

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE DORA JACOBS

How we cherished your sweet coming,
Baby darling Dora J;
But the Master called you homeward,
And with us you could not stay.

We will bow unto the summons
But our hearts are filled with pain,
And while we so sadly miss you
Our loss is Heaven's gain.

Christian friends and lovely neighbors
Helped us in this hour of pain,
But the Lord (our greatest helper)
In our sorrow will sustain.

We will meet you little darling,
Over on the golden shore
Where no farewells e'er are spoken,
And sad partings come no more.
Time will shorten present sorrow
As we toil here day by day
Waiting for the golden morrow;
Dora is not far away.

Jesus loves all little children,
And he took Dora home
Where, if we prove ever faithful,
In His presence we shall come.
—AUNT BETTIE REESE,
Highlands, N. C.

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