

FROM MY DEAR HUSBAND WHILE IN EXILE

Dont think for a moment kind friend,
 That my love and affection has come to an end,
 Nor think that I away from you stay,
 When the beatings of my heart are not turned that way,
 But in the morn and evening too,
 My prayers ascend to God for you,
 That you and Earl may ever be
 As true to God as He is to thee,
 You well knowin the past
 Who has been true first and last;
 Although this is the case,
 Trust not the human race,
 'Tis true the flesh is weak,
 But if we humbly seek
 That beautiful Gospel Ra-ing
 Salvation it will bring.

How well do I remember
 Just three years ago to day,
 When you and I embarked
 Upon that happy union
 That last through eternity.

(Time Feb 7, 1891)

How well do I remember.
 That through pains, sorrow and joy
 You and I have been blessed
 With one of heavens treasures
 That bouncing baby boy.

Autographs

Be ever prayerful humble and true,
 And do all the duties you are called on to do,
 So when you have finished your mission below,
 You may go to your home on high,
 And there be crowned with eternal life,
 And mingle with angles of light.

Remember this, and bear in mind,
 A trusty friend is hard to find,
 Now you have found one
 who is just and true,
 Do unto her as you would have her do to you,

May thy life be like a snow flake,
 That leaves a mark, but not a stain.

Remember me when death shall close
 My eyelids in the quite repose,
 And when the night winds gentle move, (wave)
 The flowers above a dear friends grave.

May you be happy and be at ease,
 Get a kind husband and do as you please.

Last in your album, Last in your thought,
 First to be remembered, Last to be forgot.
 The roses are red and beautiful too,
 But nothing to compare with you.