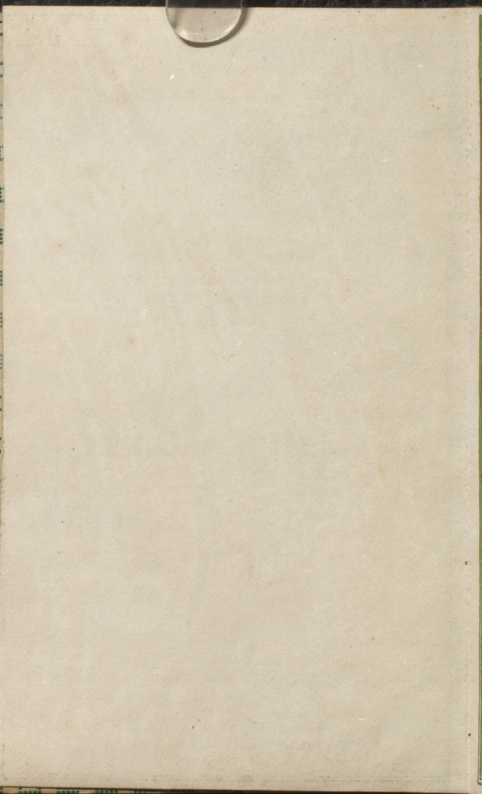


Where is it?





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THE UNIQUE  
Pocket Companion.

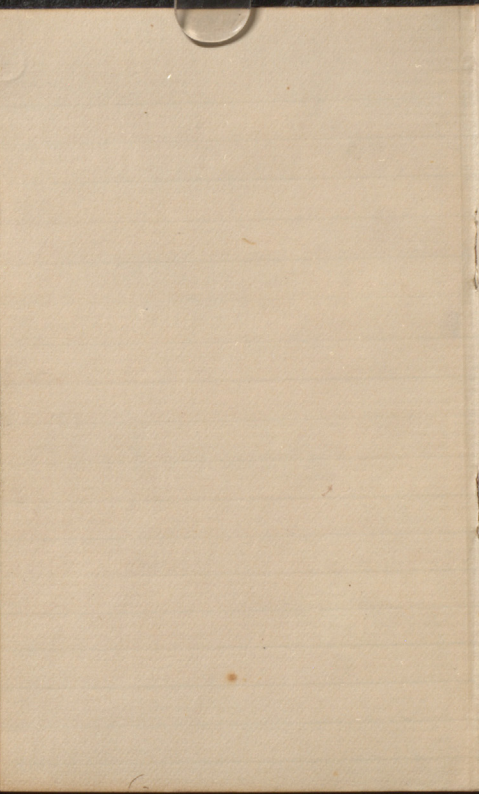
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Where Is It?

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GEORGE PHILIP & SON.  
LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

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Fragment of a document with a repeating pattern of small blue dots, possibly a barcode or a decorative border, located on the left edge of the page.

The main body of the page is blank, showing faint horizontal lines suggesting it was part of a lined notebook or document. There are a few small, faint brown spots scattered across the surface, likely due to age or handling.

Observations Thoughts, Fancies  
etc etc.

How inseparably is  
music connected with  
love, how when the  
first chords of har-  
mony flow towards  
our souls, a whole  
host of recollections  
eager to meet them  
Incidents long for-  
gotten, ineffable  
yearning, long buried  
hopes, a single in-  
inextinguishable & over-  
whelming confession  
& drawing the soul

with a painful  
pleasure, a delight  
ful misery

Nov. 1866

Oh ye mothers, sym-  
pathize with your  
children, come out  
from the reserve  
into which long  
intercourse with  
the world has dri-  
ven you. Draw out  
at any pains your  
children's confidence  
& in so doing you  
may save both  
yourselves & them  
many, many joys



It is useless to  
strive to banish  
sorrow & thought  
by monotonous oc-  
cupation, contin-  
ual gaiety is e-  
qually vain. It  
requires a whole-  
some admixture  
of both. A life of  
steady occupation  
with occasional  
gaiety is the only  
way in which  
there is the least  
hope.

Nov. 1855

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How quickly the weeks  
go by, how swiftly  
the months pursue  
each other, & with  
what speed even  
the years fly. Recalling  
at the ~~end~~ solemn  
close of life as we  
look back on all  
the past years with  
their experiences  
they will seem  
but as the shadows  
of a passing dream  
& all their agonizing  
joys & griefs will  
appear shadowy  
through the misty

wait of time, then  
for chance we will  
be able tranquilly  
to gaze on those things  
which now envelop  
us in a cold shroud  
of horror. And then,  
strinking while we  
bestow a passing  
glance on days gone  
by, we may be able  
to murmur "thy will  
not mine be done".  
I therefore hold out  
our arms to death  
to carry be carried  
to our Saviour's  
loving bosom

Nov 1866

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It is a fallacy to suppose that very young girls (say 12 or 13) are less shy & constrained than at any other period. In society they may be so, doubtless are. But as to their feelings the inward depths of their souls are sealed. It is only as they become more mature that they have courage to brave the too often unsympathising minds of

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not untrodden,  
we are but following  
in the steps of Jesus  
following Irish Horn  
Nov. 1866

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I am only fifteen  
yet life to me seems  
aimless & dull, in  
an earthly point  
of view & how blis-  
sed that there is  
Jesus to live for.  
How glorious, how  
beautiful it must  
be to launch into  
eternity with Jesus  
for a guide. Nov. 1866

Love! what is love? C  
is it the first pas- D  
sionate tenderness E  
that affects a girl's F  
heart, the quivering G  
of her soul as one H  
decides, nigh, the I  
ceaseless waking L  
sleeping dream of one M  
the steadily longing N  
when one is not nigh O  
Is it this? or is it P  
the cool calm deter- Q  
mination of riper years R  
the decision to take S  
a man for better for T  
worse because one V  
can respect, can W  
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trust, because he is  
good. Oh what is love?  
Is all the wild year-  
ning of the youthful  
melancholy heart to  
go for naught, only  
to be the effluence  
to render the soul  
more calm to listen  
to reason. Oh ye  
wives & mothers! what  
is love?

Nov. 1866

jealousy - what is  
jealousy? I scarce  
can define it. The  
short pang it causes



us to see our friends  
for one moment  
turn from us to  
another is scarce  
worth the name.  
The jealousy of love  
is the wildest ex-  
hibition of the passion.  
The novel jealousy  
is rarely found  
in real life I have  
never as yet found  
it. I will here il-  
lustrate this passion  
as I know it was  
once felt by a young  
girl. She had not  
always lived in

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Canada & perhaps  
her peculiar cir-  
stances made her  
precocious far her  
age was not very  
far from mine  
It was night  
she sat in the  
open air, but a few  
were round her,  
soft music float-  
ed on the evening  
air & one approa-  
ched the one she  
loved. Would he sit  
by her? breathlessly  
she waited. He  
placed himself

beside be another  
one of her dearest  
friends. The music  
no more entered  
her ears far less  
her heart, every  
nerve was strained  
to hear what he  
said to her, he  
wanted to take  
her hand he look-  
ed kindly in her  
face. She start-  
ed to my heroine's  
eyes but they were  
perceiv'd choking  
back her hand  
nervously, closed

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closed I opened,  
she clenched her  
teeth, there was  
no anger against  
her rival, no  
anger against any  
one - only a wild  
killing grin & then  
she went, it was  
almost a relief to  
see him go, & when  
she returned his  
place beside the  
others was filled  
his brow darkened  
& he seated  
himself beside my  
infirmant, but

heart throbbled  
with joy, she strove  
to listen to the  
music but the  
music of his voice  
drowned it mental  
ly she ejaculated  
"There is but one  
thing sweeter than  
music, love" and  
he took her hand  
& she let him keep  
it. It showed  
want of spirit  
did it not when  
she knew it was  
only because he  
could not be beside

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the other one, but  
poor child: love  
was mightier  
than all. If he  
had spurned her  
and held her up  
to public ridicule  
I then turned &  
said "Darling" she  
would have been  
at his feet. Was  
this jealousy tell  
me on the stage ones?  
Dec 1. 1866

How much people  
have said against  
"love stories." But

for my part I like  
them. Very debilitating  
"says one old  
saw "Weakens the  
mental power" says  
another. But I fancy -  
perhaps it is only fancy - that  
if a horror were  
cast over my own  
love horizon, that  
it would be good  
for me to think  
a little on the  
happiness of life  
When one is sad  
one is so apt to feel  
I think all the

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world the same  
I wrapt in our  
gloomy thoughts  
to sink into des-  
pondency. But  
if we look round  
we find the rest  
of the world smiles  
as gaily today as  
yesterday. I though  
for a moment it  
throws a bitterness  
on us, our next  
feeling should be  
one of joy that  
the shadow is on  
us & not on all the  
earth. Therefore I

Think the despised  
love stories are use-  
ful. I do not desire  
sensational love, it  
is not love. What I  
like is the simple  
narration of simple  
true, pure, holy, love  
as God meant it  
to be & as it ought  
to be.

