

## IN MEMORIAM.

One of the most terrible events that has ever occurred in the community of Galesburg, was the accident of little Frank Erb, Thursday, Sept. 12th, 1895. At noon of that day, as the teams on his father's farm, were being prepared for work, one of the horses strayed to a haystack—which Frank observing—and being a great, little worker, and anxious to help, stepped up, and with a weed, (as he afterwards told his parents), struck the horse, and then, but words fail to describe that awful wound on his brain which resulted in death, Sept. 17th. The 11th of Jan. 1896 he would have been six years old. He was a very beautiful child. He had remarkably long, curling hair before it was cut, pellucid eyes that reflected the pure white soul and lovable disposition; an exquisitely moulded face and perfectly symmetrical limbs, combined with superior mental capacity in one so young. His environment had always been charming. Sturdy young trees waved their branches protectingly over his head, blooming flowers fringed the pathways around his home; indeed the embowered beauty of this place, was remarked by all strangers and enjoyed by their friends and here guided from wrong and evil; guarded with unspeakable care and solicitude, by parents who idolized him and made possible his every desire, he had always lived, and here too, he died. O' the inscrutable ways of Providence! Verily what ever God decrees, must be. The most efficient medical aid this country affords, Drs. Critchfield and McLain were in constant attendance and all that science could do was done, but from the first, it was a death stroke. The funeral services by Rev. Whisnand were conducted in a beautiful arbor of trees, the little white casket occupying the center. The songs, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Nearer My God to Thee", were sung by a large assemblage of sorrowing friends. Then the dear little form was taken to Hunter and interred in the pretty little cemetery there. "Earth to earth and dust to dust".

O ye flowers, blooming sweetly,  
Lay your heads down low to-day;  
For your happiest, best companion,  
Little Frank, has passed away.  
Never more to wander gayly,  
Mid your fragrant odors bloom,  
He now dwells 'mong 'mortal flowers,  
Round the great, white, golden  
[throne.]

Little grasses, peeping gently,  
Waiting for his buoyant tread;  
Never more will feel the springing  
Of his feet on your green bed.  
But you'll murmur, grasses softly,  
O'er the tiny grave where's laid,  
All that's left of little Frankie,  
In this new fresh mound that's made.

As the human nature is,  
Greater than the natural world;  
So this fair boy's worth was far  
Vaster than Earth's wealth unfurled.  
Born to all that life could give,  
Attributes to make a man,  
In his tiny bosom thrilled,  
Held within his small brown hand.

Enshrined deep within their lives,  
He was all these parents had;  
Loved and cherished, idolized,  
Ah! this grief, how doubly sad.  
Nothing harder, e'er could be,  
Than the cruel death he died;  
Never martyr gave up more,  
Than this boy his parents' pride.

O! thou Providence most strange,  
Ways we cannot understand;  
Blasted hopes and broken toys,  
This, the destiny of man.  
But he lived; oh! not in vain,  
And he ope'd heav'n's doors above  
Where these weary, waiting ones  
Once more meet in joy and love.  
I. E. K.

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### Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Erb desire to express thanks to their friends and neighbors for their kind attention and sympathy in their late terrible bereavement.