VERMONT MARBLE CO.,
MAIN OFFICE,
PROCTOR, VT.

BRANCHES:

BOSTON, 8 Thacher Street.
NEW YORK, 215 West 125th Street.
PHILADELPHIA, 201 South 30th St.
CLEVELAND, 265 Merwin Street.
CHICAGO, 570 No. Water Street.
ST. LOUIS, 1115 So. 7th Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, 244 Brannan Street.
Owing to the fact that epitaphs are entirely inadequate to express bereavement at the death of a relative or friend, the prevailing style of inscriptions is one of marked brevity. We give, on the following page, a few examples of inscriptions, which, though brief, are complete, and will serve to show this most popular mode of lettering a monument at the present time. The words "Born" and "Died" are often omitted, being superfluous.

However, as it is often difficult, just at the time needed, to procure suitable epitaphs, we give herein, to those who may desire them, a large and choice collection, to which we have devoted a great deal of time, care, and attention.

EXAMPLES.

JAMES TAYLOR
JAN. 26, 1849
NOV. 20, 1869

SARAH H.
WIFE OF
J. TAYLOR
FEB. 3, 1853
SEPT. 25, 1868

KATIE R.
DAUGHTER OF
J. & S. H. TAYLOR
JUNE 13, 1870
OCT. 20, 1883

FOR A DOUBLE DESIGN.

WILLIE
JAN. 21, 1892
FEB. 1, 1892

ANNIE
APRIL 4, 1860
MAY 2, 1889

CHILDREN OF
J. & S. H. TAYLOR
FOR CHILDREN.

1. Gone so soon.
2. Our loved one.
3. Only sleeping.
4. Gone to be an angel.
5. Gone to a better land.
6. Darling, we miss thee.
7. The lovely flower has faded.
8. "Blessed are the early dead."
9. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
10. "He carries the lambs in His bosom."
11. "Suffer little children to come unto me."
12. Earth's brightest gems are fading.
13. Alas! the fairest fade early.
14. Those whom God loves die young.
15. In heaven there is one angel more.
16. Of flower too soon faded.
17. Asleep in Jesus, blessed thought.
19. A sunbeam from the world has vanished.
20. Dudded on earth to bloom in heaven.
21. How soon fades the tender flower.
22. Homeward to the realms of the pure.
23. Another sweet flower blooms in the dews of heaven.
24. Our short-lived flower returned again to God.
25. Another little angel.
26. Before the heavenly throne.
27. A little time on earth he spent.
28. Till God for him His angel sent.
29. Happy mind, early blest.

28. And thou, that brighter hope to bless,
29. Art passed, with all thy loveliness.
30. Favor of heaven, to wear the crown
31. Without life's weary race to run.
32. How happy thus to link to rest,
33. So early numbered with the blest.
34. He took thee from a world of care,
35. An everlasting bliss to share.
36. God blesses in an early death,
37. And takes the infant unto himself.
38. Whose all of life's a happy ray,
39. Blushed little dawn and passed away.
40. A little bud of love.
41. To bloom with God above.
42. In whose love exceedeth ours
43. Hath taken our child.
44. Sweet flower, transplanted to a clime
45. Where never comes the blight of time.
46. How much of light, how much of joy,
47. Is buried with a darling boy.
48. Here rests the sweetest bud of hope
49. To which thy spirit now hath rest.
50. Thy sufferings now are o'er.
51. Another song's in the Saviour's crown.
52. And another soul's in heaven.
53. We can safely leave our boy,
54. Our darling in Thy care.
55. Alas! how changed that lovely flower,
56. Which bloomed and cheered my heart.
57. "T was but a flower too good for earth,
58. Transplanted into heaven.
59. The fairest bud that flowery nature knows,
60. Oft withereth, but sisters are in blow.
61. Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest.
62. God called thee home. He thought it best.
63. The lute so late our darlingtheme,
64. Now slumbers in the tomb.
47 Our darling one hath gone before,
    To greet us on the blessed shore.
48 Heaven benignly called thee hence
    In all thy purity, sweet innocence.
49 Gone to bloom in the garden of heaven,
    To dwell with the happy and blest.
50 Short pain, short grief, dear babe were thine;
    Now, joys eternal and divine.
51 Gone like a flower of the blooming June,
    Fading in a day.
52 Borne from this world ere she could stain
    Or sorrow blight the opening flower.
53 Weep not, father and mother, for me,
    For I am waiting in glory for thee.
54 An angel visited the green earth,
    And took the flower away.
55 The self same hand from whence 'twas given
    Has taken back our babe to heaven.
56 They are gone from a world of care.
    The bliss of heaven to share.
57 'Tis a little grave, but oh! have care,
    For world-wide hopes are buried there.
58 Rest, little one, a mother's tears may fall,
    But not for worlds would she see her child recall.
59 Deem not this blossom prematurely plucked,
    No flower can drop too soon to ripen for glory.
60 Lord, teach me to give back to Thee
    The treasure Thou didst lend to me.
61 'Tis the Lord who hath bereft us
    Of one we loved so well.
62 Gone by angels' hands away
    To a home of peace and love.
63 The fairest flower we fondly love,
    How soon it fades and dies?
64 Beautiful, lovely,
    She was but given,
    A fair bud to sport,
    To blossom in heaven.

