

far and wide; and two and lying side by side beneath  
the cold ground, what a change a few years has made!  
Why O! why, has it been so? Why has death claimed the  
fairer & the best? Why should my Mother, my dear, dear  
Mother have been taken away from her children; and  
my noble, darling brother in the first prime of his young  
manhood, all his promise of usefulness blighted. Why  
should he have been called thus early! While so many  
are living, and would fain lay down the burden of this  
life and rest. Father of Mercies teach me to bow in submission  
and say "Thy will be done." Make me feel the "Great Father"  
had need of him, and it was not meet he should remain  
longer here. Enable me to look away from the sufferings