Epitaphs
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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 the 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 hereon, 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, 1899

SARAH H.
WIFE OF
J. TAYLOR
FEB. 2, 1853
SEPT. 25, 1899

KATIE R.
DAUGHTER OF
J. & S. H. TAYLOR
JUNE 15, 1870
OCT. 20, 1893

FOR A DOUBLE DESIGN.

WILLIE
JAN. 21, 1852
FEB. 1, 1892

ANNIE
APRIL 4, 1860
MAY 2, 1899

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 stars are fading;
13. Alas! the fairest fades early,
14. Those whom God loves die young.
15. In heaven there is one angel more.
16. Of flower too soon faded.
17. A sleep in Jesus, blessed thought.
18. A fitter bed of promise never bloomed.
19. A snare from the world has vanished.
20. Dusted on earth to bloom in heaven.
21. How soon fades the tender flower.
22. Homeward to the resting of thepure.
23. Another sweet flower blossoms in the dews of heaven.
24. Our short-lived flower returned again to God.
25. Another little angel
Before the heavenly throne.
26. A little time on earth he spent,
Till God for him His angel sent.
27. Happy mind, early breath,
Rest in peaceful slumber, rest!

28. And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness.
29. Favored of heaven, to wear the crown
Without life's weary race to run.
30. How happy thou to sink to rest,
So early numbered with the blest.
31. He took thee from a world of care,
An everlasting bliss to share.
32. God blesses in an early death,
And takes the infant unto Himself.
33. Where all of life's a weary way,
Blushed little dawn and passed away.
34. A little bud of love,
To bloom with God above.
35. He whose love excesseth ours
Hath taken our child.
36. Sweet flower, transplanted to a clime
Where never comes the blight of time.
37. How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with a darling boy.
38. Here rests the sweetest bud of hope
That e'er to human wish was given.
39. Sweet babe, thy spirit now hath rest,
Thy sufferings now are o'er.
40. Another gem's in the Savior's crown,
And another soul's in heaven.
41. We can safely leave our boy,
Our darling in Thy care.
42. Alas! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart.
43. "T was but a flower too good for earth,
Transplanted into heaven.
44. The fairest bud that flowery nature knows,
Oft we for unkind, but sisters are it blown.
45. Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,
God called thee home. He thought it best.
46. The lads so late our darling theme,
Now slumbers in the tomb.
47. Our darling one hath gone before,
To greet us on the blushing shore.
48. Heaven benignly called thee hence
In all thy pure, sweet innocence.
49. Gone to bloom in the garden of heaven,
To dwell with the happy and best.
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. From this world we are so soonl to miss,
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 I was given
Has taken back our babe to heaven.
56. Those are gone from a world of care
The bliss of heavens to share.
57. "This is a little grave, but oh! I have care,
For world-wide hopes are buried there.
58. Rest, little one, a mother's tears may fall,
But not for world wide she'll the child recall.
59. Does on this blossom reminiscence strewed,
No flower can drop too soon if ripe for glory.
60. Lord, teach me to give back to Thee
The treasure Thou didst lend to me.
61. "This is the Lord who hath bereft us
Of the one we loved so well.
62. Borne by angels' hands away
To a home of peace and love.
63. The fairest flower we surely love,
How soon it fades and dies?
64. Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to gather,
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 thee the child was only lent,
While mortal it was mine;
The child, the dead, is yet alive
And lives forever mine.
67. "Tis a worm speaks, "I told," says He,
"This lamb within my breast,
Protection it shall find in me,
In me he ever blest."
68. These 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. Tread softly, for an angel's hand
Doth guard the silent child.
And we can safely leave our boy
Our darling, in their trust.
71. Eye saw could brighten, or sorrow dim
Death came with friendly care,
The opening window to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
72. Behold this stone, in soft repose,
Is laid a mother's earliest pride,
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light and beauty, ere it died.
73. Eye saw that tinted,
Its innocent love,
In spirit was saluted
By angels above.
74. Gone to a fairer land
Of pleasure and love,
To join the bright band
Of angels above.
MISCELLANEOUS.

