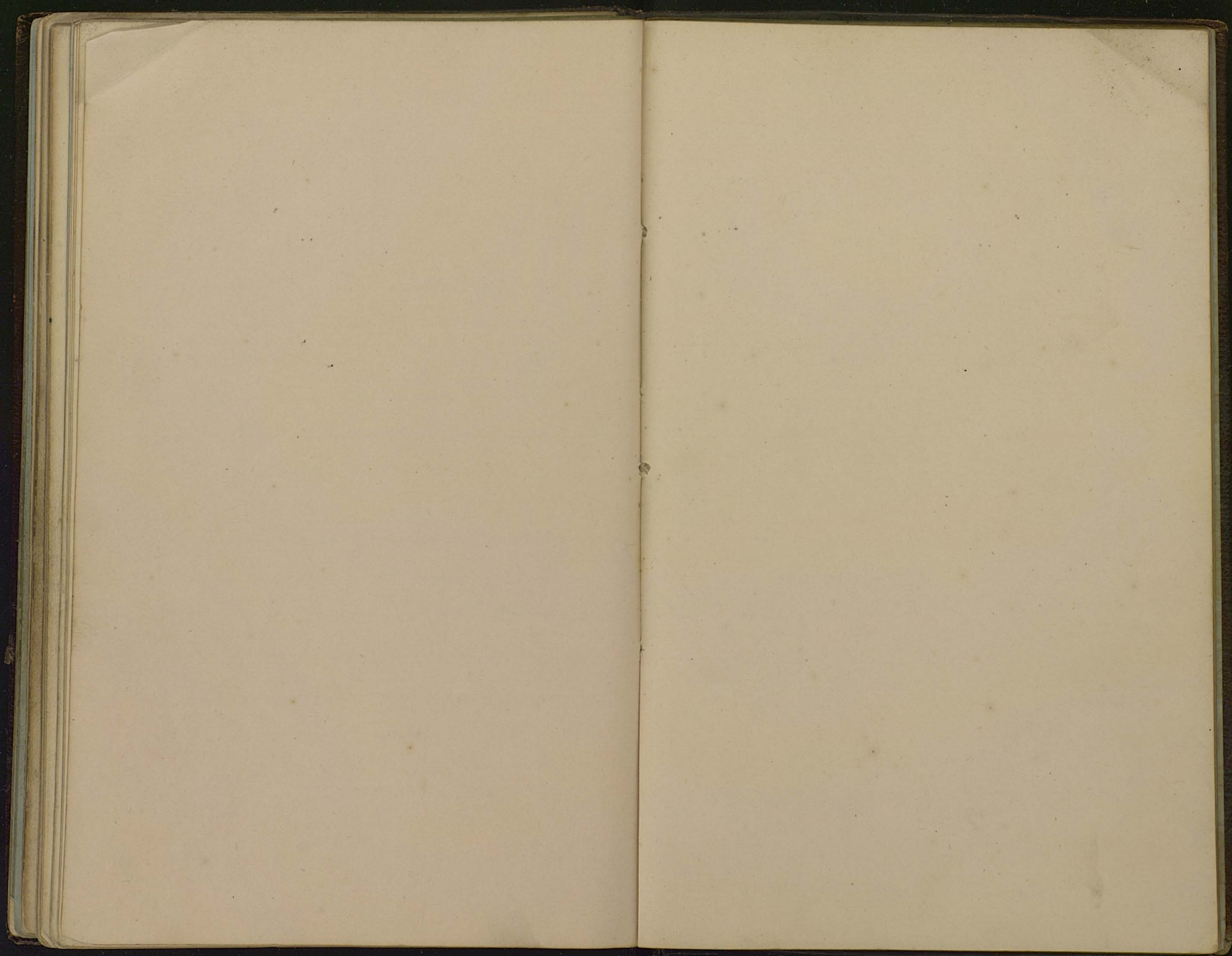
In heaven shall last for ever! —

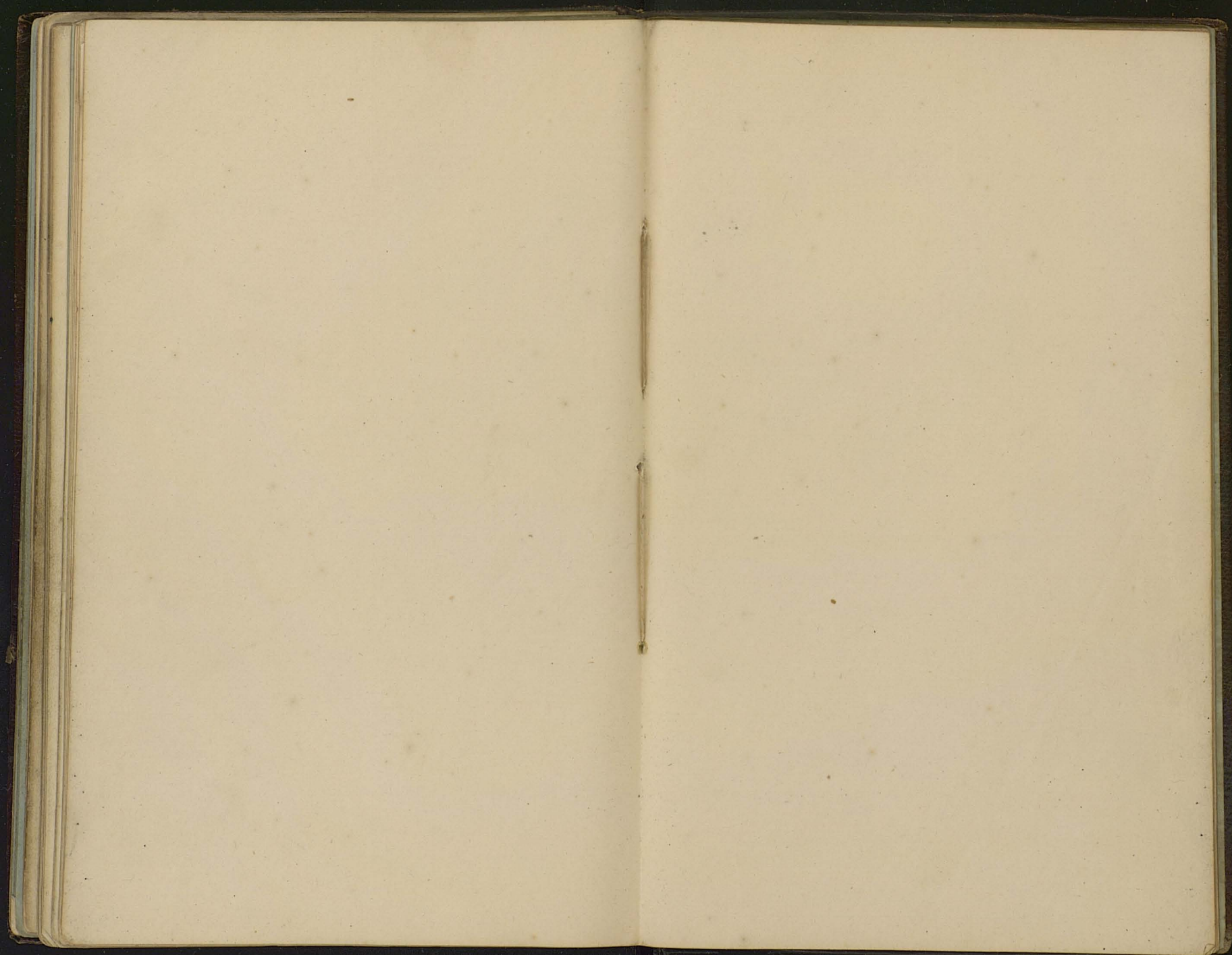
The fading leaves are falling fast,
The fields survive their flowers;
Ere long will come the whirling snow
And winter's gloomy hours.
