

A Year in Tasmania.

BY O. A. CARR.
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Dear Bro. Stanley:

I do not remember where I left off in my last communication. Why I suspended I know. My dear wife has been ill for two months, and dangerously so during one month. I had no heart to write about our happy life in Tasmania. Besides, I have been in her place in the class-room, at Christian College, Columbia Mo., since Oct. 7th. With teaching, waiting, watching, and occasional preaching my time and heart have been fully engaged. I am now relieved of anxiety as Mrs. Carr has recovered; and the regular appearance of the P. C. MESSENGER reminds me of my promise to Bro. Porter and you, that I would give a detailed account of my labors in Tasmania. Your readers may have grown weary of these details, possibly, still I am disposed to go on a little further, and I crave their indulgence.

In less than a year's labor we had gathered one hundred as devout and faithful Disciples as it was ever my happiness to know. They had covenanted with the Lord and with one another to receive and teach the truth in the love of it. We rented a building on Collins Street, Hobart Town, formerly used as a store house. We cleared out the rubbish, papered the walls, seated it, and put in a baptistry. There were three brethren experienced ship-builders and bless me, if they didn't build the baptistry ship fashion and corked it tight. It was one of the best I ever saw. We felt that we had a home, though it was a rented one. We felt that we could live. That life was joy and peace, and full of work. On Lord's day morning attention was paid to the young in teaching the Scriptures and, then the believers came to worship. From the beginning we had no preaching on Lord's day mornings but a flow of soul and a heavenly feast as we gathered around the emblematic loaf and cup. Brethren appointed to the work presided over the meetings in order. The prayers and hymns, Scripture readings and exhortations were, it seemed to me, from the hearts of those faithful men and women. I spoke to them sometimes on these occasions, but the rule was for them to conduct their own meetings, and for me to enjoy with them the "holy communion." My time for speaking (preaching) was at night. And special effort was made to secure the attendance of the unconverted to hear the Gospel. This feature is prominent among the Disciples in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and in Great Britain. I greatly admired, and devoutly wish it were characteristic of Christians in America. This everlasting preaching on all occasions of the meeting of the brethren has well nigh killed many churches among us. In a printing house I saw a chromo representing a deaf man borne away to burial, and over him in large letters the words: "This man was talked to death." Some of our churches are in this same condition, "talked to death." The preacher does all the praying (and says "Amen" to his own prayers), all the preaching and teaching and when he can be he is depended on to do the singing also. The church then tolerates his preaching if he does it well: if not, his services are not continued. But I did not start out to write about the evils in our American churches, I meant simply to emphasize the good feature in Australian, New Zealand and Tasmanian churches, that of living not on the preacher nor off of the preacher, but living, preacher or no preacher. I know churches in Missouri and Kentucky who carry out the Apostolic teaching and meet for worship on the first day of the week and those churches are alive. I think any church will die without it, sooner or later. The testimony of Sister Merriman in the C. MESSENGER of Dec. 21st (and

perhaps the unwritten testimony of thousands of faithful women all over our land) shows that the worship is not the ruling desire in the hearts of many Disciples, throughout the West especially, but simply "belong to the church." If in each community where they live the brethren would meet and pray and worship as Jesus appoints and give what instruction they could give, we could hope for churches established throughout the West and South. It was this steadfastness in the Apostles doctrine on the part of a young brother and his wife and a sister that gave rise to the church in Tasmania, aside from which I have no idea that it would have been at all. I can have but little sympathy with that whining cry, "We have no preacher!" that comes from among the Disciples scattered abroad. If they should say "We have little faith" they might tell more of the truth.

Annie Herbert.

In the spring of 1871 a young lady from Western New York was sojourning at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, whither she had gone to recover from the effects of long illness. It was a late, cold season, and chill mists settled down day after day upon the beautiful lakes La Belle and Fowler, bordering the town. Such an atmosphere could hardly be cheerful and inspiring to any one, much less to an invalid hungry for the sunshine of health, and yet one morning it somehow gave expression to a song that all might sing with blessing:

When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.
If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just:
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the anguish of to-day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know, as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.
When the silver mists have veiled us,
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away.
When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Light is dawning,
And the mists have rolled away.

The song may be said almost to have sung itself, at the first. "I couldn't help finishing it just then," the writer afterward declared, "though my hostess was exceedingly anxious about me, fearing it would make me worse." Sent soon to the *Golden Age*, this poem found ready favor with that journal, was published at once, and began going the newspaper rounds. James G. Clark saw it, married it to melody, and it was issued in sheet music form a few months later. Two other composers have since set it to music, but Mr. Clark's is the only authorized version. As sung by him, with quartette chorus, it is very popular.

