

To Edith Abbott

O! Come O! come come away, Where the fig tree forever is bearing,

Where the flocks and the herds are so pleasant and gay,
And the desert its sweet smile is wearing.

And the wilderness restored to her glory, The tongue of the dumb sweetly singing.

O grave! O grave! where is thy victory?

O! Death! where is thy sting?

A life of disobedience and wrong actions is a life of continual pain, intricacies, doubts, scepticism, trouble. "Wisdom's ways" alone are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Wayside Thoughts.

Written in love by your great Aunt. Phoebe Van Houten. Jan^y 20th 1888
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