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To Mary Anne

When years have rolled o'er thee,
And summers are fled,
And this comes before thee,
Like one from the dead,
When these scenes and these days,
I shall be past and afar,
Let them live in the blaze,
Of bright memory's star.
When friends long departed,
Before thee appear,
And the gay and warm hearted,
In fancy are near,
When all fond things together,
Remembrance shall bring,
For we let one feather,
Be plucked from the wing.

Signed lower right Ada

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Water color of a Rose (unopened)
Signed in the lower right A.H.H

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Watercolor of a Fuchsia

The word Fuchsia Handwritten underneath the watercolor

Dated lower left 7.15.40

Signed lower right S.M.D

Essay on the flower fuchsia

All the species of fuchsia drop their heads toward the ground in such a manner, that their inner beauties can only be discerned when they are somewhat above the eye of the spectator.

In a meaner flower this might not attract attention, but most of the fuchsias are eminently beautiful, both in form and color; and this modest bending of the head is the more remarked from the singular and peculiar beauty of the parts involved in the calyx, which they would thus seem anxious to conceal." Beautifully, and significantly, applying modestly.

S-.M. Douglass

Signed lower right

Phila[?] 11.14.46

“There was a flower of most exceeding brightness,
Blooming mid summers sun, and winters snows,
Rivaling in purity the lily’s whiteness,
Rivaling in beauty e’er the opening rose.
Home was the Eden of this little flower;
Love was its guard, its blessed sunshine, joy;
God wanted it to deck a heavenly tower,
And called thee upward bright eye’d, blooming boy;

Now sad and lonely is thy earthly dwelling,
And watching hearts look out for thee in vain,
They note not the glad hymn thy voice is swelling,
They see thee not amid God’s chosen train.

“Look mourning mother; to his home above thee;
look to the early called redeemed so soon.
Look stricken father: he who joy’d to love thee,
Lives where the morning sees no darkening moon.

Weep not, sad mourners. No atonement given,
None ask’d _he stands beside the golden gate_
The portals open to the child of heaven,
And, hymning angels on his footsteps wait.

Then dry your tears; in vain is all repining,
Look not on him as one you’ll see no more.
He will be near you at life’s low declining?
“He is not dead but only gone before.”
What saith the bright exemplar of our being?
Oh; suffer then to come to me, he said.
For they are lovely to the eye all-seeing
And of such little ones my kingdom’s made

Signed Mary Anne

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Lines To

Does life with the propitious glide?
O say, does sorrow mark thy days,
And by her Ebony bloods deride
They form from joy, illumined ways &
I trust not-yet this heart of mine
By many a sorrow hath been wrung,
And where my dearest hopes could [twine],
I knew they but despairing clung,
Yet may the angels' similes of peace
Around thy paling day be strew'd;
May fleeting hours but,
For on thy heart one bare in truce.
Signed John G. Dutton