

To Col. W. G. Russell.

One moment o'er my chequered path,
Thy smile hath shed its gladdening ray
& rainbow on a cloud of wrath—
And wilt thou, also, go away?

Thou'st going! Well, thou knowest
What prayers rise for thee;
And whereso'er thou goest,
Bear gentle thoughts of me.

Mary Annis Jones
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