Where is it?

A B C D E F G H J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

The Unique Pocket Companion.

Where Is It?

GEORGE PHILIP & SON.
LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

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Observations Thoughts, Fancies etc etc.

How inseperably is music connected with love. How when the first chords of harmony flow towards our souls, a whole host of recollections rush to meet them Incidents long forgotten, indefinable yearning, long buried hopes, mingle in inextricable & overwhelming confusion & drown 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
childrens confidence
& in so doing you
may save both
yourself & them
many, many pangs

It is useless to strive to banish sorrow & thoughtfulness by monotonous occupation, continual gayety is equally vain. It requires a wholesome admixture of both. A life of steady occupation with occasional gayety is the only way in which happiness is the least hope.

Nov. 1855

How quickly the weeks
go by, how swiftly
the months hurdle
each other, & with
what speed even
the years. Ely. Reflection
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 shadow
of a passing dream
& all their agonies
joys & griefs will
appear shadowy
through the misty

vail of time, then
perchance we will
be able tranquilly
to gaze on those things
which now overwhelm
us in a cold shadow
of horror. And then,
~~thinking~~ 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 us carried
to our Saviour's
loving bosom

Nov 1866

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 hearts are sealed. It is only as they become more mature that they have courage to be true, the too often unsympathising minds of

those they love best

Nov. 1866

Here I stand just on the verge of womanhood with all my friends around me. It is a solem thing to ~~think~~ consider how the future of this life lies unknown, & untraadden before us. But thank God when we launch by death into that other & greater sea of life it is not unknown

not untrodden,
we are but following
in the steps of Jesus
following Christ home
Nov. 1866

I am only fifteen
yet life to me seems
aimless & dull, in
an earthly point
of view How bles-
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?
is it the first pas-
sionate tenderness
that affects a girl's
heart, the quivering
of her soul as one
draws nigh, the
ceaseless waking
sleeping dream of one
the deadly longing
when one is not nigh
Is it this! or is it
the cool calm deter-
mination of reason your
the decision to take
a man for better for
worse because one
can respect, can

trust, because he is good. Oh what is love?! Is all the wild yearning of the youthful maiden heart to go for naught, only to be the efflorescence 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 illus
trate this passion
as I know it was
once felt by a young
girl. She had not
always lived in

Canada & perhaps
her peculiar circu
stances made her
precocious for her
age was not very
far from mine
It was night
she sat ~~on~~ 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 straining to hear what he said to her, he wanted to take her hand he looked kindly in her face. The tears started to my heroines eyes but they were forced choking back, her hands nervously clasped

closed & opened,
she clenched her
teeth, there was
no anger against
her rival, no
anger against any
one only a wild
killing pain & the
he went, it was
almost a relief to
see him go, & when
he returned his
place beside the
other was filled
his brow darken
ed & he seated
himself beside my
infirmant. her

heart throbbed
with joy, She strove
to listen to ~~the~~
music but the
music of his voice
drowned it & mentally
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

the other one. But poor child! love was mightier than all. If he had spurned scorned, held her up to public ridicule then turned & said "Darling" she would have been at his feet. Was this jealousy tell me oh ye stage ones?

Dec 1-14

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

for my part I like them. "Very debilitating" says one old dame "Weakens the mental power" says another. But I fancy - perhaps it is only fancy - that if the sorrows were cast over my own home 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 & think all the

world the same
& 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 to day as
yesterday. Though
for a moment it
throws a bitterness
on us, our real
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 useful. I do not defend 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 looking 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 glowing with
joy, & very little pain
is seen, & some un-
expected events stand
out clear, the heart
is filled with
indefinite longing
In old age we
look back on a mis-
ty vista, in retro
spect joys are always
the most - really
to appear, & with
dimmer eyes we

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

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

Dec 6/66

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

glorious trance, too
dreamy, I like dreams
to last. But oh un-
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 pen-
choly musings
on the past

Dec 12

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 power of soothing the weary & the suffering, without a thought as to the worthiness or unworthiness of him or her, who needs

Poor little thing I have heard her lot-seems
bound to like the moon by the gravity of
duty ever to revolve around her earth
of cares, wearing like the moon a pained
almost-cold sadness, mingled with its
reflected light, light reflected from her
Adam, whom she might or ever near, but
only love afar, not the less entirely
devoted for the endless space that
parted them.