Ere thus my life is ebbing fast
My heart outlives its joys;
And soon will come the withering blast
That hastens to destroy.

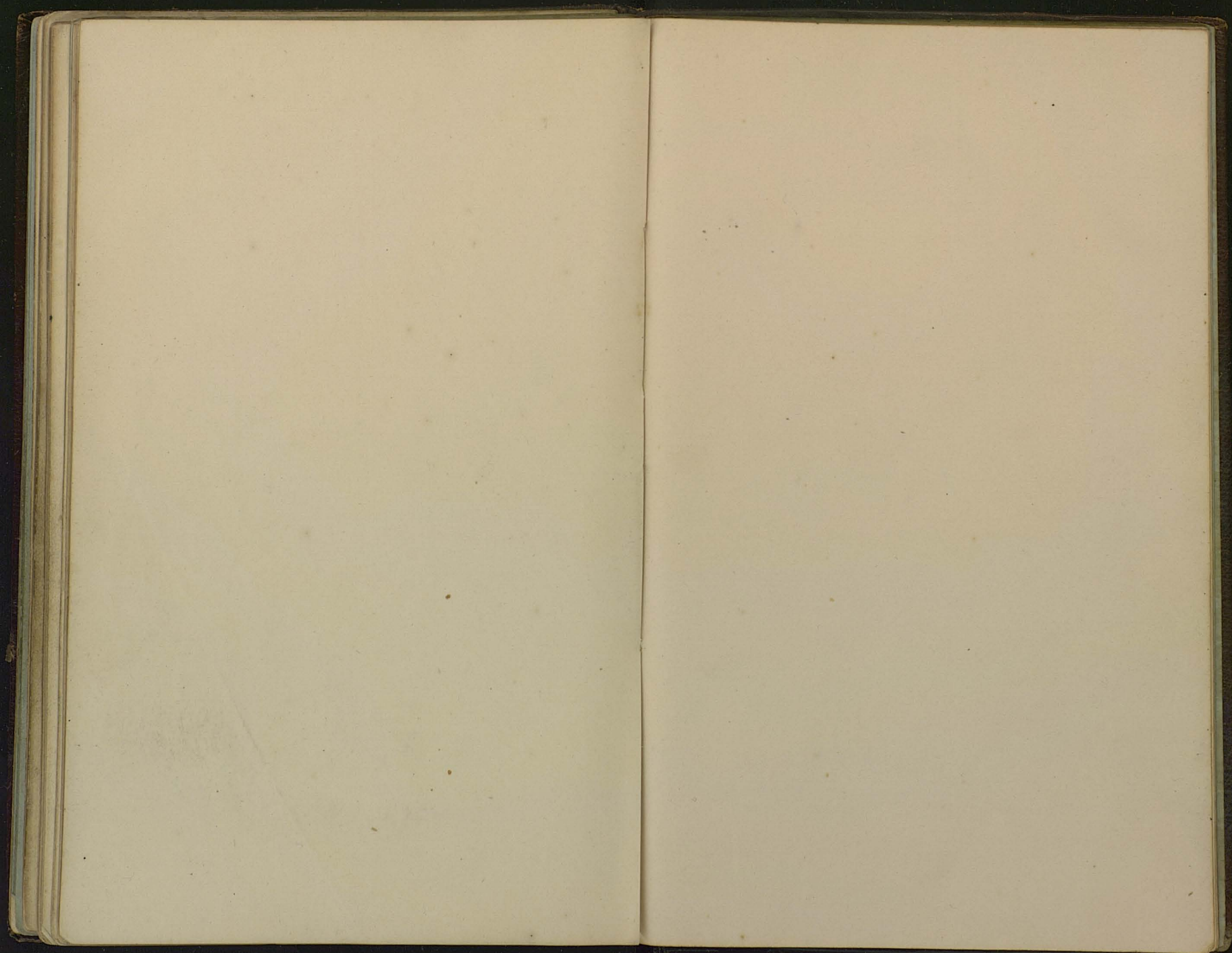
But Spring will soon restore each leaf;
The flowers will smile again:
And earth forget her transient grief
In summer's gentle reign;
So may my heart to heavenly bowers
The grave gloom spring above;
And warm, mid joy's delicious flowers
With thee in endless love.

