

**VOICES FROM THE SILENT
LAND; OR, LEAVES OF
CONSOLATION FOR THE
AFFLICTED**

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Voices from the silent land; or, Leaves of consolation for the afflicted by Mrs. H. Dwight Williams

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MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS

**VOICES FROM THE SILENT
LAND; OR, LEAVES OF
CONSOLATION FOR THE
AFFLICTED**



“ THE MILDEST HERALD BY OUR FATE ALLOTTED
BECKONS AND WITH INVERTED TORCH BOTH STAND
TO LEAD US WITH A GENTLE HAND
INTO THE LAND OF THE DEAR DEPARTED.
INTO THE SILENT LAND !”

VOICES

FROM

THE SILENT LAND;

OR,

LEAVES OF CONSOLATION FOR
THE AFFLICTED.

BY

Martin (Notes)

MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

O, soothe us, haunt us, night and day,
Ye gentle spirits far away,
With whom we shared the cup of grace,
Then parted — ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again;
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain
Practised with you at Eden's door,
To be sung on, where angels soar,
With blended voices evermore.

KEBLE.

BOSTON:

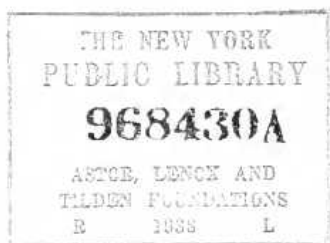
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STEREOTYPED AT THE
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DEDICATED

TO

The Memory of One

WHO HAS DEPARTED TO

THE SILENT LAND;

A MUCH-LOVED AND DEEPLY-LAMENTED BROTHER, WHOSE
EARLY AND IRREPARABLE LOSS HAS CAUSED
THE GATHERING OF THESE

LEAVES OF CONSOLATION.

"Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed,

With fairest flowers,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins: no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweetened not thy breath: the redbreast would,
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none
To winterground thy corse."

P R E F A C E .

“INTO the Silent Land!” Ah, who can say that the footsteps of none he once loved on earth have entered the “shadows of that pale realm”? Death, sooner or later, cometh to all: the white and venerable locks of the aged, the maturity of manhood, the ruddy freshness of youth, whose flashing eye is salient with life and health, and the tender bud of infaney,—all soon, too soon, fall before the scythe of the pitiless destroyer.

“The air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead.”

No suffering, no anguish, is like unto that of the deeply heart-stricken mourner, as he bendeth over his forever-hushed, but beloved, dead. Often, at such times, the heart and soul, though wonderfully stirred, feels a grief “too deep for tears.” A link of the chain that bound him to earth has been rudely riven; and the vanity of this life, the nearness of eternity, with its all-absorbing interests, are felt and acknowledged. Such sad visitations of Providence induce

within us an insatiable desire to know more of the future ; and the flight thitherward of the spirit of one who in life has been very dear, perhaps the dearest, seems to cast a soft halo of light into that future. Then the Christian finds the blessed promises of God, and the death and resurrection of Christ, unspeakably precious ; he feels the need of the heavenly Comforter, and, while seeking to cast all his care on him, "knowing that he careth for him," what may have seemed the dark and distant future is illumed with an almost unclouded noonday brightness. Every earthly woe, every trial and care, can be mitigated by the consoling and sustaining influences of our holy religion. God has promised to "comfort all who mourn," if, in the time of their sorrow, they seek him.

Prayer, and reading the word of God, will not only afford sweet consolation in the deepest affliction, but prove a tower of defence, a shield against the temptations that frequently assail us at such times. Another source of comfort is to be found in the perusal of the writings of good and holy men who have felt the same bitter heart grief, and whose works abound with passages most touchingly fitted to console under the heaviest afflictions ; teaching us how to meet, bear, and wisely use all such chastenings for our spiritual advancement. Our literature, too, contains much prose and poetry addressed to the heart stricken, desponding, and des-