

**THE FLOWER FADED: A SHORT  
MEMOIR OF CLEMENTINE  
CUVIER, DAUGHTER OF BARON  
CUVIER; WITH REFLECTIONS BY  
JOHN ANGELL JAMES**

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**JOHN ANGELL JAMES & CLEMENTINE CUVIER**

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# THE FLOWER FADED;

A SHORT MEMOIR

CLEMENTINE CUVIER,

DAUGHTER OF MARCO CUVIER;



BY JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever."

NEW-YORK:  
D. APPLETON & CO.,  
900, BROADWAY.  
1838.

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## DEDICATION.

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MY DEAR S. A.

You cannot have forgotten, that during one of those seasons of severe illness, with which it is the will of our Heavenly Father so often to afflict you, I selected for your perusal, the short but exquisitely beautiful memoir of CLEMENTINE CUVIER, drawn up by the Rev. MARK WILKS, and inserted in the *Evangelical Magazine*, for February, 1828. You professed to admire her character, and wished to resemble her. Such a desire was commendable, and both on your part and on mine, ought to be assiduously cherished. I determined, therefore, to present to you the narrative, accompanied by a short account of her illustrious

father, and some reflections suggested by her early removal from the brilliant scenes by which she was surrounded, and the bright prospects which expanded before her. Although I dedicate this book in an especial manner to you, I design it of course, for general circulation, and for that reason, have adopted a form of address suited to young persons of your own sex.

You were not born to the prospects and the hopes of CLEMENTINE CUVIER, nor like her have you been called to see their growing brightness suddenly obscured by the fogs that rise from the dark valley of the shadow of death; but the scenes of opening life have for *you* been shaded by the clouds of personal affliction. May you learn more impressively than ever, from this touching narrative, to what source to apply for consolation, and in what manner to obtain it. "It is good," said the prophet, "for a man

to bear the yoke in his youth," and the sentiment has been confirmed by the experience of multitudes of young persons of both sexes; who, to the surprise of their gay companions, have uttered amidst the scenes of their sorrow, the following strange and grateful testimony:—

Father, I bless thy gentle hand;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forced my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!  
Foolish and vain, I went astray;  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,  
I left my guide and lost my way;  
But now I love and keep thy word.  
'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

Youth is a time eminently favourable to the cultivation and enjoyment of religion; the body is then vigorous, the mind lively,



the time at command, the spirit unoppressed with the rude cares of life, and the heart not bowed or broken with the sorrows of this world. Halcyon season ! did the young know it. But, alas ! they do not consider this, and instead of remembering their Creator in the days of their youth, they put off the consideration of piety to the uncertain hereafter. Their temptations I admit, are many. Youth is the vernal season of existence, and it is the first and only spring of its kind they will ever spend. The whole scene is covered with "living green," and adorned with blossoms of hope. Every thing has the freshness and charm of novelty. They roam onwards, pleased with the present, and still more attracted by the dim visions of the future ; and thus, my dear S. A., the character is too generally formed by the plastic influence of things seen and temporal, and formed exclusively for an earthly existence, while

things unseen and eternal are left out of view, and God is not in all their thoughts. Hence, Jehovah, in great mercy, sometimes darkens the whole scene by affliction, that in the bitterness of disappointment they may turn from the vain shadows of the world, to the substantial realities of religion. How many have been plucked from the vortex of earthly pleasure, by the severe but merciful hand of a chastising God, and have not only made it their confession on earth, but the theme of their song in heaven,—“*It is good for me that I was afflicted.*”

God is love, and since he has placed our world, through the mediation of his Son, under a dispensation of mercy, the sufferings of the children of men are rather disciplinary than penal. “He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.” His language that accompanies

every affliction is this, "I spake unto thee in thy prosperity; but thou saidst, I will not hear; this hath been thy manner from thy youth, that thou obeyedst not my voice; now hear ye the *rod*, and who hath appointed it." God hath told us in a few words, the secret of all the sorrows which he calls us to endure on earth; "*He chasteneth us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.*" We cannot imagine that the bitter disappointments and deep sorrows of the following narrative, could have been inflicted by a God that delighteth in mercy, but with some merciful design. Seek, then, my dear S. A. that in reference to your own trials, you may be of one mind with God in sending them; and you know what that is, *that you might be a partaker of his holiness.* An affliction sanctified, is better, said an old divine, than an affliction removed; and the first proof of a sanctified affliction, is an