Dec 6, 1867

It has often struck  
me that the look-  
ing forward on life  
of youth, & the looking  
back in old age.

must be much the  
same. In youth  
life lies before us  
misty it is true  
but glows with  
joy, & very little pain  
is seen, & some un-  
pected events stand  
out clear, the heart  
is filled with  
indefinite longing  
In old age we  
look back on a mis-  
terious vista, in retro-  
spect joys are always  
the most ready  
to appear, & with  
dimming eyes we



Pass in memory  
from the joyful  
landmark to another  
and our souls are  
also filled with  
longing, but no  
more indeterminate  
for we know for  
what we wait  
now, all earthly  
things are fading  
from our sight  
but yet a retro  
spect must be  
very sweet, for  
even if our life  
was very painful  
still let us hope

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That we shall be  
able to recall a  
few words of  
kindly sympathy  
spoken to one in  
need, a few loving  
acts done for our  
Master's sake.

————— Dec 5/66

A happy love may  
be forgot, in the  
course of revolving  
years; the trials of  
after life may cause  
us to look back on  
it but as a tri-  
fling, delusive,

glorious trance, too  
dreamy, I like Elysium  
to last. But when we  
happy love, can it  
be forgot? I think  
not, sorrow brands  
too deep with its  
mournful mark.  
In all the joys &  
fears of life the  
one agony of the  
spring time of life  
will stand out  
clear & defined. And  
the heart will de-  
light itself in fond  
melancholy musings  
on the past Dec 12,

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How detestable are  
those women who  
give their love, pity  
sympathy, by reason  
by reflection! They  
are not worthy the  
name they bear. A  
true woman should  
be ever ready to  
bestow her sympathy,  
her pity, her magic  
powers of soothing the  
weary & the suffer-  
ing, without a  
thought as to the  
worthiness or un-  
worthiness of him  
or her, who needs

Do our little thing from hand and foot - because  
cannot begin the process by the glancing of  
duty when to receive and eternal has for the  
of course, weaving like the woven a pattern  
element - total sadness, unreflected with its  
reflected light - light - reflected from her  
when <sup>the</sup> <sup>own</sup> when she might - on our own, have  
only love appears, not - the less entirely  
hardness from the mother, space that  
marked them.



OLMVAUM 10ND5-MUAMG10

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text from the adjacent page]*

her aid. Let her not  
turn from an erring  
one with scorn, but  
rather let her re-  
member that she  
also is frail, & let  
her soul melt with  
her towards all  
evil-doers. 'Tis man's  
privilege to reason;  
woman's to love; a  
man needs head  
far more than heart  
& a woman heart in-  
initely more than  
head. Darken eye  
learned, wise, & ex-  
emplary females of

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the nineteenth cen-  
tury, I ponder whether  
with all the atten-  
tion bestowed on  
the head, the heart  
the melting woman's  
heart - is not neglec-  
ted.

Dec. 12.

Not long ago I was  
taking of people send-  
ing letters with  
secrets in them &  
requests to burn  
them, & I said that  
I <sup>would</sup> put such into a  
carefully guarded

drawer, I was told  
that I should not do  
so in case I should  
die suddenly. But  
suppose that I did  
not die but lived  
to be old & lonely, so  
old & so lonely that all  
my friends had died  
away, & there were  
none to pour their  
confidences on my  
ready ear, <sup>in the place of my aged friends</sup> in my  
loneliness a sad, morose  
feeling would come  
over me, then I would  
take these old letters  
& read them, & re.

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call the Trust-repair  
in me, I once more  
feel the my youth  
come over me, as I  
dwell on the confi-  
dences of long ago.

I would go forth  
strengthened, & more  
ready to sympathize  
with the joys & sorrow  
which so wildly ag-  
itate young hearts.

Dec. 28/1866.

People talk of  
making girls too  
cheap to gentlemen  
as a misfortune for



haps it is; but to make  
them too dear is a  
still greater mistake

Make her too cheap  
- all the "undesirables"  
find her easily won,  
easily obtained, & when  
they are satisfied, & I  
through the "select"  
may regret the cheap-  
ness of the girl, they  
if they are worth any  
thing will see her real-  
ly good qualities & be  
content.

But once make a  
girl a "rara avis" let  
the undesirables know

That they are "undesir-  
ables", I see that she is  
a "rare avis" let them  
feel her kept out of  
their way. Huh! all  
are eager in the chase  
Nothing is so sweet  
as the unattainable  
I the rare avis herself  
will soon tire of ex-  
hibiting her plumage  
to the select few. She  
will flutter & chirp  
for the unattainable  
(Stolen kisses are the sweet-  
est) she longs for the  
undesirables <sup>merely</sup> because  
they are undesirable

▼ Ten to one she will  
at last will wing her way  
from the "select": I cooing  
find her rest on an un  
desirable's basin

————— Dec 31/66

Let us look at a  
young girl. How sad  
it is to see such a one  
before experience has  
taught her ~~conf~~ caution  
before she has seen the  
world, or received the  
attention which almost  
every ~~one~~ man receives  
more or less. How sad  
it is to see such a one  
meet a gay wordy man

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full of grace & compliments  
just when her heart  
first begins to flutter  
at the name of love  
& she first begins to long for  
a resting place under  
her own. How eagerly  
she drinks in the  
ironic words of the  
gay deceiver, how she  
hastens to throw at  
his feet all her ardent  
soul guileless & suscep-  
tible as a child's, & pas-  
sionate & deep as a woman's.  
First she loves &  
believes her love return-  
ed, trusts every

loving word he utters  
every glance he gives  
her life is attuned to  
his. - Next she doubts,  
- she hears faint whis-  
pers uttered by him  
to others. But she closes  
her ears all is vanity  
but - what he says to her.  
Last - the time comes  
when she cannot but  
believe that - he is fair  
as rather that he never  
was true - wild dis-  
pair comes over her,  
then she girds up her  
heart - to insanely love  
forever with no return



all for her first love  
- She presses her  
hands over the dull  
aching of her breast, &  
with a choking  
voice wails in her  
dry eyed misery "Would  
God I had met him  
first - Would God I  
had seen him first  
& it might have been  
otherwise. But she  
cries herself & mur-  
murs "My life is for  
him my prayer my  
tears all, all for him  
& she rises & gazes  
On the fragrant petals

of her girlhood so late  
is gently unclashed to the  
light of his eyes, then  
she calmly, quietly does  
the <sup>secret</sup> choice of her youth  
& seals it for the <sup>right</sup> time  
is near, the darkness  
of loneliness, the dark-  
ness where he is not.  
As the dew of tears  
fall heavily she presses  
closer to her heart  
the sweet ardor of un-  
requited love.

But the morning comes  
slow but surely & the  
Sun of Righteousness  
who shines alike on

all arises I bid her do  
likewise, & she wearily  
yet peacefully opens her  
chalice all withered  
by the blasts of the  
night of loneliness  
& with all the bright  
colours all washed  
out by the rains of  
weeping. & the faded  
flower exudes more  
fragrance, than in  
the day of her glory  
& the Passers by bless  
its fragrant-breath!  
Perhaps he too sees  
& wonders at the  
beauty wrought by

sorrow & submission  
& passes little knowing  
that he worked it all,  
& all unwitting that  
her prayers are hourly of-  
fered for his soul, but  
surely they will do their  
work & reclaim the  
wanderer to his God,  
for the Lord hath prom-  
ised.