73 Rest.
74 At rest.
75 In heaven.
76 Gone home.
77 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 wears a smiling mask.
98 His name is on high.
99 Thy rest 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 morn.
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 asleep.
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, then art infinite; 'tis life is 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 desert our homes, 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 he buried here.
130 He died as he lived—a Christian.
131 The brief 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.
136 May he find joy in the life everlasting.
137 Oppressed by grief, yet chearful by faith and hope.
138 Sheltered and safe from sorrow.
139 Thy life was heavy; truth, goodness, and love.
140 Death is a portal into bliss.
141 We pursue false joy and suffer real woe.
142 With life and fame sustained, the good man dies.
143 Death is eternal life; why should we weep?
144 Beloved, thou art admired whenever known.
145 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
146 A tender mother and a faithful friend.
147 There is glory for the virtues when they die.
148 All things to the glory of God.
149 Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.
150 Holy Bible, book divine.
151 Precious treasure, thou art mine!
152 To forget is vain endeavor;
Love's remembrance lasts forever.
153 We trust our loss will be our gain,
And that with Christ she's gone to reign.
154 Far off thou art, but ever near; I have thee still,
And I rejoice.
155 He said—whose power uphold the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.
156 Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence: no other guide I seek.
157 The best, the dearest favorite of the sky,  
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.
158 They steal'd thine eyes to the same quiet shore,  
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
159 Fare thee well! and may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.
160 The rose may fade, the lily die,
But flowers immortal bloom on high.
161 She faltered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.
162 This is but the night; it passes on,
The gem that shone it sparkles yet.
163 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.
164 Faithful to her trust,
Even unto death.
165 Yet when the body and the soul are dust,
Still—still survives the memory of the just.
166 Long will posterity his virtues own,
While blank or broken is this pillar's zone.
167 Kindred to begin, O mystery, why?
Death is but life, weep not now sigh.
168 These immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.
169 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Thy rest, thy strength, thy victory.
170 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can not 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 charity dwells in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.
174 A kind wife mourns in thee: a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who left us friendship cost.
175 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of woe,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.
176 No e'en his heart in tranquil way,
His tongue fell dischageted without display.
177 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Forgive to bash' and the joys of the blest.
178 We'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.
156 May he find joy in the life everlasting.
157 Oppressed by grief, yet cherished by faith and hope.
158 Sheltered and safe from sorrow.
159 Thy life was beauty, truth, goodness, and love.
160 Death is a portal into bliss.
161 We pursue false joy and suffer real woe.
162 With life and name immortal, the good man dies.
163 Death is eternal life, why should we weep?
164 Beloved, then rest admired whenever known.
165 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
166 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
167 A tender mother and a faithful friend.
168 There is glory for the serpent when they die.
169 All things to the glory of God.
170 "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."
171 Holy Bible, book divine.
172 Precious treasure, thou art mine.
173 To forget is vain endeavor.
Love's remembrance lasts forever.
174 We trust our loss will be her gain,
And that with Christ she's gone to reign.
175 "For oft thou art, but ever nigh; I have thee still,
And I choicest."
176 He said—whose power uplifting the sky—
Believing, ye shall never die.
177 Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence: for other guide I seek.
178 The best, the dearest favor of the sky,
Must taste that cup; for man is born to die.
179 They strept there course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
180 Fare thee well! may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.
181 The rose may fade, the lily die,
But beauty, immortal bloom on high.
182 She sorrowed by the wayside,
And the angel took her home.
183 It is but the winds that breathe,
The grass that flieth, it sparkles yet.
184 Father! let thy grace be given,
That we may meet in heaven.
185 Faithful to her trust,
even unto death.
186 Yet when the body and the tomb are dust,
Still—still surviveth the memory of the just.
187 Long will posterity his virtues own,
When blank or broken is this pillar's stone.
188 Kindled to begin, O mystery, why?
Death in her life, weep not nor sigh.
189 There immortal spirits reign,
There we shall meet again.
190 Sleep, sleep at last! thy sleep shall be
Till rest, till strength, till victory.
191 Gone to a bright home,
Where grief can never come.
192 Here is one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With hope that is treasured in heaven above.
193 Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.
194 Such a heavenly purity dwelleth in thy breast,
Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.
195 A kind wife mourns in thee a husband lost,
The poor, a friend who felt what friendship cost.
196 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of see,
Where sorrow's tears shall ever cease to flow.
197 No overbearing mark'd his tranquil way,
His stately head discharged without display.
198 Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest,
Forever to bask 'neath the joys of the best.
199 We'll join thee in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.
194 In pureness of heart the fear of the Lord is clean.

