

## Mary J. Rose

( - 20 Apr 1883)

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**Rose.** On Friday, April 20, 1883 at 2:20 p.m. after a long and painful illness which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mary J. Rose, beloved wife of Adam L. Rose.

A light from out our household is gone,  
The voice we loved is still,  
A place is vacant in our midst,  
That never can be filled.

Our loved one has departed,  
Our home is wrapt in gloom;  
I wonder not that we are broken hearted,  
When tears of sorrow reach the tomb.

Her spirit has departed;  
Angels come with eager love,  
Beseechingly they bear it  
To their bright home above.

Several long months of suffering  
The flesh did sorely try;  
Thou hast gone at last, dear mother,  
God's kingdom to enjoy.

Funeral from her late residence, 1008 Georgia avenue southeast, Thursday, April 26 at 3 o'clock p.m. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend (Virginia papers please copy).

*The Evening Star, May 3, 1883*

### **In Memoriam**

Died April 20, 1883, after a long illness, at her residence, 1008 Georgia avenue, Mrs. Mary J. Rose, wife of Adam L. Rose. Mrs. Rose, whose maiden name was Reid, was born in Culpeper county, Va. Her parents died when she was only seven years old, at which time she went to live with her uncle, Dr. Mark Reid, under whose affectionate and intelligent training she grew to womanhood. She has lived in Washington 38 years. She was baptized 35 years ago in the fellowship of the 2d Baptist church of this city by Rev. Mr. Tyndale. Mrs. Rose possessed many excellent traits. She was a woman of quiet manner but of earnest spirit. She had much decision and force of character and independence of judgment. Her attachments were strong and sincere. Hence her death creates a sad vacancy in her well ordered home and in the large circle of her relatives and friends. Her devotion to her family was exceptional. She seemed to live for her loved ones. A little more than two years ago she was sorely afflicted in the death of her only son, just in the bloom and buoyancy of young manhood, and from that grief she seemed never entirely to have recovered. Her death was preceded by a wasting and painful illness of eight months. Everything was done for her that the best medical skill could devise, or the tender, faithful, untiring affection of her devoted husband and daughters could suggest; but human skill and affection were powerless to restore. But though her body yielded, her spirit triumphed. She bore her sickness

with fortitude and resignation. For her death was robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. Her last moments were full of peace and were radiant with foregleams of the coming glory.