

Must I leave thee must I leave thee
Loveliest Maiden in the flock
To the Winter Arms of April
And Clasp! & Clasp! But No In with

My dear friend
I have the honor to
acknowledge the receipt
of the money from
your bank of \$100.00
and am very much
obliged to you for
the same.

Upon the wings of wild seabirds
My dark thoughts would I lay
And let them bear them out to sea
In the tempest far away

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song:
'Tis we not they who are in fault
When others seem most wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight:
To those, who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might
My fettered thoughts unbind,
And where the elements might be
Like scape goats to my mind

When all things round should loudly tell
Storm, rocks seabirds & sea
Not of thy worship, but much more
And only, Lord! of thee.

--R. B. Howard's hand, on
"Congress" imprinted, invoice-sized
paper.

Upon the wings of wild seedbirds
My dark thoughts would I lay
And let them bear them out to sea
In the tempest far away

The discord is within, which lasts
So easily in life's distress
'Tis we not they who are in fault
When others seem most wrong.

'Tis we who wait upon ourselves;
Self is the life's weight;
To those, who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

Therefore I crave for space when night
My fettered thoughts would lay
And where the elements might be
Like some gods to my aid

When all things round should loudly fall
Storm, rocks, seedbirds & sea
Not of thy working, but much more
And only, lord, of thee.

—F. B. Howard's hand, on
"Commons" manuscript, showing signs
of age.

Upon the Wings of Wild Seabirds
My dark thoughts would I lay
And let them bear them out to Sea
In the tempest far away

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's way:
It is we not they who are in fault
When others seem more wrong.

For we also weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight:
To those, who can see thought ^{action} there
See things both always thought-
might

Therefore I crave for scenes which,
My fettered thoughts reubrid,
And where the elements might be
Like scape goats to my mind

tell

When all things round thine altar,
Storm, rocks, seabirds & sea
Art of thy worship, but ^{more} much,
And all, Lord! of thee.

89

Bytts. Woregs near 1836

It is not what my hands have done
 That weighs my spirit down
 That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
 And over earth a frown
 For fair the form that those reveal
 And fair lips just removed,
 And men need wonder if they knew.
 How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas, thy eye is in fault
 When thus they judge the whole
 They cannot look upon the heart,
 They cannot read the soul:
 But I survey myself within
 And mournfully I feel
 How deep the principles of sin
 Its root may there conceal,
 And spread its poison thro' the frame
 Without ^{one} deed that men can blame.

How many liberal or even orthodox
 Ministers would write thus in
 1888; 52 years

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED A. D. 1828.

REV. ROWLAND B. HOWARD, *Secretary and Editor.*



The writer was in playful mood

One day upon the grass

He thought he'd try and if he could

Describe his gentle lass —

And while his heart the eve before

Experienced such contention

How will conceive how much it bore

To bring forth this invention —

For it displays, if aught it should

The writers talents must be good

And if there's any evil in it

You will deduct it from his merit

As I roamed down a village street, I did a Lady spy
A bright black plume my eyes did meet, I wonder'd who could be
Her unknown steps in the arena, caus'd her mild cheek to glow
And when the moon her light did lend I did her person know
Her features fair with small round arm & modest dimple chin
A dulcet heart with friendship warm & bosom pure within
A mild black eye next caught my sight which seem'd to say oh yes
I advanced with fear and trembl'd to best thought to gain a kiss
Astonish'd I you need'st must know who was quite innocent
When so much nearer now I drew she spoke so eloquent
Beware young man what you intend, 'tis what I don't allow
Then an arch smile she wound to mend How can you use me so
I took the hint with throbbing heart advanced and took her hand
The squeeze was that which did in part Alay my flurid mind
We then mov'd on in rapid pace observing no one near
Was now at liberty for that which I before did fear
Says she come and you shamed oh! oh! But it was done & over
Hence is this slight offence war all meant to gain a lover
Arrived at home her dwelling now she smiles on me & joins
One more transgression then a bow and said good night my love

