of John Hunter, & of
Mss. by Morgan Lung, & others

NHMS XXXVII/2

21 L
22 L 5

4to Note Book with extracts &c,
copied by Mary Anning, mostly
religious & poetical

Louis Agassiz

Referred to in a Anning's letter
to the Earl of Enniskillen in the
Owen Correspondence. Nat. Hist. Mus..

NHMS
XXXVII/2 Mary Anning Ms.

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. S. OWEN.

"Once on the stormy seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tass'd my foundring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death Struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
When sudently a star arose,
It was the star of bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm of danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace

Now safely moor'd my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star! the Star of Bethlehem"

by Henry Kirk White

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die

Dear Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid death's cold stream and flood divide,
And land us safe in Heaven

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. S. OWEN.

Through Christ when we together came,
In singlness of heart,
We met O Jesus! in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And each to each, in Jesus Join'd,
We happily go on.

Present in spirit still we are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith prayer,
We Abba! Father! Cry.

O may thy spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels still
Direct and be our constant guard
To Zion's holy hill

Oh! what A Joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades;
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our Heads.

Haste Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home
Come O Redeemer, come away
O Jesus quickly come."

On the Revd Mr Spencer's parting from his Friend the Revd Mr Howard, at Hoxton Academy.

"Beneath this yew, I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage;"

"'Tis a mark
Most pleasant."

"yet may not undistinguished be my grave,
But there at eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison — no more I ask.
And oh! if heavenly beings may look down,
From where, with Cherubim inspired, they sit,
Upon this little dim discovered spot,
The earth, then will I cast a glance below
On him who thus my ashes shall embalm!

"Nothing he may not long be deemed to pine
In this low thoughtless world of darkling woe;
But that ere long, he reach his kindred skies!"

H. Kirke White

On Solitude by Kirk White

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roame
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
when pale the star looks on its breast

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds with sullen wail,
To all the same unvaried tale
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too;
I start, and when the vision flown
I wesper that I am all alone.

On reading the Poem on Solitude.

But art thou thus indeed alone?
quite unbefriended — all unseen
And hast thou then his name forgot,
Who formed thy frame and fixed thy lot.

Is not his voice in evening's gale
Beams not with him the star so pale
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnoticed by his watchful eye.

Each flattering hope each anxious fear
Each lonly sigh, each silent tear,
Of thine Almighty Friend is known
And sayst thou, thou art all alone.

11

these stars are bodies of suprising magnitude the are globes like the earth we inhabit but much larger it is their distance only that makes them appear so less among an infinity of others there are six planets which revolve without ceasing round that wonderful body of light the Sun which is computed to be upwards of a million of times as large as our earth. the distance of these globes fromme the sun which dispenses light and heat to them all is so immense that numbers can scarcely convey an idea of it and the velocity is no less amazing. Mercury which is the planet nearest the sun is about thirty seven million of miles distant fromme it and moves at the rate of a hundred and five thousand miles every hour completing his course round the sun in rather less than three months. Venus which is the next planet above Mercury is sixty eight millions of miles fromme the sun and by moving twenty six thousand miles every hour performs its revolution in twenty three days and twenty two hours. the next planet above Venus is the Earth upon which we live: its distance fromme the sun is ninety five millions of miles and by travelling at the rate of fifty eight

thousand miles every hour; it turns once in twenty four hours quite round, and by this motion occasions the apparent motion of the sun and all the heavenly bodies from east to west in the same time: its revolution round the sun is compleated in three hundred and sixty five days and something less than six hours, or the space of a year, which causes the variation of the seasons:

Above the earths orbit is Mars whose distance from the sun is a hundred and forty four millions of miles; it travels at the rate of fifty five thousand miles an hour and goes round the sun in something less than two of our years.

Jupiter, the largest of the planets is still further removed from the sun; it is twenty times the size of our earth and travels at the rate of twenty nine thousand miles an hour, compleating its journey in something less than twelve years. Still higher in the system, about nine millions of miles from the sun, is Saturn, which by traveling at the rate of twenty two thousand miles an hour, finishes its course in about twenty nine of our years and half.

Besides these which are called primary planets, there are in our system others called secondary planets, or satellites which move round the planets in the same manner as their

primaries do round the sun. the first of these is the moon which accompanies the earth in its annual annual progress round the sun, completing its circuit round the earth in the space of twenty nine days and twelve hours. as the moon receives light from the sun and presents only one side to us in the course of its monthly journey, we see more or less of its enlightened side, according to its different appearances which we express under the name of new and full moon &c. four of thes satellites or moons attend jupiter, and five saturn, besides these five moons a broade flat luminous circle called a ring encircles without touching the body of saturn at a distance of nearly equal to the breadth of the ring, which is about twenty one thousand miles. some astronomers have thought that this ring is composed of a vast number of moons or satellites, which being seen at such immense distance may by means of their blended light give the whole the appearance of one continued body. upon this an eminent astronomer says when we consider the vast situation of saturn and consequently how much the suns light must be weakened before it can

reach him, such a glorious assemblage of moons
does not appear an unnecessary appendage to this planet

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
SIR R. OWEN.

