

is precious to think of her
as a friend, but when I think
of her sweet gentle life of
love, no words express what
passes in my mind better
than the following

"Not dead, not ~~gone~~ absent, not ~~gone~~ gone,
But present still
and waiting for the coming hour
of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year."

We hope you will never forget
how very welcome you will
ever be dear Arthur in our little
home at any time, so please let
us know when you want rest
there will always be a room
here for you, & loving hearts
to welcome you -

My husband had such a nice
letter from your dear Father
a little before your return from
America - He seemed so delighted
with all you had done -

With our united best love
believe me ever
your sincerely attached
old friend
J. M. Webb

P.S. When you next see Mr. Godley