

**THE LESSONS OF THE
AGES. THROUGH
THE INSPIRATION OF
MISS S. A. RAMSDELL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649474004

The Lessons of the Ages. Through the Inspiration of Miss S. A. Ramsdell by Theodore Parker

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THEODORE PARKER

**THE LESSONS OF THE
AGES. THROUGH
THE INSPIRATION OF
MISS S. A. RAMSDELL**

THE
LESSONS OF THE AGES,

BY THEODORE PARKER.

THROUGH THE INSPIRATION OF

MISS S. A. RAMSDELL.

If we are God's, then let us do God's work,
And grapple with the fires of hell,
To burn to dross the selfishness
Lawrought in soul desire.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
43 KILBY STREET.
1882.

Gift
Ralph Cudde
#-3-44

MY GUIDE AND I.

A FRIEND once met me in the dark,
And through much cunning and fine art,
Said: "Come with me, the way seems fair,
We'll walk along, a loving pair,
And give ourselves to duty's call,
Not asking Self or love at all,
But simply say 'in God we trust.'
Follow what will, come what must,
Our standard high, our faith supreme,
Humanity the living stream
That we must better if we can,
By lending will to heart and hand.
Unfurl our banner for the right,
The only power that giveth might;
Step down, if need be to secure
The gem called Charity, whose birth is pure,
And greater than a diadem
To crown the hearts of living men.
To angels help we will give heed,
Asking whenever much in need,
And if the way seems filled with doubt
We'll never stop and turn about,
But bravely on, the uphill side
Oft times presents the loveliest ride.
And in our journey on together

07-31-44 8601

We will be friends in spite of weather,
In spite of all that's dark and drear
We will with fate hold goodly cheer,
And never murmur on the way,
But greet the monarch day by day,
As picking in the affairs of life
Is held to us the signal strife.
Must we turn back, think ye, my friend,
When duty calls and angels lead
Their strength of purpose to our walk?
Let us be careful how we talk,
Let us be careful how we act,
If angels guide this love compact.
The world expects roses full blown
From every bush that heaven hath shown,
Without a thorn, all coloring true,
Without a yellow mixed with blue,
Without a sham of any kind
To save the world from being blind.
Think ye, my friend, we can succeed
By giving life to human need?
Succeed in yielding to the test
That God smites those he loves the best,
And crowns them with a work in hand,
Sustained in full by angel band?"
I said: "My friend, your way seems clever,
Although despondent in foul weather.
Show me the truth — I'll give my life,
I'll enter in the coming strife;
I'll bend to circumstances all
That may surround me like a pall,
To find this God of truth and right

That took my mother from my sight,
And folded down the curtain dark
That shut from view one heavenly spark."
I said: "My life is poor indeed,
I'm helpless in the coming need,
Do with me as you will. Oh friend!
I do myself most willing lend;
Try me by every art you please,
On rugged ground, in paths of ease.
I would be true in every way,
If I am chosen at this day
To give my life at heaven's high call
I would yield self, and home and all;
I'll take my sister by the hand,
I'll reach to you in heavenly land
For council and as guide to lead
Me safely through the tangled weed.
Again, I say to thee, Oh friend,
My life to you I willing lend,
Give it the coloring that you please,
The discipline devoid of ease:
I must be suited in my giving,
Else my poor life is scarce worth living."
You say, "we must not talk of ease
When we have this whole world to please,
But I will do my best endeavor
To balance foul with fairer weather,
And as this compact is agreed
I'll state to you my present need.
A scribe I want, with pen in hand,
To give my thoughts from spirit land;
I've tried in many ways to find

One suited wholly to my mind,
But well I know a perfect zest
Was never found in any guest,
And so I take you, sister, friend,
And do my duty to the end.
I'll give you books — can you indeed
Make them supply your present need?
Give you bread without the honey,
Experience without the money,
And as you are the one I choose,
I'm sure to win and never lose,
For well I know no trick can enter
Where money fails to be the centre;
And well I know the golden lever
Can never you from duty sever.
I'll give you books, a few short years,
I'll give you smiles, and also tears;
I'll give you aspirations grand,
And lead you with my spirit hand
To where the soul shall find new light,
That breaketh through the darkest night,
And leaves the captive mind as free
As crested foam upon the sea.
And when I've tested all your worth,
And opened out the newer birth,
Think you, my friend, I can dis sever
The ties that bind us well together?
And leave you when you're most in need
Of strength to battle with life's creed?
I know you've oft times thought it strange
That I could take you such a range,

Without more comforts on the way
To give more strength from day to day ;
But well I know the faith that's best
Is never found beneath a crest.
Now at this time and in this place
Let us in friendship still embrace
A newer work of broader hue,
Both suited to myself and you.
It shall combine in system grand
To show myself throughout the land,
And take no money at the door,
Although I know you're wondrous poor.
But still have faith, like Ruth of old,
I never can be bought or sold,
But in your case, on moneyed land,
I'll give to you a business band
That will probe hearts with rod of love,
Dipped in the fountain head above.
Do you agree to this new scheme ?"
"I answered yes, as in a dream."
"Then here's my hand, my sister true,
We'll sift the old world and the new,
And bring our work within the range
Of every human heart and grange."
I sat quite still, I could not think
The spirit brought me to this brink
Of joys so grand, so filled with awe.
I said, Oh God ! take every flaw,
I would be pure as him of old,
Who in his deeds shone forth as gold.
I would be free from sin of every kind,

Of selfishness that so distracts the human mind ;
I would be free, that angels in their great desire
Might touch me with that living fire
Called Inspiration, and blend with me
For double life and work.
My guide then spoke, I held the cadence long,
He said, " My child be strong, brace well your feet,
On smoother ground we surely soon shall meet.
I've heard the new renunciation with joy, with hope,
You nevermore shall in the darkness grope ;
For in this living stream of truth
You'll find fair health and more of youth--
You'll find me true to every promise given,
I'll make it fast with knot of old gold ribbon.
Therefore be strong, be doubly stayed,
And brave and true as Orleans maid,
When in the springtime's early day
I bear you on your journey's way,
And stand in honor by your side,
A claimant for a spirit bride,
To work with me while time shall claim
The rivulet sounding in your name.