

**THE SACRED FLORA:  
OR, FLOWERS FROM  
THE GRAVE OF A CHILD**

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The Sacred Flora: Or, Flowers from the Grave of a Child by Henry Bacon

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BY HENRY BACON.

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"A book upon whose leaves some chosen plants,  
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,  
In undecaying beauty were preserved;  
Mute register, to show, of time and place,  
And various fluctuations in the breast,  
To her, a monument of faithful love."

*Wordsworth.*

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BOSTON:  
A. TOMPKINS AND E. B. MUSSEY.  
1845.

### INSCRIPTION.

To her whose "FLORA" first suggested this work, and who has fulfilled the mission of Love in joy and in sorrow, this little volume is affectionately inscribed, with the prayer that mutual sympathy may ever lighten earth's unavoidable trials and sorrows, till the golden circlet, with all its jewels, shall be complete in Heaven.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE name of "*Flora*" has been given to little volumes in which called flowers have been pressed, as memorials of persons, times, and scenes, connected with incidents in the life of the owner of the book; and sentiments, corresponding with the poetic language of the flowers, are recorded beneath or around them. The author of the little book here presented to the reader, has selected the name of "*Sacred Flora*," because the sentiments he wished to express, springing as they did around the grave of a precious child, seemed to him well symbolized by such memorial flowers as those to which allusion has been made; and he trusts, that thus gathered, they will be found truly the flowers of Christian thought and sentiment. In preparing a memorial of an angel spirit, whose life on earth was that of a spring-flower—sweetness and beauty, he would fain believe that he has done a work for other hearts as well as for his own. He would console the bereaved, and furnish preparatives against



the trial hour to those who have not as yet seen the dark wing of Death shadowing the brightness of home :

" Words of heartfelt truth,  
Teaching to patience when affliction strikes ;  
To hope and love ; to confident repose  
In God ; and reverence for the dust of man."

He has "looked into his heart and written." He has loved to write, because of the serenity which passed upon his spirit from the truths thus evolved ; and why should he not hope that *the speech of his own experience* may soothe other mourning spirits, by leading them to the highest and purest sources of consolation through the assurance and endurance of Faith ? He would throw around children—the present, as well as the absent—a Christian interest ; and if this work shall be successful in doing this, the great desire of his heart will be answered. He would hope that this volume might be a book for the affections ; a manual for solitude ; a friend whose words shall speak peace to the troubled elements of grief, when the memories of the past rush with violence over the soul, and the vacancies of the present are deeply felt. If so, it will do good to many a parent ; it will be welcome in many a home ; it will bring Jesus to the weeping Rachels.

This work would not have been put to press had not the author been assured that the Religion of Jesus has bestowed upon him a gift to be a comforter. The records of his ministry, kept by memory, afford him many precious evidences that this is his

vocation; and the success attending the publication of a former work,—“*The Christian Comforter*,”—verifies this belief. He was lately informed of a young lady in a neighboring city, long sick as a victim of consumption, to whom that work was so dear, that she enjoined upon her mother to permit it to be with her in the coffin; and it was so committed to the grave—a token of the spirit's love of the consolations of Christ. As dear, the author humbly trusts, this little *Sacred Flora* will be to many a parent, by the side of the early dead, or when, in meditative moments, the grave yields the beloved only to the eye of the imagination, or of faith. In this trust he has written, now publishes, and commits his work to its destiny.

In the following pages he has not dwelt on those things which make the eye weep tears like rain, without waking into action one principle of abiding strength. He has reverently imitated the prophets of old, who searched not only to discern “the sufferings of Christ,” and wept, but also “the glory that should follow,” and rejoiced. He has continually kept in sight “the Shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land,” while he has spoken of the sad pilgrimage which bereaved love must make. And written so clearly on his heart have been those words of God, by his prophet, that he has never lost sight of them,—“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.” The true mother not only seeks to wipe away tears of sorrow, or to blend the elements of hope with them that

they may not fall so bitterly, but she also strives to arouse to daily duties and deeds of faithfulness to nature's high ministries. Thus comforted, the heart becomes regenerated, and less repressed are

" Those gentle charities which draw  
Man closer with his kind—  
Those sweet humanities which make  
The music which they find.

How many a bitter word 't would hear—  
How many a pang 't would bear,  
*If life were precious were those ties  
Which sanctify the grave !*"

H. B.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