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 within
her towards all
evil-doers. It is man's
prerogative to reason;
woman's to love; a
man needs head
far more than heart;
a woman heart infi-
nitely more than
head!. Hearken ye
learned, wise, & ex-
emplary females of

the nineteenth century, I ponder whether with all the attention bestowed on the head, the heart the melting woman's heart is not neglected.

Dec. 14.

Not long ago I was taking of people sending letters with secrets in them & requests to burn them, & I said that I impulsively 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 in my ear & to give to my aged pleasures & in my loneliness a sad, morbid feeling would come over me, then I would take these old letters & read them, & re-

call the Trust reposed
in me, I once more
feel the joy gush
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 & sorrows
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, take they are satisfied, & through the "select" may regret the cheapness of the girl, they if they are worth anything will see her really good qualities & be content.

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

that they are "undesirables", & see that she is a "rare avis" let them feel her kept out of their way Yeah! all are eager in the chase Nothing is so sweet as the unattainable & the rare avis hereby will soon tire of exhibiting her plumage to the "select" few. She will flutter & chirp for the unattainable ("Stolen kisses are the sweetest") she longs for the undesirables, "simply" because they are undesirable

ten to one she ~~will~~ at last will wing her way from the "select", & coming find her rest in an "undesirable's bosom"

Dec 31/40

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 attentions which almost every ~~one~~ woman receives more or less. How sad it is to see such a one meet a gay worldly man

full of grace & compliment
first when her heart
first begins to flutter
at the name of love
& she first ~~to~~ longs for
a resting place wholly
her own. How eagerly
she drinks in the
honied words of the
gay deceiver, how she
hastens to throw at
his feet all her ardent
sweet guileless & susep
tible as a child's, & pas
sionate & deep as a wom
ans. First she loves &
believes her love return
ed. Trusts every

loving word he utters
every glance he gives
her life is attuned to
his. — But 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 false
or 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
chides herself & mur-
murs "My life is for
<u>him</u> and prayer my
tears all, all for him
& she rises & gazes on
the fragrant petals

of her girlhood so late
in a girly unclosed to the
light of his eyes, then
she calmly, quietly does
the sweet chalice of her youth
seals it for the night
is near, the ~~darkness~~ night
of loneliness, the dark
ness where he is not.
As the dews of tears
fall heavily she presses
closer to her heart
the sweet adder of un
requited love.

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

all arises & bids her do
likewise, & she wearily
yet peacefully opens her
chalice all withered
by the blasts of the
night of loneliness
& with the bright
colors all washed
out by the rains of
weeping. & the faded
flower exhales more
fragrance, than in
the day of her glory
& the passers by bless
its fragrant breath &
perhaps be thus sles
& wonders at the
beauty wrought by

sorrow & submission & passes little knowing that he worked it all, & all unwitting that her prayers are hourly offered for his soul, but surely they will do this work & reclaim the wanderer to his God, for the Lord hath promised.

———— Jan. 14. 1867

It is said to be an old maxim every soul to lead a life an incomplete one sided being. But for one thing that old

it is better. The un-
married have a more
beautiful, purer & higher
idea of love than others
ever the first-freshness
of their first girlish
conceptions of love &
marriage remain
undiminished by the
rough wear & tear of
home life. No rough
husband's word has
ever disturbed the
holy calm of their dream
No strangled sorrow
has chilled their
hearts — Yes in this
point old maids

truly have the advantage.

