

**CUTTINGS: SELECTED
FROM THE
WRITINGS OF MRS.
P. ANNETTA PECKHAM**

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MRS. P. ANNETTA PECKHAM

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UTTINGS:

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

MRS. P. ANNETTA PECKHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WELDED LINKS."

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DEDICATION.

With unfaltering faith in the universal love of God, whose mercy to His children "endureth forever," I most lovingly dedicate "CUTTINGS" to the memory of those brave Reformers, who, ignoring personal glory and regardless of the emoluments of fame, have labored earnestly for the promotion of truth and the advancement of that which pertains to the interests of mankind.

MRS. P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1877.

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CUTTINGS.

DESTINY.

Destiny is a spreading out on the canvas of time the wonderful conceptions of God's purposes, which have been inlaid in the magnetic cable of eternal thought, to be separated into knots and skeins, as warp and woof on the reel of eternity, and from thence to be woven by the mystic shuttle of Irresistible Will, in the loom of Incomparable Majesty into faultless fabrics with which to clothe the perfection of illimitable works. The tapestry of mortal life, the adornments of earth and sky, the glory of angels, the bliss of saints, are but the inimitable patterns of the Almighty's design, transferred to the objects for which they were designed. The developments of each day, both in time and eternity, are but the results of the unfoldments of the Almighty's purpose, liberated from the girdle which encompasses Divine will. The various manifestations presented for human observation, are as natural a sequence as the cycle of changing seasons. Time is the mighty power which unrolls the coil wherein is deposited the hidden intents of the Lord. The people who are yet to walk this earth; the statesmen who are to manipulate the affairs of nations yet unborn; the orators, poets and scholars who are to electrify human intelligence in the centuries

which lie folded back in the swaddling clothes of God's intent, live in the chemical processes of the Almighty, as veritably as do they whose quickened pulse speed them on to the unknown. The revolutions of day and night, the changing seasons, the fall of rain, summer's heat and winter's snow, spring-time and harvest, the rushing into life of animate nature, and the created beauties of a vast creation, are but the letting out of the illimitable sail which is reefed in the mechanical skill of Omnipotence. Creation has not been the subject of chance, neither was disorder brought out of chaos. Everything has developed in harmony, showing a fitness of each for the adaptability of that which should come after. The creations of to-day are the foundations upon which the morrow builds its edifice; so in the untold decade of centuries, each has builded its pyramid of colossal progress, upon the dome of its predecessor, each reaching nearer and still nearer the perfection of its antetype.

MEMORY.

Memory is the canvas sheet of the soul, upon which are outspread an imperishable panorama of all the devices which the mind has conjectured or the spirit conceived. It is the talisman of the past, and the exchequer whose tribunal shall justly adjudge the unfoldings of the great scroll of life. The paint of excuse, mixed with the oil of repentance and the grief of despair, may not obliterate one trace which the brush of thought has stereotyped on this magnetic scroll.