————— Jan. 14. 1867

It is said to be an old  
maxim every seed to bear  
a life an incense  
one sided being. But  
for one thing that old

it is better. The un-  
married have a more  
beautiful, pure & higher  
idea of love than others  
ever. The first-freshness  
of their first-girlie  
conceptions of love &  
marriage remain  
undimmed by the  
rough wear & tear of  
home life. No rough  
husband's word has  
ever disturbed the  
holy calm of their dream  
no strangled sobs  
has chilled their  
hearts - Go in this  
point - let maid's



Truly have the ad-  
vantage.

February 9. 1867

Poets have written  
of love, painters have  
painted of it, & roman-  
cers dreamed away  
their life in passages  
of it - but where can  
we find a truer, more  
more beautiful, or  
heart stirring mention  
of it than in Solomon's  
song? Love is strong  
as death - many waters  
cannot quench love,  
neither can the floods

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drown it; if a man  
would give all the sub-  
stance of his house  
for love, it would ut-  
terly be contemned"

These expressions may  
now seem hackney-  
ed but - the idea  
was no doubt taken  
from the above words  
"Strong as death -  
which is stronger, more  
relentless, less easily  
warded off than death  
has the floods drown  
it - purchase Solomon  
tract of the Jordan  
floods & of new mud

They drowned, how res-  
tless they were, as he  
compared love to it.

————— March 6<sup>th</sup>

War is a dreadful  
thing tis true but how  
gloriously it shows  
human nature in  
its true colours. How  
the cowards cowardice  
is displayed, the invin-  
cible courage of brave  
men is brought out  
how many men not  
mentally gifted well  
with steady, unflinching  
resolution & endurance went

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we are, even walk  
up to the canon's mouth  
with an intense single  
hearted patriotism that  
a keener intitled rarely  
feels. How ~~low~~ the  
latent woman is  
developed the careless  
flirt; the world-weary  
pleasure seekers man  
soon lose their assumed  
notions & find their  
true duty in the tender  
ministrations of love  
which only a woman  
can give. Oh was there  
so sad as Barrelet has  
purified many a soul

of Cross I showed the world  
that love & pity & sympathy  
& self-denial are not quite  
things of the East—  
April 30!

Many people seem to  
think that young girls  
look forward to marriage  
as perfect-bliss. Well  
I don't, & as I am a  
young girl myself  
only 16 I intend to vin-  
dicate my companions &  
state what I expect-mar-  
riage even the happiest  
marriage to be, — a life  
of toil & suffering even

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as single life is, but  
also a rest on a loving  
heart which robs trial  
of half its sting. I do  
not expect perfect sym-  
-metry. (alas! I have  
found already there  
is no such thing pos-  
sible) I think it re-  
quires all the grace  
we possess to bear with  
one who we are always  
associating so nearly  
with. But the pains  
& cares will I trust  
be softened by a sweet  
communion with one  
dearer than life. Part-

of the reason why I write  
this is because I think  
it will be such fun to  
read it - over when I  
grow up, when my present  
self will seem not-as  
myself then. Won't it  
be fun?

April 30

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You ask me to love  
you! - I did once love  
you, loved you with  
a firmness & truth, that  
you were far from  
understanding, loved  
you with a single -

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heartedness, that made  
life without you a  
sea of desolation bounded  
only by the grave, that  
made your tenderness  
& love as necessary to  
me, as the air I  
breathed. — But — des-  
pise my misery & tears —  
you taught me the  
bitter lesson of walking  
alone, taught me that  
if I would love you,  
I must do with no  
return, do so with  
nevermore, the hope  
of more than a passing  
smile as you moved

along triumphant. I  
was slow to learn, but  
you taught well, & spared  
no pain, in branding  
the conviction-lesson on  
my heart. - It is well  
I have learned too long  
to walk alone, to con-  
learn it. The time  
has gone by. - I, walk  
hand in hand through  
life with another? May  
you have shown me  
how to walk alone,  
the anguish of years is  
passed, but the bent  
branch no more con-  
pliant bend. Alone,

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alone, I walk I will  
walk, it has become a  
second nature. - I as  
for you, why learn the  
lesson you were so  
skilled to teach, it  
- surely cannot be dif-  
ficult - Ah so easy?  
trample on the quiver-  
ing heart strings, tear  
out the throbbing ves-  
ses, curb the breaking  
heart! Why surely this  
is nothing. - Learn now  
for yourself this very  
lesson you taught  
me - I do as I do - Walk  
alone for evermore -



Saw wise & gracious  
the Lord is! When one  
of his children worship  
an earthly idol, he does  
not tear it from its  
throne, & leave his child  
per ever mourning the  
early fall of its choir;  
one hour yet hides the  
idol that it may not  
be seen, - no - for the  
love of it would still  
remain - But with  
the sharp light of truth  
& yet the glow of tenderness  
he slowly unveils the  
earthly love, shears it  
of its magic glory, &

sets the dear uncom-  
promising light of truth  
shine into its innermost  
wells, & false glory,  
then, while the false  
worshipper beholds the  
utter ruin & weeps  
bitter bitter tears  
over her shrine not  
deserted, but no  
longer divine, while  
the hands hang heavy  
& the heart is breaking  
the Lord calls gently  
"I have shall be with  
you, when thou aw-  
akest - in my likeness  
be up & do thy duty, behold

The source of my comfort  
is ready to turn the  
bitter wells to sweet  
water, sweet water  
which shall gladden  
my saints, & impart  
a new life to perish  
ing sinners. Then  
indeed all is well!

1869

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A Life's History  
1

What will become of us? — It rang through the air, fluttered from every tree & flower, & throbb'd in every glancing vein. — Hoping, fearing — What will become of us? —

2.

What will become of me? — I rear'd it moan'd as from underground, with dull echoes as of muffled drums, my heart subdued & utterly weary echoes it. — Lonely, forsaken. What will become of me?

What will become of  
him? — My whole  
 being wakes & cries  
 with an exceeding  
 bitter cry, a yearning  
 fear, a terrible dread  
 — Hopeless, Godless —  
What will become of  
him? 1871

A broken heart!  
 Cast it out you cry,  
 a useless emblem's  
 salt that has lost its  
 savor. — But pause!  
 May not this broken  
 heart, broken in some  
 harsh strife, broken so



utterly that it can  
nevermore reform into  
into a whole-hearted  
& selfish devotion, never  
more lose all feeling  
but the all engrossing  
one of an absorbing love.  
May it not in that  
broken state be like  
castly spices bruised  
the sweeter & more  
fragrant, may not  
its many fragments  
glazing with a soft-  
ened & tender bene-  
volence, prove a boon  
to many weary souls  
panting as they trail

along life's dusty highway  
for a little sympathy  
or care. May it not be  
May it is so. - The costly  
mirror which <sup>John White</sup> only reflects  
one beautiful sinner of  
pleasure, when broken  
& cast-out, may reflect  
a thousand little images  
of God's bright Sun,  
shining little bright  
places among the weeds  
or thorns where they  
may have fallen.

1871

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a parting

The last day came  
Her heart repeated  
like a knell the words  
"The last day" "The last day"  
Yet, as she stood on the  
bustling quay, the  
bright river sparkling  
in the sun's low rays  
she said to herself  
"It is but a dream"  
& she smiled —  
The warning bell  
rang, & the smile  
died suddenly off her  
face, & left it cold &  
grey — — Then she  
saw him coming  
slowly through the

crowd towards them,  
smiling & saying  
parting words to friends  
as he passed, & she  
caught-herself dream-  
ily wondering how  
many people there  
were in the crowd,  
& what they were all  
thinking of —

He came nearer, & she  
noticed - still dream-  
ily - how low he had  
to stoop to kiss his  
mother — Then —  
he turned to her —  
On an instant the  
crowd, the heart, &

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the river fled away  
I in all earth & I  
heaven there ever  
only his hand holding  
hers so closely, his  
face looking down  
at hers with eyes  
of living light.

Saul gazing into eyes  
was as a punishment, or  
an eternity that  
they stood thus?

The hands part! -  
I a great blackness  
of blackness comes  
down on her? she  
stands, helpless  
still & open-eyed



gazing into its un-  
utterable gloom.

