A KEEPSAKE: DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS

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A Keepsake: Dedicated to My Friends by Mrs. Sarah D. Herritt

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MRS. SARAH D. HERRITT

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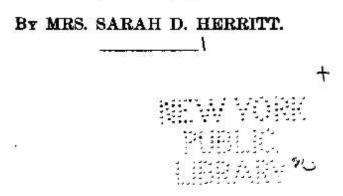
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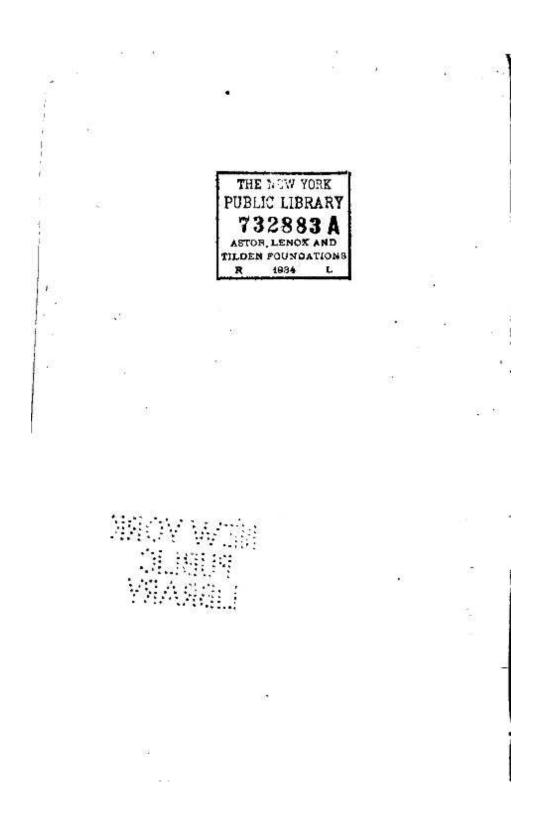
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DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS.



CINCINNATI: ELM STRENT PRINTING COMPART, 178 & 178 RLM STREET. 1878.

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MY FRIENDS:

WILL you take my arm and walk awhile

With me, over the fields broad and fair? And see how sweetly nature can smile

On her beauties everywhere ? We do not propose to map the way,

Nor to bridge all the chasms deep ; But over pleasant lawns we will stray,

And pause by some tombstones to weep. We will call a few fern leaves for you, And may add a wild blossom or two.

We shall take you by no other beat, Than those we have trodden before; Those where have failed our own weary feet,

Until we can tread them no more. The romancer's page is not found here,

The sketches we give are all true ; Our own humble self we would appear,

While thus reminiscing with you. Next to my God, my friends I prize, This for *apology* must suffice.

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A KEEPSAKE,

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THIRTY miles from Boston, Massachusetts, is the pretty manufacturing town called Taunton. A narrow, ribbon-like river meanders through the place, which ebbs and flows so gracefully with the ocean-tide as to create for itself many admirers. On the bank of this river, within a half-mile of Taunton's lofty church-spires, stands a rustic edifice. Up its side that faces the north, climbing vines have gone to mingle with the moss upon its roof, thus kindly covering the scars which battering elements have been multiplying ever since the time when the first war-ery was wrung from the heart of our young America by a proud squad of British invaders. But why linger about this old gray, time-worn structure, when costly homes lift their aristocratic proportions in every direction, vying with each other in beauty and in costliness? We are content to leave those modern palaces to their admirers, while we pay our *devoirs* to the humble reminder of days and of loves that have gone to the blessed beyond. It was beneath this ancient roof my dear good father

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received his birth; and it was here, too, the writer of this page first commenced an existence which is to run parallel with the ages Born August 1, 1815, surof eternity. rounded by all that is lovely in nature, and enshrined in arms of love-a wee, weak fragment of creation; her cradle no better than bulrush, and her garments were modestly embroidered by the hand of industry. No costly toys or painted candies bribed her into pleasant moods; but what was better, she was born to a strange heroism which in afterlife was to keep her from being wrecked amid the conflicts of human elements.

My father was an only son, and the youngest child of religious parents, and was early trained in the school of good morals and correct habits. He ever followed the divine injunction, "Seek not high things for thyself." To be faultless among his fellow-men was his highest ambition, until the grace of God arrested his attention when in the meridian of life, and directed him to the fountain of purity, causing him to fix his hopes, and center his all, in that Adorable One who lived our example upon earth, that we might attain to the light and gladness of life immortal. For many years he was one of those humble stars

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which help to make up the galaxy of earth's shining ones; but as his release drew near, his faith brightened, his mind expanded, and his bed of death was a place of distinguished triumph. He passed from earth-life May, 1848, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. Nature's green robe waves over his last resting-place in the beautiful cemetery at Jamestown, New York. His dependent family, some of whom were young, and others invalids, was left to the foster-care of our second brother, I. L. Hall, who filled the responsible position with a fidelity entirely above our highest praise.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BANISH grief and fear from the children small, And nourish their being with love;

Then when autumn leaves around them shall fall, Their hopes may be garnered above.

The joys and the griefs of my early years,

Are things I can never forget; So pitiful were those infantile tears-

Oft my cheeks seem still with them wet. Now three-score winters have silvered my hair,

And their storms have shattered my frame; My traveling robe is out of repair,

And the child falls to weeping again. But the tears of to-day are my benison, For those bright *spirit robes* I am putting on.