

BEATON, HUBERT JOHN  
January 16, 1899-February 12, 1899

In Memoriam

A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Beaton wishes to inscribe a few words in memory of their little son Hubert who died last week:

Little Hubert came into our home, a gleam of light,  
The embodiment of our future hope and love,  
A tender bud of a flower so bright,  
But an angel plucked him for the realm above.

There is no Reaper like the Reaper Death,  
No horror more terrible, none more wild;  
He comes without respect of person or request  
He robs the mother of her child.

And the mother gave in tears and pain,  
The flower she most did love;  
She knew she should find it again,  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day,  
It was an angel visited the earth,  
And took the flower away.