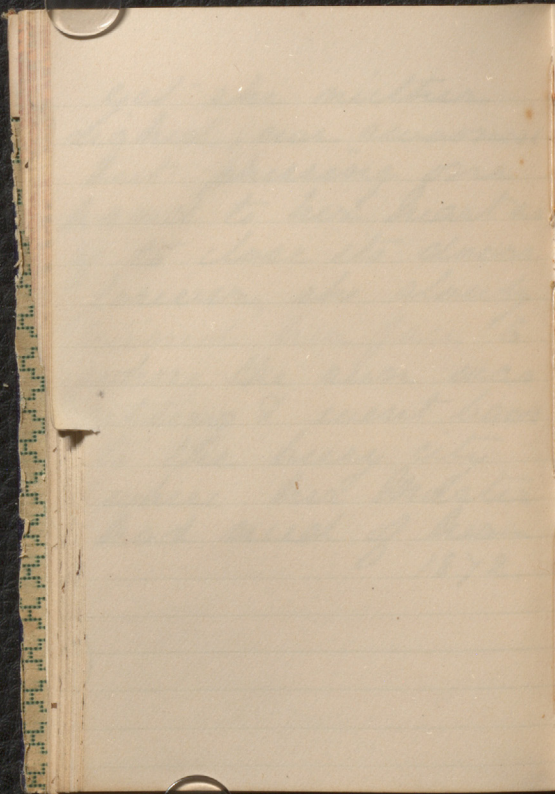
Slowly, slowly the  
darkness faded, the  
sky, the river the  
crowd comes back to  
her, & a far off ship  
with a black figure  
on its nearest deck,  
waving a white  
signal - a long  
moment I even think  
is gone - The dark-  
ness has settled  
down into her heart  
now, darkness that  
can be felt like a  
leaden weight.

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yet she neither  
sighed, nor swooned  
but pressing one  
hand to her heart as  
if to close its doors  
forever, she slowly  
turned her face to  
where the sun was  
setting & went back  
to the busy city  
where her Master  
had need of her  
1872.

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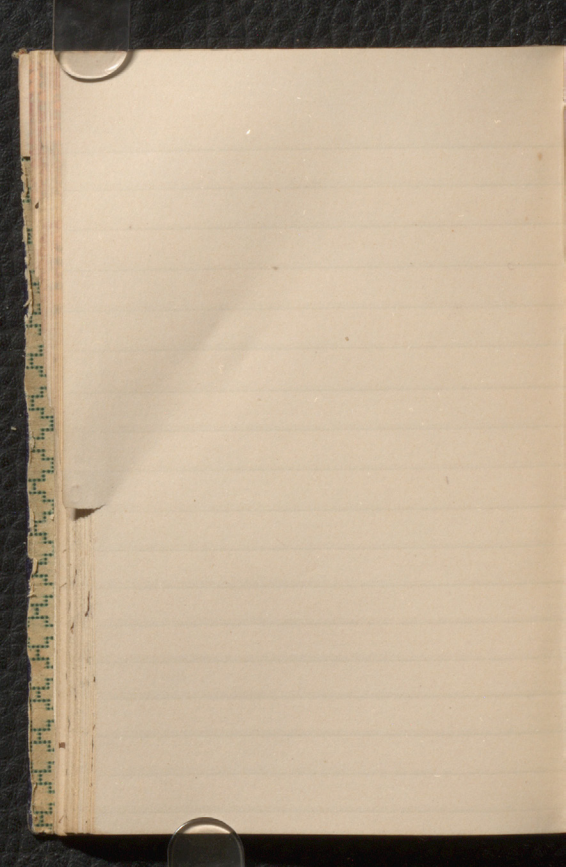
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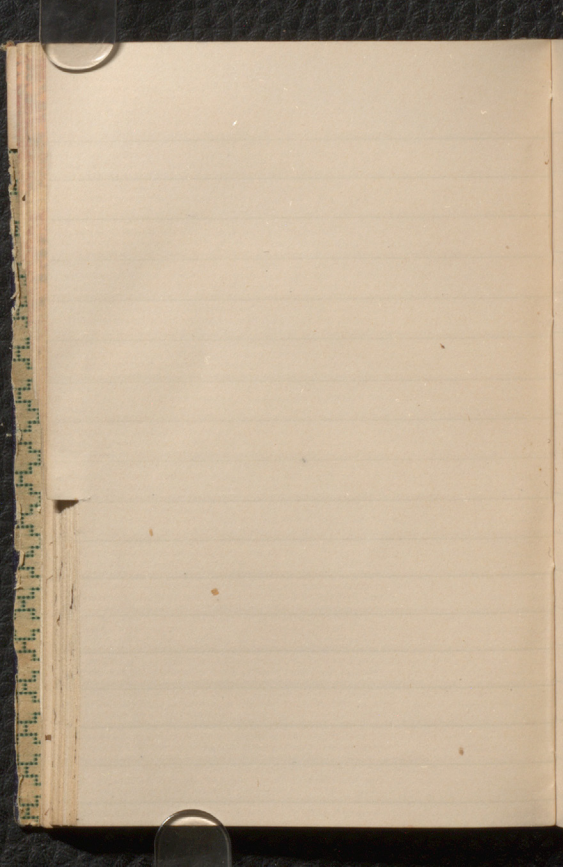
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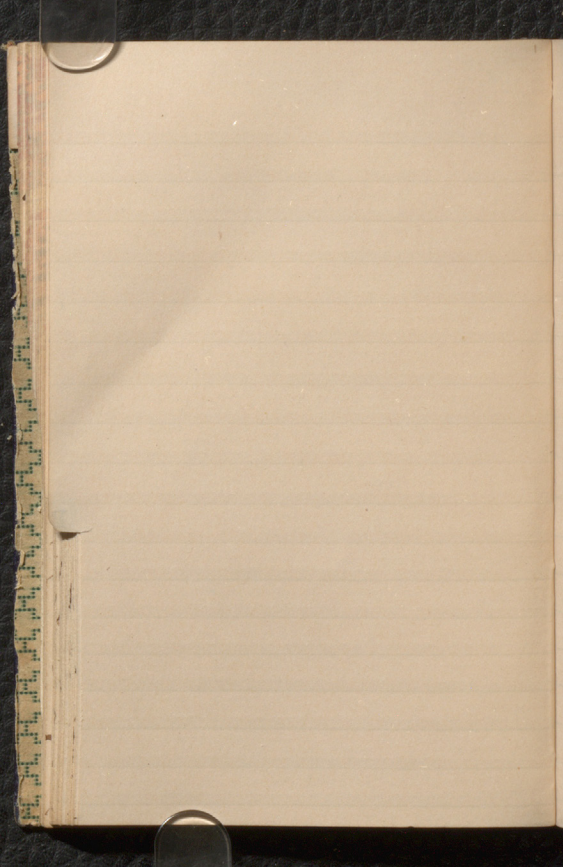
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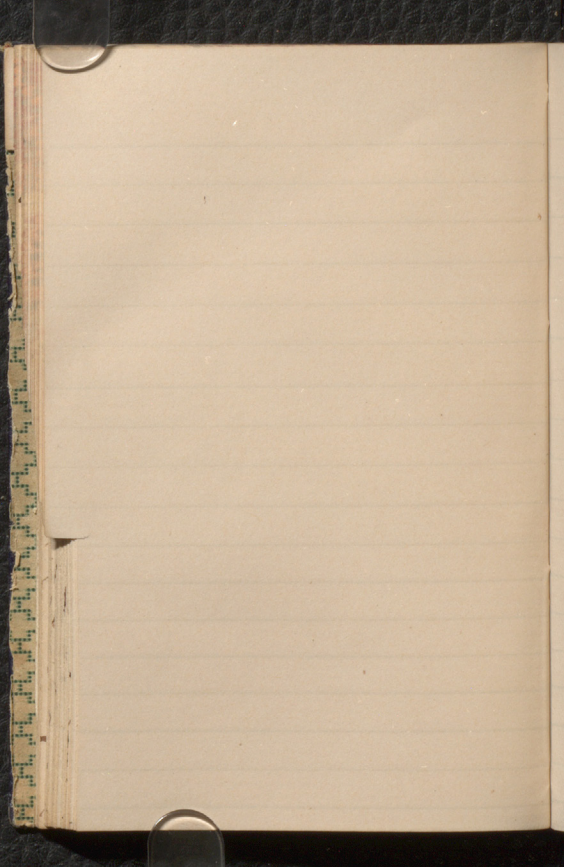
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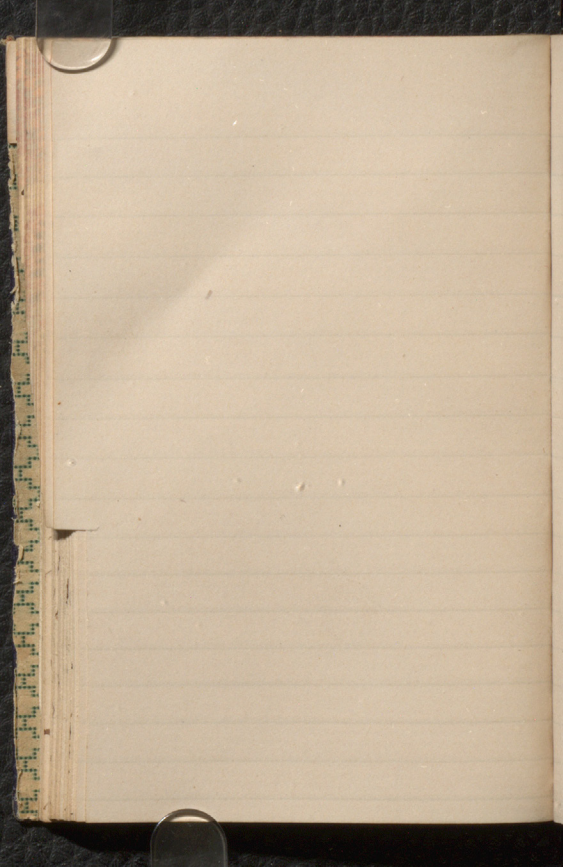
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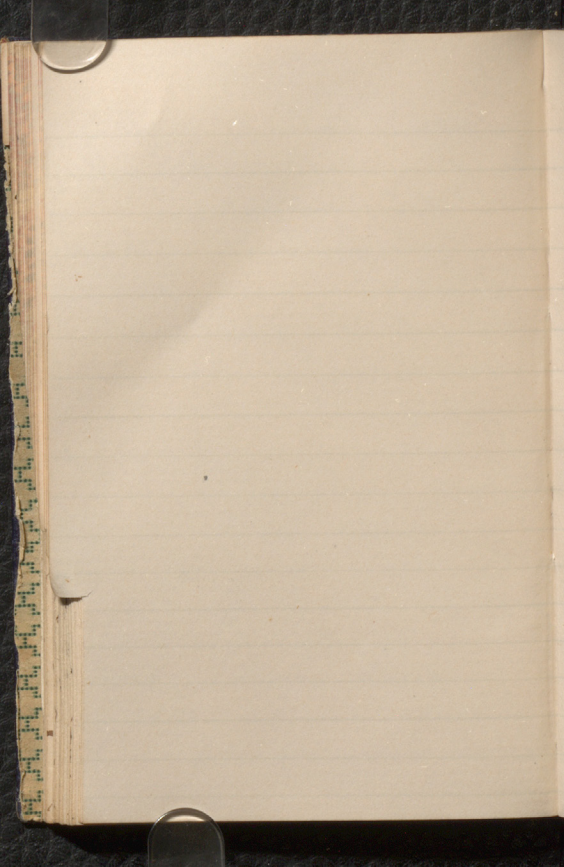


