How he loved his baby brother,
And when fever flushed his face
He wished him at his bedside,
And longed him to embrace.

He loved his little mission box
And yet I see him run
To tell "he had most a thousand cents"
"One hundred and fifty-one."

He always loved the flowers,
And this thought now gives me joy
In paradise they never fade.
But blossoms for our boy.

Our hope of thee was lofty
But have we cause to grieve
Oh could our fondest prodest wish
A grander fate concede.