

EDITH MINITER

Born on Wilbraham Mountain, Massachusetts, May 5, 1869.

Died at North Wilbraham, Massachusetts, June 8, 1934.

Through her the hills their age-long memories told;
 Their centuried heritage unmixed she bore;
 And now those rock-strown slopes at last enfold
 Her kindred dust — a child come home once
 more.

She knew the lore of distant, crowded ways;
 The sights and language of the market-place;
 But deep within, there flowed through all her days
 The currents of New England's changeless race.

No lyric lay of golden dreams was hers;
 She held a mirror to the world she saw,
 Vain hopes she left to fools and flatterers,
 Content with what a truthful pen could draw.

Others might sing of heroes, pomps and powers —
 For her the quiet substance of the age,
 She caught the faint, dull tones of common hours
 Till living figures thronged each vital page.

Mankind she studied with a searching sight;
 Folly she pictured with a smiling mind;
 Whilst over all she felt the hovering light

Of brooding years and what they leave behind.

Always she dwelt amidst the ancient things;
The household relique and the crumbling tome;
Her ears could catch the beat of hidden wings
By moss-grown grave, and lonely hillside home.
Wit, learning, art, were hers in amplitude,
And kindliness that helped the loyal friend,
And charm and skill that fostered and renewed
Parnassian dreams in others without end.

Merged with the meadows where her fathers sleep,
The weary clay has come into its own;
The mind, too keen for any tomb to keep,
Lives in the fruits and memories it has sown.

Providence, R.I.
September 10, 1934

— H. P. Lovecraft