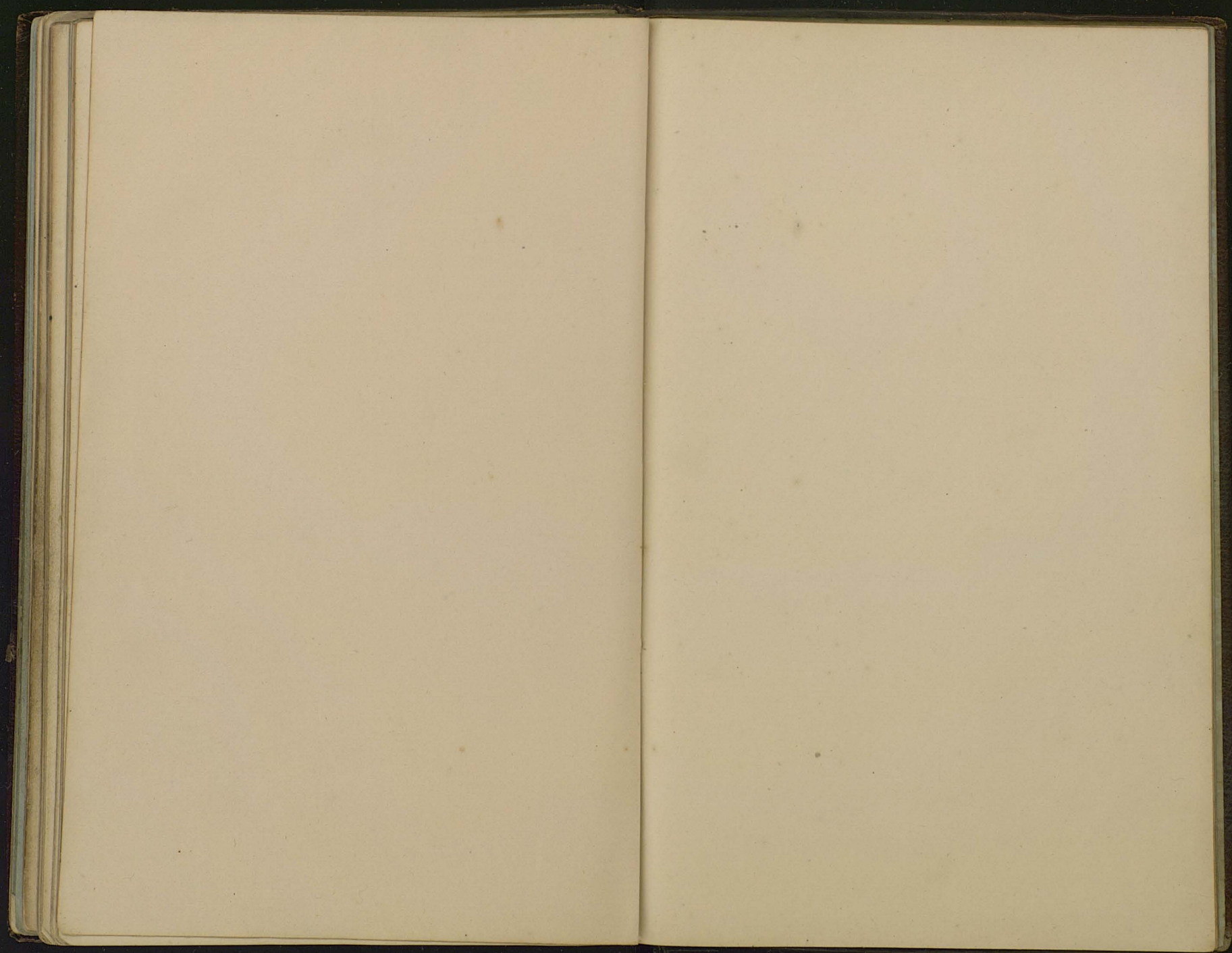
L.B.—

