There is not one so desolate - not one
Who may not add to bliss or lessen woe,
And this is man's vocation - and reward!
He, who when morning dawns, resolves to add
Something to others' happiness, shall find
A thousand sweet occasions, ere the day
Sinks to its final close. - 'Twere well
To say: "I will not close my eyes at night
Till I have wrought some good." For shall find
Means infinite in their abundance - world
Of kindness - thoughts of love - and deeds,
Of virtue and beautiful - are virtues all-
All smiled on - all recorded by that Power
Which out of mortal wrecks and ruins, saves
Whate'er is virtuous.

[Signature]

Truro, 17th Oct. 1829.
To the camel.

Teacher of patience! when I see
How weekly thou dost bend the knee,
Bear the huge burden at command,
And cross the desert's burning sand—

And step by step and day by day
Dost take thy weary, weary way—
Will may I learn, poor heart! from thee
To bear life's load mercifully.

"Ship of the desert"! when I hear
How God hath formed thee for thy need,
And thee, the one who with thee they roam
Find in the wilderness a home!—

I think that the whole boundless prairie
Can make a calm and happy place
Even of the desert, cannot be
Other than merciful to me.

To me, whose lot more blest and bright
Was cast in regions of delight,
Midst flowery fields in fertile soil,
Where everlasting verdure smiles.

I. B.

Atlanta, March 11th, 1853.
When is the overhanging heaven of fate
The threatening clouds of misery dwell,
O let us humbly watch and wait—
It shall be well— it shall be well!

So when the storm comes thundering down,
And rivers of affliction swell,
And Heaven and Earth and Ocean brown—
It is— it is— it must be well!

And when the storm has passed away,
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell,
'Tis sweet to think— 'tis sweet to say—
It has been well— it has been well.

II Kings iv.

J. B.

Canton,anno 1854.
A Mother Farewell

Eve long my kind of summer fades her flight,
For one seas to regions near the plain,
So, plume thy wings, my love, I strive to soar
Above the joys and shadows of the world,
To the content I wing the way alone,
Go teach the untaught Brother how to rise.
The perpetual word, your added to the band.
Kith and kine and heart to them dear it,
In feels your love to mine, to latter,
You seem to me like kindred Peter cheg,
Soon as you met, you mingled into one.
But you loved once shall the tale of mine,
Who gave his life for you, for me, for all.
He will allow no break in our hearts;
His sight alone it is to call your hence.
From parents, friends, home to follow him.
So fare thee well, Farewell thy dear self!
Attend by a Mother's love-a Mother figure.

August 27th, November, 1841.
Dear Doctor A. D.

Medical Missionary to China

Married City Missionary, Washington, D.C.

March 25th, 1841

Resides Dero Water, Augusta, Maine.
To the Medical Missionary in China.

1. Far from his native land
   crowds his steps attend
   And the suffering poor the halt & blind,
   Diseased & dark, both in body & mind.
   Look up to him their friend
   As one who holds the issues of life
   Who all their griefs can end

2. All worthy of honour & praise
   The healer of thousands he
   Disciple of Him who went about
   Doing good continually.
Yet a nobler aim is his
True Soldier of the Cross
He has come with the Gospel in his hand
To subdue for his Master this great land
Counting all else as loss

I

Thy glorious course pursue
For bought the cross shall stay
The Apocalyptic Leopard is overthrown
The Ram of the Goat both are down
The Roman Eagle’s course is flown
But the Cross shall advance alway
Emblem of grace & peace & love
The gift of Him who reigns above

May 8th, 1851

Left for Dr. Parker
by Mrs. Horsey
Chaplain at Canton
in 1851
To Mrs. Parker.

On her Birth Days.

I saw would make some native lay,
To greet thy twenty sixth birth day,
And to let the Muse a wreath entwine,
To deck that gracefull brow of thine.

I've known thee but a few short days,
And yet, I can but speak thy praise;
Thy glance is like the sunbeams bright,
And fill me with a steady delight.

Oh mayst thou love live full many a year,
Thy tender husband's heart to cheer,
And daily greet him with thy smile,
And every saddening thought beguile.

May blessings rich and full abound,
Religious joys thy path surround,
Thine influence on this land be spread,
And thine live in Christ our Head.
And when they guests that now enjoy,
Thy friendship pure without alloy,
Shall leave this verdant spot; they hence,
Mid other fields of toil to roam.

Oh then we will remember thee,
That, thou mayst—always happy be,
In Heavens silken bands rejoice,
And bless the husband of thy choice.

Be his the task with heavenly shrine,
To do his gracious Master's will;
Diseases deep and dark to heal,
And there the Saviour's love reveal.

And when our work on earth is o'er,
And we shall sit and sigh no more,
We'll hope in Heaven, at Jesus' feet,
To find our happiness complete.

Affectionately,

C. J. C.

Canton May 16th 1845.