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Was over-ale. A halo bright,
 A misty veil, concealed from sight
 The deep realities to come;
 And in the precincts of each home,
 Brothers, & Sisters, came, and went,
 And happy days therein were spent.
 Then changes came, we'll not complain,
 Nor ask for those who never again
 Can come, to tell us what they've found
 In realms of Light. What joys surround
 Not ours to know. But day, by day,
 Cousins, we're passing on our way,
 And drawing nearer, even where
 (I humbly trust) our dear ones are.
 And very sweet, it sometimes seems
 To be with them, even in dreams.
 How fares it with thy sister dear?
 May hers be peace, & hope & cheer!
 As with thyself, my playmate friend
 On both may blessings still attend.
 The girls & Phil. oft talk of you,
 And join in love both old & new.
 He thinks his little ones are wise
 As any here below the skies -
 And for their years, they do quite well,
 And many pretty things can tell.

Now surely I may say - fare well -
 Yours in the pure, unchanging truth -
 The Seal of Love, in age or youth -
 Rachel H. Hopkins.