Mary Anning Esq

Till all the light of innocence depart —
Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant and there a flower in play
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs and languishes, and dies away."

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN
DOR. R. P. OWEN.

Mary Anning MS.

Song

"Yes, thou art changed since first we met,
But think not I shall e'er regret,
Though never can my heart forget,
The charms that once were thine;
For Marian well the cause I know
That stole the lustre from thine eye;
That proved thy beauty's secret foe,
And bade thy bloom and spirits fly;
What laid thy health, my Marian low,
Was anxious care of mine.
"O'er my sick couch I saw thee bend
The dutious wife the tender friend,
And each capricious wish attend
With soft, incessant care
Then trust me, love that pallid face
Can boast a sweeter charm for me
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace
Than blooming health bestowed on thee;
For there thy well tried love I see,
And read my blessings there."

NHHS XXXVII/7

"Nothing but an independent fortune can enable an amiable female to look down, without misery, upon the censures of the many; and even in that situation, their arrows have power to wound, if not to destroy peace. Surely no woman with sense of honour — and what is she worth who has it not? — would voluntarily expose herself to their aim, unless she had unwarily slid into a situation, where the affections, making an unperceived progress, have rendered it a less evil to endure the consciousness of a dubious fame, provided there is no real guilt, than to renounce the society of him without whom creation seems a blank."

Miss Seward's Letters

To a Bride

She more divinely beautiful than art
Lady! of Loves inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
Oh guard thy Maiden purity of Heart.
At every whisper of temptation start.
The lightest breathings of unhallowed air
Love's tender trembling lustre will impair,

NHMS XXXVII/2
COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. S. OWEN.

Last lines composed by Lord Byron
Mary Anningers. Missolonghi Jan 22 1825

"On this Day I complete my thirty sixth year

"Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
Is like to some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fears, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain
But 'tis not here — it is not here —
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now
Where glory seals the hero's bier
or binds his brow

The Sword, the Banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his Shield
Was not more free.

Awake! not Greece — She is awake —
Awake my Spirit! — Think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent Lake,
And then Strike home!

Tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood — unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here — up to the field and give
Away thy Breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A Soldiers grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

The Magdalene

Oh turn not such a withering look
On one who still can feel,
Nor by a cold and harsh rebuke,
An outcast's misery seal!
But think ere thus the mourners sigh,
The mourner's tears you spurn,
That 'tis perhaps a Friend on high
Who prompts my late return.

The haunts of vice might pleasing seem
When first I long'd to stray;
But, ah! one hour dispelled the dream,
And dashed my joys away:
Amidst the crowds in pleasure's bower
My heart was still forlorn;
And where I thought to find a flower
I only felt a thorn.

O say not then, the cup of wrath
I must submit to drain,
When in the safe, the narrow path
I wish to tread again!

It is not thus the Gospel speaks
To those who cease from sin;
The soul Messiah's fold that seeks,
Is ever welcomed in.

And say not that my guilt is great -
I know I feel 'tis true;
But while I groan beneath its weight
I hope for pardon too.
Beyond the reach of grace divine
Myself I have not thrown;
And once at least to guilt like mine,
My Lord has mercy shown.

When such a wandering sheep as I
Was unto Jesus brought,
And all the cruel standers-by
A rigid sentence sought;
The feeble reed he would not break,
Although 't was bruised sore;
The gentle words the Saviour spake
Were, "Go, and sin no more!"

COLL. SHERBORN
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
SIGN. R. O. OWEN.

NHMS XXXVII/2

Woman!

And what is woman? was she not made of the same flesh & blood as bodily Man? yes, and was destined doubtless, to become his friend his helpmate in his pilgrimage but surely not his slave, for is not reason Hers? are not her claims - To share redeeming love as great? True she was first in sin but oh proud man remember, that He who came to save a ruined world was born of woman! woman seems through all the sacred scripture more (May I say more? yes - for I think this truth can be established by the sacred record) more than even man the object of his pure benevolence. And woman, when his own disciples fled & left him, dared attend his cross, they were his constant followers, And women too were honored with the message Given by the bright ambassadors of Heaven, Forth from the hallowed tomb the angel spake And bade them hear the wondrous news to Peter and the rest

of the Apostles, the tidings of the Resurrection!
Say then shall woman, sink beneath the scorn of
haughty Man? no let her claim, the hand of fellow-
ship; and let her strive to prove her claim; let all
her actions be guided by the lamp of virtue
Borne in the steady hand of ~~virtue~~ pure Religion

S K.

NHMS XXXVII/2

The voice of Conscience awfully declares
that evil, like the worm wich works its way
through solid oak, preys on the heart of man
Depraves is mind, and sops the vital powers
Of virtue in is breast. Uneasy is
the couch of vice, and sleepless, though adorn'd
With precious gems, the pillow of deceit!

