

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A

MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

EDITED

BY REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D.

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NOVEMBER, 1859.

MRS. ANN WILKINS.

BY REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

**M**ORE than half a century ago there dwelt among the mountains which embosom West Point, on the Hudson river, a few plain Quakers and some devoted Methodists. Of these was born, in 1806, one whose life and death have illustrated the grace of God in renewing and sanctifying the soul, and the love of God, in an entire consecration of the whole life to the missionary cause. This person was the late Mrs. Ann Wilkins.

She was converted to God at the age of fourteen, and thus escaped the snares and fascinations of the world. But the indomitable spirit that God had given her, and the vigorous person in which he had placed that spirit, were not willing to defend her Christian purity and life by retiring into privacy, where there would be but little danger, because little temptation; but with a proper Christian confidence, at nineteen years of age she stepped forth into the arena of active life as a teacher of youth; moved thereto chiefly by the desire and hope of leading her pupils to Christ.

In 1836 Mrs. Wilkins was at the Sing Sing camp meeting, and there, for the first time, she clearly comprehended the importance and the wants of our missions in Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. This she learned from an address of Rev. John Seys, who had recently returned from Liberia. When the collection was taken for this mission she gave all she had, and sent the following note to Rev. Dr. Bangs, then Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society:

"A sister who has but little money at command, gives that little cheerfully, and is willing to give her life as a female teacher, if she is wanted."

It is impossible to read this note without being

struck with the propriety, clearness, and delicacy of its language. It was a spontaneous reflection of the spirit within.

Early in 1837 Mrs. Wilkins was on the mighty deep, sailing for Africa in company with Rev. J. J. Matthias, Dr. Goheen, and Miss Boers. From the hour that she beheld the low, palm-bearing coast of Liberia, she never forgot it in her conversation, her labors, or her prayers. Upon landing she immediately commenced her work, by gathering around her a company of the children and became their teacher. Out of this movement sprang the Millsburg Female Boarding School, the very mention of which gives out an odor of a sweet smell to the name of Mrs. Wilkins.

Twice her health failed her, and she sank down to the verge of the grave, but would not desert her work till the counsel and constraint of those who had influence and authority in the matter caused her to make a voyage home. When she returned home in 1853, without afflicting her by telling her we thought possibly her mission was ended in Africa, the Board quietly accepted as a fact that her work in Africa was done. But this was a mistake. Three devoted young Christian women insisted on going out to Liberia as teachers, and the Board seeing they were intent on this said, "The will of God be done." But the Board thought it prudent to ask Mrs. Wilkins if she would return to Africa with these three young women, and watch over them and assist them till they should become acclimated and established in their schools. Without the slightest hesitation she consented, and they sailed in October, 1854. Her health gradually gave way, and she was forced to return home in 1856.

It was now evident, beyond a doubt, that her residence in Africa was at an end. And yet the return voyage, and the society of friends, and the comforts which she found wherever she went, much improved her health. Upon the first gleam

was sent to me by the good God. How could I have lived without it!" she said, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Then Louise went on to relate a little story full of interest to Madame N., and one which we think may also interest our readers, as it shows a phase of life unknown among ourselves, and quite peculiar to a small part of France. We will give it in a subsequent number.

## THE LIFE-LABOR OF JEAN GARSTON.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

DOWN on the bank of the stream at the foot of the orchard little Jean Garston found a dead dove. She took it up tenderly, and, sitting under a pear-tree, smoothed its snow-white feathers with her small, brown hand. Jean was very young, and knew little about the world's wisdom, but a great deal about kindness and humanity, and her own heart had been her teacher in these things; her home knew and taught little of them. She had been to Church pretty often and to funerals sometimes. She concluded that the dove must be buried. So she stole into the house and got a cigar box, a pocket handkerchief, and a prayer-book. Then she went back to the pear-tree and dug a hole and put the bird, carefully wrapped in the handkerchief, in the box, and then standing up with great solemnity, read in a musical voice the service for the burial of the dead. While thus engaged her step-mother came from the house, and, having thrown the bird upon the ground, sent Jean indoors. The child went supperless to bed. She did not complain, but about midnight, when all in the house were asleep, she got the box and a piece of muslin, climbed out of the window, went to the pear-tree, and, kneeling down in the moonlight, said a little prayer over the bird and buried it. That was not the last white dove Jean Garston buried. Hers was a sorrowful life, marked all along its course by gravestones and the burial of the white doves her heart had cherished.

