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REQUIEM.

- Rest sweetly patient, loving heart,
Beneath thy Southern sod,
'Till break of Resurrection's day
Shall bring thee home to God.

MEMOIR
OF
Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

These lines are dedicated by me as a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, whose devoted, loving sacrifices for home and for suffering humanity will ever be an inspiration for the highest service of Christian Womanhood.

SAMUEL CRAIG COWART.

Sadly we laid her beneath the sod
With a mantle of flowers about her,
Sweet with the incense of praise to
God,
Which loving hands placed 'round
her.

Sweet was the life we laid to rest,
On that sweet summer day,
The life that dawned so brightly,
In the Southland far away.

But sweetly comes the thought to me,
That when her frail bark lands,
The Pilot's voice will say "All's well,"
As it touches golden sands.

Now in Northland and in Southland
And on the Western lea,
Many hearts are filled with grief
And tender sympathy.

Her tide of life floated outward
On eternity's boundless crest,
As the sunset glow of evening
Decked in glory the golden West.

In all her glorious womanhood
She did the Master's will,
With a heart of loving sympathy
For ev'ry human ill.

And oft to darksome alley
And to some squalid home,
She brought the beautiful flowers
Where e'er her footsteps roam.

How her loving hand was helping
Those whose life was cursed with sin
To live a life of sweetness,
And the better life begin.

And where e'er her footsteps wandered
In the sunshine and the rain,
She brought the flowers of sympathy,
Till the sunlight came again.

And thus as on her Master's duty,
She sped with an Angel's tread,
Full many a heart leaped high with
joy
Where e'er her footsteps led.

And so to homes of shame and sin,
And to many a bed of pain,
She brought the Master's loving care
Till the sunshine came again.

And thus what e'er befell them,
Whether loss or sinful stain,
She sped with helping hand
To bring them hope again.

And when Angelic hosts acclaim
Him who sits upon the throne,
Him whose life without a stain
Did for Mortal's sin atone,

Methinks perchance ther'll praises be,
For her whose angel hands
Min'stered loving sympathy
To shipwrecks on Life's sands.

For her life was one sweet anthem
Of constant praise to Him,
Who on the cross of Calvary,
Suffered for Mortal's sin.

Then as upon her flow'ry bier
We drop the silent tear,
May ev'ry heart on land and sea,
Be filled with sympathy.

The thought of all her loving deeds
And constant acts of mercy,
Her sympathy for human needs
Can never fade from mem'ry.

Yet we know what e'er befalls us,
Whether loss or earthly gain,
That God's loving arms are round us,
In the sunshine and the rain.

SAMUEL CRAIG COWART.

Highland Dell,
Freehold, N. J.
August 8th, 1914.