

shall bloom eternally, and brighter, stronger grow in the light of His presence. The flower is crushed, but its fragrance lingers. May it ever remind us of the frailty of life, and cause us so to live that we may leave behind a hallowed and hallowing influence when our place is vacant forever. While we revere the memory of Sara L. Fancher, let us have a care that the memory of our lives and actions be a power to raise others up through the mists and clouds of earth, towards the bright presence of Heaven's Eternal King.

A. M. T.

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