"When the Mists have Rolled Away," is to-day one of the most familiar waifs extant, and has done

more than any other of her poems to make Annie Herbert known to lovers of verse. It has the true lyric flow, and is ample witness for the author's fine poetic gift. Only less familiar, and not less admirable for its lyric sweetness, is the following, which never had an authentic publication except as sheet music and copyrighted, by Lee & Walker, of Philadelphia:

Where the Shadow Falleth Never.

Along the silver summer sea
We saw the white sails drifting,
And sunset glories silently
Their golden heights were lifting.
My love sang low as sank the glow
Across the homeward river;
"The day may die, but you and I
Will live and love forever."
We shall live and love forever,
Where the shadow falleth never:
The song may die, but you and I
Will live and love forever.

Sweet day that died in sunset light,
Sweet song that failed for sweetness,
Sweet soul that rose beyond my sight
To bathe in heaven's completeness.
The song rings still, I hear it thrill
Across death's solemn river:
"The day may die, but you and I
Will live and love forever."

This was put forth in the form mentioned, about the same time that the preceding song appeared, and how it became a waif is not clear. But the Boston *True Flag* appropriated it, five or six years ago, and later it was printed in the New York *Tribune*, slightly changed, and under title of "Forever and Ever," signed V. Edgerton. An editorial acknowledgement of its actual authorship, subsequently made amends for glaring theft.

Annie Herbert's baptismal name is Annie Elvira Hubbard, which in choosing a *nom de plume*, she but abbreviated and euphonized. She was born in Leon, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and that place has been her home until within a year or two past. Her father, who died eighteen months ago, at the ripe age of eighty-one, was a farmer of Revolutionary stock, and himself served in the war of 1812.

Possessed of an eager desire after knowledge, she could and did early seek to apply the knowledge gained, and had scarcely graduated from the little log school house, as a learner there, when she began teaching district school. She was then but fifteen years old, ambitious and studious. She worked hard, determined by self-help to make up the lack of better opportunities. Steadily making her way to higher positions as an instructor, she was anticipating a College Course, with all its benefits and disciplines, and had the appointment to a scholarship at Cornell, when ill health brought its bitter disappointments. Forbidden to teach more, or to attempt severe study, she reluctantly gave up cherished plans, and for a time accepted invalidism and leisure, with but occasional diversions of her pen.

Successful writers of verse usually begin young. The first rhymes of Annie Herbert, which she preserved, were penned in her fourteenth year. Her first published poem appeared in the *Waverley Magazine*—that roomy, uncomplaining nest of callow muses—and the first money she received, as compensation for poetical contributions, came unsolicited from the *Ladies' Repository*. Her later poems have found place in the New York *Tribune*, the *Christian Union*, the *Golden Age*, and the *Congregationalist*, with here and there a stray one in other columns.

Annie Hubbard's thought is ever religiously inclined, and much of her verse has reference to Christian faith and experience. The following, from the *Congregationalist*, has been set to music by James R. Murray and others:

He Carries the Lambs in His Bosom.

A sweet golden head had forgotten life's way,
Asleep on its pillow of roses,
Wee hands shutting close as if weary of play,
Like buds which the summer discloses:

But the beautiful song of my birdie was still,
And over the lips of my blossom
The dimples lay white as the frost on the rill,
When a spirit sang low to my spirit at will:

"He carries the lambs in His bosom."
There is never a lamb from Love's sorrowful fold
But wanders in fields that are vernal,
And never a bird hid away from the cold
But blooms in the summer eternal;
When storms sweep the hills and the night gathers deep,
I think of my Paradise blossom,
And hear the same song for the weary that weep;

"The weakest are safest, for over the steep,
He carries the lambs in His bosom."
Every trustful, hoping soul will read with a sweet feeling of appropriation these cheering stanzas, written specially for the author's mother in her old age, and entitled

The Rift of the Rock.

In the rift of the rock He has covered my head,
When the tempest was wild in the desolate land,
Through a pathway uncertain my steps He has led,
And I felt in the darkness the touch of His hand
Leading on, leading over the slippery steep.

Where came but the echoing sound of the shock,
And, clear through the sorrowful moan of the deep,
The singing of birds in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock He has sheltered my soul
When at noonday the toilers grew faint in the heat;
Where the desert rolled far like a limitless scroll,
Cool waters leaped up at the touch of His feet.
And the flowers that lay with pale lips to the sod
Bloom softly and fair from a holier stock;
Winged home by the winds to the mountains of God,
They bloom evermore in the rift of the rock.