Here I stand just  
on the verge of womanhood  
with all my  
friends around me  
it is a solemn thing  
to consider now the  
future of this life  
has been contemplated  
before us but  
I think I feel when  
I die that I should  
enter a better  
state of life it is  
not unknown  
see then only are  
going home

Sunday Nov  
18<sup>th</sup> 1866

I am only 15 yet life  
to me seems aimless,  
dull, strange is not  
not, I blessed that  
there is Jesus to life  
far else indeed  
this world he is  
substantial, what a  
beautiful blessed  
thing it is to be  
to a woman next on  
after union with  
Jesus for a people  
1878 1140

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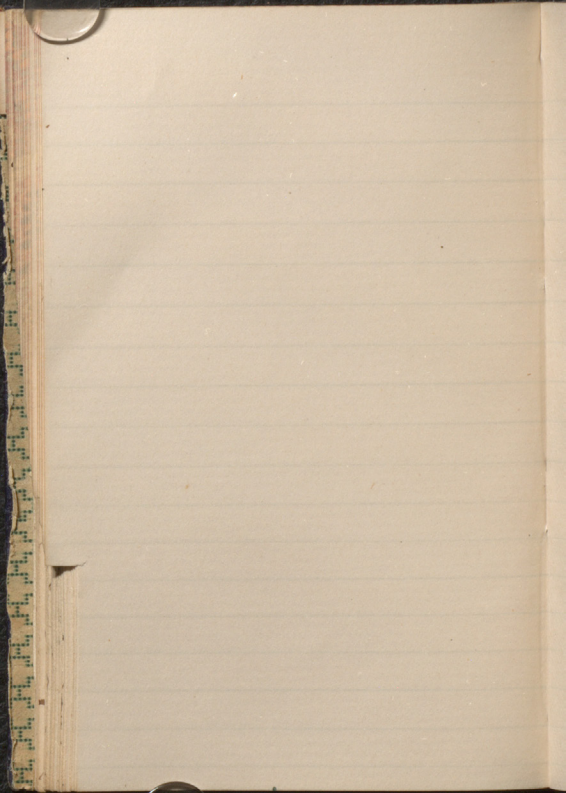
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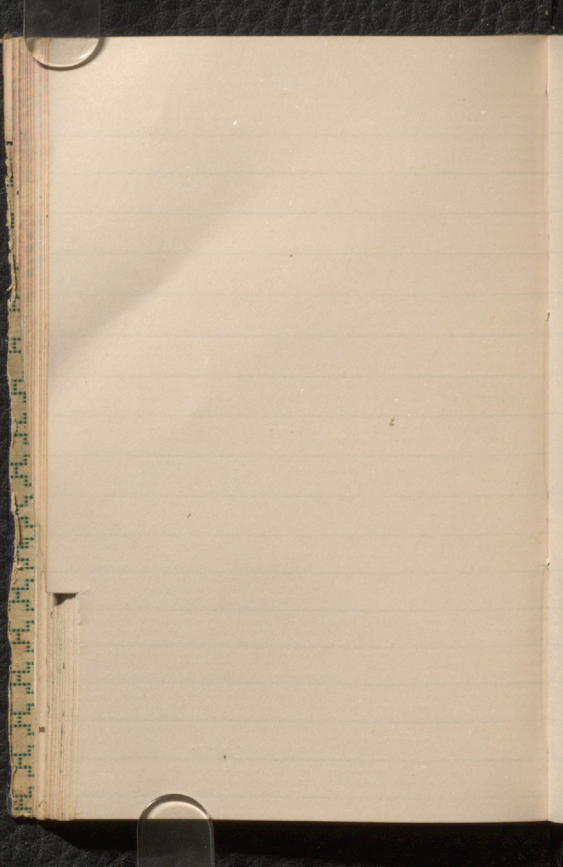
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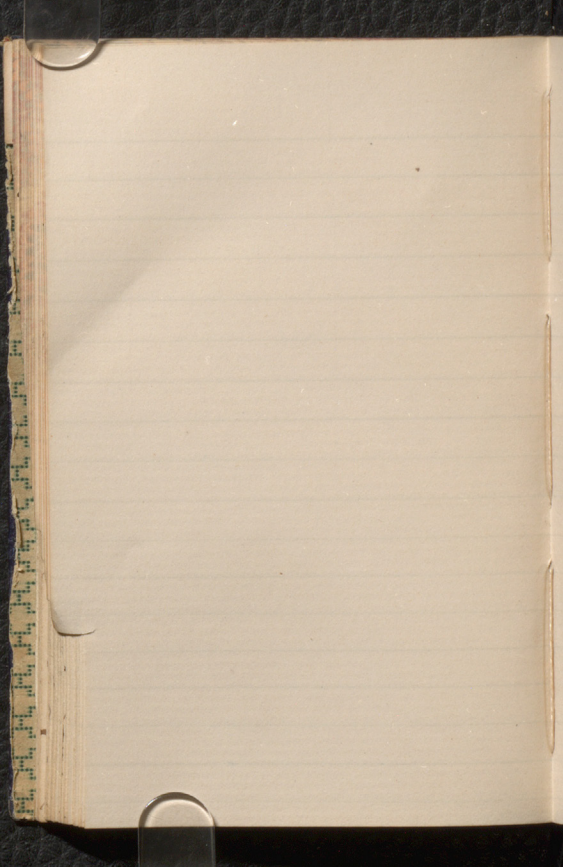




