

Brenham Texas
Dec. 4th 1925-

Mr Amos Carter
Worth Texas

My dear sir:

I tender you hearty congratulations on your refusal to resign as regent of Texas Technological College - I am in love with you right now, in my second youth of three score years and ten. Just "lay on the cuff" (and all the rest!)

The poetry enclosed for your paper, is sent as my appreciation of your brave and manly course.

Very truly yours.

Mary Hunt Applec

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If poems are published please send issue of paper in which they appear

Veiled

How oft we realize alas!
That though "the pen the sword surpasses"
It sometimes is a powerless thing
To trace the songs we fain would sing.
For there are thoughts it cannot reach,
That falter on the lips of speech -
The stammering Moses of their kind,
Adown the Sinai of the mind,
They come in radiant ^{light} unpaled,
But with their glory faces veiled,
Before the human clay and clod,
Because they have communed with God!

Mary Hunt Appleton

The old Meeting House -

There was a gray stone building,
Far back among the years,
Where ^{my} great grand father worshipped,
With Kentucky's pioneer's.

At its altar I was christened,
And to womanhood I grew,
Spending Sabbath's with my parents,
In our ancient oaken pew.

The place was called the "Meeting House",
And a consecrated man,
From its old fashioned pulpit,
Explained salvation's plan.

And the prayerful congregation
Rose in Christianly accord
When he said with hands uplifted,
"Let us stand before the Lord"!

And when he spoke the sermon -
For he used no written scroll -
The people sang together,
"Jesus love of my soul."

Or perhaps the grey haired leader,
With a tuning fork in place,
Would raise the sweet old music
Of beloved Amazing Grace.

Up in the servants gallery,
On each holy Sabbath day,
Old Sam the Carriage driver,
And Black Mammy rose to pray.
With humility they listened,
To preaching of the word,
And softly in the singing
They humbly "praised the Lord."

I know that ancient Meeting House,
Has fallen to decay,
And my parents and their servants,
Are safe with God today.
But I want to hear a sermon,
Like I heard in that dear place,
And a Christian congregation,
Sing again Amazing Grace!

Mary Hunt Affleck