In the rift of the rock Thou wilt cover me still,
When the glow of the sunset is low in the sky,
When the forms of the reapers are dim on the hill,
And the song dies away, and the end draweth nigh;
It will be but a dream of the ladder of light,
And heaven dawning near without terror or shock,
For the angels descending by day and by night,
Will open a door through the rift of the rock.

Annie Herbert writes with such spirit and grace when she does write, that it would seem as if she waited for special inspiration, and did not take up her pen unless strongly moved. She may be, and we suspect is, a rapid writer, but not prolific. It is evident that she bestows much care upon all her verse. There is about some of it a free rhythmical swing and ring, which to the unpracticed implies easy production; but an experienced versifier knows well enough what painstaking labor it costs. One stanza from "King of the Clover" will hint of this.

Away and away over crimsoning meadows
A jubilee breaks through the chorus of June,
The purple-eyed lilacs lean out from their shadows,
And answers my heart to the rollicking tune:

"Hail bonny brown rover! crowned King of the Clover!
We have missed you and mourned you, and time's on the wing;
But with breezes and bobolinks up in the morning
My soul follows sunward, dull destiny scorning,
To sing like a poet and live like a king."

In these lines from "Frau Margaret," there are even more delicate touches, followed by a sweep of rhythm splendidly chivalrous:

Faithful Frau Margaret, loving and tender,
Thrills her light touch through the horrors of war,
Cheering the hearts that would die to defend her,
Cuirassier, guardsman, and gallant Hussar;

Wearily thinking when all shall be over,
White plumes returning and battle-cloud fled,
If her beloved lies under the clover,
He will come home—in the list of the dead.

Margaret, Margaret,
Gleams the grim parapet
Thick with the names that shall number the slain:
God be a shield to thee, when they come silently
Whitening the land from the Alps to the Main!

Dreaming Frau Margaret, look to the rivers
Flashing the sunlight from billows of steel!

Far through Ardennes how the battle-line quivers!
Hear the artillery—peal upon peal!
Forward thy chivalry, Empire of glory,
Charge for the guns at the Capitol gate!
Save the bright city that trembles in story,

Hung like a pearl, in the balance of fate.
Margaret, Margaret,
Moonbeams with silver fret
Helmet and plume 'neath the citadel wall;
While on the distant air, hark! how the bugles blare!
"Germany! Germany!" sounds the recall.

Despite impaired health when hopes of self-improvement were brightest, and the subsequent necessity of turning attention to practical duties that were not always agreeable, Annie Herbert has never relinquished her strong purpose to do and to achieve in the line of her tastes and gifts. "All things come to him who waits," is one of her beliefs. In a private note, written to us last summer, she briefly referred to some of her experiences, and said: "My life has been one long struggle, but there's a bright side to the picture. The mists are lifting from the hills to-day, and the outlook is broader, clearer."

When a child, she liked particularly "to speak pieces," as the school phrase used to term it. Of late years she has made careful study of Elocution, under the best tutelage, with a view to professional Readings. Within the last few months she has often appeared before the public, giving varied programmes, but mainly rendering poems from her own pen. A favorite among her elocutionary efforts is "Mulligan's Gospel," which she originally contributed to the *Christian Union*.—Condensed from newspaper poets in *American Rural Home*.

The Value of the Old Testament.

Let me caution you against underrating any portion of the Holy Scripture.

The Psalms are beautiful, the Gospels and Epistles are rich and instructive, but they are only parts of the word of God.

Never allow yourselves to speak or think disparagingly of the Old Testament. It is as much the word of God as the New. It had not been revealed, but that God saw it was necessary for our humanity. Its necessity is not merely historical, prophetic, or explanatory, but there are rich veins of truth cropping out amid its local histories, and even its darkest narratives, like the veins of gold and silver amid the rugged quartz of the mountains, that will amply repay and enrich the devoted searcher.

May I illustrate by an incident from my own reading and experience? I was a Bible reader from my childhood, and I remember that very early I was surprised that so many evil things were written about the best men; that the portraits of some of them, though commanding as a whole, were drawn with exceedingly dark colors. There were even passages which, it seemed to me might as well have been omitted. It did not seem to me that they added either to the glory of God, or to the real instruction or edification of humanity. When I asked my teachers why they were there I was answered, it was to show the truthfulness and impartiality of the divine writers; that if they