65 A little flower of love
    That blossomed but to die;
    Transplanted now above,
    To bloom with God on high.
66 To you the child was only lent.
    While mortal it was thine;
    The child, tho' dead, is yet alive
    And lives forever blest.
67 'Tis Jesus speaks, "I told," says He,
    "This lamb within my breast,
    Protection it shall find in me,
    In me be ever blest!"
68 Thus are gone, little darling,
    Sweet child of our love,
    From earth's fairy strand
    To bright mansions above.
69 We loved this little tender one,
    And would have wished her stay;
    But let our Father's will be done—
    She shines in endless day.
70 Trust only, for an angel-band
    Doth guard the silent infant,
    And we can safely leave our boy,
    Our darling, in their trust.
71 Eye on could brighten, or sorrow dim
    Death came with friendly care,
    The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
    And made it blossom there.
72 Beneath this stone, in soft repose,
    Is laid a mother's dearest prize,
    A flower that scarce had waked to life,
    And light and beauty, ere it died.
73 Eye sorrow had tainted
    Its innocent love,
    Its spirit was sustained
    By angels above.
74 Gone to a fairer land
    Of pleasure and love,
    To join the bright band
    Of angels above.
MISCELLANEOUS.

75 Rest.
70 At rest.
77 In heaven.
78 Gone home.
79 All is well.
80 "Come to Me,"
81 My trust is in God.
82 Forever with the Lord.
83 They are not dead.
84 Death is another life.
85 We will meet again.
86 Absent, not dead.
87 Gone, but not forgotten.
88 In after-time we'll meet her.
89 Christ is my hope.
90 To die is gain.
91 God defends the right.
92 May he rest in peace.
93 Weep not, he is at rest.
94 He has gone to the mansions of rest.
95 There is rest in heaven.
96 With Christ in heaven.
97 Death leaves a shining mark.
98 His need is no great;
99 Thy lost to sight, to memory dear.
100 Death is the crown of life.
101 Not lost, but gone before.
102 Asleep in Jesus.
103 Beloved one, farewell.

104 Her end was peace.
105 Meet me in heaven.
106 His memory is blessed.
107 The cross is my anchor.
108 Resting till the resurrection mora.
109 Thy God has claimed thee as His own.
110 Prepare to meet me in heaven.
111 Earth's brightest gems are fading.
112 He is not dead, but sleepeth.
113 The angels called him.
114 Dying is but going home.
115 He is at rest in heaven.
116 None knew thee but to love thee.
117 She was the sunshine of our home.
118 What hopes have perished with you, my son.
119 Death, than art infinite:—it is life in little.
120 She believed, and sleeps in Jesus.
121 Virtue is the only nobility.
122 Thy trials ended, thy rest is won.
123 Resting in hope of a glorious resurrection.
124 How desolate our home, bereft of thee.
125 Jesus loves the pure and holy.
126 There are no partings in heaven.
127 The faithful are certain of their reward.
128 Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.
129 How many hopes lie buried here.
130 He died as he lived—a Christian.
131 The bricker life, the earlier immortality.
132 Let our Father's will be done.
133 In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.
134 Ascend, my soul thy Father's kingdom share.
135 He was beloved by God and man.
May be find joy in the life everlasting.
Oppressed by grief, yet cheerfully by faith and hope.
Sheltered and safe from sorrow.
Thy life is heavenly, truth, goodness, and love.
Death's a portal into bliss.
We cannot find joy and suffer real woe.
With life and name sustained, the good man dies.
Death is eternal life, why should we weep?
Beloved, thou art admired throughout all time.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
A tender mother and a faithful friend.
There is glory for the virtuous when they die.
All things to the glory of God.