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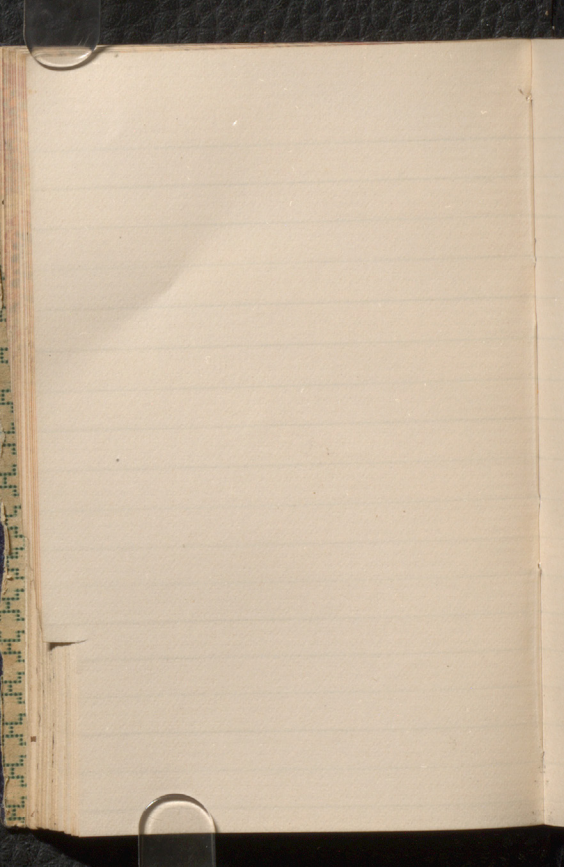
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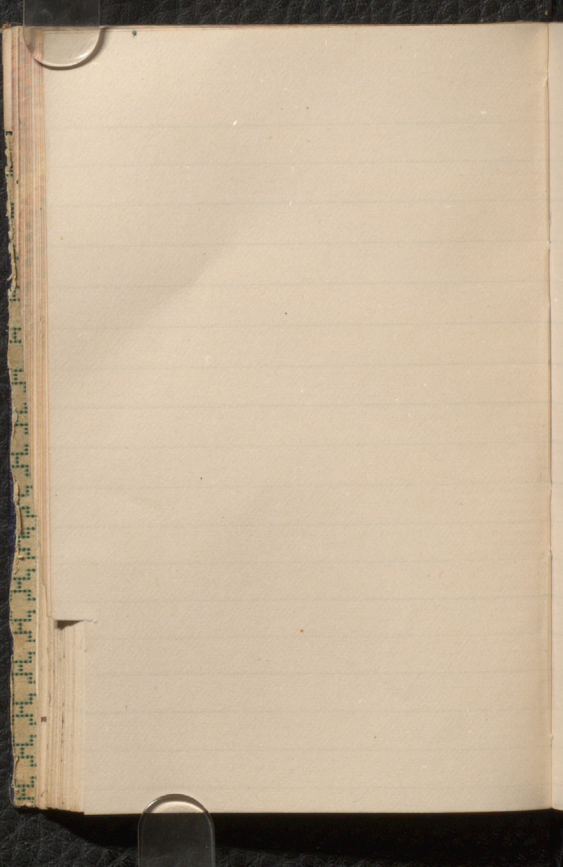
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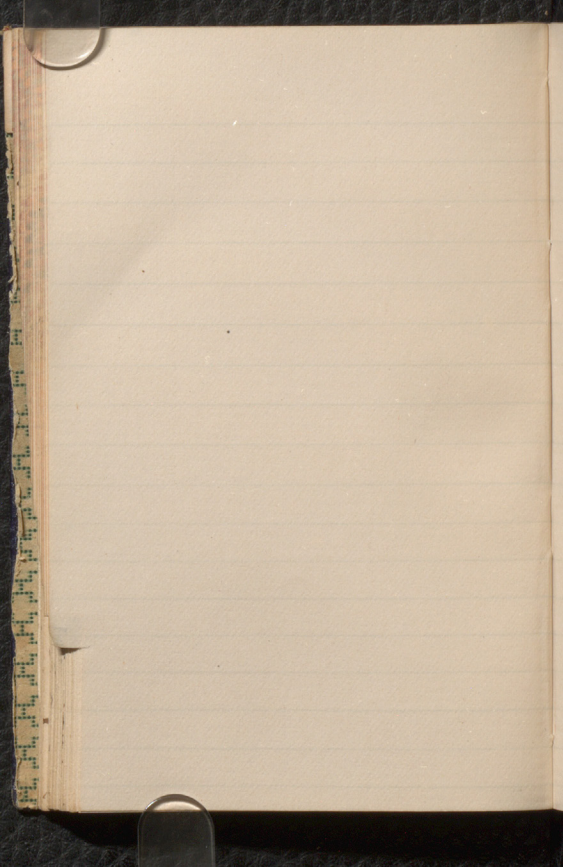
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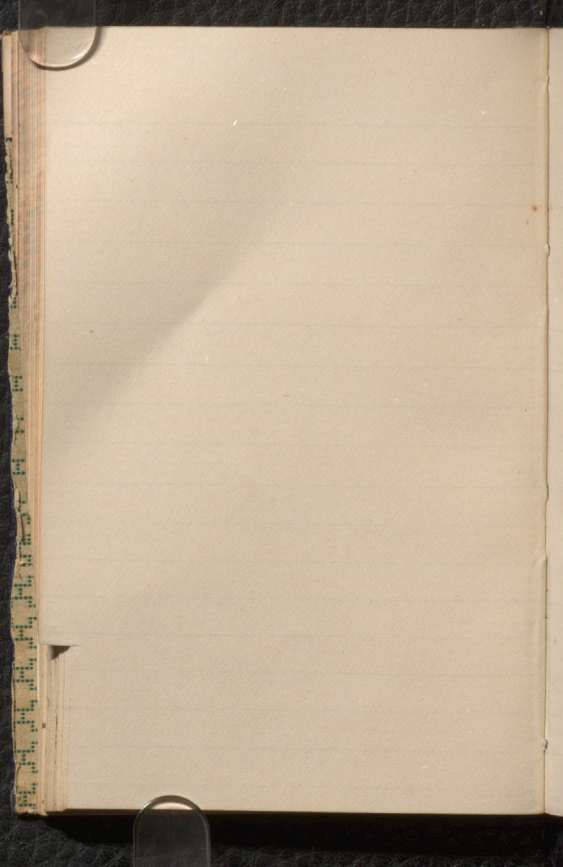
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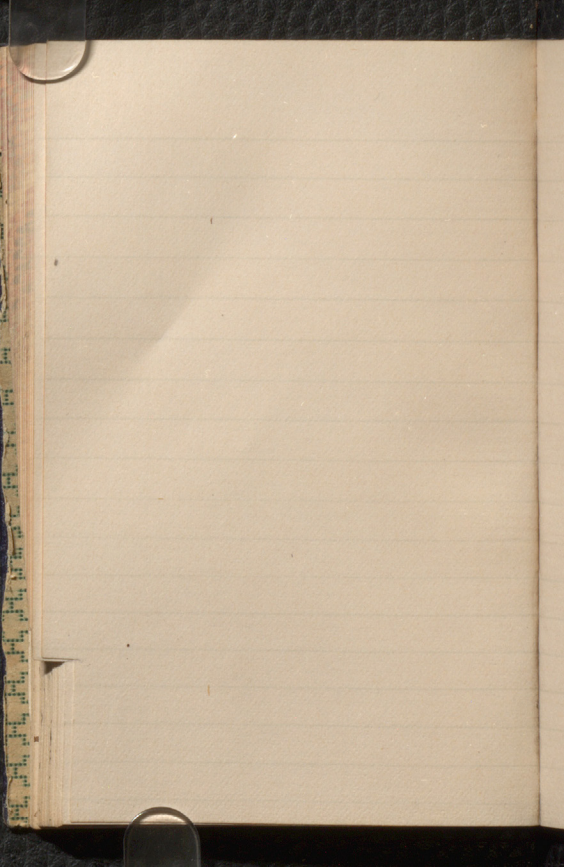
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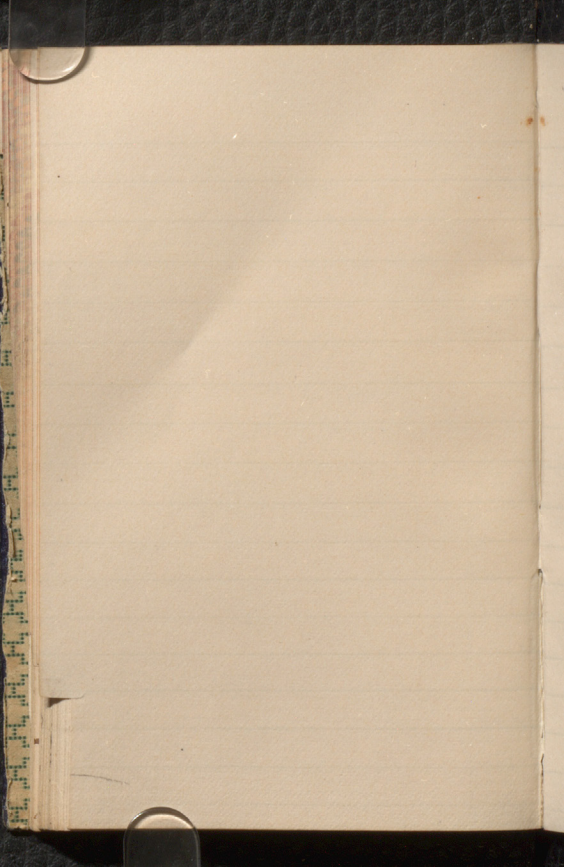
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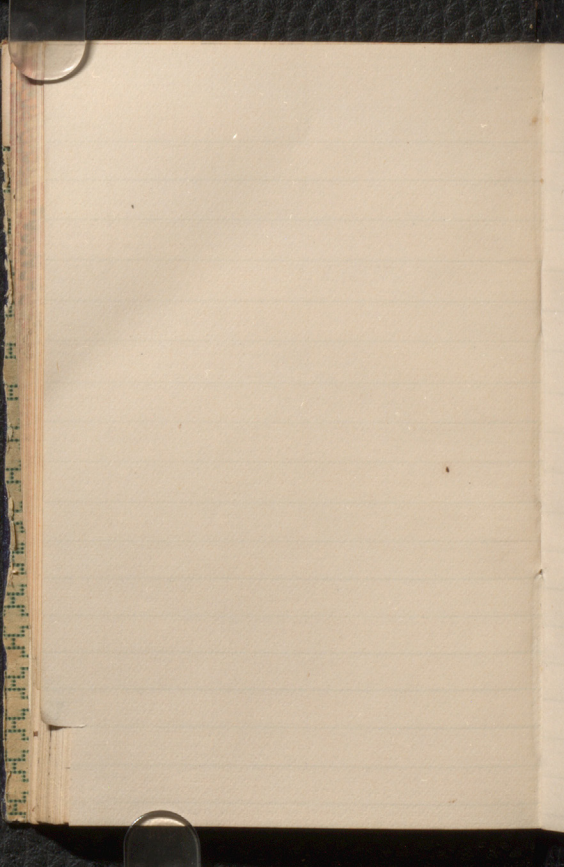


