

But Patience will crowd, in spite
of her name.

I think I have written now, more than
I ought

And will draw to a close, but oh! I
forgot,

Give my love to all who would like to
see me,

But tell them if they do, they must
come where I be.

All the mistakes you find, when this
you peruse,

Please remember who wrote it, and
kindly excuse.

I received from you one letter, and
now look for another,

So write it up quick, and oblige—

Your own Mother,
Hollie L. Thomas