

Nancy & Rosa

In the handwriting of A.O. Lamoreaux:

"I went to the temple with the heaviness of a crushed man, and I sat down in my usual seat in the assembly room. I listlessly picked up the Psalmody and it opened to a ... hymn that called my attention to two young ladies, still in their teens. They had grown up without the guarding influence of a mother, as she died while they were very young. And I saw them get in the little boat that transported them from the sea shore to the waiting ship that would carry them away from home and kindred to an unknown world to them.

Many weeks they were on the water a sail boat and what influence was strong enough for two almost children to leave all that was dear to them and make such a venture. It was not the wealth of the world. It was not adventure.

There was a call that they could not resist, that impelled them to go on and on which is expressed in the following lines: The stone wall will be moved out of my way for the call came from heaven and the sons and daughters of the pilgrims go on and on in that call or be destroyed from among the people.

A The Gallant Ship is Under Weigh.

The gallant ship is under weigh, To bear me off to sea,
And yonder floats the steamer gay, That says she waits for me
The seamen dip the ready oar, As rippled waves oft tell,
They bear me swiftly from the shore, My native land, farewell!

I go, but not to plough the main, To ease a restless mind,
Nor yet to toil on battle's plain, The victor's wreath to find.
"Tis not for treasures that are hid, In mountain or in dell,
"Tis not for joys like these I bid, My Native land, farewell!

I go to break the fowler's snare, To gather Israel home,
I go, the name of Christ to bear, To lands and isles unknown.
And soon my pilgrim feet shall tread, On ground where errors dwell,
Whence light and truth have long since fled; My native land farewell!

I go, an erring child of dust, Ten thousand foes among,
Yet on His mighty arm I trust, Who makes the feeble strong.
My sun, shield, forever nigh, He will my fears dispel,
This hope supports me when I sigh, My native land, farewell!

I go devoted to His cause, And to his will resigned;
His presence will supply the loss Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart And lights the darkest cell,
To exiled pilgrims grace imparts: My native land, farewell!

I go, it is my Master's call, He's made my duty plain!
No danger can the heart apall, When Jesus stoops to reign.
And now the vessel's side we've made, The sails their bosoms swell,
Thy beauties in the distance fade, My native land, farewell!

In Archibald Orrell Lamoreaux's hand writing at the bottom of the page:

*Nancy Miram [sic] Orrell and her sister Rose
Left their native land when they were just budding in to womanhood
in a sailing vessel. In the year 1852*

*Nancy's oldest son Archibald Orrell Lamoreaux is the collector of
the records contained in the four volumes.*

A. O. Lamoreaux

This influence made me shed tears of joy many times today. They are ever ready and watching and waiting near by to give encouragement at the critical time. They were here when I wrote to the heavy burdened Col TBL. I wrote him a long letter telling him of the wonderful help he was to AJL and how strong the Spirit of Elijah had rested on him and his nephew AJL and I mentioned all the relatives and you always are ready to take our crude gatherings and place it in a beautiful setting.

*Oh the kindness of my Heavenly Father in sending such talented help. And I know that some times their son's _____
Sometimes get nearly crushed with the cross cuts of life
And to have them near O who could fail with all that army of relatives ever ready to help themselves, the sons and daughters, over the rough places along the way.*