Mary Anning Mt

You part for glory, build your fame
on this foundation, wich the secret shock
Defies of envey and all-sapping time:
The gaudy glass of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
the praise that, worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of Mind.

" The guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel, livery to dispise:
My lips, by him chastis'd to truth
Never paid that homage wich the heart denies

Smollett

Led by Simplicity divine,
She pleased, and never tried to shine;
She gave to chance each unschool'd feature,
And left her cause to — sense and Nature

More

COLL. EHERSONE.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. S. OWEN.

Healthis fore, suspense, so irksome to be borne
An evere-piercing and retreating storm,
Hung on her heart, when Nature bade it rise,
And stole contents bright ensign from her eyes

FOLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DOM. R. B. OWEN.

NHMS XXXVII/2

Afflictions. Bp. Wilson. 'Maxims of Piety.'

Brings us the nearest way to God.

If God gives fortitude and patience in Afflictions it is a certain mark of his care and love. They are the preventatives of Sin, correct the corruptions of our nature, are an exercise of Grace; a conformity to Christ; a mark of adoption to Sincere Christians; an assurance of God's love and a preparative for Heaven.

Why should a living man complain of the punishment of his Sins? All sins must be punished here or hereafter. Justice requires it, as well as the nature of our condition; for Health and prosperity are most likely to corrupt us. The Cross only can bring us back to God. We judge of our merits by the Worldly advantages we enjoy. God is forced to shew us our mistake and our dependance on him by Afflictions.

He that is uneasy under the Cross would serve God with what cost him nothing.
Let us consider the issues of Prosperity & Adversity, and then we shall easily perceive by which we have been most gainers.
Those whom God loves, he weans from the affections of this World by Afflictions.
Afflictions are always usefully especially when they oblige us to have recourse to God.
The Divine Goodness has appointed afflictions to be the portion of his own Children, to make them fond of the love of God, who will make them more than amends for all the miseries they suffer.
If God permits any evil to happen to us, it is because that very evil is our Good.
We know not what we lose when we pray to be delivered out of Afflictions because God always increases his consolations and Grace as afflictions abound.

Afflictions may make them esteem us less
but God loves us more if we bear them
with patience and holy submission.
They never are unbearable but when
we see them in a wrong light, as
the effects of man's malice, of our own
folly, &c, but look upon them as from
God a Father and all will be right.
Holy is that condition which forces us
to trust only in God and to be in the hands
of his providence. Afflictions discipline us
to pray, and we are sure to mend our
pace, if we send God in Prayer.
What a mercy it is to be forced to turn
to God by afflictions sickness, or the ill
usage of mankind.
Afflictions are blessings, by a gracious
God to do that for us, which we are not
able to do for ourselves.
They are a proof of our being within the
care of a Father who cannot be pleased
with our pain.

COLL. CHERBOOK.
EX. LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.

The Morning Prayer.

Made use of by Bishop Wilson.

O Most holy, blessed, and glorious Majesty of Heaven and Earth!

Before Thee the Author of My being, I humbly prostrate Myself this Morning; Most gratefully acknowledging the duty which I owe to Thee, both as I am a Creature, and as I am a Christian: And that I have so often neglected this duty, or been backward or cold in the performance of it: this now I am sensible of, I justly condemn Myself for: I heartily bewail it, and in the bitterness of My Soul repent of it.

And, because I am not worthy to be heard
for My own sake, I set before thee the
merits of thy Son, who is the propitiation
for our Sins: for his righteousness sake
pardon the offences of me thy servant, and
grant me those things by thy mercy, which
by the strict rule of justice are not due
to me: Heal all the evil inclinations of
my Soul, and perfect in me a hearty love
unto holiness that by thy grace I may
perform all those engagements that are
upon me. And blessed be the goodness
of God which has so often prevented me
with that Grace to which I owe all the
good thoughts that are in my heart, all
the motions of my Soul to Virtue and
Piety, and all the effects of them in the
whole course of my life.
I thank Thee, O heavenly Father for all
the blessings which I have (undeservedly)
received from Thee, and particularly for

that Thou hast kept me the night past from all perils of body and soul; and hast given me a comfortable sleep, which favour Thou hast denied to many others; and raised me up with desires of continuing to be thy faithful Servant this day and the remainder of my life.

