

Asleep.

Lines on the death of Baby Ruth Philip, who fell asleep in Jesus, December 13, 1898. Age 13½ months.

[Composed by Mrs. A. G. Young, as a token of sympathy.]

God planted a fair little lily,
In His garden here below;
He sent the beautiful sunshine
To make the little flower grow.

And then for one short summer,
He intrusted her to our care;
And told us to love and train her,
For a garden grand and fair.

We did our best for the darling,
T'was hard to let her go;
But God saw fit to transplant her
From this land of frost and snow.

And ere the old year closed,
He called our little one
To grow in the Garden of Eden;
O Lord! Thy will be done.

Oh Ruthie, darling Ruthie;
Thou art free from all earthly pain,
And with Jesus, the Lily of the Valley;
Some day we'll meet again.