

A.M.B.

Ellington Academy

It was morning: bright and beautiful. The warm rays of a southern sun nestled amid clusters of finest flowers, and rested on the dewy grass beneath which glistened as if passed, by a refreshing April shower.

And on the light winged zephyr, laden with the breath of those fragrant flowers, floated many a song of gushing melody.

On the grassy banks of a gentle murmuring stream was seated a woman whose dusky brow plainly indicated her as one of the poor wronged ones of benighted Africa. Her hand was pressed passionately upon her forehead, and she wept; almost as agonizingly as an angel weeps over a fallen one. But think not ye wearied daughter of Oppression that those bitter, burning tears shall fall in vain or unseen, for in that realm where sorrow never comes is a healing balm for the wounded spirit.

But "Oh! There is a blessing in tears," they cheer and raise the drooping heart to hope, and still the ruffled tide of feeling to calmer thought. And such an influence it seemed to have over that weeping one, whose brightest hopes were blasted[?] and life seemed but a blank, perhaps by dearest friends torn from her, or herself compelled to follow some relentless tyrant to far off lands. O ye fair ones whose pressed brows, and proud lips curled with scorn, at wrongs like these, although you perhaps can boast of a fairer face, but scarcely a purer heart, turn not from suffering humanity. And this is the glorious land of Freedom for which the noblest of hearts bled; with what sadness must their pure spirits look down upon this sinning nation.

But a day is coming when the shackles shall fall from the arms of the Oppressed, and he shall stand forth in the time [of] dignity of man. May the time hasten. [This last sentence written with different pencil and apparently added later]

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[Additional random writing on the back:]

Farewell we have not often met

We may not meet again

But on my heart the seal is set

Love never sets in vain

Ellington

M. Aurelia Burt

Ellington Academy

The course of true love never runs smooth  
If the love of the heart be blighted it buddeth not again

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Eva Mary

It is hard to smile while the heart is breaking

M Aurelia B

M Aurelia Burt

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Oh it is hard to smile while the heart is breaking.