O merciful
Deny not therefore ~~O God~~ God the desires of a Soul that offers up itself, without reserve to thy service. Preserve me always in this serious temper of mind, — That a quick sense of my duty may make me ever more ready and forward to do it, — that the sense of my weakness may make me watchful and diligent; and that the remembrance of my former negligence may make me more fervent and prepping; and that the goodness of thy commands may make my obedience more chearful; — and that the great dangers I have escaped and the sleeping before me may engage me to persevere more patiently in all well-doing: so that I may be like my great Lord and Master, that I may do him some honour while I live on the World, and walk worthy of the mighty privileges he has bestowed upon me.

make me, O Lord and Master, a faithful
Steward of all the good things which Thou hast
already committed to my charge; and whilst
Thou art pleased to continue to me that
Prosperity (and Health) which I enjoy, fill
me with such a sense of thy Goodness, that
I may be more ready to do good to those
that are in Misery; and that by a sober
and moderate use of thy Blessings, I may
be prepared to endure patiently whatever
change Thou shalt be pleased to order
for me into a worse condition.
Conduct me safely, O good Providence,
through all the temptations and troubles
of this life to that blessed place where
our Lord Jesus Christ liveth and reigneth
with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit,
one God world without end. Amen.

COLL. SHERBORN
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.

The Bishop's Evening Prayer.

O Lord the Creator of the World, I do here in all humility present myself before Thee to pay my Evening Homage, beseeching — Thee to accept of my Soul and body, a living sacrifice to Thee, my God, who first made and Redeemed both! but most unfit are they to be to Thee presented, unless I have obtained thy gracious pardon for the many sins by which they have been defiled.

My whole nature is corrupt, exceeding prone to evil, and averse to good, my understanding is full of ignorance and errors, my will perverse, my passions are ungovernable, and my senses have been the inlets of all impurities: all the faculties of my Soul and body have been abused. Lord, pity, and cleanse & forgive, and accept, and save me for thy mercy's sake.

There is nothing O Lord and Merciful Father so afflictive to me, as the remembrance that I have at any time offended thy sovereign authority.

I am heartily sorry for the breaking of any
of thy sacred, righteous, and good laws:
I abhor the thoughts of doing so again, and
do seriously protest against it.
Remember not therefore the sins and offences
of my youth and in great mercy blot out
those of my riper years: then will my God
be much pleased with the daily sacrifice
of his servant and will not refuse that
he has added another day to the years of
my life.
And now, O Lord, I ascribe it with all thank-
-ful acknowledgments to thy goodness and
providence, that I have this day been preser-
ved from all evil and calamities, and that
none of thy judgments (to which I am justly
liable) have fallen upon me.
But that Thou hast liberally and with a
bountiful hand supplied me with the
necessaries of this life; and that Thou art
still pleased to support me in a condition
so much above my desert, and even beyond
my thoughts.

This creates in me such a sense of Gratitude as I am not able to express. ~~Dear~~ O! God add this to the rest of thy favours to thy unworthy Servant, that I may never forget to praise thy Holy Name, for all the Graces and Blessings I every day receives from thy hand.

Possess me with such a deep sense of the obligations I have to Thee, and the great kindness Thou hast done me in engaging me to be thy Servant, that Religion may be the business of my life; my greatest pleasure, to please Thee; and my highest design to attain eternal happiness.

Give me Grace, that I may always have this resolution in my mind (as I have the Vow upon my Soul) to serve Thee in the impartial performance of every known duty. Thou needest not O God my Services but I beseech Thee to accept of my ambition of serving Thee in holiness and righteousness all my days.

Into thy hands I commend this Night both
My Soul and body which have by Thee been
Mercifully preserved in safety all this day.
I repose Myself in the Believe of thy watch-
full Providence, that Thou givest thy Angels
charge of us; and if Thou seest good no evil
can come near us.
And grant, O God the Lord and judge of all
Mankind! That I may so pass all the
days and nights of My life in thy fear,
and to thy Glory, that when the great
day shall come when no night shall
follow, I may, by the Merits of Christ
receive a crown of Glory which Thou
dost promise to them that love Thee.
These things, and whatever else My necessi-
ties or My Charity oblige Me to pray for,
I most humbly beg in the name and in
the words of our blessed Saviour:—

Our Father &c.

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
BRIT. M. R. OWEN.

A Prayer for Sunday

Almighty God, by whom all things were made and preserved, make us truly thankful for thy wonderful works of Creation: for thine adorable Providence in preserving every thing that Thou hast made; and for thine infinite Power, Wisdom & Goodness in the government of the World.

But above all we adore thine infinite love in the Redemption of the World, by thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ; and thy goodness in sending by him this comfortable message to thy distressed Creatures — "That whosoever receiveth and believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life". We bless Thee for his holy doctrine and Example; and for his precious Death and glorious Resurrection, by which our sad condition; and thine unspeakable love, have been wonderfully shewn to us.

We give Thee thanks for thy Holy Word, by which thy works of Mercy and Providence have been preserved and thy Will made known unto Mankind.

We bless thy holy name, for sanctifying one day in Seven to thy service, to Teach us the knowledge and remembrance of Thee, and of our Creation & Redemption. And for appointing thy Ministers to publish these truths to us in thy name, that we may render unto Thee that honour, love & obedience which becometh Creatures to pay to their great Creator.

And we beseech Thee O God to give us such a deep and lasting sense of thy great and undeserved Mercies to us, that our hearts may be intirely thankful and that we may shew forth thy praise not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and Righteousness all our days.

