

## In Memory.

But three short weeks ago Alice Elliott read a selection at the Ladies' Aid Society, called the "Neglected Pattern," telling how a weaver at his loom let his eyes wander away from his work, away from the pattern that hung above him, and when he looked he saw his work must be undone. And such results come to those who in their life work look down and lose sight of their celestial pattern above. Today we can look on our silent friend and truly say, she ever kept her eyes upon the divine pattern of the Saviour's life. She was gentle, kind and considerate; weaving in the web of her bright, young life, faith, hope, and love. We knew her as a faithful little child who came to us as her first teacher in the district school; and as the years passed she grew into our love by her sweet ways and face illumined by what we then called intelligence, but which we now know was no earthly light, but a glimpse of the shining light of heavenly beauty that today is all her own. She died in the early hours of Good Friday morning, and today celebrates the glorious Easter with her risen Saviour.

For those loved ones who sorrow for her earthly life so quickly ended, is comfort in the thought that never will her purity and goodness die, but it will live to bless and comfort them when they so sadly miss her presence in their home.

"For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love, and love can reach  
From heaven to earth and nobler lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read."

Thus sorrowfully we bring this tribute to her grave, and leave it with the sweet flowers that tell the story of how well was Alice Elliott loved. Gratefully remembered are the dear friends whose thoughtful kindness was manifested during the trying ordeal.

LUCY M. BETZ.

Chester, Easter Sunday.

Resolutions of Prairie Queen Hive No. 133

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