

Ethel Lenore Miller

“Trouble the master not, for she is dead,”
But a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Savior’s voice sank thrillingly and low:
“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

These words, spoken so many years ago, seem to be spoken in our hearts to-day; and, though we could not hear the master say “Maiden our sister heard. gateway we call passed from that great lies beyond. illness belinger duration, there shock, when a friend is taken. shock we experi Spring, when Miller was illness of less One of Armour brightest and students, she respect of her the admiration



arise,” we know
So, through the
Death, she
among us. into
silence which
Whether the
ing or of short
always comes a
from our midst
Such was the
enced last
Ethel Lenore
taken, after an
than a week
Institute’s
most beloved
early won the
associates and
of her teachers.
Sigma Delta
keenly felt by

The loss to Sorority is all her sisters. We can never realize the great privilege granted us in having come in contact with her pure and innocent life.

Our hearts are sad when we think of our loss, and yet our sorrow is softened by the sweet memories which are ours.

These memories will always be fondly cherished, not only by them but by all her schoolmates.

Her many friends are deeply indebted to her mother for placing in the library the memorial window, which recalls to them always many beautiful thoughts of her.