C 2 9 0

[redacted] 1873 January-March Cooper Hope Springfield

SIDE ONE

903 Walnut Street,
Philadelphia. Feb 28/73

My dear friend

We are again in great sorrow – our father and your long cherished friend was called home this morning at a quarter before two o'clock. He was as well as usual on Monday, but after he went to bed he was taken very ill of "angina pectoris." For the first twelve hours he suffered a great deal. His mind was wonderfully clear and active. We were all around him and he often spoke to us individually. When first taken Lenox thought him unconscious while he had been attending her Mother – She adds "We did not hear of his "illness 'till Tuesday Eve.g when "he requested his Son – D. L. H. "to send them word"! – So thoughtful to the last – of others!

Oh! It is hard to realize – "Gone"!

I expect to be at the Church to-morrow – and hope to look once more upon all that remains –! "The memory of the just is blessed".

In loving sympathy I am truly thine –
Cousin Sara P. Dr

807 Spruce St.
2mo: 28: '73.

Dr. Cousin

My very dear Cousin –

Most gratefully welcome thy dear letter from Baltimore this morg –

I hope thee will be in time to attend the Church – corner 21st and Walnut – at 2 PM to-morrow! –

"The good die not"!
"With them numbered may we be, Here, & in Eternity." –

Wednesday morning, 26th inst., HODGE, in the 79th year of his age, at Second Presbyterian Church, Walnut street, on Saturday, March 1, at 2 P.M.

Not Knowing.

I.
I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my pathway He makes new scenes to rise:
And each joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

II.
I see not a step before me as I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten, as I draw near.

III.
For perhaps the dreaded Future has less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to drink,
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink.

IV.
It may be He has waiting for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy, so strangely sweet,
That my life can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak.

V.
Oh restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me quiet in the arms that will not let me go
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom that loves me so.

VI.
So I go on not knowing! I would not if I might;
I would rather walk with God in the dark, than than go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

VII.
My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered word: "He knows."

Feb. 28. 1873 + +