

163.
Gathered by Jesus in all her childish purity
A beautiful snowdrop to bloom in the garden
of Heaven. **19**

164.
Sweet little flower of heavenly birth,
She was too fair to bloom on earth. **14**

165.
No stain was on her little heart,
Sin had not entered there;
And innocence slept sweetly on
That pale white brow so fair.
She was too pure for this cold earth,
Too beautiful to stay,
And so God's holy angel bore
Our darling one away. **45**

166.
She was only a little white rosebud
A sweet little flower from birth;
God took her home to Heaven
Before she was soiled on earth. **25**

167.
Another sweet flower has withered,
A gem from the casket set free,
A lamb in the fold of the Shepherd
Who said: "Let them come unto Me." **27**

168.
God knew that she was suffering,
That the hills were hard to climb,
So He closed her weary eyelids
And whispered Peace be thine.
Away in the beautiful hills of God,
By the valley of rest so fair,
Some time, some day, we know not when,
We will meet our loved one there. **53**

169.
These are the things death cannot take away;
Nor age, nor tears, nor pain, nor cruel care
Can harm her now or enter memory's hall.
She that we loved, so beautiful and fair,
From all life's dangers now secure is she;
Lovely she was and lovely she shall be. **49**

170.
He was a flower too sweet for earth,
Sent here but for a while;
God marked him when He gave him birth
And took him with a smile. **29**

171.
Suffer little children to come unto Me. **7**



172.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe in His loving breast. **11**

173.
There the buds from the earth transplanted
For our coming watch and wait,
In the upper garden growing
Just withing the pearly gate.
Tho' our hearts may break with sorrow
By the grief so hard to bear,
We shall meet her some bright morning
In the upper garden there. **49**

174.
When the dewy night was fading
And the sky in beauty smiled,
The angels came into our garden
And picked our sweetest flower. **23**

175.
Two little hands are resting
A loving heart is still,
A little son we loved is waiting
For us just over the hill. **23**

176.
The memory of his dear wee ways
Will linger with us all our days.
Sweetest flower, too sweet to stay
God took him home to show us the way. **29**

177.
Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there. **23**

178.
We cannot hold her little hand,
Or hear her little voice,
Still her memory lingers on. **16**

179.
He left us quietly,
His thoughts unknown,
But left us a memory
We are proud to own;
So treasure him Lord,
In Your garden of rest;
For when on earth,
He was one of the best. **36**

180.
A little lamb too sweet and pure,
Upon this earth to roam;
An angel came
And took our dear child home. **21**

181.
Gone to join the angels, peaceful,
Evermore my darling sleeps. **10**

