

Minutes

MINUTES.

Fourth Annual Session of the Liberty Association of the United Free Will Baptist convened with Cool Spring church in Colquit County Ga., on Tuesday night after the second Sunday in October, 1896.

Gathering into the church house shortly after arriving, singing was engaged in; and in singing praises and offering up prayers most eloquently by the Bros. J. E. Thompson, and J. M. Lawson. Bro. Sellers preached, after which delegates and visiting friends and brethren were assigned to houses for the night. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Met as per adjournment. Sang No. 62 in "Prayer Praise" also No. 229 Tears and Triumphs—Introductory by Bro Stovall was preached, the subject "love" text 13th chapter 1st verse Paul to the Hebrews. Bro. Little closed by singing, and prayer by Bro. J. E. Thompson. Adjourned for noon and refreshments, the same being spread bountifully out at the pine grove near the church.

Reassembled afternoon, singing numbers 57, 126, 116, 5, and 8 in "Tears and Triumphs". Prayer by Bro. Little. Bro. Stovall presiding as Moderator called for corresponding letters and Bros. Gregory and Arkridge to read them.

New Bethel, J. M. Lawson, Homer Lawson.
Friendship, C. M. Burtz, John Keller.

Cool Spring, W. H. Hickey, John Dunn Jr.

New Prospect, J. W. Belflower, E. Zorn.

New Shiloh, D. J. Newton, Thomas Massey

Greenwood, J. T. Lee, B. A. Lewis.

Pleasant Home, (Thomas Co.) T. N. Renew, absent

Pleasant Hill, J. O. Summer, W. W. Baker.

Springhill, B. S. Hatcher, N. Adkisson.

Philadelphia, B. F. Merchant Johnnie Phillips.

Pleasant Home, J. J. Turner.

Pine Hill, J. A. Rhodes, J. S. Pope, J. B. Normans.

Christian Hill, J. R. Lacy, S. Lacy.

Union (formerly county line) John McNeas, absent.

Hartsfield, John Boatright, V. W. Weathersby, absent. Henry Gregory, A. Stoval.

Bay Spring, By letter.

Roll being perfected, re-elected W. G. Stoval. Moderator; C. M. Burtz, clerk, Bro. Little, assistant Moderator, and during the session J. T. Hambrick was re-elected Treasurer. Petitionary letters called for and read as follows, and on motion received:

Pleasant Hill, changed to the name of New Hope.

Midway, Dooly county, formerly Macedonia.

Mt Aararat, represented by letter to D. J. Newton.

New Hope, Worth county, formerly Pleasant Hill. S. A. Powell, J. W. Watson.

Spence Bridge, G. C. Carter.

Committees appointed as follows:

Preaching:— R. A. Lewis, J. M. Lawson, J. A. Rhodes, D. J. Newton, W. H. Hickey.

Finance:— C. M. Hall, Thomas Massey and R. A. Lewis in place of R. C. Gregory excused.

Sabbath Schools:— W. T. Sellars, S. N. Little, G. W. Brown, J. E. Thompson.

Temperance:— All the preachers of the Association.

State of the Churches and Ministers:— J. T. Lee, R. J. Wright, John Kellar, S. A. Powell, J. M. Lawson.

Obituaries:— C. M. Burtz, J. W. Watson, G. H. Arkridge, R. F. Merchant.

Mission Work:— B. S. Hatcher, E. C. Zorn, S. N. Little.

Resolutions:— Thomas Massey, W. W. Baker, S. Lacey and J. R. Lacy.

Committee on preaching reported that evening service be excluded as named in the report. Adjourned to Thursday morning.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Met pursuant to adjournment, sang No., 227, and prayer by R. A. Lewis. Committee on Literature appointed as follows: J. J. Turner, G. H. Arkridge, and C. M. Burtz. On motion Bros. A. Stoval and R. C. Gregory were excused and Bro. B. S. Hatcher appointed to preach in Bro. Gregory's place. Minutes of yesterday read and approved. It was ordered that Bro. W. G. Stoval correspond the Martin Association, and that Bro. Little correspond with the Chattahoochee in 1897; Bros. J. E. Thompson and Little with the Georgia Union and Bro. J. S. Pope, Ogeechee in 1897. Adjourned for 11 o'clock service, the stand being filled by Bro. J. E. Thomson, who preached from Romans viii, 1, being followed by Bro. E. S. Thompson, who closed for noon.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

That old time song "Am I a soldier of the cross," was sung followed by prayer by the Moderator.

A verbal report on temperance was made, and the clerk instructed to edit and make up a report and publish it in the minutes. It was ordered that the Union meetings be held as follows: First District at Friendship church in Mitchell county, commencing on Friday night before the 5th Sunday in Aug., 1897, Bro. Little to preach the introductory sermon and Bro. G. H. Arkridge, alternate. Second District, at New Hope in Dooly county, commencing on the Friday night before the 4th Sunday in July, 1897, Bro. G. H. Arkridge to preach the introductory sermon, Bro. W. A. Pope, alt.