And as we often hear how we ought to walk and to please God, that we may continue to do so unto our lives end, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Meditation.

Heb. 3. 7. 8. To-day if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts.

This is the day, and this is the life in which God speaks to us in mercy. Lord grant that I may not harden my heart against this truth: nor let the slip this day of thy patience, that neither the cares, nor the pleasures of life may ever make me forget, that this is the day on which my salvation depends, so far as I know not whether I shall have another.

COLL. EX LITT.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
COLL. R. E. OWEN.

Morning Prayer. B. Wilson.

What shall I render unto the Lord, for his mercies renewed unto me every Morning? I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and pay my vows unto the most Highest.

And may God accept my most hearty thanks for my preservation and refreshment, for all the blessings of the Night past and of my life past.

Bless my Soul gracious God, with such a sense of thy goodness, and of my dependance upon Thee for life, and Health and Prosperity, and Comfort that it may be my delight, as it is my interest and duty, to serve and obey Thee.

And that I may do this with a quiet mind forgive me the sins of which my conscience is afraid and avert the judgments which I have justly deserved.

Give me Grace, that I may continue in thy fear all the day long: and that I may live and act as having Thee, O God,

the constant witness of my conduct; and that it may be the purpose of my soul never to offend Thee wilfully.

May thy restraining Grace preserve me from the temptations of this evil World, from the frailty and corruptions of my own sinful nature; and from the evil principles and practices of the age we live in!

Purify my Heart with a sincere love to Thee, and for all mankind; and grant that I may have that comfortable and sure proof of thy love abiding in me, that I study to please Thee and keep thy commandments.

Give me a tender Compassion for the wants and miseries of my Neighbor; that Thou mayst have Compassion upon me O God.

In all my ways I do acknowledge Thee Do thou, O Lord, direct my paths and teach me to guide my affairs, my designs my Words and actions, with Charity discretion, justice and Piety.

the constant witness of my conduct; and that it may be the purpose of my soul never to offend Thee wilfully.

May thy restraining Grace preserve me from the temptations of this evil World, from the frailty and corruptions of my own sinful nature; and from the evil principles and practices of the age we live in!

Purify my Heart with a sincere love for Thee, and for all mankind; and grant that I may have this comfortable and sure proof of thy love abiding in me, that I study to please Thee and keep thy commandments.

Give me a tender compassion for the wants and miseries of my Neighbor, that Thou mayst have compassion upon me O God.

In all my ways I do acknowledge Thee. Do thou, O Lord, direct my paths and teach me to guide my affairs, my designs, my Words and actions, with Charity discretion, justice and Piety.

Shew me the way that I should walk in,
and give me Grace to follow the conduct of
thy good spirit, that I may do my duty
in that state of life in which thy Providence
has placed me.

Lest me ever remember, that "the Night
cometh when no man can work", and that
now is the time in which to provide for
Eternity.

Grant O God, that my worldly pleasures,
my worldly business, may ever make me
lose the sight of death or forget the dangers
that surround me.

Fill my Heart with the dread of the
punishments prepared for impenitent
Sinners: and my Soul with a sense of the
blessings which will be the sure reward
of all them that love Thee and obey thy laws.

Hear me O heavenly Father, not according
to my imperfect desires & Petitions, but —
according to the full meaning of that
Holy prayer which Thy beloved Son
has taught us:

Our Father &c.

COLL. INTERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
COLL. R. D. OWEN.

Evening Prayer. St. Wilson.

Sleep, said St. Andrews is so like death, that I dare not venture on it without saying my Prayers: And indeed, for fear of the worst a thoughtful Christian will take care to make his peace with God before he goes to sleep; and put himself under Gods protection every Evening of his life that he may be safe from fear of evil.

That it hath pleased Thee, O God, to add another year to the years of Thy our lives: and to keep Thee us from the dangers of an evil World: for these and for all thy mercies from day to day bestowed upon Thee us, we bless thy good and gracious Providence, most earnestly beseeching Thee to pardon Thy our offences of the day past, and to grant that they may never rise up in judgment against Thee us.

Lord the frailty of man, without Thee
cannot but fall: in all temptations,
therefore, we beseech Thee to succour us
that we may get the dominion over
sin. us
Give us a salutary dread of the cor-
ruption of our vile heart: make us
truly sensible of the end of sin, and
mindful of our own unfaithfulness and
backslidings.
Vouchsafe unto all sinners a true sense
of their unhappy state, a fear of thy
judgments, and grace and strength to
break their bonds.
Enlighten our souls with saving truth
Correct us in mercy, and restore us when
we go astray. Make us ever mindful
of our latter end and fix in our hearts
a lively sense of the happiness of thy
saints of the world to come.

May the thoughts of death mortify in me us all pride and covetuousness and a love of this World; and may our my firm belief of a judgment to come make me us ever careful to please. Thee, my our Lord, and Judge, that we I may find mercy at that day of Judgment

Grant that we I may lie down to sleep with the same charitable and forgiving tempers in which we I desire & hope to die. And may the Almighty God take us me and all that belongs to me us under his gracious and powerful protection!