131 Holy Bible, book divine.

132 Precious treasure, thou art mine!

133 To forget is vain endeavor.
Love's remembrance lasts forever.

134 We trust our joy will be her gain,
And that with Christ she's gone to reign.

135 Far off they art, but ever nigh; I have thee still,
and I rejoice.

136 He said—whose power upheld the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.

137 Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

138 The best, the dearest friend of the sky,
Not taste that cup; for man is made to die.

139 They sternly came to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.

140 Fare thee well! and may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.

141 The rose may fade, the lily die,
Blest flowers immortal bloom on high.

142 She scattered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.

143 This is but the antic scene,
The play that filled it; sparkles yet.

144 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.

145 Faithful to her trust,
Even unto death.

146 Yet when the body and the soul are dust,
Still—still survives the memory of the just.

147 Kindred to begin, O mystery, why?
Death and life, weep not now sigh.

148 These immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.

149 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Thy rest, thy strength, thy victory.

150 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can not come.

151 Here is one who is sleeping, in faith and love,
With hope that is treasured in heaven above.

152 Be then my guide, my strength.
My wisdom and my all.

153 Such a heavenly path is she,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.

154 A kind woman, no man is a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who left what friendship cost.

155 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of weep,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.

156 No description marks her tranquil way.
His only face, discharged without display.

157 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Farewell to earth, and the joys of the blest.

158 We'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to taste the parting tear.
136 May he find joy in the life everlasting.
137 Oppressed by grief, yet cherished by faith and hope,
138 Sheltered and safe from sorrow.
139 Thy life was beauty, truth, goodness, and love.
140 Death is a portal into bliss.
141 We pursue false joy and suffer real woe.
142 With life and name uncounted, the good man dies.
143 Death is eternal life, why should we weep?
144 Beloved, thou wast admired wherever known.
145 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
146 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
147 A tender mother and a faithful friend.
148 There is glory for the sermons when they die.
149 All things to the glory of God.
150 "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."
151 Holy Bible, book divine.
152 Precious treasure, thou art mine!
153 To forget is vain endeavor;
Love's remembrance lasts forever.
154 We trust our loss will be her gain,
And that with Christ she's gone to reign.
155 "Far off thou art, but ever nigh; I have thee still,
And I rejoice."
156 He said—whose power upholdeth the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.
157 Who brought me hither
Will bring me home; no other guide I seek.
158 The best, the dearest favorite of the sky,
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.
159 They strew'd their course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
160 "Thou art not dead, the lily dies,
But flowers immortal bloom on high.
161 She suffered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.
162 "Is it not the angler lies here,
The guns that fired it sparkle yet.
163 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.
164 "Faithful to her trust,
E'en unto death.
165 Yet when the body and the tomb are dust,
Still—still survives the memory of the just.
166 Long will posterity his virtues own,
When blank or broken is this pillar'd stone.
167 "Kindled to begin, O mystery, why?
Death is but life, weep not nor sigh.
168 There immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.
169 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Till rest, thy strength, thy victory.
170 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can never come.
171 Here is one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With hope that is treasured in heaven above.
172 "Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.
173 Such a heavenly purity dwells in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.
174 A kind wise mother was in thee a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who felt what friendship cost.
175 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of see,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.
176 No o'erthrown can mark his tranquil way.
His stature'd, discharged without display.
177 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Forever to bask 'midst the joys of the best.
178 We'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.
159. The sweetest reward we receive at last,
In consciousness of virtuous actions past.
160. Now his labor's done;
Now, now the goal is won.
161. No fear, no woes shall dim that brow
That mantles the Savior's power.
162. In Paradise thou shar'st bliss,
Ne'er to be found in a world like this.
163. Faith points to hope above the skies,
Where virtuous friendship never dies.
164. She was a kind and affectionate wife, a fond mother,
And a friend to all.
165. Rest, mother, rest in quiet sleep,
While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep.
166. Having served her generation, by the will of God,
She fell asleep.
167. On that bright, immortal shore,
We shall meet to part no more.
168. No pains, no griefs, no anxious fear Can reach our loved one sleeping here.
169. Asleep in Jesus! peaceable rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest.
170. She was too good, too gentle, too fair,
To dwell in this cold world of care.
171. Earth contains a mortal Jesus,
Heaven an angel more.
172. Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.
173. Gone in her young years,
Far from life's cares.
174. "Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
175. "Go to the man He took—He will be gone;
He doeth all things well." 
176. Crowned with mercy, O how sweet;
Will eternal friendship be?
177. From love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