Delegates to the Georgia State Convention to be held 5 miles E. of Vienna, Dooly county, commencing on Wednesday night before the 4th Sunday in November, 1896, were appointed as follows: J. T. Lee, J. E. Thompson, S. N. Little, J. T. Hambrick, W. T. Sellars, J. A. Rhodes; with alternates respectively as follows: R. A.

Lewis, E. W. Thompson, D. J. Newton, Thomas Massey, J. S. Pope, G. W. Rhodes.

Motion carried to enter mission work, and committee appointed consisting of Bros. C. M. Hall, R. C. Gregory, and W. G. Stoval as executive, and branch committee to assist, was by the recommendation of each pastor, appointed as follows: New Bethel, J. M. Lawson; Union, S. V. Wethersby; Spence Bridge, David McElroy, Hartsfield, T. M. Allegood; Friendship, Burrell Wingate; New Prospect, W. H. Patten; Philadelphia, B. F. Merchant; Cool Spring, M. A. Chaffin; Pleasant Home, Thomas county, T. M. Renew; Pleasant Home, Worth county, J. J. Turner; Greenwood, J. T. Lee; Spring Hill, Frank Gray; Pleasant Hill, W. W. Baker; New Hope, J. W. Watson; Pine Hill, J. S. Pope; New Hope, W. J. Moore; Midway, G. W. Brown; New Shiloh, J. T. Hambrick; Christian Hill, B. Johnson.

Committee on Resolutions made a report and the same was received as will appear with the other reports. A motion was carried that the word "United," be placed before the word "Freewill," and used in our literature, as stated in our Associational constitution adopted at the first session. On motion D. J. Newton was appointed to take charge of the funds of the finance committee and deliver the same over to the Treasurer. Ordered that the Clerk be paid \$5 for his services. Motion carried that Bro. W. G. Stoval write the next circular letter, assisted Bro. R. C. Gregory.

Three churches, to-wit: Greenwood, Christian Hill and Spring Hill having in applications for the next Association, the motion for the election resulted in the selection of Spring Hill church. The thanks of the body was tendered and made known the Cool Spring church, and the friends and brethren of other connections, for the royal support and their kind and brotherly attention during this session. On motion adjourned to meet at Spring Hill church in Mitchell county, Ga., 5 miles southeast of Bacoonton, on Thursday night before the 2nd Sunday in October, 1897. Bro. J. E. Thompson

to preach the introductory sermon, W. T. Sellars, alternate. Then taking and singing the parting band to meet as above stated, we adjourned.

W. G. STOTAL,

Moderator.

C. M. BURTZ,

Clerk.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

ON PREACHING.

G. C. Carter tonight, G. W. Rhodes to follow. On motion night service was left off. Thursday 9:00 o'clock R. C. Gregory, G. H. Arkridge. 11:00 o'clock J. E. Thompson and E. S. Thompson to close. 3:00 o'clock S. N. Little, V. S. Thompson to close. B. J. Griffin, and John M. Newton to close.

C. M. Burtz.

G. H. Arkridge

J. J. Turner.

ON LITERATURE.

We recommend the Morning Star Literature for our Sabbath schools. We also advise that each church secure as many as five subscriptions to the "Harvest Gleaner," at once, as it holds up and reflects the many good evidences of the cause we advocate, and as a means of medium communication with each other, thus promoting unity of action, utilizing our forces, harmonizing our aims and our efforts for the general good of the church and spread of the truth. Having been published by J. H. Jenkins, of Phoenix City, Ala. We recommend Smith's Bible Dictionary, and other papers and history of the Free Will Baptist to all who wish to purchase, whose post office is Boston, Mass., to the Morning Star. We also desire and request that a good creditable minute be gotten up by the clerk and that G. H. Arkridge, C. M. Hall and Bro. Stoval be advisory committee to assist at the clerk's request in arranging manuscript.

The Committee.

G. H. Arkridge, Chairman.

ON CHURCHES AND MINISTERS

As far as we are able to investigate we find the Ministers of our Association are doing good faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord, working in harmony with their church brethren and in unity of the faith. We find the church to be gaining in membership, and seven or eight churches admitted to our association, some of them newly organized and others comparatively new. Respectfully,

J. T. Lee,

S. A. Powell.

J. W. Lawson,

John Keller.

R. J. Wright.

ON OBITUARIES.

Received verbally, after being compiled by the clerk to be placed in minutes.

ON SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We find that the work is good and is greatly improving within the bounds of our Association. We beg ministers to urge and encourage the work in every church, and not to become careless but press on.

J. E. Thompson, G. W. Brown

W. T. Sellers.

ON FINANCE.

We have received from the various churches for minutes

	\$28.00
For home missions.	\$ 1.00
For state convention	\$.25
Total receipts	\$29.85
In the hands of the treasurer	\$ 6.27
Total	\$36.12

C. M. Hall, R. A. Lewis.

Thomas Massey.

ON RESOLUTIONS.

That delegates of the Liberty Association who absent themselves without a legal excuse, their names will not appear in the minutes, and such delegates may be cited to their conference for neglect of duty if necessary.

That the different churches of this Association having ratified the resolutions passed at first session and organization in regard to the duties of deacons, clerks and pastors offered by J. H. Cook, W. H. Massey, R. A. Lewis, touching the same we recommend to be added to the church program.

