

OUR EDNA

(In Memoriam)

The greatest grief lays low our hearts,—
How deep none know till loved one parts:
It can't be healed in this world wide—
Our Edna taken from our side;
Was all so young, so fair, so good;
Her worth the mother only understood,
Even she finds words do not express
The sadness, loneliness and distress
At vacant place on hearth in home,
For one that never more may come.
The only comfort—she so kind,
The solaced, peaceful, quiet mind—
The prayers for whom she left behind;
Her grief dear mother's heart to rend
So soon—no longer her befriend.
She prayed for this, (nor would she swerve),
Through life her mother always serve;
But when it came (the words so still):
"Not mine, O Lord, but Thine the will,"
And after this no longer pent,
Her soul to Jesus calmly went,
With final words just at life's end:
"To Thee my spirit I commend."

* * *

"She came and we all were better
For the sight of her winsome face,
Her smile was a ray of gladness,
And the world was a purer place."

Entered her rest February 5th, 1915
24 years of age
Daughter of Levi and Lucy Houghton