

But just before the snows,  
 There came a purple creature  
 That ravished all the hill,  
 And summer hid her forehead,  
 And mockery was still.  
 The frosts were her condition  
 The Tyrian would not come  
 Until the North evoked it!  
 Creator, must I bloom?  
 "Triumph may be of several kinds,  
 There's triumph in the room,  
 When that old Emperor, Death,  
 By faith is overcome.  
 There's triumph of the finer mind  
 When Truth, affronted long,  
 Advances calm, to her supreme,  
 Her God, her only throng.  
 A triumph, when temptations bribe  
 Is slowly handed back,  
 One eye upon the heaven renounced,  
 And one upon the rack,  
 Severer triumph, by himself  
 Experienced, who can pass  
 Acquitted, from that naked bar  
 Jehovah's countenance."

IN MEMORIUM.

To the many friends of Susie Tappan Carpenter, wife of Lemuel K. Cushing, the sad tidings that reached Highland Park on Tuesday evening last— of the calling to a heavenly home of one who had endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact—was a great shock. So unprepared were all for the news and so beloved was Mrs. Cushing by all who knew her.

Through the long hours from Sunday till Tuesday evening, anxious friends waited in suspense for news from the Carpenter home in Chicago, where Mrs. Cushing and her husband lived. Sad news was feared, but hope was not abandoned, as no one could realize or believe that one whose life meant so much to others could be taken from them.

A little girl came on the Saturday before to make perfect the happiness of the loving parents and it did not seem possible that the Heavenly Father could need the mother when her going meant such deep grief to those around her.

To her friends the beautiful character of Susie Cushing was always a source of inspiration. She was so companionable, loving and winsome. And a love all was she an inspiration to her husband and those near her, and to them indeed was the strength of her character as well as her affec-

tionate disposition always apparent. Mrs. Cushing was twenty-four years of age and would have been married three years the first of next June.

The funeral services were held this morning and the interment was at Rosehill.

The heartfelt sympathy of this

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
 Behold her grown more fair.  
 Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance though unspoken,  
 May reach her where she lives."

Rev. E. K. Yeakel of Chicago will occupy the pulpit of the United Evangelical church Sunday next.



"Sweet as the tender fragrance that  
 When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives,  
 Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,  
 But never will be sung to us again,  
 Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest  
 Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling; it is best."

community goes out to the bereaved husband and to the mother of Mrs. Cushing and her sister and brother

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection;  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led;  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sins' pollution,  
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,  
 In those bright realms of air;

An entertainment representing scenes and people of India in native costume, will be given Thursday evening, March 30th, at the Presbyterian Church, by the Y. P. S. C. E. Miss Coleman, a returned missionary, will be present and will exhibit a collection of curios. The proceeds will go toward buying an organ for a mission school in India. Admission only 10 cents.

Mr. James Warren, Jr., formerly of the Park, is meeting with great success in his business in Chicago.