In telling what I know of Jean Garston's life-labors I can relate only the simple story of a simple-hearted girl. Jean was only a plain village maiden in her youth, and a humble, earnest-hearted woman in maturer years, but I am certain her heart history is written in golden letters in God's book of life, and that the glad angels hailed her freed spirit joyfully as it entered the eternal gates. Jean had in those childish days, when she buried the white dove, a baby brother, her step-mother's child. It may be that her tender love for him, for she poured out upon him all the affection of her loving heart, rendered her so earnest in her endeavors to bury

the bird, for she used to sit for hours with the boy in her lap under the trees in the orchard twining crowns for him of the long grasses, or curling dandelion stems for him, likening him meanwhile to the robins and the doves that twittered and cooed above her head. Jean's father was a sailor; he was a hard, careless man, and thought little of the happiness of those whose lives it should have been his first care to bless.

Jean was ten years old, and the baby boy she loved so fondly had seen but two summers when one day he fell from the piazza upon the pavement beneath. Jean was the first to reach him as he lay white and still upon the stones. O, how her heart ached for the long two hours she bent over him waiting for him to wake from that stupor and die! He opened his blue eyes at last and looked about; his glance fell vacantly upon his mother's face, but when they rested upon little Jean, he smiled and held up his hands; that was only a bright ray flashing up before the lamp of life went out forever. Little Jim was the second white dove Jean buried. The step-mother's heart seemed harder than ever toward the little girl; she may have envied her the last smile of the dying child; however that was, it is certain that she gave her no motherly care. She sold her furniture and went to live with her sister, having first bound Jean to a grocer's wife. It seemed very hard to consign the gentle girl to a life of ceaseless but needless toil. Had Jean been donated by nature with extreme beauty she might have won captious hearts by a fair face, for, indeed, the fair face wins oftener upon us frail mortals than the fair spirit; but there was nothing beautiful about her but her low, musical voice, and even that had nothing in it to be a talisman to win praise or exemption from toil and harshness; she had a pleasant, cheery way of singing to herself, but that was all. It seemed that, however hard Jean Garston's lot might be, however heavy her toils and few the loving words that fell upon her ear, if she could only find some one whom she could cheer by kindness, whose life she could bless by gentle services, she would be happy. For a person thus determined to do good, to whom it is a necessity to bless others, there are various opportunities of exercising their charities presented in a world full of strife and sorrow.

Jean was up before light at the grocer's, building fires and bringing water. There was no breakfast for her till the store was swept, the windows rubbed, the vegetables placed on the stands before the door, the scales and counters dusted, and numberless other tasks performed; but she sang through them all, and went to her

brown bread and milk or potatoes and salt with a light heart and a good appetite. True she was apt to be scolded by the grocer's wife, shaken by the grocer himself, and called hard names by the grocer's boy; but she cherished no bitter thoughts in her heart, and performed her laborious duties faithfully. There was no rest for her all day, no moment for quiet; she had errands to run, customers to wait upon, tables to set, dishes to wash, and it was later than she had ever been up in her life before she could go to her straw bed in the dark. But here the great necessity of her life was satisfied, for she had one on whom to lavish her cares and love. There was a little lame boy hardly any older than herself there, the grocer's nephew. No one there cared for him; he was given food and a bed, his father sent him clothes, books sometimes, but no one cheered him when he was sad and lonely, no one soothed him when he was in pain, or sought pleasant occupations to delight his listless hours till Jean came. What a sunshine her presence was to the boy; what a light fell on Harry's path when Jean was near; what a hearty gratitude he felt for all her goodness! She told him stories as he sat on the counter while she watched for customers; she found odd moments to draw pictures on his slate; she obtained an old account book and saved papers, from which he cut the pictures and pasted them in it; she helped him learn verses, and they helped one another to learn to read. When Jean had saved two shillings, given her in pennies at different times by kind-hearted customers, she spent it in buying a picture book and an orange for Harry. She had been five years at the grocer's when they heard that Harry's father had married and was coming for Harry. Jean had no pleasant associations to connect with the word step-mother, and she spent hours after she had gone to her bed crying over her little friend's hard fate; but for Harry's ear she had words of hope of a happier home, where he had a kind father and the new step-mother to love him as her own son.

