

No little body ever held
A brighter, sunnier soul;
But death came forward as you watched
And your little treasure stole.

There's many a one from far and near
Who'll miss your winning boy—
Sister will miss her playmate
And you, your pride and joy.

But let hope its comfort whisper
That the sweet boy that you prize
Is safe in God's own keeping,
And you'll meet beyond the skies.

IN MEMORY OF EDNA WOODLEY.

Underneath the coffin lid
Sleeps a little form,
Taken from this world away
In life's early morn.
Worn out with suffering
Her spirit sped away,
To be forever with its God
In the blest land of day.