

JOHN AUSTIN, from Armagh, aged 39, died Sacred to the three children of Robert and Mary Williamson, who repose within this enclosure in the joyous hope of a glorious resurrection.

In memory of JOHN HARLS, who died Dec. 15, 1846, aged 49 years; also JANE, his wife, who died Feb. 12, 1844, aged 41.

"The grave is but the Christian's bed,  
On which his weary body's laid,  
While to his ransomed soul is given,  
To see his Saviour's face in heaven."

MARY JANE, died 1860, aged 16.

"She sleeps in Jesus and is blessed,  
How sweet her slumbers are,  
From sickness and from sin released,  
And freed from every care."

REBECCA ARMSTRONG, wife of James Smith,  
died 1855, aged 22.

"She's gone from all she loved on earth,  
To Him who died to save,  
The dear one whom we loved so well,  
Lies mouldering in the grave."

MARGARET HENRY, wife of W. Smith, died  
1859, aged 38.

"She shone to our sight like a ray of light,  
That awhile to us was given,  
To lighten earth till it passed away,  
Undimmed to its source in heaven."

RICHARD HOLMES, Esq., of the glen of Aberlow, Ireland, died 1853, aged 74 years.

He was a loving husband, a kind, indulgent parent, and a sincere friend. He was indeed beloved, and he died intensely regretted.

"Though here no lofty monumental column swells,  
It's proud possessor's titles to unfold,  
Beneath this grassy mound in silence dwells  
The warmest heart that ever yet grew cold.  
Farewell! tho' long on earth thou didst sojourn,  
And hardly earned the mead thou now hast gained,  
Forgive the selfishness that bids us mourn,  
And prompts the wish that thou hadst still remained.  
But what we here call life is such,  
Scarce ought to be admired and thou so much,  
That I would ill requite thee to constrain  
That unbound spirit into bonds again."

Beloved Farewell.

Sacred to the memory of HARRIET, wife of Weymouth G. Schriver, who died 1861, aged 26.

"A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father."

"Here side by side our infants lie,  
Nor sickness frets nor fear alarms,  
The loved ones of the shepherd's eye,  
The lambs he carries in his arms;  
We weep, yet angels seem to say—  
Who would see heaven must be as they."

ANN GRAHAM. Erected by her husband. Also, six of her children—JAMES, JOHN, WILLIAM, CHRISTINA, FANNY, and SARAH.

"Why should we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
Death's but the servant Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms."

"Afflictions sore long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain,  
Till God at length did think it fit,  
To ease me of my pain."

"The less of this cold life the more of heaven,  
The brighter life the earli' r immortality."

"Go home, dear friends, and cease from tears,  
I must sleep here till Christ appears,  
Prepare for death while life you have,  
There's no repentance in the grave."

"What says the happy dead?  
She bids me bear my load,  
With silent steps proceed,  
And follow her to God."

"All flesh is grass and turns to dust,  
Mortals are born to die,  
Live well and put in Christ your trust,  
And hope for endless joy."

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above;  
Souls like thine shall God inherit,  
Life and love."

Sacred to the memory of two children, who died at the age of three.

"Happy children, early blest,  
Rest, in peaceful slumbers rest,  
Early rescued from the cares,  
That increase in growing years."

"Farewell, dear friends, a long farewell,  
For we shall meet no more,  
Till we are raised with Christ to dwell,  
On Zion's happy shore.  
Farewell, dear friends, again farewell,  
He soon shall rise to thee,  
And when we meet no tongue can tell,  
How great our joy shall be."