

GIFT



ALBUM



WINTER.

GIFT ALBUM.

Philadelphia

HAYES & ZELL.

My Dear Mary Ann Huggins,

As you bear the name
of one who is near and dear to me I cannot
decline your invitation to write a line in your
Album. I trust you have begun to under-
stand the meaning of the Saviour's requirement
contained in the parable "If any man will come
after me, let him deny himself, and take
up his cross daily, and follow me". There
are daily self-denials to be endured, daily
duties to be performed, daily crosses to be
borne, in the christian life. But as the rule
is "no cross, no crown" we must welcome
the cross that we may obtain the crown.

May God bless and guide you always.

Yours very truly
J. H. Riggs

July 6. 1858.



Miss F. Corbair.

AL. Dick.

THE PROMENADE.

Dear Sister Mary

I must write a line or two
in this little Album before starting for the
field of strife. Who knows when, or under
what circumstances we may meet again?
In this world or the world to come?
May the Great God keep you always,

"There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanders given."

Traverse des Sioux Minn

Sept. 29, 1863,

J. W. Holtsclaw.

Capt. D. 9th Reg. Minn. Vol.

Sleep Mary may you ever cherish,
That pearl of matchless price,
Which, when this life shall perish,
Shall buy a paradise:
Where night's dark shades never,
Flow down the dark main,
And the saints in glory,
Eternally shall reign.

Rose A. Spencer

Shakopee
Minn

We are friends Mary
Martha Williamson

Pajutayee Minna

Dear Mary

I wish you were here. I
want to talk with you again. It has
been so long since I have had that pleas-
ure. | Mary we were playmates. we are
friends. we shall be sisters in Christ, when
together we cast our crowns at His feet.
Tell then, dear friend, may you have as
much happiness. as our Heavenly Father
sees will best prepare you for "our home"
Your ever true

Minnie J. Williamson.

Mary's home, May 20. 1859.

My Dear Friend, Mary Ann.

Oh! now for some poetic fire,
Some touch of the sacred muse,
To help inscribe a desire,
In lines for you to peruse.

Some token of kind regard,
Sweet memorial of love,
On this page, well prepared,
Type of a record above.

Pure and white, as was this page,
Ere touched by this poor pen,
Thy heart in youth, 'e'n to age,
So pure, so free from all sin.

And, as in this album-white,
You gather tokens of love,
So let your heart with gems bright,
And with virtues from above.

Oh then, let us faithful prove!
While life to us is given;
Onward and upward, we move
With hopes, - to meet in Heaven.

Nov 26th 1858.

A. M. Adams

To Miss Mary Ann Huggins.

May blessings the richest and pleasures most pure
Attend you, dear Mary, while life shall endure;
Religion's sweet solace your pathway attend,
Your pilgrimage cheering until it shall end.

And when this short life, with its changes are o'er,
No fear may know, as you near the dark shore,
Nor aught but a foretaste of joys evermore.

Heaven's brightness and glory may you then behold,
Until the freed spirit with pleasure untold,
Gives forth its sweet song, as new glories unfold,
God's presence inspiring your soul with delight,
In which the redeemed, shall with rapture unite
Nor ever cease chanting those melodies sweet,
So long as the saints cast their crowns at His feet.

Greenville Jan. 27th 1864

W. J. Masters

Mary, dear Mary,
We are happy, for God has given us
each other's love.

Sister Lottie

Shady Brook
July — 1862

To my Dear Friend Mary T. Higgins:

Amid the Toils,
Trials and joys of the present life, how
faithful, patient and watchful should we
be: And how timely, Kind & Condescending,
how comforting and blessed, is the Address of
Our Divine Savior, to his Children, saying,
"Be thou faithful unto death, and
I will give thee a crown of life."

"When thou passest through the waters,
I will be with thee, and through the rivers,
they shall not overflow thee; when thou wal-
kest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned,
neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for,
I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel,
thy Savior."

M. V. Adams.

Marion, Minnesota.

Nov. 26.th - AD 1858.

To Mary,

'Tis hard to leave our cherished friends,
To bid them all farewell;
But where the Saviour bids us go,
With cheerful hearts we should comply,
Even if called in heathen lands to dwell.

Mary A. Butler.
Beloit W. S.

Sweet stream that winds through yonder ^{glade's}
Spt emblem of a virtuous maid;
Silent and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest wherever she goes,
Clear as yon ethereal glass,
And heaven reflected in her face—
E. P. W. H.

Now Mary Ann I wish for you
A future bright and fair.
And, while I write, this wish of mine
Is turned into a prayer.

I do not ask, that, far from foes,
Uninjured you may live.

I only ask that all those foes
You freely may forgive

I do not pray that o'er your cheek
No tear may ever stray

I only ask that God's own hand
May wipe them all away

S. W. Pond,



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