

Mayville Nov 18th 1886.

My dear Daughter:

Your Mamma
will present you a little poem
which but faintly expresses the
pleasure we experience in the remem-
brance of your early years. In
turning away from childish things
you have the rare pleasure of
knowing that you have caused
those who love you - best to shed
so few tears that no memory
of their bitterness lingers in
their minds. Indeed, they have
been so few that they cannot be
remembered. May your future be
even happier than our love has
sought to make the past.

Your father - Albion W. Torrey