Jean had never in her life-journey, now fifteen years long, found any one to act to her as she had acted to others. She had never found any one who sought to lighten her cares and cheer her heart. In her overflowing goodness she never rebelled against the harshness of those who should have given her abundant love. In her exceeding humility she had never recognized the gentleness and purity of her life so beautifully and clearly above the lives lived by those about her. It was a new thing to her to have a tender, sympathizing friend; such a one she found in Harry's dreaded step-mother. Jean was telling Harry stories and repeating little

poems to him one evening when a fair-faced gentlewoman came to them, and, kissing Harry's forehead, called him her boy, and laying her white hand on Jean's head, thanked her for her goodness to the suffering youth. Jean's heart was full of love for her at once. When Effie Osborn heard how Jean had been the one blessing of her step-son's life; when she saw her bear uncomplainingly with all the rudeness and imposition heaped upon her; when she saw her self-forgetfulness and devotion to the suffering and needy, she loved her with a mother's love. Much to her surprise and joy she found the grocer's wife ready to give up her claim to her bound girl. If the truth were told, it might be seen that she feared the influence of that sweet voice and gentle smile over the heart of her son and heir. Jean went to Harry's home, and then followed the happiest year of all her life. She went to school every day, and found each night when she came home kind smiles and loving hearts to welcome her. Then a new ambition filled her heart; she felt she would study eagerly till she was fitted to be a teacher. There was something in the teacher's mission congenial to her; it would be sweet to spend her life making easy the path of knowledge to those whose feet must tread it. It would be a beautiful thing to be surrounded day after day by little children looking up to her and trusting in her whose love she could win, whose minds cultivate, and whose hearts she could train to a love of goodness and truth. It was well that for a time she could be happy in the bright dreams never realized among the hard actualities of her existence. It was well that she could rejoice for a little season in those fancies of a happiness denied her by the cruel fate that pursued her.

Trial stood waiting for her at the close of that pleasant year. Jean had been tried in the furnace heretofore, and now it was heated seven times, that her heart might be like pure gold when it came out of the fire. Her step-mother's sister died, and the step-mother herself became the victim of severe disease. Now she remembered little Jean. She sent to her, telling her that she was sick and homeless, and that now it was her duty to come and support and cherish one who had done so much for her.

"Do'n't go," said Harry, "she's no claim on you. I'll be lonesome and wretched without you stay here and be my sister."

But Jean remembered a curly head that had lain on her breast, and blue eyes that had smiled on her as little Jim went up to God, and the memory of that child was a golden link that bound her to her step-mother; so she left sorrowfully the weeping friends and happy home for

