

Dellwood.

Celestia Iverne Harris Fay, the subject of this sketch, was born near Kendallville, in Noble Co., Ind., July 20th, 1867. When she was about a year old, she came with her parents to Sunfield, where she has lived, until March 7th, 1895 she was united in marriage to Albert Lloyd Fay, and, with her husband, went to live upon the Cole farm in the township of Woodland, Barry Co. Less than two years of wedded bliss was hers. She leaves to mourn her loss, a loving and devoted husband, an infant son, a little more than one day old when she was summoned away, a kind father and mother, three affectionate sisters, besides many relatives, friends and neighbors. Yet they mourn not as those without hope, for our dear Vernie left the sure evidence behind, that for her to depart and be with Christ, was far better, her work was done. She passed from earth into the great Beyond, January 9, 1897, Saturday morning at about six o'clock. The funeral was held the following Monday, conducted by the Rev. Jarvis of Woodland, who was assisted by Rev. Hanp of Coats Grove, and Rev. J. P. Durham, minister in charge of the Bismarck M. E. church, at which place the solemn, sacred service was held, at eleven o'clock a. m. The interment was in the Freemire cemetery. Rev. Jarvis used as his text the words, "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day," which is a portion of the ninth verse of the 15th chapter of Jeremiah. The crowded house, despite the rough roads, the many silent and thoughtful testimonials of love and affection bore evidence of the high esteem in which Vernie was held by those who knew her best. For a number of years she was organist at the church from which she was buried, at her funeral the choir was, as far as was practicable, composed of her former S. S. class and teacher. "Will they welcome me" her one favorite piece, was played and softly, sweetly sung, as the sadly solemn procession filed into the church. The pall bearers were John Garinger, James Boyles, Emerson Kinne, Elmer Cole, Will Kenworthy and Milton Shelden. Loving hearts with deft fingers had lined with pure white, the grave, and as the beautiful creamy casket, which contained the remains of our loved Vernie, was lowered into its last resting place, it was obvious how deeply her loss was deplored. Conscientiousness and scrupulous fidelity characterized her whole life, and whether in the sacred relations of home, in the church or community, she was always gentle in disposition, loyal to a high sense of honor, prompt, efficient, and tireless in discharging every duty, great or small. Her memory will long abide and the spirit of her sweet life will hover over the inhabitants of the place wherein she was wont to walk in

and among them. Vernie is not dead, she sleepeth, she has only gone on before. a crown of glory is hers. And we who are living and remain, shall we not so order our lives as to win also that crown of glory which awaits the final, if faithful? If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them."

In Loving Remembrance.

Of sister Ruby Rowley by Vermontville Grange, No. 625.

In response to the call by the Divine Master, our beloved sister, Ruby Rowley, has finished the work given her to do and has passed on to the highest degree. We rest secure that the faith and hope she nurtured, the charity she dispensed and the fidelity she exemplified are gems set in her radiant crown. Always cheerful and sunny she has left a place vacant that can never be filled.

"They never quite leave us
Our friends who have passed,
Through the shadows of death
To the sunlight of love;
A thousand sweet memories,
Are holding them fast,
To the places they blessed
With their presence and love."