May he give his Angels charge concerning us, and keep us in perpetual peace and safety through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Verily, I say unto thee whasoever ye shall ask in thy father my name, he will give it you. St John.

In thy Name O Jesus and in the full meaning of the Words which thou hast taught us, I pray God, for thy sake, to hear me, and to give me what is most convenient for me. — Our Father.

COLL. RICHBORO
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
RICH. R. R. OWEN.

Morning Prayer.

Blessed be the Lord for his mercies renewed to me every morning; for his preservation, and refreshment, and for all the blessings of the night past; - for which all thanks and glory be to Thee, thy God and Father.

Gracious God, continue to me these and all others thy blessings, so long, and in such a measure, as shall be most for thy glory, and my salvation.

Possess my soul, I beseech Thee with a true sense of thy goodness to me, and of my dependance upon Thee, that it may be my delight as it is my interest and duty to serve and obey Thee.

But that I may serve Thee with a quiet mind, forgive me all my sins, I beseech Thee, for thy dear Son's sake and withhold the judgments of which my conscience is afraid.

Keep it ever in thy heart of thy Servant, that it is an evil thing and bitter to forsake and offend the Lord. And above all things keep me from wilfull and deliberate sins, that I may never grieve thy holy Spirit, nor provoke thee to leave me to myself.

Let thy restraining Grace preserve me from the temptations of the World, the flesh (my own corrupt nature and those sins I am most prone to,) and the Devil, that I may fall into no sin, nor run into any kind of danger; but that all my doings may be ordered by thee, that I may do always that which is righteous in thy sight: And that I may live and act as having thee, O God, the constant witness of all my thoughts, Designs, Words, and actions.

May I never render myself, by new sins unworthy of thy Guidance and Protection! Suffer me not to go astray, or bring me back by such ways as to thee shall seem fit.

May I love Thee with all my heart, and all mankind for thy sake! And may I ever have have this sure proof of thy love abiding in me, that I study to please Thee and to keep thy commandments! — And that I may forgive, and love, and do good to my Neighbours as becomes a disciple of Jesus Christ!

Assist me by thy Grace, faithfully to perform the duties of my calling; and thankfully to receive, and ~~bear~~ patiently to bear, whatever thy providence shall order for me.

Preserve me from an idle and useless life, ever remembering, that the night cometh when no man can work; — and that now is the time in which to provide for eternity.

And grant O Lord, that no worldly pleasures, no worldly business may ever make me lose the sight of death.

And Pray the thoughts of death oblige me
to be truly and sincerely good.
To mortify all Pride, and Vanity, Covetous
-ness, Hatred, Envy, and Malice; to be —
serious, sober, and Watchful, while I con-
tinue in this State of Trial.
Hear me O heavenly Father, not according
to my imperfect petitions, but according
to the full meaning of that Holy Prayer,
which thy beloved Son has taught us,
in compassion to our infirmities:
Our Father &c.

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. B. OWEN.

An Evening Prayer. Sh Wilson

O most gracious and merciful God, I give Thee thanks that it hath pleased Thee to add another day to the years of my life, and that none of thy judgments to which for my sins I am justly liable have fallen upon me.

Accept O Lord, of my unfeigned thanks for this thy constant care over me; for delivering me from the dangers of an evil World; and for the many undeserved blessing bestowed upon me day after day.

Blessed be thy Goodness, that my Sins and ingratitude have not prevented Thee from bringing me safe to the evening of this day. O God, infinite in mercy, pardon my Sins of the day past, whether in thought Word or deed which I have committed through the fraud or malice of the Devil:—

Or through Thy own weakness or frailty: and grant that they may never rise up in judgment against Me.

Prepare Me, I beseech Thee, for the continuance of Thy favours by giving Me the grace of a true repentance and a thorough amendment of life.

Make Me truly sensible of the weakness and corruption of Thy nature; and the need I have of Thy gracious help, that I may pray for it continually.

May I ever make a right use of the time which Thy goodness shall yet vouchsafe Me; and not dare to abuse Thy patience and longsuffering.

Make Me ever sensible of Thy latter end that death may not overtake Me unprepared. And in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver Me.

O God all powerful, take me this night under thy protection. — Preserve me from the powers of darkness, and from the dangers of the night. And by thy grace and providence, bring me at last through all the trials and temptations of this World to a blessed end, that I may die in peace, and rest in hope, and rise in glory, through Jesus Christ in whose name, and according to the full meaning of that holy Prayer which he has taught us, I most humbly beseech Thee to hear me, for myself, and for all Christian people. — Our Father.

COLL. THEBOOKS.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
SOC. R. S. LOND.

A Prayer for a Sick Person. By Wilson

O Lord, infinitely merciful, whose very corrections are the effects of thy love, give me grace to know, and to fear to consider this that I may evermore thankfully receive thy fatherly corrections, and rejoice in the midst of the sorrows that encompass me stedfastly believing that all things shall work together for good to those that fear God, and trust in his mercy.

