

**AUTUMNAL FRUITS AND
FLOWERS: BEING THE EFFUSIONS
OF A REFLECTING MIND IN THE
DECLINE OF LIFE; PP. 8-166**

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pp. 8-166 by Rachel Hunt

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RACHEL HUNT

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AUTUMNAL
FRUITS AND FLOWERS:

BEING

THE EFFUSIONS OF A REFLECTING MIND
IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

BY RACHEL HUNT,
Of Darby, Pennsylvania.

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1843.

WA

To preserve in a more permanent form some of the narratives and poetic productions of a beloved parent and friend, her immediate children and relatives have prevailed on the writer of the following Essays to suffer a few copies to be printed for their own satisfaction and private use. Should they fall into the hands of strangers who may have no personal acquaintance with the author, it is hoped they will be instructive; and that the devotional feelings of piety which abound among them will exclude the exercise of rigid criticism.—Ed.



He consoles the heavy-hearted,
 And he sets the captive free :
 Precious daughter, light's imparted,
 Life and power and liberty.

Therefore with a mind devoted,
 Serve the glorious Lord on high ;
 Goodness has thy mind supported,
 Freely offer'd, always nigh.

And the humble soul hath pleasure,
 Such this world cannot bestow ;
 Grace supplies with heavenly treasure,
 Warm with love, the heart will glow.

Gospel Ministry seems to have connexion with the charge formerly given, to wait at Jerusalem; hence,

GOSPEL MINISTERS,

In waiting, feel the power above,
 Descending on them like a dove,
 T' enlarge and warm the heart with love
 To all the human race ;
 Believing, speak—and truth proclaim
 With language good, in moving strain,
 And to the listening ear explain
 The power of saving grace.

Let such that do profess and say
 They know the new and living way,
 Be just, be faithful in their day,
 That they may witness peace.
 If I have had a perfect view
 Of gospel love, 'tis pure and true ;
 Its advocates should self subdue,
 So will their strength increase.

Sublime and dignified the cause,
 Justice and mercy forms its laws,
 And with pure wisdom gently draws
 The soul to long for food :
 And if the stream of life arise,
 Which ebbs and flows, yet never dies,
 But furnish new and fresh supplies
 Of sweet and heavenly good.

This saving power, through faith, we find
 Acts freely on the willing mind,
 And for redemption is design'd,
 In mercy to the soul.
 Impressive love that moves to speak,
 For comfort to the poor and meek,
 And strength for those that feel but weak,
 Would gather up the whole.

But what are words without the power ?
 Forgotten in less than half an hour,

Yet faith unfeign'd begets a flower
 That opens to the sight,
 Expands with many beauties rare,
 Produces fruit both good and fair,
 Nurtur'd by Providential care,
 Perfected by the light.

Then let the contrite heart believe
 In Him that never doth deceive:
 Oh! seek, and find, and to him cleave,
 And ever do his will.
 The fervent prayer availeth much,
 Made all-effectual by the touch
 Of Him that putteth forth, and such
 Desires he will fulfil.

How plain these simple truths appear,
 Made to the understanding clear,
 No mystery then remaineth here,
 Except to those without—
 Who let their lofty spirits soar
 Above the witness, felt before,
 They open wide the folded door
 Of unbelief or doubt.

In fancy's maze some have run wild,
 And then produc'd a spurious child,
 With pride the soul becomes defil'd,
 And has its just reward.

Is there true peace, or is there rest,
 Where'er the seed lies so oppress'd?
 No: sighs and sorrows heave the breast—
 The heart and mind accord.

Not so, when kindred spirits meet,
 Their fellowship and union sweet,
 In which they can each other greet,
 To worldly minds unknown:
 With humble gratitude they feel
 The heavenly unction, with its seal,
 Which flesh and blood could not reveal,
 Nor any power their own.

But heavenly light—

The light that shone round the illustrious Paul,
 Is ever shining round about us all;
 Makes manifest, instructs and reconciles,
 And, if obey'd, preserves from satan's wiles.
 But those that shut it out and turn away,
 May weep and feed on husks, when far astray.
 Then let this serious thought possess the heart,
 Before the soul and body have to part,
 Arise, go to the Father's house, and there
 Thou wilt find bread enough, and much to spare.
 No longer starve with hunger; go and find
 The Father's love compassionate and kind:
 Though no more worthy to be call'd his son,
 And but for mercy all would be undone.

NOTES

Taken on a visit to the YEARLY MEETING OF OHIO, held at Mount Pleasant; with other meetings, going and returning. Written often in the wagon as we stopped to water the horses.

8th mo. 14th, 1819, tenth hour, forenoon. In near affection I took leave of my family and friends, and in company with H. O. and J. B. left my pleasant habitation, at Darby, bound for Ohio.

While riding along, silently musing, I fancied my dear children were returning to their several homes and occupations, and my poor J. H. left alone to pursue his own plans. We made a halt at the widow Passmore's, where we were kindly received and dined on coffee; rested awhile, then journeyed on to West Chester. On our way we met with a sight rather uncommon, at least to me,—one hundred and eighty swine in a drove, the largest and fattest I ever beheld, going to Philadelphia market; they had been fed at the whiskey stills. It was with difficulty we could pass them. Reached West Chester, and met with a kind reception from our friends Nathan Sharpless and wife. Had an interview with C. M.; he appears to be interesting.