

**A WREATH FROM JESSAMINE
LAWN, OR, FREE GRACE THE
FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES;
IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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A Wreath from Jessamine Lawn, or, Free Grace the Flower That Never Fades; In Two Volumes. Vol. I by Harriet Livermore

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HARRIET LIVERMORE

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A WREATH
FROM
JESSAMINE LAWN;
OR
FREE GRACE
THE
Flower that never Fades.

BY HARRIET LIVEKMORE.

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life."—*Paul to Titus.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORRESS.
1831.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of
SEAL. August, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred
and thirty one, Harriet Livermore, of the said Dis-
trict, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title of
which is in the words following, to wit:

"A Wreath from Jessamine Lawn; or Free Grace the Flower
that never Fades. By Harriet Livermore. 'Not by works of
righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he
saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the
Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus
Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should
be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.'—*Paul to
Titus*. In two Volumes,—Vol. 1."

the Right whereof she claims as Author, in Conformity with an
Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts
respecting Copy-Rights."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District.

Pappan Bros. Publishers
17-14-1824



TO

Sarah S.

AND

MARY JANE LIVERMORE,

THIS

"YOUTH'S NOVEL,"

Which is entitled

A WREATH FROM JESSAMINE LAWN,

OR

FREE GRACE

THE

FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES,

Is Inscribed,

AS

An humble, but sincere testimony,

OF THE

AFFECTION AND

Best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

Dated June 19th, A. D. 1831,

At Belvidere Village.

06.3.16.35.

Note.

The way-faring pilgrim presents her thanks to those persons who have subscribed for her *Wreath*, and paid in advance, to aid the purchase of paper for the work.

Subscribers, on receiving the *Wreath*, are requested to bear in mind the author's description of it; that it is an original Tale, or Religious Novel. They are likewise solicited to keep in remembrance, as they survey the *Wreath*, its author's afflicted condition while writing; and let fervent charity cover a multitude of faults.

H. L.

Germtown, July 26th, 1831.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE,
OR APOLOGY.



READER,

This is an original tale. It is intended in its presentation to the world, for the children and youth of our land. The Authoress is sensible, that this *most* interesting part of the community, are already well furnished with entertaining and instructive books. She believes, if children of this era grow up in vanity, and waste the bloom of youth in sin and folly, they cannot be excused on the score of scarcity or meanness of *outward* means of instruction, especially of *good books*—these are plenty.

At the same time that I make these declarations, I am offering a new book. How is this? I will tell thee reader. I will state the circumstances that induced me to write and to publish the *Wreath*, (in abstract, and with all possible brevity; as a lengthy preface, like a long dull sermon, is mostly obsolete, and *rarely* useful.)

In the first place, I shall remark; that in my opinion, it would be mere mock modesty in me, to pretend to suppose that my name is unknown in the United States, when I have appeared in nearly all its large cities in thirteen of the States, in (what the clergy call) a disorderly character, even as a preacher of the gospel of Christ; for Paul says: "I suffer not a woman to teach."

But I am not careful, at present, to debate this matter. It is enough for me, that *God*, the High and Holy One, hath said: his "handmaids shall teach,"* even gentile females, as well as Judah's daughters: and I know Paul was a good man, and that he never intended to hedge up a path opened and hallowed by Jehovah of Hosts. Never.

In this faith I write. It is strong, unwavering and sincere—immoveable itself, though it removes mountains away from me, inasmuch as I trust in God.

What of all this? Why, I am giving you a prologue to my preface—that is all.—You may cry pish—and pass on if you like.

My travels, with the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophesy," have been hindered by a series of bodily afflictions. I have had many painful days and nights appointed for me, since

* Prophesy.

October in 1827. Among other ailments, a confirmed disease on my nervous system, has confined my poor body to a sick chamber through four successive winters. At times my mind has suffered severely by sympathy with its decaying walls of clay, and appeared to be threatened with desolation.—I was advised to try some amusing employ to sustain its remains of energy; and with humble prayer to my blessed Redeemer, for direction, aid and blessing, I took up my pen, to write a *Story*; It is done—I have been amused.

As to the publishing part, my motive is, to get some money to pay my way along a pilgrim's path, through this selfish, proud, and apostate world. Travelling is now far better for me than medicine; it is evidently so ordered by my Divine Master—and travelling is expensive—and sickness "is a great waster."

The climate of New-England, (the dear land of my nativity) is opposed to my diseases;—I am necessitated to fly from the N. E. coast of our country; and far from the spot "where my infancy wept," must pitch my winter's tent—yea, far from an aged father's dwelling, I go, alone, as to mortal guide. It is well—God orders it so—I know it; and I know my Savior is with me.

I suppose my *preaching* (occasionally) prevents