

Blessed is every one that fear-
eth the Lord; that walketh in his ways.
Ps 128: 1

L. D. L. Ellison

Feb 20 - 1868



PAINTED BY WRIGHT.

My Dearest Mary I'm aware,
That I am not a poet;
But if I can just make some rhymes,
Most gladly will I do it.

For I do want to make a piece,
And write it in your book,
That you may always think of me,
When in it you do look.

For Mary you do know it is
A very painful thought,
To think when we are gone away
That we shall be forgot.

If I should say I love you well,
^{try} I would be no news to you,
So something else I'll try to tell,
Tho nothing is more true.

When you were first a little babe,
You know I called you mine;
And hoped that you should be mine own,
Until my lifes decline.

And Mary when your mother said,
That I must give you up,
I felt that it was hard to part,
It was a bitter cup.

And yet I knew it was but just,
For you were not mine own,
And then I thanked her from my heart
For such a precious loan.

Now Mary you do know the rest,
And I will only add,
Two verses which your uncle made
While lying on his bed.

May truth and mercy never cease
To smoothe the path you tread.
Long be your life your end be peace,
And blest your dieing bed.
Then may your spirit soar on high,
Where pleasures ever bloom,
Blest Canaan's land above the sky
There be your long last Home.

Aunt Fanny

My dear Friend, Mary: Ann Higgins.

" You know how precious the
promises, - I doubt not - contained
in Gods Holy-Word. . One of them is
"Come unto me all ye that labor, and are
heavy laden and I will give you rest"
That you may ever trust in the Saviour
is the prayer of Your Aff. Friend.

Anna B. Ackley.

She is coming my own my sweet.
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat—
Were it earth in its earthy bed.

Patter patter little rain drops.
Softly on the window pane,
Thank you for the good you do,
And we hope you'll come again.

Anna Jane Riggs



Should sorrow o'er thy brow.
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer the now
Die in their early Spring;
Should pleasure, at its birth,
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

L. O. McMaster—

Dear Mary,

Do not forget your old playmate. I shall
remember you till we meet where

"Hands clasp forever

And friends part never"

Isabella B. Riggs.

Farewell! Thy star of destiny
is beckoning thee away!
Its course is towards the setting sun
Thou must thy fate obey."

Do not follow it, though it should
lead North east or western sky -
kind wishes shall for thee go
forth - God bless my friend!
Good Bye!

Emily, F. Campbell.

Sept. 14th 1863.

Pease des Lieres Nov 14th 1865

May thy youth be crowned with the
shining virtues of thy sex: Thy middle
life with influence and honor:
Thy latter days with peaceful quiet
resignation: Thy eternal future a paradise
of joys supreme.

is the wish of your friends

L. A. P. Smith

Mrs Mary A. Higgins

Mary A. Smith

Fair Haven Conn

We will always be Friends, through the
help of God's grace

Lelia, W. Campbell

Sept 14th 1863

Traverse Minnesota

To my friend Mary A Higgins.

May you while life's rough path you tread
No rude misfortune know.

But find your walks with roses spread
And happy live below

While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess
And youth thy bosom warms
Let virtue and let knowledge dress
Thy mind in nobler charms.

Katharine Herkelbath

Traversesburg

Sep 16th / 63

I'll think of thee while life shall last,
No matter where my lot is cast.
And, if thou first be called to die, fly.
I'll pray that thou to heaven may fly.

Eli L. Huggins





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