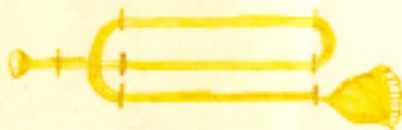


**Document: A Beautiful Box of Gifts and  
Emblems of Presence Given to Calvin  
Green as a Token of Eternal Blessings....  
Copied November 25th 1847."**

Canterbury Shaker Village Archives, #788.



A Crown of Vertitude  
Mother <sup>JOHAN</sup> Ann.



A Trumpet of Declaration  
Father <sup>JOSIAH</sup> Joseph

A Beautiful Way  
Of Gifts and Emblems  
Of Devotion  
Given to Calvin Green as a token  
Of eternal blessings from all the  
Eternal and heavenly Parents

Presented to a Mortal Instrument by  
our loving friends for Sally Wells

Copyd November 25<sup>th</sup> 1823

The Word taken from  
the outside of the Book Explaining its  
(Contents)

Receive with Wisdom (with this Book)  
a Book of Comfort from the  
Holy Father and a  
Greatest Plate of eternal life which  
they must truly wear at my hand

Your Soul is not Your Crown is bright  
Your love is pure and holy  
Your soul is anchored in the light  
Your walk is meek and lowly  
Your prayers ascend unto My Throne  
Answering sweet feeling  
So all My Angels will is known  
My minister sweet healing

A Crown of Fortitude From  
Mother Ann

I am thy tender Mother Ann  
When you was a babe of innocence  
in your natural Mothers arms  
I put forth my hand and blessed  
you Then it was that I cried  
to My Heavenly Father for you  
Saying O my God here me thy  
humble Servant and set thy seal  
upon this Child that he may abide  
in my love forever Then did I see  
My blessing become a Crown of fortitude  
upon your head And I saw descending  
from the Throne an Angel having



great power saying This Reason  
One will I bear safely on over  
the seas of time and he shall  
not be cast away by the fierce winds  
of passion Now say I  
your Mother I love that fortitude  
with which you have walked on the  
waters of affliction never ceasing to sound  
the trumpet I placed in your hand  
for remembrance of which I give  
you an Emblem of the Crown which  
you have worn so long that you  
may in sweet love remember me

Mother Ann

A Sword Of Victory  
From Father William

My Mothers sword hath cut you down  
and given you the victory

1

When first I knew my Mothers voice  
To sin and bliss her was my choice  
Dap in my soul she thrust her sword  
Which made me bow before the Lord  
When I again rebellion felt  
She thrust her sword up to the hilt  
And planted deep the fear of God  
Which made me tremble at His word

2

This is the sword of Godly fear  
And in your soul its marks appear  
Thro all the changing scenes of fate

You've felt its power strong and great  
Conquering nature's passions base  
To rise and fill her holy place  
And now your work is nearly done  
And you've a sword of victory won

A Swift Winged Comforter  
From Father James

Be joyful now saith Father James  
Who loves and blesses all his lambs  
I am a Shepherd meek and kind  
I'll never leave one lamb behind  
As long as they will forward creep  
I'll lead them on thro' waters deep  
And give them from my golden cup  
A precious everlasting drop



2  
Soy this they are made bold and strong  
And all swift to stem along  
This is the truth you can declare  
Saying I know I have my share  
For Mothers love without controll  
Spare not her rod upon my soul  
Ah! then thou art a rightful heir  
And in Christs Kingdom have a share  
3

I see thy name on Wisdoms Throne  
Where all thy work on earth is known  
To now rejoice in holy mirth  
That thou art of the second birth  
Conceived in light brought forth in love  
A rightful heir to joys above  
Which yet you dwell in Mortal clay  
My Comforter shall be your stay



A Trumpet of Declaration  
From Father Joseph

When you was yet young  
In the prime of your youth  
I gave you this Trumpet  
A Trumpet of truth  
With which you have opened  
The gospel most clear  
To all who approached you  
And wanted to hear

Your work with this Trumpet  
On earths nearly done  
But when to the heavenly  
Worlds you do come  
You'll again have to sound it

To Nations abroad  
And back them to honor  
And glorify God

My Child be comforted  
I give you an emblem of this  
Trumpet and when you behold it  
and think of Me pray for the  
young that they may grow up in  
innocence and purity

A Sapling of Love  
From Mother Lucy

Receive this line its truly thine  
My finger hath plucked it for thee—

Because I do know in your soul <sup>How</sup> there does  
A Fountain of sweet purity  
You live to see order o'er spread your border  
And grow like the Cedar of faith  
Whose branches are bending and dew drops depending  
To water the base of your path

Receive this little line as  
a token of blissing and remembrance  
from me your affectionate  
Mother Lucy

The whole is sealed with  
a Ring of wisdom from the  
Rich Pluriver



A Word Of Love

From

Brother Seth & Mills

To Calvin Green

Hark ye and listen dear Brother and friend  
While I in sweet love with you're feeling abound  
I was call'd to leave you but yet I am near  
And stay in sweet union I frame with you here  
I impress you with feeling the time had now come  
For <sup>the</sup> word on the ~~tree~~ to be taken therefrom  
Showing the Gifts it safely contain'd  
And many rich blessing you truly have gain'd

This privilege was granted me  
By My Holy Mother Wisdom  
And from this may you forever feel  
My grateful thanks which are due to you

for the many kindnesses you bestowed  
upon me in my last days of  
affliction and pain

---

at Little More in Nov after my disease  
I went all around from House to House  
to have my blessing every where and when  
I entered my writing room at the Office  
I saw it set out with many beautiful  
pieces of Furniture Sweet scented Vines  
Branches and Flowers Some of these  
were before known to me others were not  
Among other things was a beautiful  
square Table with a sweet scented  
Rose Bush Lamp and Ink stand  
upon it This said I my kind Dr Calvin  
shall have even so said Father Joseph  
and now it is yours <sup>very</sup> you place it where you have the most time to sit and  
enjoy its sweet fragrance

A Table of Faith and Great Scented  
Rose Bush from Dr. Seth's Will



Good Brother Calvin you see this bears heavy marks of  
tribulation. Oftentimes when My soul has been  
under deep tribulation Concerning Spiritual Writings The will  
Of God has been Wrought to Me On the sweet Odours  
from this Rose Bush

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