

In Memoriam.

One by one the leaves are falling,
One by one the flowers decline,
One by one death's hand is calling,
Those who round our hearts en-
twine."

In the homegoing of Clara May Wright a precious tie that bound her loved and own has been severed, and the home circle broken. She was the daughter of H. D. and Alice Woodruff. There remains of her brothers and sisters, H. D. Woodruff of Tipton, Mrs. Morris Jordan of Lafayette, Mrs. S. O. Snyder of Mulberry, Mrs. C. J. Buck of Coatingsville, Mrs. A. D. Yost of Rossville and Mrs. H. S. Landis of California. Father and mother, P'orba, Nellie, Joo and Corlaine have gone to their final rest. February 27, 1886 she was married to Adolphus J. Wright. Three children came to share their paternal love and care. They are Mrs. Leo Woodard, Mrs. Leland Johnson and Lowell. There are also four beloved grandchildren, Junior, Nelda, Deborah, and Rosemary.

Clara Wright was a member of the Union Street Friends church, joining at New London where she lived for twenty-seven years. Her sympathetic nature revealed itself in her love extended to the sick and suffering, a good nurse! she gave herself to the call for help—with or without compensation—all shared alike—her gentle ministry. The visits and the flowers of many grateful ones were mute testimonials of her good work, while she lay in her room of suffering. During the two years of her illness, pain did not bring a murmur but a transformation, resignation and quiet peace. She expressed to her eldest daughter that she "wanted to go home" speaking of so many of her own loved ones who were there, and of the glad reunion, and that she was ready and waiting. Her sixtieth birthday, Sabbath, April 22nd and her heavenly birthday, April 25th, were but a short while between. She was lingering near the horderland but the loving thought for her birthday brought tears of appreciation for the love her dear ones had given and the devotion that during the long illness surrounded her with every comfort. Through the shadows of the dark valley, she could with her spiritual vision see the gleam of the home lights on the heavenly shore. Her Savior was leading the way and at "eventime there was light." We lay our mother and wife away in safe, sweet keeping for the time when He shall come to claim His redeemed. Thank God for the bright star of immortality shining through the gloom. You shall see her some glad day.