W. C. Drake July 5 1816

W. C. Drake's Remembrance

We should remember our Benefactor

'Mid all these joys and pleasures,
This happiness and glee;
This delight without measure
We're permitted to see;

'Mid all these glad expressions;
Temperance songs so good;
(Which reveal our sensations,
~~And~~ ^{To keep} in pleasant mood;

As we see food for body
And this of sweetest kind;
As we see pure cold water
The best that we could find;

As we see smiling faces,
Sparkling eyes of the girls,
With their ~~real~~ ^{real} locks drooping,
And hair in braids and curls;

Let each and all remember,
From ^{whom} these gifts do come;
And give him praise forever,
Yea, praise from every tongue.

Remember our Benefactors
For Roscoe

The property of
Jno. Temp. Loc.

Written by a member
in in

Union

Union is a sacred name
Applied to a sacred bond
Binding and making the same
Whom in something correspond.

'Tis this which makes the human race
Brothers in this world of strife,
And other animals keep a space
And in flocks and herds lead life.

'Tis this which made our governments
Protecting the happy & free;
And gives to us like sentiment
Respecting this home we see.

Now this has made us what we are;
Sixty in number, so strong,
United, with our calibre
To ~~battle~~ our cause along.

And we must never let it go
But must hold it firm & fast
Then like Abram of old, you know,
We'll have a blessing at last.

Union
The property of the
Gen. Temp. Soc.
of Leeds

Tobacco

And will a man make use of Tobacco
That dirty, unwholesome weed!
Oh it is strange why he will act so!
Not of looks, nor health take heed.

Oh he should take lessons of wisdom,
Than boasting of intellect!
Of some brutes of the animal Kingdom
Which such filthiness reject.

The hog with all his nastiness
Would not even smoke nor chew
And though he stives to reel in fastness
He finds it too much to do,

^{say} For the pig must wait for time of meal
And then he acteth the hog
But man is squinting in vice or woe
With less manners than a dog

Tobacco

The property of
Juv. Temp. Soc.

Gone

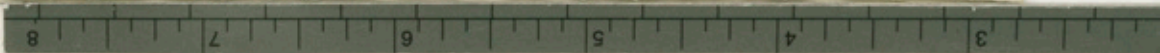
The heart that loved is still
The lips that kissed are mute cold
The ~~so~~ ^{heart} ~~univ~~ ^{at} ~~with~~ mine & thrill
Are pressed beneath the mold

2

The scene was just begun
The web was half unweave
Our lives were only now but one
When God didst ~~thine~~ remove

3.

It seems a little while ago
Our wedded hands were clasped



To my pastor.

O, faithful friend in Israel!

O, pastor kind and true!

Thou who hast fed thy flock so well
With drops of heavenly dew;

We thank thee for thy work of love,

For all thy words and prayers

That often led our souls above
Lives burdens, sins and snares.

We thank our Lord for all that He

Thro' thee to us hath given,

For all the power He gave to thee
To lead poor souls to Heaven.

O, sweet and holy memories

That will not, cannot die!

O, joys akin to pure bliss

That waiteth us on high!

Mrs B. Stowell
Done 6-11-91

But sadly beat our hearts today
And many a prayer ascends
That He who callith thee away
May all thy steps attend.

The Lord hath called thee! this shall be
The thot that soothes our pains,
The Lord hath other fields for thee
Whitening on western plains.

May His rich grace attend ^{thee} ~~you~~ there
His spirit be thine own,
And sheaves both rich & full & fair
Await ^{thee} ~~you~~ in that home.

And O, when life's brief day is done
And partings all are o'er
We'll meet where joys are but begun
On Heavens bright, sinless shore.

Yours in Christian love,

S. C. S.

Farmington Sep 12th 1870.

So still he lies. So beautiful
So silent and so cold.
O can it be my baby boy
Is in the upper fold?