265. Of our whole world of love and song
Truth waits the e'en light.
266. "O death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"
267. "Oh, who would wish to live but he who fears to die?"
268. Let our Father's will be done.
She shines in endless day.
269. Here I lay my burden down,
Change the cross into the crown.
270. 'Twas hard to give thee up,
But Thy will, O God, be done.
271. O, 'twill be sweet to meet on that blest shore,
All sorrow passed, all pain forever o'er.
272. Go and dwell with him above,
Happy in the Saviour's love.
273. To him, we trust, a place is given,
Among the saints with Christ in heaven.
274. Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.
275. Is not e'en death a gain so these
Whose life to God was given?
276. When mourning for companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
277. The dead in Christ are lastly blest,
For they partake His heavenly rest.
278. Dear parents, tho' we miss you much,
We know you rest with God.
279. She was a tender mother here,
And in her life the Lord did fear.
280. Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love.
281. Having finished life's duty,
She now securely rests.
282. Gone like the sweet flower,
Neath death's fearful power.
283. The seraph round the shining throne
Have borne thee to thy rest.
217  A happier lot than ours, and larger light surrounds
     that scene.
218  She is gone to the land where the weary
     Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose.
219  Farewell, my wife and children all—
     From you a father Christ doth call.
220  She has gone to her home in heaven,
     And all her afflictions are o'er.
221  Through the Lord's unbounded love
     We'll meet again in realms above.
222  Now not a suffocating breath can rise
     To dim thy glory in the skies.
223  Our brother's lost, who is at rest
     With Christ forevermore.
224  Jesus has come and borne thee home,
     Beyond the stormy blast.
225  The heart's keen anguish only those can tell
     Who've bid the dearest and best farewell.
226  Upright and just he was in all his ways,
     A bright example in degenerate days.
227  To live in hearts we leave behind
     Is not to die.
228  O man, immortal by a double birth;
     By nature on earth, by glory in the skies.
229  Death wings triumphant to confound,
     Hope shines, the soul eternal glows to find.
230  His soul renewed by early grace
     In heaven has sought its native place.
231  It was hard, indeed, to part with thee,
     But Christ's strong arm supported me.
232  All things that we love and cherish
     Like ourselves, must fade and perish.
233  His toils are past, his work is done,
     He taught the fight—the victory won.
234  "I will reconcile the woes of earth
     To think we'll dwell with her in heaven.
235  Here, cheered with many a sweet and thought,
     That loved one's memory lingers still.
236  Why should we mourn our brother's loss,
     Since death to him is bliss?
237  She's passed beyond all earthly woes—
     She smiles in a santer sphere.
238  Hope once bright are now departed,
     Since mother's numbered among the dead.
239  He whom thou mourn'st is not dead,
     But rises from his earthly bed.
240  Still, will to thee, wherever my footsteps roam,
     My heart shall pant and lead the wanderer home.
241  Each of us hopes to join you at last
     On the beautiful heavenly shore.
242  "It is not the living, but the house destroy'd,
     Man's spirit is with weight of death appalled.
243  His words were kindness, his deeds were love,
     His spirit humble, he rests above.
244  So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
     To repose on the bosom of God.
245  She saw the lifelong cherished hopes fulfilled,
     And caught the welcome of a saviour's love.
246  Though all thy budding hopes were not blazoned,
     Beloved, thou was admired whenever known.
247  Prophetic hope dispelled death's frightful gloom;
     Celestial rays redeemed her dying sight.
248  In life she exhibited all the graces of a Christian;
     In death her spirit returned to God, who gave it.
249  At last we learned submission to our lot,
     And though we less deplored her, never forgot.
250  They who knew her best will bless her name,
     And keep her memory dear while life shall last.
251  Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,
     And softly whispers, "Weep no more!"
252  Living, he made the poor man's heart be glad,
     And at his death the sorrowing one more sad.
253  Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;
     Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.
254  Laurels may flourish 'round the conqueror's tomb,
     But happy they who win the world to come.
251 Death is the spirit's better birth,  
The dawn of perfect day.
252 Could she too soon escape this world of pain,  
Or could eternal life too soon begin?
253 Complaint not that the way is long;  
What road is weary that leads there?
254 One by one life robs us of our treasures;  
Nothing is our own except our dead.
255 Oh! for the touch of a conned hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.
256 Though our loss is great, we trust  
'Tis your eternal gain.
257 When we our pilgrim's path have trod,  
Oh! may we find him with our God!
258 We knew no sorrow—know not grief—  
Till thy bright face was passed.
259 Though grief it gives, 'tis much the best,  
To say—'Thy will be done.'
260 May the resurrection find thee  
On the bosom of thy God!
261 Thy memory shall ever be  
A guiding star to heaven.
262 Though thou art gone,  
Pond marmy clings to thee.
263 How soon, alas! our brightest prospects fail,  
As Autumn's leaves before the driving gale.
264 Yet, why should we repine,  
When death a better life hath given?
265 Secure in thine Redeemer's breast,  
Thou'll reign for evermore.
266 Also! how sad to part with thee,  
Friend of my better days.
267 Can I forget the agonizing hour  
When those lordly eyes were closed to see no more?
268 None knew the end but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.
269 Though thy heart and flesh may fail,  
Cast thy hopes above!