February 9. 1867

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

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 and
relentless, less easily
warded off than death
Nor the floods drown
it — perchance Solomon
thought of the Jordan
floods & of how much

they dressed, how resistless they were, as he compared love to it.

March 67

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 invincible courage of brave men is brought out how many men not naturally gifted will with steady, unflinching resolution endure want

we careless, even walk up to the cannon's mouth with an intense single hearted patriotism that a keener intellect rarely feels. How too the latent woman is developed the careless flirt, the world-weary pleasure seekers soon ~~for~~ lose their assumed natures & find their true duty in the tender ministrations of love which only a woman can give. Oh we can say so said so barrister has purified many a soul

of Cross I showed the world that love & pity sympathy & self-denial are not quite things of the past—

April 3d.

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 vindicate my compeers & state what I expect marriage even the happiest marriage to be,—A life of toil & suffering even

as single life is, but
also a rest on a loving
heart which robs treat
of half its sting. I do
not expect perfect sym-
pathy. (alas! I have
found already there
is no such thing pos-
sible) I think it re-
quires all the generous
powers 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 3d

You ask me to love you! — I did once love you, loved you with a fervency & truth, tho you were far from understanding, loved you with a single —

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 — does
Pride my misery & tears
you taught me the
better lesson of walking
alone, taught me that
if I <u>would</u> 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 convincient lesson on my heart. — It is well. I have learned too long to walk alone, to unlearn it. The time has gone by. — I, walk hand in hand through life with another? — May you have spoken, we hope to walk alone, the anguish of years is passed, but the bent sapling can no more — an pliant bend. — Alone,

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 difficult — Ah so easy! trample on the quivering heart strings, tear out the throbbing nerves, curb the breaking heart! Why surely this is nothing. — Learn now for yourself this easy lesson you taught me. I do as I do — Walk alone for evermore —

How 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 for ever mourning the early fall of its cherished one, but yet hide the idol that it may not be seen, — so — for the love of it would still remain — But with the sharp light of truth & yet the glow of tenderness he slowly unwinds the earthly love, shears it of its magic glory, &

lets the clear uncom-
promising light of truth
shine into its inherment
veils & false glory.
then, while the false
worshipper beholds the
idol crumble & 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
"Arise shall be satis-
fied when thou awa-
kest — in my likeness
be up & doing, behold

the sword of my comfort
is ready to turn thy
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

A Life's History

1

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

2.

What will become of me? — Drearily it moaned 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 unending 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 cumberer, salt that has lost its savour — But pause! May not this broken heart, broken in some harsh strife, broken so

utterly that it can
never more 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
costly spices bruised
the sweeter & more
fragrant, may not
its many fragments
glowing with a soft-
ened & tender benevo-
lence, prove a haven
to many weary souls
panting as they toil

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

1871

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 toward 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 boat, &

the river fled away
& in all earth & heaven there was
only his hand holding
hers so closely, his
face looking down
at hers with eyes
of living light.
Paul gazing into eyes
as a moment, or
an eternity that
they stood thus?—
The hands fast!—
& a great blackness
of darkness comes
down on her?
she stands, helpless
still & open-eyed

gazing into its un-
fathomable 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 & even that
is gone - The dark-
ness has settled
down into her heart
now, darkness that
can be felt - like a
leaden weight.

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.

O P Q R S T U W X Y Z

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Q R S T V W X Y Z

Q
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Here I stand just
on the verge of eternity
hand with all my
friends around me
It is a solemn thing
to consider the
future of this life
lies stretched
before us. But if
I can get safely
through the barrier
into the life of
rest & peace
not further
see then only are
going home.

Sunday Nov
18th 1866

I am only 15 yet life
to me seems aimless,
& dull, strange is it
not? I blessed that
there is hope to life
for else unbearable
this world for us
would be, what a
wonderful blessed
thing it would be
to have a right or
fair sight with the
heavenly angels
Dec 18 1886

S T U W X Y Z

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