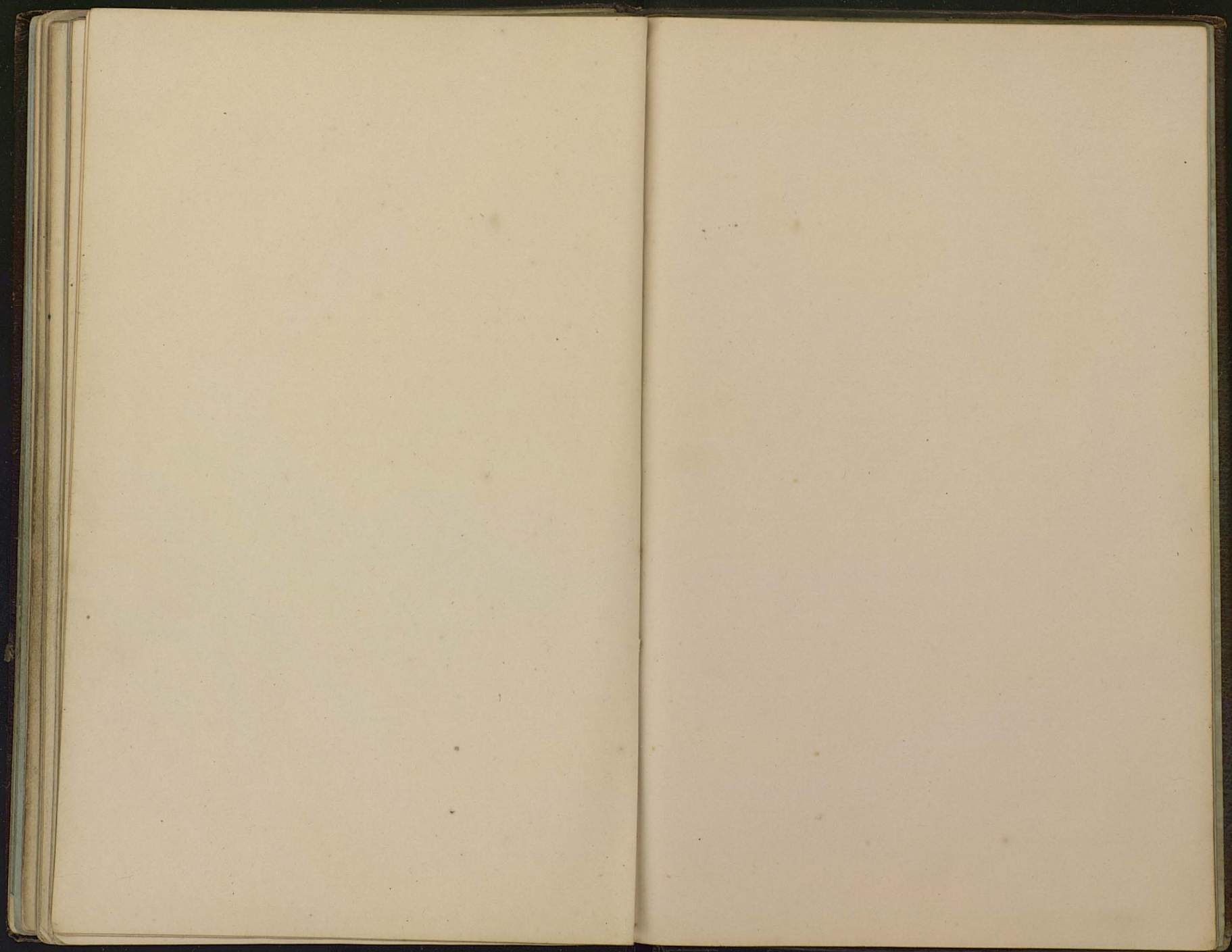


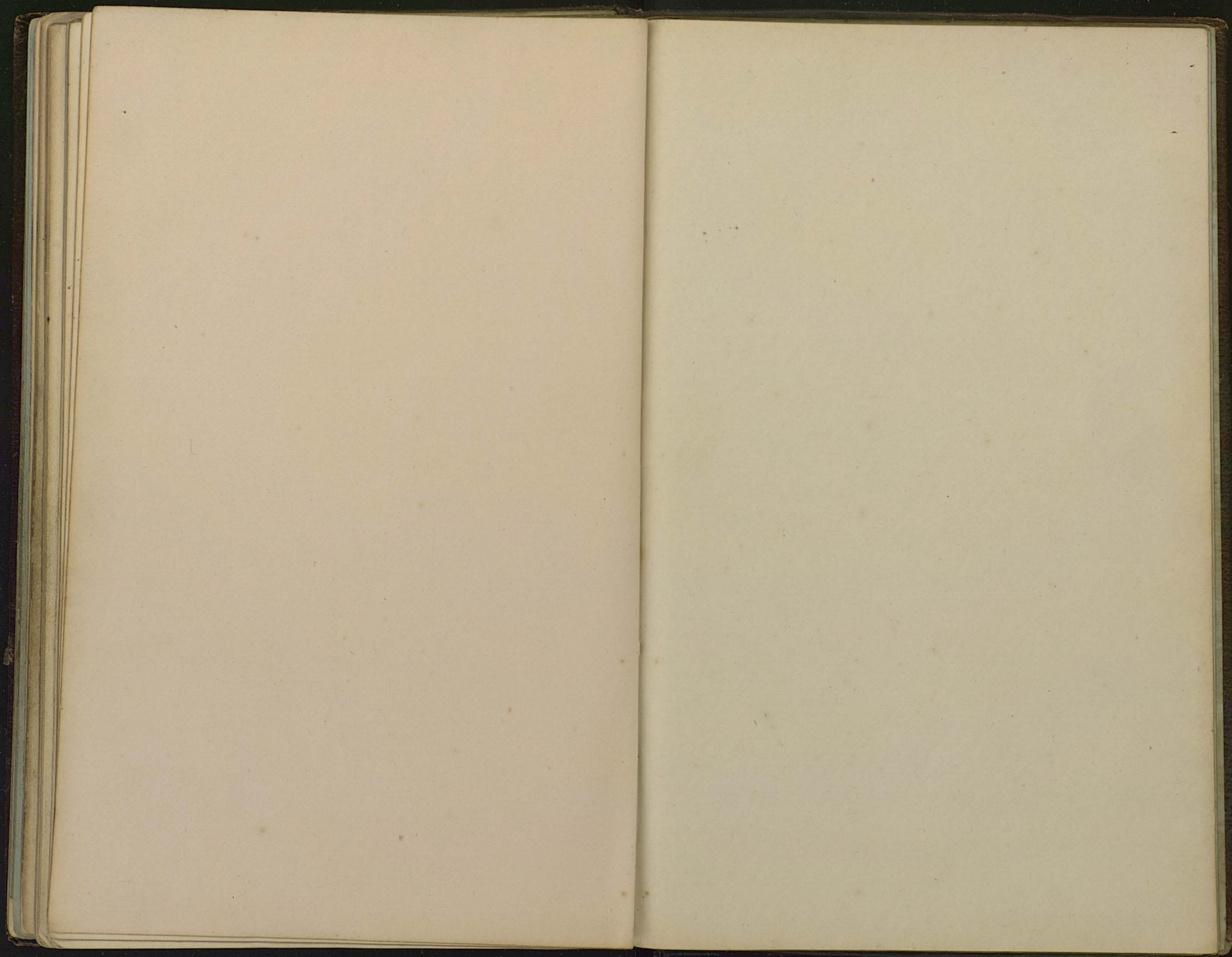