195 A generation of men are in dust; the age is but a dream.

196 The sweetest reward we receive at last
In consciousness of virtuous actions past.

197 Now his labor's done;
Now, now the goal is won.

198 No fear, no woe shall dim that beam
That mantles the Saviour's power.

199 In Paradise those shining hills,
Ne'er to be found in a world like this.

200 Faith points to hope above the skies,
Where virtuous friendship never dies.

201 She was a kind and affectionate wife, a fond mother,
And a friend to all.

202 Rest, mother, rest in quiet sleep.
While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep.

203 Having served her generation, by the will of God,
She fell asleep.

204 On that bright, immortal shore
We shall meet to part no more.

205 No pains, no griefs, no anxious fear
Can reach our loved one sleeping here.

206 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest.

207 She was too good, too gentle and fair,
To dwell in this cold world of care.

208 Earth contains a mortal less
Heaven an angel more.

209 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.
From which none ever wake to weep.

210 Gone in her young years,
Far from life's cares.

211 "Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

212 "God gave—He took—He will restore;
He doth all things well!

213 Crowned with mercy, O how sweet;
Will eternal friendship be!

214 From love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

215 Of our whole world of love and song
They want the only light.

216 "O death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"

217 "O, who would wish to live but he who fears
to die?"

218 Let our Father's will be done.
She shines in endless day.

219 Here I lay my burden down,
Change the cross into the crown.

220 "Tis hard to give thee up,
But Thy will, O God, be done.

221 O, it will be sweet to meet on that blest shore,
All sorrow passed, all pain forever o'er.

222 Go and dwell with him above,
Happy in the Saviour's love.

223 To him, we trust, a place is given,
Among the saints with Christ in heaven.

224 Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

225 Is not even death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?

226 When mourning for companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

227 The dead in Christ are fully blest,
For they partake His heavenly rest.

228 Dear parents, tho' we miss you much,
We know you rest with God.

229 She was a tender mother here,
And in her life the Lord did fear.

230 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love.

231 Having finished life's duty,
She now sweetly rests.

232 Gone like the sweet flower,
Neath death's fearful power.

233 The scriptures round the shining throne
Have borne thee to thy rest.
A happier lot than ours, and larger light surrounds
the grave.

She is gone to the land where the weary
Enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose.

Farewell, my wife and children all,
From you a father Christ doth call.

She is gone to her home in heaven.
And all her affections are over.

Through the Lord’s unclouded love
We'll meet again in realms above.

Now not a suffocating breath can rise
to dim thy glory in the skies.

Our brother’s blast, who is at rest,
With Christ forever more.

Jesus has come and borne thee home,
Beyond the stormy blast.

The heart’s keen anguish only those can tell
Who’ve bid the dearest and best farewell.

Upright and just he was in all his ways,
A bright example in degenerate days.

To live is to be left behind
Is not to die.

O man, immortal by a double name,
By face on earth, by glory in the skies.

Death wings triumphantly mankind;
Hope shines the soul eternal hope to find.

His soul renewed by early grace
In heaven has sought its native place.

It was hard, indeed, in part with thee,
But Christ’s strong arm supported me.

All things that we love and perish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish.

His toils are past, his work is done;
He fought the fight—he won the victory.

I will recompose the views of earth
To think we’ll dwell with him in heaven.

Here, shrouded with many a sweet and thought,
That loved one’s memory lingers still.

Why should we mourn our brother’s loss,
Since death to him is rest?

She’s passed beyond all earthly woes—
She smiles in a sianer sphere.

Horses that are now departed,
Since mother’s wandered ‘mong the dead.

He whom thou mourn’st is not dead,
But rises from his earthly bed.

Still will to thee, wherever my footsteps roamed,
My heart shall point and lead the wanderer home.

