

Sallie Smith

(- 28 Nov 1883)

The Evening Star, December 5, 1883

In Memoriam

Smith. In the death of Mrs. Sally Smith, which lately occurred in this city, a devoted family, many relatives, and a large circle of friends are each and all bereaved.

This aged lady--widow of the late well-known and lamented John A. Smith--was universally beloved as one who for nearly a century has illustrated every Christian grace; and while, with unselfish devotion in every relation of life, she dispensed happiness in her family, generous hospitality to her friends, a noble, unflinching charity to the destitute, and ever ready help for the church, she evinced a gentle loveliness of character very rarely equaled.

To the dear ones of the home circle, who must now learn to do without her loving presence, , can be offered only the deepest sympathy, and sincerest hope that realizing her happiness they may be comforted. From her unbroken slumber she would say to them:

Oh, deep repose! Oh, slumber blest!
Oh, night of peace! no storm, no sorrow,
No heavy sighing in my rest.
To meet another weary morrow.
Think that with me the strife is o'er,
Life's cares and struggling battle ended;
Rejoice that I have gained the shore
To which my faltering footsteps tended;
Breathe the blest hope above the sod,
And leave me to my rest with God.

December 5th, 1883 A Friend.