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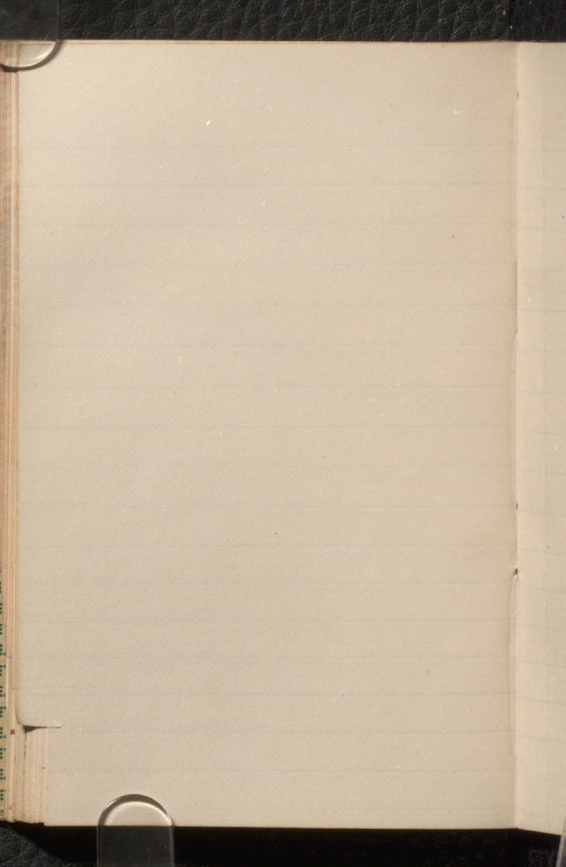
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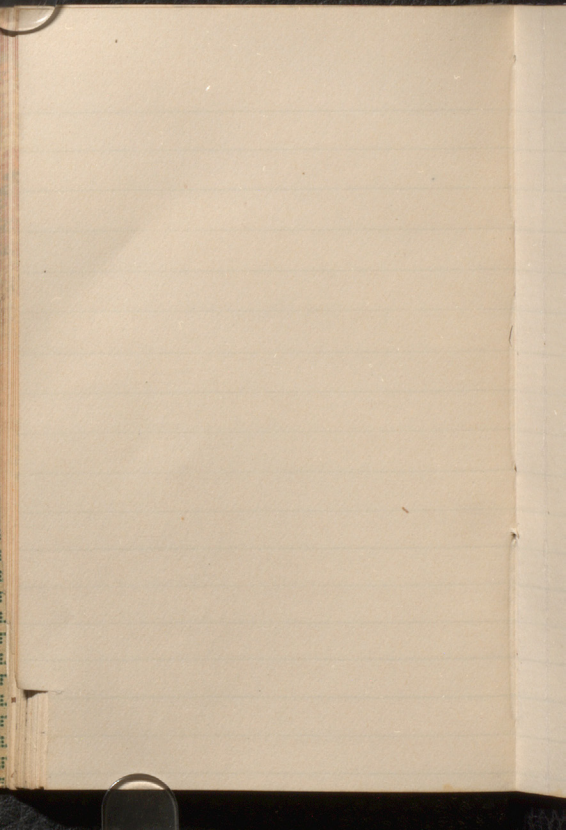