Each of us hopes to join thee at last
On the beautiful heavenly shore.

’Tis not the sight, but the house destroyed,
Man’s spirit is with weight of death alloyed.

His words were kindness, his deeds were love,
His spirit humble, he rests above.

So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
To repose on the bosom of God.

She saw the lifelong cherished hopes fulfilled,
And caught the washings of a Saviour’s love.

Through all thy bidding hours were not blawn,
Beloved, thou art admired wherever known.

Prophet’s hope dispelled death’s frightful gloom;
Celestial rays redeemed her dying sight.

In life she exhibited all the grace of a Christian;
In death her spirit returned to God, who gave it.

At last we learned submission to our lot,
And though we less deplored her, we forgot.

They who knew her best will bless her name
And keep her memory dear while life shall last.

Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,
And softly whispers, “Weep no more.”

Living, he made the poor man’s heart be glad,
And at his death the sorrowing ever more so.

Good nations crown themselves with lasting bays;
Who deserves well, needs not another’s praise.

Lauds may flourish round the conqueror’s tomb,
But happy they who win the world to come.
Death is the spirit's better birth,
The dawn of perfect day.
Could she too soon escape this world of pain,
Or could eternal life be soon begun?
Complain not that the way is long;
What road is weary that leads there?
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our shade.
Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
Though our loss is great, we trust
'Tis your eternal gain.
When we our pilgrim's path have trod,
Oh! may we find him with our God!
We knew no sorrow—know not grief—
Till thy bright face was vext.
Though grief it gives, 'tis much the best,
To say 'Thy will be done!'
May the resurrection find thee
On the bosom of thy God!
Thy memory shall ever be
A guiding star to heaven.
Though thou art gone,
Thy memory clings to thee.
How soon, alas! our brightest prospects fail,
As Autumn's leaves before the driving gale.
Yet, why should we repine,
When death a better life hath given?
Secure in thy Redeemer's breast,
Thou'lt reign for evermore.
Alas! how sad to part with thee,
Friend of my happier days!
Can I forget the agony and hour
When those fond eyes were closed to wake no more?
None knew thee but to love thee;
None marred thee but to praise.
Though thy heart and flesh may fail,
Cast thy hopes above!

Every joy to us is dead,
Since mother is not here.
'Tis finished, the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled.
He was a man among the few,
Siccor on virtue's side.
Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,
To the glorious land by the Deity blest.
Thy guardian spirit now may guide,
And ever onward path preside.
Gone in life's bright morn!
Gone in her youthful bloom!
She has reached the haven of the blest,
And realized immortal joy.
The Jewels death has robbed us of
We will find on the other side.
Passed through the golden gate
Into the beautiful shining land.
Honored, beloved, and wept,
Here mother lies.
Just in the morning of his day,
In youth and love, he died.
God took thee in His mercy,
And thou art sanctified.
Early plucked in early bloom,
An early death-bed is an early crown.
Oh! how happy is the thought
That God will call him home.
Heaven again its gates has opened
To receive a soul so bright.
Just when we learned to love her most,
'Gainst called her back to heaven.
Deer not till to-morrow to be wise,
Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent.
Life's latest struggle cheerfully he passed,
Unwarred still, unshaken to the last!
203 'Mid toil and peril be life's journey trod,
Yet walked securely, for he walked with God.
204 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.
205 Death was the gate through which to life he passed,
To feast on joys that will forever last.
206 "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,
In that day when I make up my jewels."
207 "Who plucked that flower?"
"The Master!"
The gardener held his peace.
208 The sweet remembrances of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.
209 Our mother!
In God's own home her orb will rise,
Once more a star of Paradise.
210 The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken.
211 To a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.
212 As a wife, devoted;
As a mother, affectionate;
As a friend, ever kind and true.
213 Gone to inhabit fairer climes,
Where streams of bliss fresh issue from the throne.
214 As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
She hath faded away to shine brightly in heaven.
215 She welcomed death, not only as a release from
bodily suffering, but as the fruition of her hopes of
eternal happiness.
216 Death will give back what neither time nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore.
217 "I was near to listen to the words that flow'd
From thy dear lips, alas! now sealed in death.
218 A mother's feeling in thy bosom glow'd,
Which heaved in kindness with each gentle breath.
219 Blessed are the dead who in the Saviour died;
From all life's labours they shall rest on high.