the old village of mournful memories and a life of toil. Noble Jean Garston! I am sad when I remember how she labored day and night to support the sick, peevish woman who had wronged her. Her father had long been absent. Her weak hands were her only aids in obtaining coarse food and clothing for herself and dainties for the invalid; but her heart was strong and God helped her. Two years went by, then the brown sods were heaped over the step-mother's coffined form. Now the happy home she so loved opened its doors wide to her, and glad voices called her to the dear hearth-stone, and kind hands were held ready to give the cordial grasp, and Jean was ready to go and begin the happy life and take up the old dreams again. But on the eve of her departure her father came back. Jean welcomed him tenderly; her true heart recognized the tie of blood that was between them, and forgot neglect and faithlessness. But it was a lost and wretched man on whom she bestowed her love; there was no heart or mind communion between the bloated drunkard, the profane gambler, the noisy bully, and the quiet, timid girl. Yet she submitted to live in a dreary, miserable home, frightened by her father's ruffian companions, and repelled and sickened by the degradation about her, for the sake of watching over the drunken maniac and keeping him from self-destruction, while she prayed God that in some moment of reason she might sow in his heart the good seed of the Gospel, and win him to the paths of peace. O, the long, wretched year she hoped, and prayed, and struggled on! But it was not for her to rescue and redeem the wretched man. The hardened rebel was receiving in this life the foretaste of eternal retribution, and when the strong arm of civil law seized its defiant breaker and condemned him to dreary imprisonment, Jean was alone again. The call to come and rest in the only haven of earthly peace was answered now, and she went back to the home so long deserted; but, alas! not with the buoyant step of youth and the smile of joy, but the bowed form and dim eye of disease. Long it was before she rose from her bed of sickness.

Harry was not at home; he had been cured of his lameness and was away at sea. He was twenty, and his parents said he was a tall, athletic youth, with a face browned by ocean's breezes, and with flashing eyes and a gay heart. He spoke lovingly of his sister Jean when he wrote home, and the poor girl felt that she had in his gratitude and brotherly affection abundant recompense for all she had done for him. It was more than a year after Jean's return to Mr. Osborne's before she could walk about and feel

the glow and vigor of returning health. She had read much during her illness, and meant to pursue her old plan and fit herself for teaching. But ever and anon came thoughts of her imprisoned father; she wrote to him several times, and, having received no reply, finally wrote to the jailer. His answer came speedily through another person. The small-pox had broken out in the prison, and her father was among the sufferers; he had just been prostrated by the fearful malady.

"I must go and care for him," said Jean.

"O, no, no," replied her friends, "you have but just recovered from severe illness; you will be seized with the pestilence yourself."

"God will preserve me," answered Jean; "and who knows but in this hour of his extremity he will listen to the words of peace and the proffer of mercy? It will be worth any sacrifice to feel that he has gone to rest in the bosom of God when life is over."

So Jean went to the prison. They hailed the self-devoted woman there as an angel of mercy; and not alone to her father did she give her care and time. There were many who blessed her in that dreary place. The prison hospital was full, and many of the afflicted were in their gloomy cells; but from those narrow cells some ransomed souls went up to God who blessed Jean Garston with their last words on earth, and blessed God for her who had been to them the minister of grace eternal as they kneeled before his throne. Two women learned from her, as she soothed their sufferings, that there was yet something for which to live; that the door of mercy was not closed; that they were yet able to be strong and lead a better life. So they, when fully recovered, left their prison to be humble, penitent Christians, doing what they had to do with all their might, "not as unto men but unto God." But the chief desire of Jean's heart was ungratified. Her father recovered; his natural eyesight had been taken from him; and yet, alas! the spiritual was greater than the physical darkness. His term had not yet expired, and Jean pitying his misery staid with him long after the plague had ceased—teaching him, exhorting him, serving him, and yet, poor girl! when one day she left him for a time to carry back some books she had borrowed to read to him, on her return she found faces pale with horror waiting for her; pitying words were spoken to her, kind hands forced her from his cell, and in broken words they told her he was dead, that he had hurried himself from life. She never saw him, they were too merciful to let her look upon his mangled face. Alas, Jean Garston! Yet a third time Jean sought her ark of refuge.

Harry was there, and gladly Jean greeted him with the sisterly love she had felt for him for years. Harry was delighted with his gentle sister; but he dropped that term before long, and it became evident that Mr. Harry's feelings for Jean had undergone a complete metamorphose. He did not fall desperately in love, though he was but twenty-two and she his first divinity. Jean found her feelings for Harry changing, too, and when she had really learned to love him, it was with a deeper, stronger love than his for her. By and by one evening Harry said, "Jean, when I was a sick, lame boy you were all the world to me, and I felt that I could not do without you. I feel so more than ever, Jean, now that I can better realize your worth, dear, noble Jean. Will you let me repay the debt I owe you by a life-long devotion; Jean, will you be my wife?"

