DEW-DROPS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: GATHERED AND PRESERVED IN THEIR BRIGHTNESS AND PURITY, PP. 1-202

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Dew-Drops of the Nineteenth Century: Gathered and Preserved in Their Brightness and Purity, pp. 1-202 by Seba Smith

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SEBA SMITH

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OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY;

Gathered and Breserbeb

IN THEIR BRIGHTNESS AND PURITY.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the trader beeb, and as the showers upon the grass"—Holy Writ.

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PREFACE.

DEW-Drops-and wherefore? The title to a book should in some degree at least be a sort of index to its character. In our present little offering, if the title is not an appropriate emblem of what the book is, it is certainly a true type of what we desired to make it. It was our desire that the brightness of the dew-drop should shine through our pages, while they should at the same time be marked with such plainness and simplicity, that he that runs may read. What is more pure than the drops of morning dew! So it has been our aim to gather into our little fountain nothing but sweet and pure waters; that while they spread over the moral "field of the world," they may "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew. as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass," swakening the better sympathies of the heart, nourishing the germs of virtue, and presenting, in its bright mirror, " whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever

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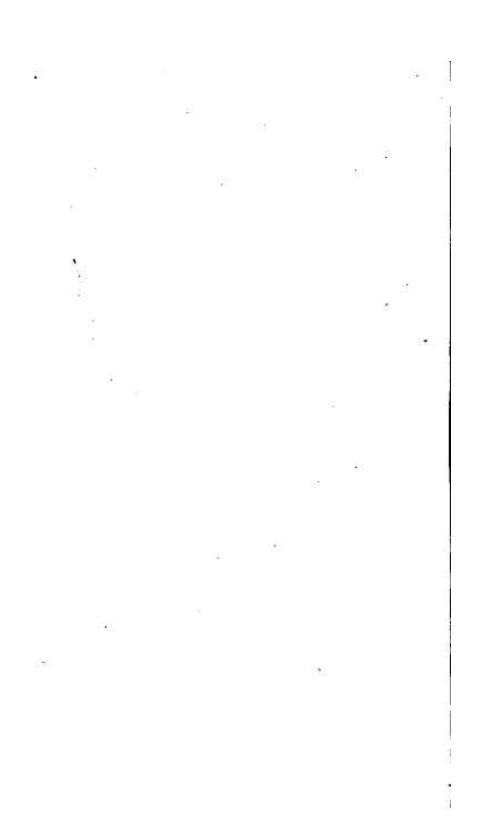
things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," inducing men to "think on these things."

We do not say that we have accomplished this in any very successful degree; but such has been the aim and such the spirit with which we have arranged and prepared this little volume. We feel a conviction, indeed, that in many of the articles here presented, there is a brightness, and a purity, and a beauty, that renders them worthy of the title of Dew-Drops. It is not necessary for us to speak of them in detail, for we cannot but think they will speak for themselves. There is one, however, to which we feel constrained to refer, that we may pay a humble, but deserved tribute to its author. It is the article entitled "The Wife," by Mrs. Lucy K. Wells. This lady was the daughter of a respectable and worthy clergyman in the state of Maine, who deceased many years ago. She grew up to become a lovely and beloved wife, and the mother of several children. But adversity and severe afflictions fell to her lot, with which she struggled for a few years with heroic and Christian patience, till she was at last borne down by their weight, and sunk like "the traveller in the midst of his journey."

She was a woman of high intellectual endowments and the purest moral culture. Under favorable circumstances she would have become one of the best and worthiest writers in the country. But her pathway was "hedged up," and opportunity was never allowed her to enter the fields of literature. She did, indeed, now and then in a momentary respite from toil, or in hours stolen from sleep, throw off an occasional article, and circumstances had recently placed two or three of her manuscripts in our hands. But while we were looking about for means of using them to her advantage, the silver cord was loosed, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and her gentle and tried spirit was exhaled, like a dew-drop, to Heaven.

EDITOR.

New York, Dec., 1845.



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