Ethel Lenore Miller

"Trouble the master not, for she is dead,"

But a gentle hand

Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear

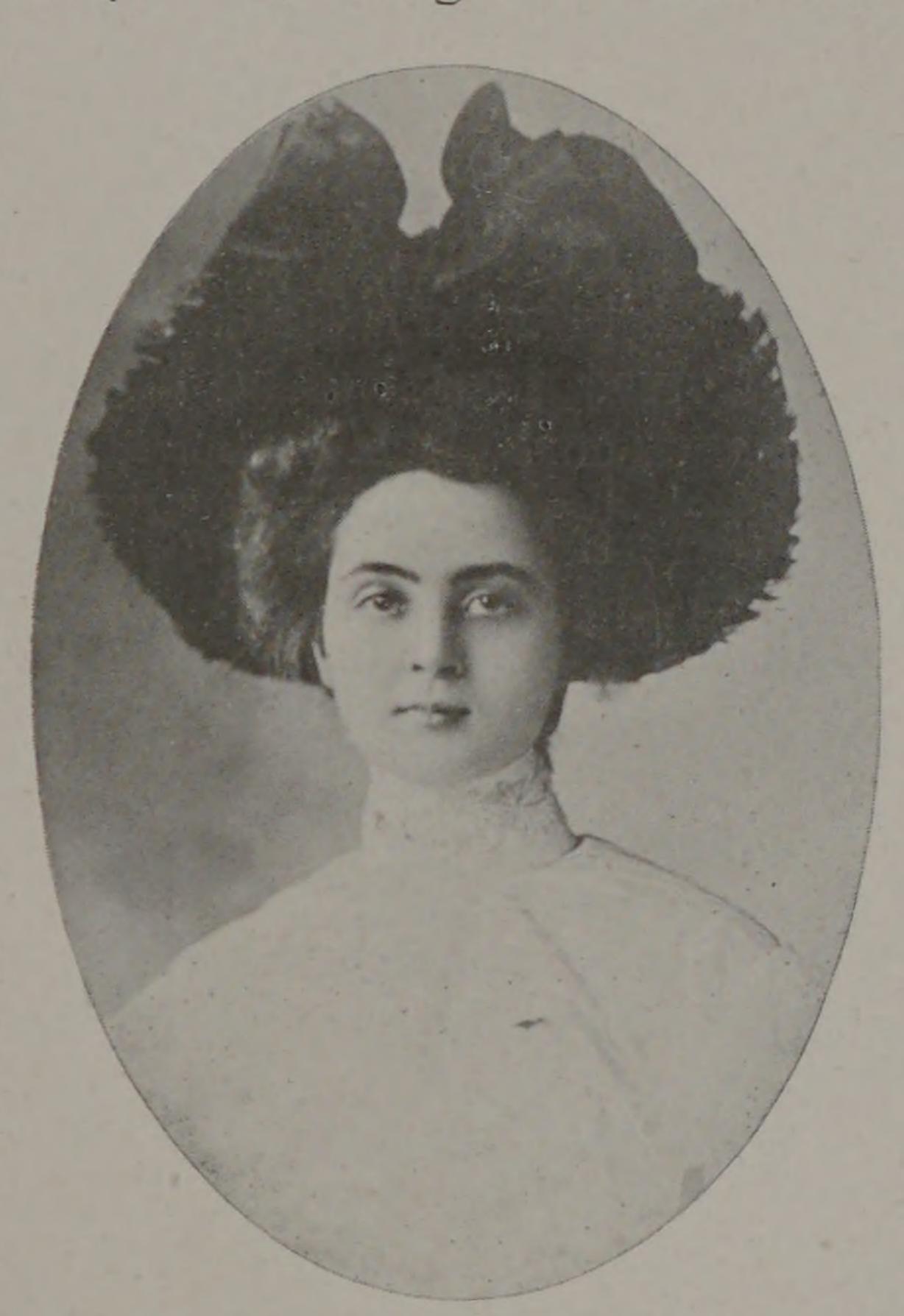
The Savior's voice sank thrillingly and low:

"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 passedfrom that great lies beyond. illness be linger 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

The loss to Sorority is



arise," we know So, through the Death, she among us. into silence which Whetherthe 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

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.