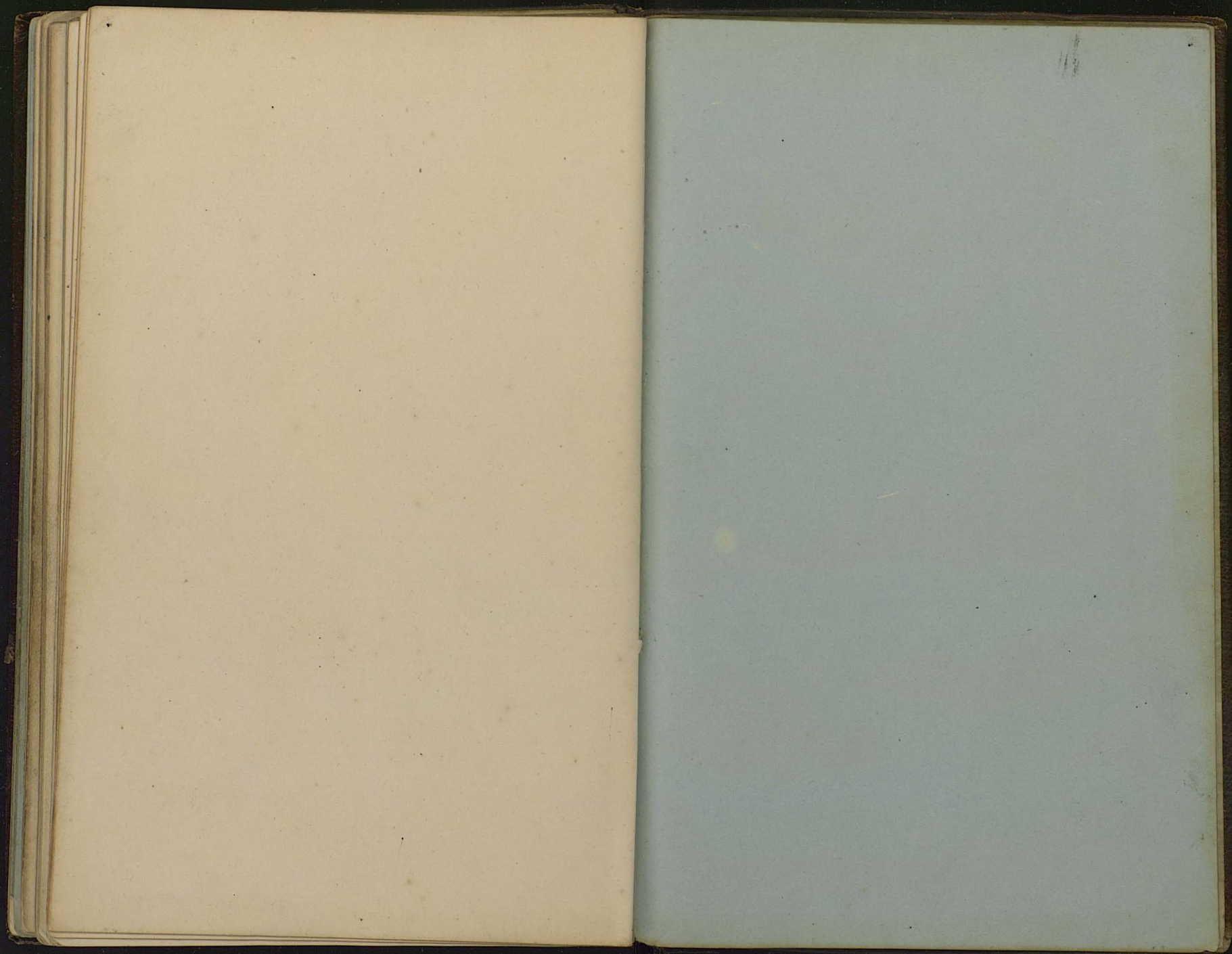












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