

A CLUSTER OF ROSES

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A Cluster of Roses by Cynthia Bullock

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CYNTHIA BULLOCK

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OF ROSES**

A

Cluster of Roses.

BY

CYNTHIA BULLOCK. ✓

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"Thus 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."

MILTON.

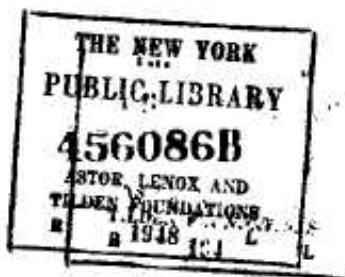
NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY

STYLES & CASH, 77 EIGHTH AVENUE.

1877.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1978, by

CYNTHIA BULLOCK,

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TO
THE LADIES
WHO MADE HOMES FOR ME WHEN I HAD NONE,
WHOSE HOSPITABLE DOORS
WERE OPEN TO ME WHEN I HAD NOWHERE TO GO,

This Little Book
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

Four of the number, MRS. FLOYD SMITH, Mrs. THEODORE MARTINE, Mrs. LATHROP, and Mrs. HOWARD, have gone to receive their reward. They were strangers here, but they know each other there, and rejoice before the throne of Christ for every tear of mine they wiped away on earth.

Ann Bates. M.C.H. 1855

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PREFACE.

AT the request of my friend, Miss BULLOCK, I have arranged, prepared for publication, and supervised while passing through the press, the contents of the present volume. In performing this labor of love, I have not felt like taking any extensive liberties with her productions, but have presented them in the main as they were written; feeling sure that the friends for whom they are intended will prefer to have them just as they emanated from her own mind, and while making allowance for any defects that may appear, will be agreeably surprised at their literary merit, when the great disadvantages under which their author labors are considered. In selecting from the materials at my disposal, I have tried to secure the greatest variety possible, giving specimens of both prose and poetry, blank verse and rhyme, serious compositions as well as some of a lighter strain, and miscellaneous pieces side by side with those of a personal bearing.

It is hard for those who see to appreciate the difficulties that ordinarily meet the blind in their attempts at composition. Homer and Milton, indeed, have proved that blindness is not incompatible with transcendent genius, or with the embodiment of that genius

in poetry that will live forever; Prescott has been equally successful in the department of history; and many eminent blind performers and composers of music are living witnesses that sight is by no means essential to proficiency in either the art or science of harmony. But how can one who has never seen a ray of light be expected to feel or to describe the manifold beauties of nature? How can he who is measurably cut off by the want of sight from intercourse with his fellows understand the workings of the human heart sufficiently for the truthful delineation of character? To the blind, but for the kindness of others, literature is a sealed book, researches for information are impossible; history must be read with the eyes of friends, and even to keep informed of current events is difficult; writing must be done with another's pen, and there is no opportunity of reading over what has been written, either for revision or to insure a logical connection of thought. In a word, there must of necessity be an entire dependence on others; and it is too often the case that the kind volunteers who are willing to aid the afflicted are themselves not altogether fitted for the work by education or experience.

Such are a few of the disadvantages with which Miss BULLOCK has had to contend in composing the pieces here presented. They would have deterred from the attempt any one in whom energy and perseverance

were not leading traits. In her case, to perseverance and energy was added faith. This, I think, will be found the one prominent feature of her writings and of her character—a childlike, implicit, unfaltering confidence in the good Lord. It is touching to see how, when wearied and discouraged, when surrounded with sore trials and difficulties apparently insurmountable, she tells her troubles to her Father, and always, as she says, receives an answer to her prayers. Thus her weakness has been made strength. When the arm of flesh has failed, a mightier arm has sustained her. To her mortal eyes sight has been denied, but with the eye of faith she is able to look forward into that better land where the veil will be removed, and we may all hope to see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face the brightness of the Father's glory.

Important lessons, I think, may be gleaned from this little volume. Its poems, the breathings of a tried and chastened spirit, teach resignation and contentment, humility and faith, and set forth religion as indeed the pearl of great price. Few can read them without profit—none, without according to their unfortunate author their respect, their sympathy, and their prayers.

G. P. QUACKENBOS.

N. Y., Nov. 1, 1876.