

Introduction.

GENTLE READER,

The writer of the following poems is one of the Lord's afflicted children, who for many years has been suffering from entire nervous prostration, with scarcely sufficient strength to walk across her room. I may say that the pieces were composed while reclining on the sick couch, and written by her sister at the author's dictation. Her hopes of recovery have long since fled, and she beguiles her lonely hours by trying to cheer her fellow pilgrims for the land where they never say "I am sick," by composing and publishing such "songs" &c. as are found in the following pages. In reading them I would ask the reader to

"Be to their faults a little blind
And to their virtues wondrous kind,"

for in her own words which now lie before me she says: "I have not known for years what it was to be free from suffering:" adding, "but I have not borne my burdens alone." He who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' has been ever near, and leaning on His strong arm, I have been sustained through many a trying year. 'He does all things well,' and 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

Several of the pieces have already appeared in the *Christian Messenger* and other papers. It was with difficulty the author was persuaded to publish her first piece entitled "The end of the Way," but finding it was *actually printed* and favorably received, which she did not expect, she was encouraged to proceed further. And should the reader feel when he has read the book like pronouncing it one book too many, let no blame whatever be allowed to fall on the author, who rather discouraged its publication—but let it all rest entirely on

J. BROWN.

Paradise, Jan., 1879.