274 Every joy to us is dead,  
Since mother is not here.
275 'Tis finished, the contest is past,  
The heaven-born spirit is fled.
276 He was a man among the few,  
Sacrificing on virtue's side.
277 Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,  
To the glorious land by the Deity blest.
278 Thy guardian spirit now may guide  
And be our wayward path beside.
279 Gone in life's bright morn?  
Gone in her youthful bloom!
280 She has reached the haven of the blest,  
And there, in immortal joy.
281 The jewelled death has robbed us of  
We will find on the other side.
282 Passed through the golden gate  
Into the beautiful shining land.
283 Honored, beloved, and wept,  
Here another lies.
284 Just in the morning of his day,  
In youth and love, he died.
285 God took thee in His mercy,  
And thou art sanctified.
286 Early plucked in early bloom,  
An early death-bed is an early crown.
287 Oh! how happy is the thought  
That God will call him home.
288 Heaven again its gate has opened  
To receive a soul all bright.
289 Just when we learned to love her most,  
God called her back to heaven.
290 He is not yet too long to be with,  
Too many a son to thee may never rise.
291 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render Him with patience what He lent.
292 Life's latest struggle cheerfully he passed,  
Unwarmed still, undaunted to the last.
Mid toil and peril be life's journey trode,
Yet walked securely, for he walked with God.
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.
Death was the gate through which to life he passed,
To feast on joys that will foreverlast.
"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,
In that day when I make up my jewels."
"Who plucked that flower?"
"The Master!"
The gardener held his peace.
The sweet remembrances of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.
Our mother!
In God's own home her orb will rise,
Once more a star of Paradise.
The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken.
To a glad dream of slumber, which wakes in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.
As a wife, devoted;
As a mother, affectionate;
As a friend, ever kind and true.
Gone to inhabit fairer climes,
Where streams of bliss fresh issue from the throne.
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
She hath faded away to shine brightly in heaven.
She welcomed death, not only as a release from bodily suffering, but as the fruition of her hopes of eternal happiness.
Death will give back what neither time nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore.
"I was ever to listen to the words that flow'd
From thy dear lips, alas! now sealed in death.
A mother's feeling in thy bosom glow'd,
Which heaved in kindness with each gentle breath.
Blessed are the dead who in the Saviour died;
From all life's labours they shall rest on high.