Jesus, thine arms are soft
Thy bosom gentle, warm
But O ^{dear} little heart-ached,
My own sweet one is "gone!"

That is the word that tries our
And I'm bound to sto
Our seas of grief, & fountain deep
Of tears will ever flow

"Is not, my God, I doubt thy love
Is not I doubt his joy
But O it is the vacant place
And silent house without my boy

His thousand prattling baby ways
His large wise looking eyes
That gazed into the father's face
At each return with sweet surprise

fragments of poetry
on the death of Shakespeare

The fondling of his tiny hands
His glances on the mother
The touch of his sweet baby lips
O God these were my joys

Many, many, many
They tell you so?
Some give things, all are done
They say, they say.

Miss Helen Graves.
Present.

Just now, exactly doing so.
I am not doing so.
Stand in line - in line alone -
Ministry complete.

Rev. Edw. Taylor, Treasurer
Feb. 23rd 1862

2.15

Scotch Hymns

Nothing sinner, great or small,
Nothing sinner no.
Accuse did it - did it all -
Long, long ago.

When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die.
Every thing was gully done -
Listen to His cry.

It is finished - yee indeed
Finished every ft.
Sinner this is all you need.
Tell me is it not?

Wearry, working, glodding on, —
Why toil you so?
Cease your doing! — all was done —
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling, —
By a simple faith. —
Doing is a deadly thing.
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly doing down, —
Down at Jesus' feet.
Stand in Him — in Him alone —
Gloriously complete —

Rev. 'Edw. Payson Hammond
Feb. 23rd 1862 —

L.L.C. }

1 Anon. 1530

Hearst thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyes sleep?
To thy Redeemer, take that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

2

Hearst thou a hope, with which thy heart
Would almost feel its death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

3

Hearst thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore thy ^{the Lord} God, that naught may be
A shade between himself & thee.

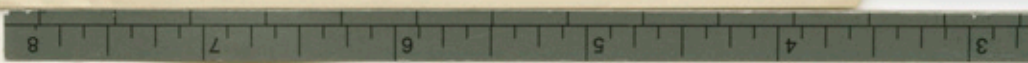
4

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast;
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Copied

Princeton Sept. 7. 1874

Handwritten text on lined paper, appearing to be a letter or document. The text is written in cursive and is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. The paper is aged and has a yellowish tint.



Lines on the death of Rev R. B. Howard.

His work was done, & Jesus called him Home,
To keep him safe from evils yet to come.
For he was faithful to the end, working with tongue & pen,
To bring about the Angel's song, "Peace & goodwill to men."

A sweet & holy memory, he leaves behind him here,
A rich & precious heritage, to those he held most dear,
For far above the royal roll, of war & warlike fame,
Shall live the gentle, peaceful sound, of Rowland Howard's name.

Dear Lord, let his bright mantle, on thousands here below,
Working to save our weary world, from war & want & woe,
Fill all the jar of hate & strife, for evermore shall cease,
And every loving heart shall bow, before the Prince of Peace.

Then shall the lion & the lamb, in one green pasture play,
And no fierce dogs, nor howling wolves, disturb them night or day,
And every creature God has made, in one sweet cadence sing,
The wonders of His Kingdom, the glory of our King.
C. M. J.

Arlington Heights

Mrs. E. M. Graham
Arlington Hts.

lines on the walls of the 12th century.

The work was done by a French artist, and the
designs were taken from the old French
manuscripts of the 12th century. The work
was done by a French artist, and the
designs were taken from the old French
manuscripts of the 12th century.

A great help was given by the French
artist, and the designs were taken from
the old French manuscripts of the 12th
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the old French manuscripts of the 12th
century.

There shall be two & the last is the green
faintest blue. The first is the green
faintest blue. The first is the green
faintest blue. The first is the green
faintest blue. The first is the green
faintest blue. The first is the green
faintest blue.

Belgian artist