310 Thus seek to rest the just whom Christ has blest,
Death brings them light and peace and heavenly rest.
311 Cheerful be his being up—and went,
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.
312 Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throne of gold above,
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love.
313 Another link is broken
In our household band,
But a chain is forming
In a better land.
314 Not last, best thought,
But gone before,
Where we shall meet
To part no more.
315 Gone in her young years,
Ere sorrow could steal;
Afar from life's cares,
Its grief and its pain.
316 A brother's tribute here I raise,
'Tis all that I can do,
Till death shall close my earthly days,
Our friendship to renew.
317 Why should we start and fear to die?
What immovable worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy.
And yet we dread to enter there.
318 How solemn are the words!
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth,
"Ye must be born again."
319 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.
320 Closéd 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 ne’er to part.
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.

322 Thy name and thy worth
Shall food remembrance cheer,
And ease the aching 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 ever seen,
And those whom we cherish and love,
Too pure for angels that in earth,
Are conveyed by angels above.

326 We shall meet again, sweet mother,
In a brighter scene 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 best,
And pray among the rest.

328 Mother, thou art not at home,
Among angels far above;
But yet below thy child must rue,
Till with thee she shall live with love.

329 Mother, thou hast been so kind
To the regions far above,
We too shall ever this stone,
Commenced by our love.

330 O Thou who driest the mourner’s tears,
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 adviser;
Alas! alas! for thou art dead.

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

333 Thy tomb alone is bright, 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 He is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

335 This tablet to a brother’s love,
Is reared 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!
Yahweh look us for another
In thy place to stand.

337 The holy dead! oh’ bless we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look after,
Through all our woe.

338 He took the cup of life to sip—
So bitter ‘twas to drain,
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 beautiful 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 guilt.

343 Such was her end, a calm release; 
No chain was 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 'twixt us and heaven; 
To her a robe of whiteness, 
A golden crown is given.

348 There are thoughts that never perish, 
Bright, un fading, through long years; 
So thy memory we cherish, 
Shrined 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 "Asleep in Jesus," oh! 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 the cottage that lies here, 
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

353 Weep not for her who meekly 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 seen to earth, 
Ere long will mingle with the buds 
That gave the flower 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 fruitful years are past, 
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 conciliate thee with love.

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 even 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 charming soul,
One must be first, but let us all
Be ready 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 the dead? no, no, he lives!
His happy spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The long-expected prize.

368 Its duty done, as slack the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While hearse and crost combine to say
"Sweet is the scene when virtue died."

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

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

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

373 Though thou art gone,
And thy fair form
Lies unembalmed in the dust,
Fond memory clings to thee.

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

374 "Ne'er to those mansions where the weary rest,
Since their foundation ceased a wearied guest.
Nor e'er was to the biers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, a more welcome shade."

375 Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down;
And now, still more to tempt us there,
Has taken up our own.

376 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love
Forever 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 dying bed.

379 God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed—
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
"enchanting scene, but in the Book of Life, and in
the hearts of thy afflicted friends is thy worth
recorded."
381 Slowly fading, lingering, dying,
    Like the leaf he passed away;
    Heeding not our tears of anguish,
    Heaven has claimed its own to-day—
    And we weep.

382 Although he sleeps
    His memory dwells live,
    And cheering comfort
    To his mourners give.

383 He followed virtue
    As his trusty guide,
    Lived as a Christian—
    As a Christian died.

384 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
    Young spirit, hast thou found
    Even while with many footsteps trod,
    His seal was on thy brow.

385 It matters little at what hour of the day
    The righteous fall asleep—death can not
    Come to him unawares who is fit to die.

386 It is not death to close
    The eye long dimmed by tears;
    And wake in glorious repose
    To spend eternal years.

