

"Loving little wife" is sleeping: Sunshine,  
and flowers, and the glad songs of birds!  
Oh, they are in their proper place - for  
only images of beauty, love and tender-  
-ness should be gathered around the grave  
where our gentle, graceful "Lucy" lies!

"One whom God has taken." Is it really,  
then, so hard to write this of one <sup>100</sup>  
whom we have loved with despairing  
tenderness? O, no! It is but for a little  
while, and a meeting shall come in ~~Heaven~~  
Heaven. But a little while, and all  
will be well again, and the hearts that  
bleed and ache to-day shall be healed to-  
-morrow.

Peace be with the dead! They can suffer  
and sin no more - they can never grow  
old, nor fade from the fresh young  
beauty in which we last beheld them.