Thus seek to rest the just whom Christ has blest,
Death brings them light and peace and heavenly rest.
Cheerful be his being up—and went,
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.
Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Thy soul ascended.
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.
Another link is broken
In our household band,
But a chain is forming
In a better land.
Not last, best thought, but gone before,
Where we shall meet
To part no more.
Gone in her young years,
Ere sorrow could stalk;
Afar from life's cares,
Its grief and its pain.
Affection's tribute here I raise,
'Tis all that I can do,
Till death shall close my earthly days,
Our friendship to renew.
Why should we start and fear to die?
What incorruptible worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
How solemn are the words!
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth,
"Ye must be born again."
Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.
Closed are thy sweet eyes
From this world of pain,
But we trust in God
To meet thee again.
321 Soon shall we meet again—
Meet never to sever,
Soon will peace wreath her chains
Round us forever.

322 Thy virtue and thy worth
Bade fond remembrance cheer,
And ease the ailing heart
That drops the falling tear.

323 Just as the morning of her life
Was opening into day,
Her young and lovely spirit passed
From earth and grief away.

324 The eternal Judge of all the earth
Is just in all His ways,
Alike in those which give us birth
And those which end our days.

325 Alas! the fairest face is gone,
And those whom we cherish and love
Too rare for angle that is earthly,
Are conveyed by angels above.

326 We shall meet again, sweet mother,
A freer vision than this,
Where the anguish of this world of ours
Is lost in deathless bliss.

327 Here lies one who in this life
Was a kind mother, a true wife;
She was by many virtues blest,
And praised among the best.

328 Mother, thou art now at home,
Above the clouds, far above,
But yet below thy child must roam,
Till vanquished by His love.

329 Mother, thou art now at home
To the regions far above;
We to thee ever this story
Commemorate by our love.

330 O Thou who driest the sorrow’s tear,
How dark this world would be,
Did we not know our father dear
Was only called to Thee.

331 All the plans of life are broken,
All the hopes of life are fled—
Comfort, comfort, and advise;
Alas! alas! for thou art dead.

332 An amiable father here lies at rest
As ever God with His angels blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth.

333 Thy form alone is all, thank God,
That to the grave is given,
For we know thy soul, the better part,
Is safe, yes, safe in heaven.

334 Dearest brother, thou hast left us
Here, thy loss we deeply feel,
But it is God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

335 This tablet to a brother’s love
Is near by kindred left;
His soul in bliss is now above,
His friends on earth bereft.

336 Gone before us, O our brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly hope we for another
In thy place to stand.

337 The holy dead! their bliss we see,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look after
Through all our woes.

338 He took the cup of life to sip—
So bitter it was to drink,
He weekly put it from his lips,
And went to sleep again.

339 Remember, friends, as you pass by,
That all mankind are born to die;
Then let your cares on Christ be cast,
That you may dwell with Him at last.

340 My own dear wife has gone
To mansions above yonder sky,
To gaze on the beautful throne
Of Him who is seated on high.
341 Her life was like a half-blown rose,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour,
That ope the gates to heaven.

342 She was but a jewel, lent us
To sparkle in our midst awhile,
Then God called, and took His treasure,
Before she knew an earthly guile.

343 Such was her end, a calm release;
No clangor to this mortal clod;
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace
Before a smiling God.

344 Lord, she was Thine, and not mine own,
Then hast not done me wrong;
I thank Thee for the precious loan
Afforded me so long.

