

## DIED.

Sometime in the April-kissed springtime, the flower we welcome as the snowdrop, droops and dies, but its delicate face has inspired us to hope, and perfumed our life with thoughts of purity. It was even so with "our baby"—the tiny blossom of humanity that came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Melgard on Wednesday, March 17th.

The sunshine of love could not warm her to life nor the affection of parenthood beguile her from drooping. Her breath went out like the exhalation of a sweetly fragrant minion of the woodland and in her stead was left only a holy and beautiful memory—a memory that will last and sanctify as long as parental existence. The little one died Monday evening at 10:30 o'clock. The small body was laid to rest in our cemetery by hands that had tried to make her young life happy. May God's purest angels guard her slumbers.

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