Harry was fond of making long speeches. Jean looked into his face and smiled, happy in new-born hopes, forgetful of her days of woe. Then Mr. and Mrs. Osborne came in, and Harry told them how the matter stood, and they shook hands with Harry and kissed Jean, and said they were happy to think she would be their daughter. Altogether it was a very pleasant family scene. It seemed very sad that after this shining forth the sun of joy should hide himself again, but the clouds gathered soon, for Mrs. Osborne died. Through her painful illness Jean watched her and prayed for her, and finally closed her eyes when death had darkened them forever.

To cheer them in this hour of trial Mrs. Osborne's niece was sent for, young Lettie Graham. A gay, silly, merry doll was Lettie, with big, blue eyes and golden hair, pink and white face, red lips, white teeth, and little hands and feet; this is the inventory of Lettie's charms. She looked as if she had never given a thought beyond her mirror and mantau-maker. Harry, spite of Jean, spite of his recent bereavement, fell crazily in love with Lettie. Jean slowly learned the truth; slowly her mind began to receive another weary lesson. Then she was true to the noble nature of Jean Garston, true to the holy womanhood her God had given her. One evening she went to Harry; he sat on one side of the fireplace, Jean stood opposite to him. "Harry," began Jean, "six months ago I told you I would be your wife. You are sorry now for that evening's words. You are free, Harry. Lettie Graham is younger and prettier than I. Let her be my sister, brother Harry."

Jean said all this without a tear or falter; she neither trembled nor grew pale, but it was because she had schooled her loving heart very sternly to the task. Harry went and stood by her side.

"Jean, dear Jean, you are the best of women; I knew you would feel so, Jean. We are more like brother and sister, and have always been, than like lovers. Lettie and I will never forget you, sister Jean."

He bent down and would have kissed her hand, but she drew it away and left the room. A weaker spirit might have fainted under the burden of this added grief, but hers was brave, her trials had ennobled her. That evening, while she stood talking to Harry, she buried the one great love of her heart—another white dove. Mr. Osborne, chagrined and indignant beyond control, said Lettie should go home and Harry should be turned adrift penniless, but Jean kneeled before him and pleaded for the forgiveness of those she loved. Harry was young, thoughtless, may be, but not wicked, and surely Lettie was not to be blamed. Who could withstand her persuasions? Mr. Osborne was reconciled to his son, and Harry was married. He did not live at home; Mr. Osborne said Jean was his heart's daughter, and should not have her home made sad by seeing Harry's wife constantly. He was firm in this. A few years of quiet came, but again a blow fell upon her; Jean's heart was wounded now through sympathy with friends. A letter came from Harry. Mistress Lettie had left her husband and children and sailed for Europe with a stray music-teacher. Would Jean come and restore order to the homestead and care for the two deserted children? Of course Jean went—when ever was Jean Garston's heart deaf to the cry of the needy? Harry sunk beneath financial disaster and family disgrace, and died in the earliest spring, bequeathing his two little ones to Jean's love. She took them to Mr. Osborne's with her. She loved them fondly, and it was a deep grief to her when, the winter after Harry's death, she laid her younger charge, the fair little boy, in the grave. Mr. Osborne married his third wife, a far different woman from gentle Effie. Maggie Osborne hated Harry's little girl, and was jealous of Jean's influence over her husband. After a series of petty hostilities she declared that Jean and the child must leave the house or she would stay there no longer. Again Mr. Osborne's wrath was aroused on Jean's account; he was fain to say that the disturber of his family's peace must go herself. Jean pleaded for her enemy, and taking her helpless charge, left the home of her love, and going to a quiet village, labored there for her support. She used the money Mr. Osborne gave her for her private use in paying Harry's debts. In a life of toil, beautified by good deeds, radiant with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, Jean Garston spent the

years of her life's meridian and decline. She died in her adopted daughter's happy home, surrounded by those who loved her as few mothers are loved, and who wrote over her tombstone, "She walked with God, and was not, for God took her."