345 Kind angels watch her sleeping dust,
Till Jesus comes to raise the just;
Then may she wake with sweet surprise,
And in her Saviour’s image rise.

346 Through days well spent in prayer and praise,
In words and works of love,
God led her feet by pleasant ways
To His blest light above.

347 She’s crossed the troubled river
That lies between us and heaven;
To her a robe of whiteness,
A golden crown is given.

348 There are thoughts that never perish,
Bright, unfading, through long years;
So thy memory we cherish,
Shining in hope, embalmed in tears.

349 The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind a hill
The glory of a setting star—
Calm, suddenly, and still.

350 She’s gone to worlds above,
Where saints and angels meet,
To realize our Saviour’s love,
And worship at His feet.

351 “Alasleep in Jesus,” saith to see
What my waking form shall be;
To be like Him will be my bliss,
For I shall see Him as He is.

352 Shed not for her the bitter tear,
 Nor give the heart to vain regret;
’Tis but theasket that lies here,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

353 Weep not for her who merely led
A life of piety and love,
Whose unsounding virtue shed
A hallowed influence from above.

354 The little leaf that falls
All brown and scar to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the buds
That gave the floor its birth.

355 A light from our household is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our hearts
That never can be filled.

356 There’s a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The loved one gone before.

357 Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low-drawn sigh,
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And waft the spirit to the sky.

358 You are not dead to us,
But as a bright star unseen,
We hold that you are ever near,
Though death intrudes between.

359 What though thy couch be kindred dust,
Thy pillow be of clay,
He guards the grave’s most sacred trust
Who called thy soul away.

360 Oh, that thy pure angel spirit
Ever may my guardian be,
Till life’s fatal fever’s over,
And I, like thee, am free.
361 Now my spirit's fled before thee
To the angels' world above,
Sainted still, 'twill hover o'er thee
And crown thee with a bloom.

362 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow o'er,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

363 Life is a span—a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor dies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That soon in blooming dies.

364 There is a bright region above,
We long to reach its shore;
To join with the dear ones we love,
Not lost, but gone before.

365 We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod,
One must be last, but let us all
Be pure to meet our God.

366 As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant head.

367 But is he dead? no, no, he lives!
His happy spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The long-expected prize.

368 Its duty done, as fast the day,
Light from its Bond the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

369 Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise,
So shall our mother dear receive
Life eternal in the sky.

370 Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returns,
Was not spoken of the soul.

371 In love she lived,
In peace she died;
Her life was crowned,
But God denied.

372 Though thou art gone,
And thy fair form
Lies unembalming in the dust,
Find me no chains to thee.

373 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exalted wing
To live among the just.

374 "Ne'er to those mansions where the weary rest,
Since their foundation came a more welcome guest;
Nor 'er was to the bewows of bliss conveyed
A fitter spirit, a more welcome shade!"

375 Our God, to call us home,
In only Son sent down;
And now, still more to accept us there,
Has taken up our own.

376 There is a world above
Where paring is unknown,
A long eternity of love
P reserved for the good alone.

377 The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are heavy;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

378 A faith that kept the narrow way
Till life's last hour had fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lit up her dyingshed.

379 God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crowned—
Looked on us all; and, loving her the most,
Straightway received her to the heavenly fold.

380 Amiable and beloved father, farewell! Not on this
penching, since, but in the Book of Life, and in
the hearts of thy afflicted friends, thy worth
recorded.
SELECTED FROM SCRIPTURE.

391 The morning cometh—Isaiah xxii, 12.
392 He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psalm cxxxvii, 2.
393 She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv, 8.
394 Thy brother shall rise again.—John xi, 23.
395 He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Rev. xxi, 7.
396 There shall be no night there.—Rev. xxi, 25.
397 Behold, I come quickly.—Rev. xxvii, 7.
398 The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—Psalm xxiii, 6.
399 I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not now.—Numbers xxix, 17.
400 Look up, and lift up your hands; for your redemption draweth nigh.—Lamentations xix, 20.
401 Not my will, but Thine be done.—Luke xxii, 42.
402 Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.—Luke xix, 42.
403 Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—Luke xxiv, 46.
404 Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke xxiv, 5.
405 Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John iii, 3.
406 Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.—Luke xix, 16.
O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!—

Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, even the Son of man cometh.—

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!—

The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—

Preserve me, O God; for in Thee do I put my trust.

Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.

The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—

Surely the bitterness of death is passed.—

Peace be unto thee; fear not.—

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—

Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you—

He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.—

Take good heed unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God—

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.—

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.—

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me—

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—

Because I live, ye shall live also.
439 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was.

440 Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.  
    2 Tim. ii. 1.

441 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
    death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
    Psalm xiiii. 4.

442 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him,
    to all that call upon Him in truth.  
    Psalm cxvi. 18.

443 Thou shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up
    again from the depths of the earth.  
    Psalm lxxvi. 20.

444 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto
    my path.  
    Psalm cxix. 105.

445 The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;  
    blessed be the name of the Lord.  
    Job i. 21.

446 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for
    the end of that man is peace.  
    Psalm xxxviii. 37.

447 O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for
    His mercy endureth forever.  
    Psalm cxvi. 1.

448 I love them that love me, and they that seek me
    early shall find me.  
    Prov. viii. 17.

449 Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not
    be afraid.  
    Isaiah xlii. 2.

450 He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the
    Lord.  
    Prov. xix. 17.

451 Whose walketh uprightly shall be saved.  
    Prov. xxvii. 18.

452 I am the resurrection and the life.  
    John xi. 25.

453 Ye must be born again.  
    John iii. 7.

454 “Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.”

455 “Put trust in me; a place in heaven you’ll own.”

EPITAPHS FOR A SOLDIER.

456 Honor the brave.

457 Rest, soldier, rest, thy warfare o’er.

458 A friend to his country and a believer in Christ.

459 Nobly he fell while fighting for liberty.

460 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
    By all their country’s wishes blest.

461 A brave spirit lies buried here, who died
    A glorious death in his country’s cause.

462 He has the soldier’s recompense—
    His is a patriot’s grave.
    Where calls to death repose
    Our noble, true, and brave.

463 Died on the field of battle;
    "Twas noble thus to die;
    God smiles on valiant soldiers—
    His record is on high.

464 Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career.

465 In memory of our dead comrades.

466 To the memory of a brave man, who died that his
    country might live.

467 In grateful remembrance of a brave soldier, who
    gave his life in defense of his country.

468 In grateful remembrance of our Confederate dead.

469 Either to conquer or to die; victory or death.

470 This monument honors soldiers who fought to save
    the Union.
471 Fidelis certa mercis:  
The reward of the faithful is certain.
474 Tempus omnium revelat:  
Time reveals all things.
475 Virtus ancho saeclorum virtus:  
Virtue serves as an anchor.
476 Vivit post funem virtus:  
Virtue survives the grave.
479 Omnia ad Dei gloriae:  
All things to the glory of God.
480 Post cœnas gloria vestit:  
Glory comes after death.
481 Eligo eum repleci:  
The one having elapsed.
483 Specie non frater:  
But hope is not broken.
485 Vive membra lethi:  
Live mindful of death.
486 In celo quies:  
There is rest in heaven.
487 Resigna nominis:  
By the favor of Providence.
488 Cede Deo:  
Submit to God.
489 Confiteor et consilio:  
I trust and am at peace.
490 Deo volente:  
By God's will.
491 Hic jacet:  
Here lies.
492 In pace:  
In peace.
493 Memento morti:  
Remember death.
494 In solo Deo salvi:  
In God alone is safety.
495 Homo multarum literarum:  
A man of great learning.
496 In te, Domine, speravi:  
In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust.
497 Ut lex scripta est:  
Thus the law is written.
498 Magna est fidelem recessivit:  
Nobly bent the cross.
499 Deus abscondit:  
God be with you.
500 Non omnibus morti:  
I shall not wholly die.
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
UVWXYZ &.,;!? 
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
wxyz
1234567890
[ROUND BLOCK.]

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

01234567890

[ITALIC.]

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

01234567890
[OLD ENGLISH.]

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

[OLD STYLE ORNAMENTED.]

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890