

Obituary.

When the dark cloud of death hovered over that Colgate home on the night of the 15th, it carried the soul of little Robbie Williams into the light of eternal sunshine, but it left a shadow over that home that time can never lift. His brief life of a little over seven years was filled with love and happiness, and as he was the idol of his relatives' hearts, they vied with each other in making his life a continuous joy, and his evident appreciation and grateful smiles which he returned for every mark of attention he received, bespoke of an understanding far in advance of his tender years; but 'tis said that "Death loves a shingling mark" though as far as I am concerned I cannot look at it in any other light than that a malignant curse has robbed us of the brightest jewel of our hearts and placed in its stead a dark setting of despair. I certainly believe in a Heaven, and I may be at fault when I say that I cannot see its justice, but God knows that the only solace we can find in this awful hour of affliction is in the thought that the mysterious hand of a Heavenly Guide has touched the animated clay with his magic wand and transformed it into another gem for the Crown of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Poor little Robbie; he wore a halo of earthly sun shine while here, but he has exchanged it for a halo that knows no waning. He was born to know no sorrow—he left it all for us. G.