

**SOME  
MEMORIES**

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Some memories by Robert Collyer

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**ROBERT COLLYER**

**SOME  
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*Robert Calliper*

# SOME MEMORIES

BY  
ROBERT COLLYER



BOSTON  
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION  
25 BEACON STREET

1904?

*To*  
*my dear friend through all the years*  
*of my life in New York*

**HENRY HUDDLESTON ROGERS**

## FOREWORD

THESE memories were written for *The Christian Register*, and ran through twenty-nine numbers, from December, 1903 to April, 1904. Many friends had suggested in the later years that I should write some memoirs of my life and print them, or leave them in the care of my children to be printed after my death. I did not favor the idea. But when I came to the eightieth mile-stone of my pilgrimage, there was such an outpouring of greetings and congratulations from the Church of the Messiah, the sister churches and ministers, and from friends far and wide in my motherland and my homeland these fifty-eight years, that my heart was moved to do something in this sort, and it was done, not as memoirs — these I could not attempt — but as “some memories.”

May I say also that they stole out from the mists of time by no *effort* of memory, but as if they had been waiting for those quiet mornings when they were written, I dare not say by inspiration from on High, but will say the inspira-



## FOREWORD

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tion of a grateful heart. I remember when my children were in their early "teens," and would bring me to book now and then, as the little maid in the memories caught me about the pan of milk. My small son, who must have been turning over a sermon on my desk, said to me, "Papa, do you write your sermons by what you call inspiration?" I answered, "I hope so, my son;" and then he said, "Why do you cross so much out?" He had caught me in a net and I had not the mother wit to answer. There may be an inspiration to cross out as true as the inspiration to let the rest stay on the paper. And now I love to remember these memories ran clear from the first number to the last. There was no "crossing out." They were so interwoven with my life through the fifty years they touch the sunshine and shadows, the sorrows and the joy.

ROBERT COLLYER.

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