

OBITUARY.—In the early morning hours of Nov. 10 the spirit of Allen R., only son of Edna M. and Wm. H. Davis, left its frail tenement of clay and passed to the Better land. He was in the full flush of manhood, having passed his eighteenth birthday last August and his hopes and expectations were high, and it was a bitter disappointment to surrender them, but they will find their fulfilment in a larger, fuller way in the land to which he has gone.

Two years ago he contracted the cold which resulted in the disease that terminated his life. In July 1899 he was taken to the hospital at Rutland with the hope that the treatment, together with the high altitude, might restore his health, and for a time he seemed to improve, but it was not lasting, and the following year he went to Ashby to his grandmother's and later his mother joined him and ministered to his needs, as only a mother can, until he came home the latter part of September.

All that loving care could suggest or affection bestow was done, but it could not stay the Destroyer's hand, and the Death-angel came and bore him away to the Better land, where sorrow and suffering cease and partings are unknown. The night of his death, about ten o'clock, his breathing grew shorter and more rapid and his father took him in his arms that he might breathe more easily. Thus he passed from his earthly father's arms into those of his heavenly father.

He had only one more year at school before graduating and it was a severe disappointment to give that up, but when the time came for the class to graduate he came from the hospital to congratulate them with a manly courage and patient submission truly heroic. He did not recover to graduate here, but

"He has gone unto that school  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule."

While at Rutland, the members of his Sunday school class united with the church and he expressed the desire that his name might be placed with theirs on the church records. He will be sadly missed in his

home where his pleasant, genial disposition made him greatly beloved. As one of the family remarked, she "never heard him speak an unkind word," and that will be a sweet and tender memory in the days to come when the first burst of grief has subsided, and the "Good Father," "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and suffers "not even a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice," will bring them Peace—the Peace that passeth all understanding.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon at his home, which was filled with sympathizing friends. Rev. Wm. C. Brown spoke words of tender comfort and hope. The floral emblems were profuse and elegant, more than twenty pieces. They were from the high school, King's Daughters, Unitarian guild, Busy Bees, grange and many individuals, all testifying to the love and respect felt for him.

A pillow from father, mother and sister; eighteen pinks from grandfather and grandmother; a large cluster of white chrysanthemums from the high school; yellow and white chrysanthemums from the Forget-me-not circle of King's daughters; a star of pinks from the Unitarian guild; a bouquet of pinks from the Busy Bees; a bunch of pinks from the grange; a cluster of white chrysanthemums and English violets from Julius A. Jenn, florist, of Boston; and other floral gifts from loving relatives and friends.

He seemed to be sweetly sleeping under a canopy of flowers. C. A. HOSMER.

THE LITTLETON GUIDON  
NOV. 11, 1900