Gracious God, let it so happen unto this thy Servant visited with thine hand, that he may take his afflictions patiently and with a dutiful submission to thy will, bear whatever thou shalt be pleased to lay upon him; that the disorders of his body (or mind) may contribute to the health of his soul.

That being made perfect through sufferings, I may be owned by this blessed Saviour, who through great afflictions entered into glory.

To this end, I beseech Thee to enlighten my mind that I may understand thy dealings, and make that use of this visitation which Thou designest by it.
Give me grace to know wherein I have offended that I may endeavour to amend whatever I have done amiss: and give me a firm reliance on thy gracious promises, that I may not suffer either in body or mind, without the comforts of grace, and the hope of being beloved by Thee.
Deliver me, O God, from the danger of impatience, distrust or despair; from the illusions & assaults of the powers of darkness; and from all anguish or affliction, which may any way draw my mind from Thee.
Enable me to wait with patience thy good time till Thou seest fit to perfect my recovery.
and in the mean time, bless all the good endeavours which shall be used for my health & comfort.

Lay not upon me a greater burden than Thou shalt enable me to bear with Christian patience; that others seeing the powers and effects of true faith and trust in Thee, may learn to glorify Thee and to submit to thy wise dispensations.

For Jesus Christ's sake, who by his merits has purchased pardon, and comforts, and grace, for all his faithful servants, hear me answer me, and let thy merciful kindness be upon thy servant.

Give me patience under this trial, that I may bear it as becomes a disciple of Christ considering that it is his cross, and laid upon me by thy appointment.

This must be thy gift, O God, for of ourselves we are nothing but weakness and sin; this must be the effect of thy mercy to us.

Shew mercy therefore to thy servant O Lord; have compassion on me, and help me.

Help me O God, as Thou didst always help thy faithful servants which called upon Thee in time of trouble.

Above all things, give me grace, that with an entire submission I may resign my will to thine, remembering, that thy will is holy, and just, and that it is our duty to receive and approve whatever is appointed by Thee.

For what are all our professions of being thy Servants, if we complain and are not pleased that thy will be done with us.

O give me grace to overcome the unwillingness of my nature, and to make it yield to thy appointments.

Deal thus with this thy Servant, O Lord and do as Thou knowest best for me; either release me in mercy, or enable me to bear this trial with patience.

Grant this, O most mercifull Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

Amen.

COLL. RIVERSIDE
EX LIT.
RICARDI OWEN.
DON. R. D. OWEN.

A Prayer under lingering illness.

O Good God, thou hast long kept thy servant under thy chastening hand; thou hast made him acquainted with grief, and his sickness is become as his constant companion, yet O blessed Lord, grant that he may not think it long to wait thy pleasure, when thou are pleased to wait so long for the return of sinners; and art ever faithful, and of tender mercy: having the kindest intentions even in thy bitterest dispensations.

Teach me O gracious Father to see love as well as justice in all thy dealings that I may humble myself under

Thy mighty hand, and confess that it is good for me to be afflicted.

Convince me O Lord, that whom thou lovest thou chastenest, and scourgest every Son whom thou receivest: and Enable me patiently to wait the appointment of thy good time: in an assured expectation that I shall one day see cause to number my afflictions amongst the richest of thy mercies.

Blessed be thy name, O Father of mercies, that Thou dost not pour out all thy wrath: but in judgment remembers mercy. I bless thee for giving me some relaxation —, and for mingling many ingredients in this bitter cup.

Make me so sensible of thy kindness and love that I may not only be contented but thankful under thy hand.

Grant that my faith may not fail nor my patience be wearied out, Return O Lord at the last and say to my afflictions it is enough.

Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me, and wherein I have suffered adversity. And still Thou art pleased to remember me in such mercy, grant that I may neither despise thy chastening nor faint under thy rebukes: but take all as I ought, employing the time which thou grantest: and improving the afflictions which thou continuest as a gracious opportunity for my Souls advantage.

Under the decays of the outer man,
Let the inner be renewed day by day.
And let all that is wanting in my
spiritual concerns be filled up
And whatever pertains to my ever-
lasting salvation be promoted and
perfected through the riches of thy
grace and the assistance of thy Holy
Spirit, and the multitude of thy
mercies in Christ Jesus our Saviour:

Amen.

Jenks.
July 1808.

The Exile

All all alone upon the sea beat shore,
A weary exile oft was seen to stray,
He'd stop, and listen to the waters roar,
And then pursue his solitary way.

COLL. SHERBORN.
EX LITT.
RICARDI OWEN.
COL. H. B. OWEN.

He'd sit him down, and linger on the sand,
And strangely listen to each passing wind;
And muse withall upon his native land,
And think on pleasures he had left behind.

