

THE WRITINGS

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The Writings by Sarah A. King & Virginia King Hascall

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SARAH A. KING & VIRGINIA KING HASCALL

THE WRITINGS



THE WRITINGS

OF

SARAH A. KING.

“TO LIVE IN HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND
IS NOT TO DIE.”

Campbell.



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION;

1884.

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1938



TO the personal friends for whom this little volume is intended it may not be necessary to say that my mother made no pretensions to authorship. Indeed, so slight a value did she place upon her written thoughts that only by urgent request were any ever published; and the few scattered manuscripts I have been fortunate enough to collect are so imperfect that I almost hesitated to copy them. Unhappily, my most careful search among accumulated papers has failed to discover some of the brightest compositions (many that were recited before Sorosis and other societies to which she belonged), so that I fear they are really lost. This is a great grief to me, as I know it will be to the many kind friends who held my mother in high esteem, and who, in their desire to possess a copy of her writings, suggested having them arranged in book form.

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Many verses written long before her marriage are, I find, preserved, while later ones are lost; and the poems of her first married years have escaped destruction chiefly because they were tributes to her children who had died, and not because she considered them worthy literary productions.

My mother expressed herself very easily in rhyme—her thoughts were always weaving verses, and she frequently set them to music; indeed, I think all the songs with which she delighted my childhood were her own composition, as well as her stories of adventure and wonder related to make happy the evening hours at home. Possessing more than ordinary talent, had she been willing to devote her life to literary pursuits, I am sure she would have reached a degree of excellence far above mediocrity; but being, withal, severely practical, she allowed her minute attention to home details to occupy the greater part of her time.

I wish I could do adequate justice to my mother's memory—I wish I could repeat verbatim the sentiments of appreciation which have been expressed by her friends; but, feeling my incompetency, I shall only attempt to refer briefly to her qualities of heart and soul, in the fond hope of paying some slight tribute to her merit which may outlast my voice.

My mother was deeply loved and honored; her admirable traits of character inspired confidence and respect, and her friendship was highly prized; yet she was extremely modest and unassuming, and never seemed conscious of herself. Her nature was too pure ever to be contaminated.

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Her mind seemed to turn naturally to what was true, good, and beautiful. She possessed a keen appreciation of *the right*, and courage to sustain it when opposed. She was loyal, just, and sincere, with a heart overflowing with tenderness and sympathy for any who needed help. She has strengthened many in trouble, teaching them, by her sound and healthful counsel, how to make their burdens bearable. She was never morbid, even though an invalid for many years, invariably finding, in her beautiful philosophy, sufficient compensation for the ills of life.

Notwithstanding her outside interests, which were numerous (she was treasurer of Sorosis, secretary of the Chapin Home, besides being an active member of many literary and charitable associations), her home received her greatest care and attention, and she gave that personal supervision to its every detail which is unusual, even with women who have no other occupation. And it is in *the home* that she is most missed—there where her absence is felt with a sorrow unspeakable. The void left in the hearts that were guided and guarded, consoled and counseled to higher effort, by her pure and holy nature, is beyond the limit of words to describe.

My mother earnestly desired to recover from her illness; she felt she had not accomplished half her work; that she was needed so much by those who depended upon her. The ties of earth were strong, and she clung lovingly to life; therefore, it was deemed wisest and best that she should be spared the knowledge of her immediate danger. However, she believed implicitly in the immortality of the soul, the reunion of friends, and the possibilities of infinite progress.

Her last days of extreme physical weakness and helplessness did not obscure the clearness and vigor of her mind; she became so spiritualized that she seemed to grasp the essence of being,—*saw thought*, emotions, and the perfume of flowers. She passed away Sunday afternoon, January thirteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-four. She had fallen asleep early in the morning and did not recover consciousness before all was over in this world.

“ Day after day we think what she is doing
In the bright realms of air;
Year after year, her gentle steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

“ Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho’ unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.”

VIRGINIA KING HASCALL.

75 East 55th Street,
April, 1884.