## STEREOSCOPY.

BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D. D.

IF it be true, as a certain writer affirms, that whatever exists for a purpose outside itself is not an art, then, indeed, instead of enlarging we shall be obliged to narrow the sphere of art. We do not feel disposed, however, to adopt this definition. If, according to standard lexicography, art consists in the arrangement and modification of things by human skill to answer the purpose intended, then may it exist for a purpose outside itself.

The new art to which we desire to call the attention of the readers of the Repository, and which derives its name from the fact that it gives to photographic pictures the appearance of solid forms, is justly entitled to a place in the nomenclature of the fine arts. The invention of the stereoscope by Wheatstone twenty years since has not till recently become a necessity in the æsthetic world, but it is now so much so that there is nothing at present more admired, as a means of instruction and amusement, than that instrument. There are few who are not now more or less familiar with the wonders of the stereoscope, which enables one to behold with the perfect reality of nature and art the solid semblance of every form of matter and structure, flower, statue, and picture. The wonders of light and shade as exhibited by this instrument surpasses belief. Every conceivable gradation of light is presented with the minutest grace and perfection. You look upon the flat surface of the photograph and you behold a scene of confusion—lines crossing each other, and all forms of objects seeming mingled together in disorder, pervaded by dingy colors, dark spots, and opaque figures. But place it in the instrument, look through the glass, and what a perfect transformation! The figures stand into life as if by enchantment. A chamber in the palace of St. Cloud is presented to you with furniture of every variety of polished wood, the diamonds sparkle and the mirrors gleam, while far away through those mirrors a vista of repeated splendors which weary the sight with their almost endless distance fills the vision. In this wonderful invention we are introduced to the picture gallery of the world. We have gazed for hours upon chemical dioramas, and have felt under the

optical illusion that we were really in sight of some grand old cathedral, and in sound of its deep-toned organ, so perfect was that illusion; but the stereoscope has introduced us into a region of greater wonders.

Upon a simple, natural principle the stereoscope presents all objects in relief, and the shadow assumes the rotundity and proportions of life. Every hair on the head of beauty, and every line and feature of the face of youth or age, every blade of grass with its finest texture, every hanging branch with the moss upon the tree, the shade of the rock, the sunshine on the river—all come out into an actual presence which startles with its exquisite, perfect, all-embracing and enchanting reality. Views are taken on both paper and glass, and almost the entire world has been searched for pictures. Not content with the bright and beautiful objects of earth, very fine stereoscopic pictures of the moon have been taken, presenting its rugged outlines and volcanic desolations. Family groups have also been taken, and only lacking life to make you feel they are before you as you look into this magic mirror. The triumphs of man in the world of art, and the wonderful works of God in the world of nature are brought home to the study of his creatures in a new and most interesting light.

An important modification of the stereoscope has recently been communicated to the French academy by M. d' Almeida. With the original instrument, which, with some improvements, to which we shall hereafter refer, is now in general use, only one observer at a time can view the relief. M. d' Almeida renders the object visible to several at a time and at a distance of several feet. For this purpose he causes two stereoscopic images to be reflected simultaneously on a screen. As these objects are not identical, but only similar, the outlines of the one will intersect those of the other and generate a confusion, which can only be obviated by making each eye see only one of the images. For this purpose the inventor causes the luminous rays from each image to pass through a glass of a different color, one red and the other green, whereby one of the images will be reflected on the screen in red and the other in green. Now, if the observer's eyes be provided with glasses of the above-named colors, the eye covered with a green glass will only see the green image, while the other will only be visible to the eye covered with the red glass. The moment this is done the relief appears. If the observer change his position in a lateral direction the figure will appear to move in an opposite direction, which greatly enhances the illusion. Another plan has been proposed by which the images shall be uncolored and each