

~~10~~
hold
the hope of a happy household, and the
unchanging love of a ~~happy~~ deep
and tender heart. A little marble—
no unnaent gleams fair in the sunshine
of May—a hand is pointing ~~upward~~
and the words—“Come to Heaven,” are
curved beneath. They fell from her
lips often during those last days, and
they have their echo in the hearts that
loved her. The flowers she loved are
blooming here ~~around~~ her ~~grave~~ the
bee and the butterfly hover over the
lonely spot, and a sweet-voiced robin has
built her nest within the small ~~enclosure~~
enclosure, and will rear her young ~~by~~
beside this grave. Her sweetest song at
morning will be warbled here, and
at dusk as she sinks to rest, her ~~good~~
good-night strain will float above the