

Friend Allie.

We may write our names in
Albans, We may trace them
in the sand. We may chisel
them in marble with a
firm and skillful hand
But the pages soon are
sullied and each name
will fade away. And all
our monument will crumble
Like all earthly hopes decay
But there is a book "Dear Allie"
With leaves of snowy white
Where no name is ever
tarnished but forever
Pure and Bright and
in that book "God's Album"
may your name be penned
with care And may

All who here have written
Write their names for ever
thine.

Your Cousin,

Hattie L. Smith.

London Feb. 2. d. 1890.