His Wife, his Infant Child, were left at home
Left to the mercy of a boistrous world
While he a wretched exile ~~learnt~~ left to roam,
~~Far from his dear lost cot and pity hurled.~~

One morn he reached the summit of yon' rock,
Whose feet the rolling waters boldly lave
At once to free him from the unsparing shock
Of rude adversity, he plunged into the wave

The mournful billows throng around his head
The whistling gale sweeps persive o'er his grave
The ebbing waters form his wished for bed,
And breathe wild music o'er the exiled slave

autograph signature on back.
COS.

Shall I all the truth discover
And too soft a heart betray
While to cure a jealous lover
I his rivals heart display

All his gifts his boasted treasures
Have no value in my eyes
Bring disgust instead of pleasure
Sordid greatness I despise

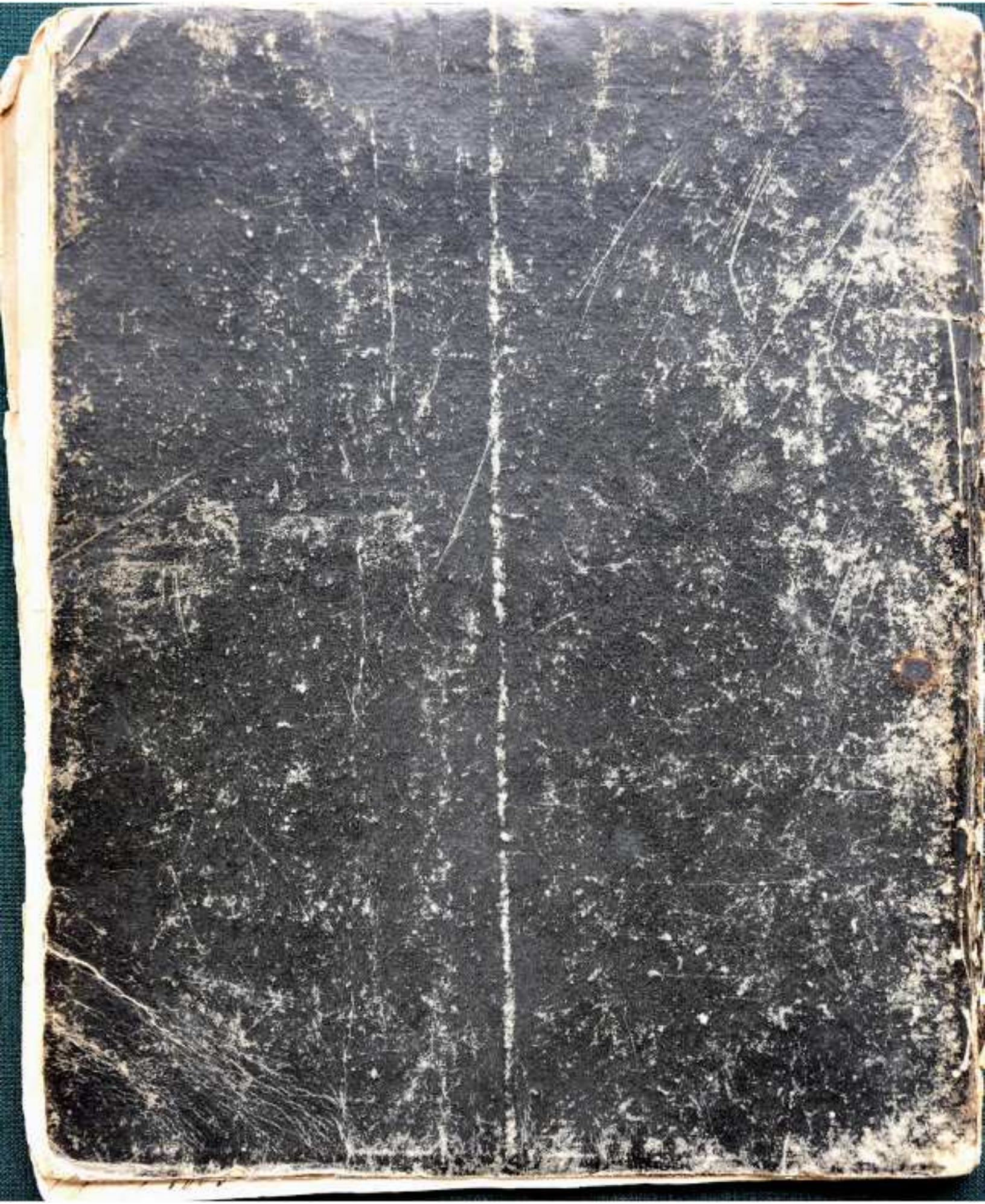
All the Indies wealth possessing
Can to me no joys impart
'Tis the hand that gives the blessing
Stamps its value on the heart

From thy hand a simple flower
Call'd from natures various hoard
Can a charm of sovereign power
To revive my heart afford

Thy least gift afford a pleasure
Nought their value can improve
But the best the dearest treasure
Is the heart of him I love

2

(Autograph of)

Mary Jennings

July 1808.