

as he takes the parting hand for the last time.
He casts a glance over the landscape, and spies the
green hills and valleys, where he has so often
sported in his childhood; and exclaims loudly,
native land, farewell! Sadly ~~now~~ I leave thee to go
far hence to dwell. Perhaps he has seen the sun
rise and shed its golden rays on the parental
roof for the last time. And ^{now} what a going fills the
heart of the mother as she takes the extended
hand of her daughter while the tears are streaming
down her pale and furrowed cheeks and speaks the
last farewell. She says perhaps you will never see
me again in this world, but try and meet me
in another. You may die in a land of strangers
and where there will be no friends to smooth
your dying pillow but trust in God who is ever
ready and willing, to keep you, in trouble. Look to
him for help and protection. Trust in him, now and
when you come to die you will not be sad. The tomb
will have no dread, but you will be happy at the
thought of soon meeting ~~him~~ and all other friends
that have gone before us where there will be no
parting. There Brothers, Sisters, Parents, and Children
will meet we hope no more to be separated. Think once
of the fate of the slave. They too have to be separated.
Parents Brothers and sisters are forced to part, never to meet
again on this earth. Oh! how sad and grievous must be their
fate. The children cling to their mother as if hoping
for protection and the mother clasps her children