387 The praise of those who sleep in earth,
    The pleasant memory of their worth,
    The hope to meet when life is past,
    Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

388 Sustained and soothed
    By an unaltering breast, approach thy grave
    Like one who wraps the drapery of his coach
    About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

389 We look upon the sweetest flower—
    "Tis withered soon, and gone;
    We gaze upon a star, to find
    But darkness where it shone.

390 Even near us, tho' unseen,
    Thy dear immortal spirit trends,
    For all the boundless universe
    Is life—there are no dead.

391 The morning cometh.—Josiah xxii, 12.
392 He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psalm cxii, 2.
393 She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv, 8.
394 Thy brother shall rise again.—John xi, 21.
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. xxii, 7.
398 The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—Psalm xlii, 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.—Luke xvi, 28.
401 Not my will, but Thine be done.—Luke xxi, 42.
402 Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.—Luke xiii, 42.
403 Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—Luke xxiii, 46.
404 Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke xiv, 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 xviii, 16.
407 O that they were wise, that they understood that they would consider their latter end!—Dan. xxxii. 29.

408 Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.—Matt. xxv. 35.

409 I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John xi. 25.

410 For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—Gen. iii. 19.

411 Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the fashion of sin.—Rom. viii. 13.

412 The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

413 Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii. 10.

414 Preserve me, O God; for in Thee do I put my trust!—Psalm xxxiii. 1.

415 Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—Matt. xxv. 42.

416 Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—1 Thess. iv. 14.

417 Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8.

418 I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. iv. 7.

419 He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Isa. xi. 11.

420 Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.—Luke viii. 52.

421 He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Heb. xi. 10.

422 I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.

423 I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.—Psalm xlvii. 15.

424 The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Romans vi. 23.

425 Surely the bitterness of death is passed.—1 Samuel xv. 32.

426 Peace be unto thee; fear not.— Judges vi. 23.

427 As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

428 Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.—Deut. xii. 9.

429 He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.—John xi. 24.

430 Take good heed unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God.—Deuteronomy xxviii. 11.

431 Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.—Psalm xvi. 1, 2.

432 He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psalm cviii. 50.

433 Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

434 He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—Job xiv. 2.

435 When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.—Col. iii. 4.

436 But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me.—Psalm xxiii. 15.

437 Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.—Matt. v. 4.

438 Because I live, ye shall live also.—John xiv. 19.
439 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was,
and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Ecc. xii. 7.

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.
Psa. xxiii. 4.

442 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him,
to all that call upon Him in truth. — Psa. cxlii. 18.

443 Thou shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up
again from the depths of the earth. — Psa. cxvi. 20.

444 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto
my path. — Psa. cxvii. 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. — Psa. xxxviii. 37.

447 Give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for
His mercy endureth forever. — Psa. cxlii. 7.

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. — Is. xiii. 2.

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

451 Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved. — Prov.
xxviii. 19.

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."

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**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.
LATIN.

471 Fidelis est meus: The reward of the faithful is certain.
472 Spes mea Christus: Christ is my hope.
473 Requiescat in pace: May he rest in peace.
474 Tempus annum revelat: Time reveals all things.
475 Vitelet urbs et virtus: Virtue serves as an anchor.
476 Vixit pater famae virtus: Virtue survives the grave.
477 Mori omnibus communit: Death is common to all.
478 Omnia ad Dei gloriam: All things to the glory of God.
479 Post eam quae semper: Glory comes after death.
480 Elapsa tempora: The days having elapsed.
481 Sine transit gloria mundi: So passes away earthly glory.
482 Resurgam: I shall rise again.
483 At spes non fracta: But hope is not broken.
484 Auxilium ab alto: Help is from on high.
485 Vive memoria mortis: Live mindful of death.

486 In ore quies: There is rest in heaven.
487 Resigno nominis: By the favor of Providence.
488 Cede Deus: Submit to God.
489 Confido 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 mori: Remember death.
494 In solo Deo salus: In God alone is safety.
495 Hominis multarum errorum: A man of great learning.
496 In te, Domine, speravi: In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust.
497 Its lex scripta est: Thus the law is written.
498 Magna est opus crucis: Holy be the cross.
499 Deus voluit: God be with you.
500 Non omnia morimur: I shall not wholly die.
[OLD ENGLISH.]

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[OLD STYLE ORNAMENTED.]

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