

THE
HOLY BIBLE,
CONTAINING THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,
TOGETHER WITH
THE APOCRYPHA:
TRANSLATED OUT OF THE
ORIGINAL TONGUES,
AND WITH THE FORMER TRANSLATIONS
DILIGENTLY COMPARED AND REVISED.
WITH REFERENCES AND VARIOUS READINGS.
ALSO,
BROWN'S CONCORDANCE.

PHILADELPHIA:
JESPER HARDING.
1847.

Ms. Div. ac. no. 67-85

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Ms. Div. no. 67, 85.

One of the shelves in my library, surrounded by
volumes of all kinds, on various subjects, and in
various languages, stands an old book, in its plain
covering, unimpressing to the eye, and apparently
out of place among the more portuliacious volumes
that stand by its side. To the eye of a stranger it
has certainly neither beauty nor comeliness. Its
covers are worn; its leaves marked by long use;
its pages, once white, have become yellow with age.
Yet old and worn as it is, to me it is the most
beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves.
No other awakens such associations, or so appeals
to all that is best and noblest within me. It was
my mother's Bible — her companion of her life and
nocturnal hours, source of her unspeakable joy and
consolation. From it she derived the principles
of a truly Christian life and character. It was
the light to her path and the comfort to her path.
It was constant to her side, and in her life's journey
in the wilderness of pilgrimage, and her ever-
dying with her, more precious to her than the
gold and silver of the world. It was her faithful
servant, the stars and beyond the morning, and entered
into the rest of our eternal Sabbath — to look upon
the face of him whom the law and the prophets
had spoken, and whom, not having seen,
had loved. And now, no heart is more precious

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to me than that old Bible. Years have passed, but it
stands there in its shabby, elegant as ever, witness
of a beautiful life that is finished, and a silent
monitor to the living. In hours of trial and sorrow
it says, "Be not cast down, my son; for thou shalt yet
praise him who is the health of thy countenance and
thy God." In moments of weakness and fear it says, "Be
strong now, my son, and quit yourself manfully." When
we withdraw, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come
back to the study, weary of the world and tired of people
that are hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling —
and the strings of the soul have become untuned and
discordant, I seem to hear that Book saying, as with the
sweet remembered tones of a voice long silent, "Let not
your heart be troubled. For what is your life? It is even as a
vapor." Then my troubled spirit becomes calm; and
I am peaceful, I am strong. When some dark cloud is over
the spirit and over the dwelling, when some deep grief
troubled the heart, then it is a comfort to take down that
dear old Bible and search its pages, as my precious
Mother and Father used to do, when we assembled
around the family altar and offered up our prayers
to God with one accord. Those precious scenes I can never
be recalled, but will be treasured up in memory
through all earthly & changeable scenes. — I will
now give this precious Book to Arthur, J. Harwood
hoping he will keep it in memory of his Grandfather
Thomas H. and Elizabeth Everett, Esq. and his Mother Ellen H.

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