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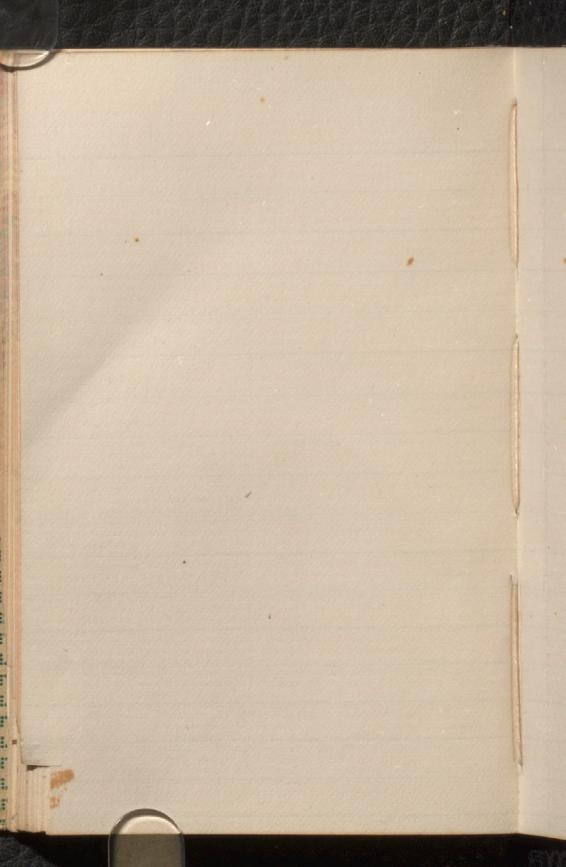
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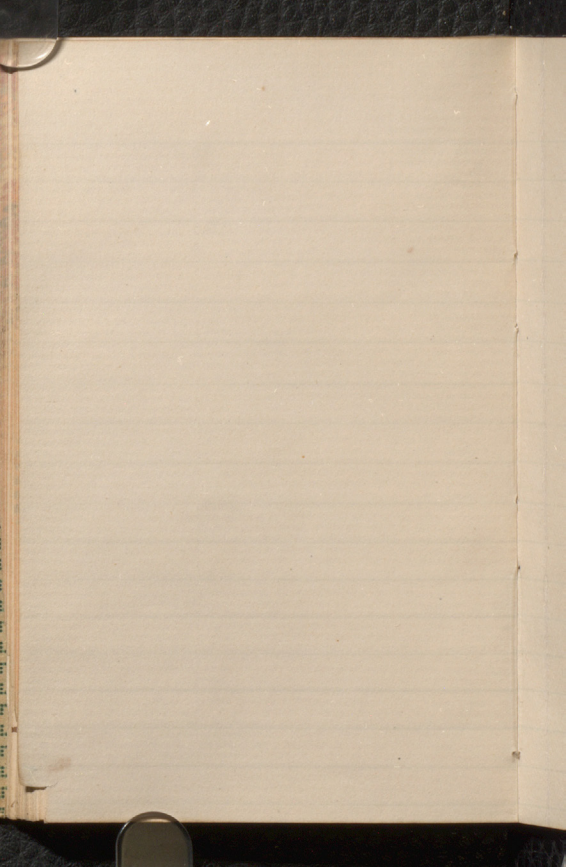
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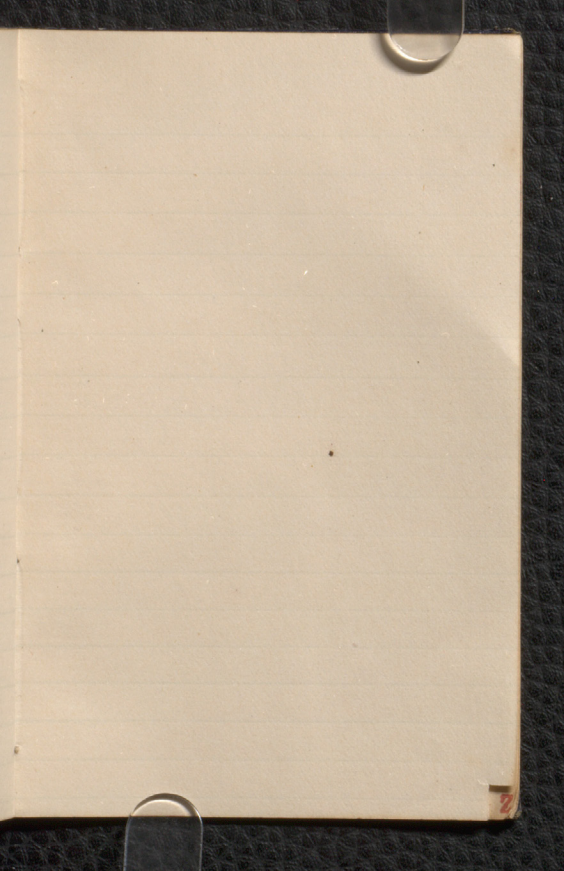
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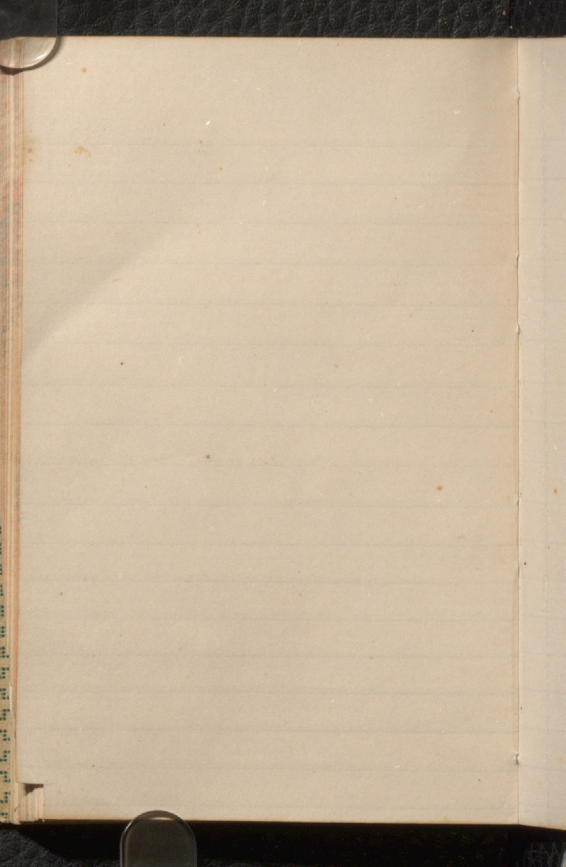


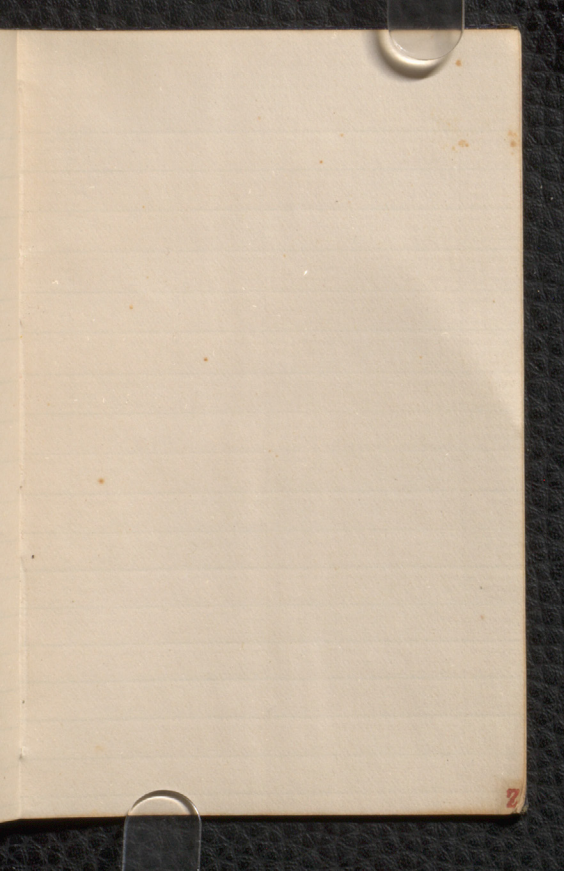
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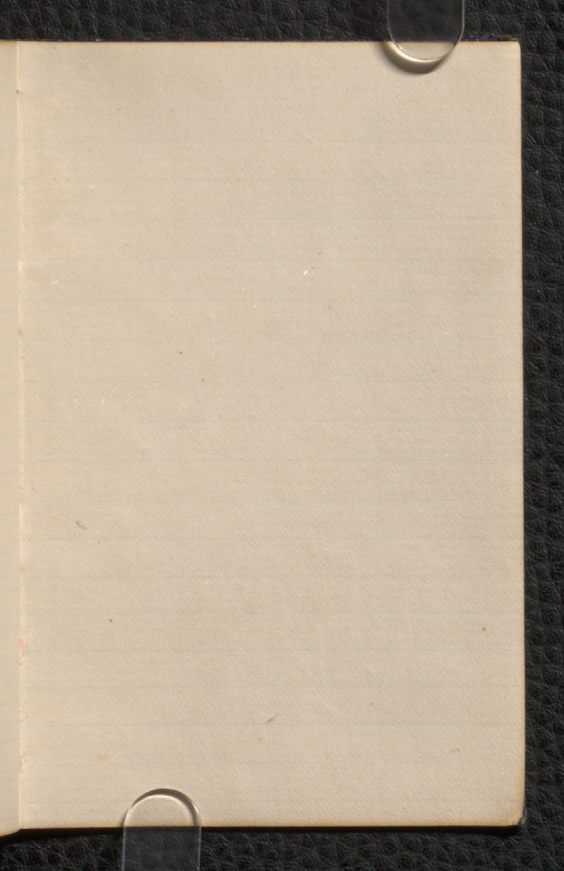












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