

In Loving Memory  
OF  
**MRS WALKER,**  
WHO DIED AT  
23 KING STREET, STONEHOUSE,  
ON OCTOBER 8th, 1900.

*"In My Father's house are many mansions."—John xiv. 2.*

ALL could see that life was fading,  
That the end was drawing near,  
And with warm united purpose  
Joy'd the drooping heart to cheer.  
Yet none thought that ere the evening  
God would touch life's brittle thread,  
That the loving cherished loved one  
Would be numbered with the dead.  
Since it pleased the Lord to take her  
We would bow His Name to bless,  
And with grateful hearts we'd thank Him  
For the knowledge we possess  
That she now has gone with Jesus  
Safe across death's swelling flood,  
With Him entered heaven's bright city  
Through His own most precious blood.  
Ere she died, in silence suffering,  
Thinking of that "mansion fair,"  
"When the roll is called up yonder"  
Sweetly whispered "I'll be there."  
Can we count with earthly losses  
A fond mother's tender love,  
While faith views her gain eternal  
In that happy land above.  
O blest hope, that safely trusting  
Him who suffered in our stead,  
We shall meet to be for ever  
Where no parting tears are shed.  
Then we too shall join the anthem,  
Ever sung in courts above,  
'Tis the sweet and endless story  
Of Christ's Own Redeeming Love.

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE  
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK  
IN SENATE, JANUARY 18, 1890.

REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE  
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 18, 1889.

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