

**A PLACE IN
THY MEMORY**

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A Place in Thy Memory by Mrs. S. H. DeKroyft

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MRS. S. H. DEKROYFT

**A PLACE IN
THY MEMORY**



St. George's Church, London, from the Strand

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

With the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.
MRS. S. H. DEKROYFT.

By MRS. S. H. DEKROYFT.

NEW YORK:
JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPED,
59 GREENE STREET.

1868.

TO

MRS. REV. DOCTOR E. NOTT,

OF UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

By the Authoress.

WOR 19 FEB '36

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PREFACE.

As the author of "Memoirs of my Youth" laid bare his heart to the world for the sake of dollars, so I have been induced to gather from my friends these letters, and bind them into a book.

(I had perfect sight. I was in one short month a bride, a widow, and blind;) yet Providence has made it needful for me to do something to provide for myself food and raiment.

Upon the loss of my sight, I was, through the influence of Senator Backus, of Rochester, allowed to spend one year at the New York

Institution for the Blind ; which time expired, and I embarked in the little enterprise of publishing this volume, by soliciting subscribers who would give their names and pay me in advance.

Accordingly, with my prospectus in my hand, I first waited upon the Board of Managers of the Institution, who lent me their influence, and sanctioned my efforts by subscribing for several copies each. The next day I waited upon the gentlemen of the City Hall, and, encouraged by their kindness, thence passed on through Broadway, Wall, South, and most of the principal streets of the city ; and now that my task is ended, and my little book is about going to the publishers, I have not an unpleasant memory associated with the whole affair. In the hurry of business, in the intricacies of law, and amidst problems half solved, gentlemen have laid

down their pens, read my prospectus, written their names, and paid their money ; and often escorted me to the door, and saw me safely down the stairs, perchance, directing my gentle guide where to find others as kind as themselves.

Gratitude is the purest of the heart's memories, and I can only offer to my friends, subscribers, purchasers, and all, my warmest thanks. I cannot compliment my own work ; I shall leave it with an indulgent public. In perusing its pages, however, the reader must remember that they were either written with the sense of feeling, by means of a grooved card and pencil, or prompted to a friend, from an overburdened heart.

S. HELEN DEKROYFT.