R. A. Lewis, J. R. Lacy.

W. W. Baker, S. Lacy.

Thomas Massey.

Passed on motion.

ON MISSIONS.

We find that we have no one employed in the mission field and we recommend that this body take immediate steps to secure and employ some minister at once and that a committee of five brothers be appointed to look after the business.

Respectfully submitted.

R. S. Hatcher, S. N. Little

E. C. Zorn.

NEW SHILOH CHURCH RESOLUTIONS

RESOLVED: We the church of Christ at New Shiloh recommend to your honorable body that there be resolutions passed

by the Association that any church whose delegates absent themselves from the body before adjournment, without good cause, that said church be not represented in the minutes, and, any funds arising from such cause remain in the treasury as associational funds.

RESOLVED: Further, that this Association pass some order of business, whereby members remaining without letters of dismission in case of dissolved churches may become members of other churches of this order without letters of dismission.

Done by order of church in conference this, Aug. 8, 1896

J. E. Thompson, Moderator,

D. J. Newton, Clerk.

On motion the above was received.

TREASURER'S REPORT 1894.

Received finance committee 1894.	\$14.42
Funds received session 1893.	\$16.00
From other sources.	\$ 2.10
Total	\$33.02

PAID.

R. C. Gregory clerk.	\$10.00
Money order and postage	\$ 1.14
Check on exchange bank of Macon for minutes	\$21.42
Total.	\$33.02

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1895.

Received for minutes	\$19.17
To interest on same	\$.20
Total	\$19.37
Paid J. H. Jenkins for minutes	\$ 8.00
" Express money order	\$.08
" Clerks fee	\$ 5.00
By balance on hand	\$ 6.27
Total.	\$19.37

J. T. Hambrick, Treasurer.

ON TEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is opposed to the genius of all good government and contrary to the best interests of man.

It is recognized by the world, even of the unregenerate as one of the greatest evils in our times, the one of all others most destructive to man and his happiness.

It is one of Satan's most potent means of opposing the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

We are commanded by God's word to be temperate. By obedience to the commands of God we evidence the sincerity of our holy profession.

By this our faith is declared genuine before men who have no other way to conclude that it is unfeigned but by christian

obedience.

He that pretendeth to believe in Jesus and is habitually given to intemperance, his faith is worthless, barren, dead, and it would be good for the cause of our Redeemer if he made no profession to the divine life.

By walking in the path of obedience we express our gratitude to God for his benefits, and also glory His holy name which is the great end of all obedience.

The path of intemperance is one of darkness and leads to eternal night.

God's children are children of light, there is no fellowship between light and darkness, between the Prince of darkness and the Prince of light.

We would exhort all who love the Lord Jesus, and who wait for his appearing to be temperate, for only such can win the prize of His high calling. Watch against carnal pleasures.

Remember that you have many enemies. Be sober, be vigilant, time is short, and life is absolutely uncertain. Be careful that the fruits of gratitude to benefactors may adorn your whole behavior.

Remember the eye of God, of Angels, of accursed spirits and of men are upon you.

Both enemies and friends inspect your conduct and mark your slips. Respectfully submitted for temperance committee by the clerk.

C. M. Burtz.

OBITUARIES.

Yes death has been in our midst during the brief space of the three years just ended and claimed our beloved as follows: Yet we do not mourn as those who have no hope, we expect to meet again and we believe that our loss is their eternal gain and thus bow our heads and say; "Thy will be done O Lord."

Friendship church, Mitchell county: Mattie Akridge, wife of J. L. Akridge, died March 24, 1893, aged nineteen years, following infant which had died a short time previously. She was a consistent member.

While Mattie sleeps beneath the tomb,

Death has lost its dreaded gloom,

The God who worketh all things best

Has called her spirit home to rest.

Eveline Clewis, wife of John Clewis, born Sept. 23, 1854, died Jan. 29, 1893. This sister was devout and like sister Akridge gave testimony that all was well with her. She was followed by her babe at eight month of age.

Thy dust shall sleep beneath the sod

Till we meet again in the city of God.

Also Bro John Ward, who died April 24, 1895, aged 39 years, after a lingering illness of about three years. He leaves a wife and children to mourn as well as relatives and friends.

Also, Shade Brumley, who departed this life Aug. 8, 1895, aged about 40 years. He leaves a wife, children and relatives to mourn his loss. Both of these brothers were consistent church members, ever ready and at their places in conference except when excusable on account of sickness or other good reasons. The latter's funeral was preached at Friendship church to a large and overflowing congregation, by his uncle, the Rev. Moses C. Smith, a pioneer Methodist preacher, well known and beloved in all our section.

Mrs. Alice P. Fletcher was born June 30, 1874, died Sept., 22, 1895, aged 24 years. She was a member of the Free Will Baptist church, and has gone to reap her reward. She died at her home in Worth county, Ga.

Sister Addelania Taylor departed this life Sept., 25, 1895, after a serious illness of eight or ten days, which she endured with much patience. She first joined the Methodist church, and was a member for six years, after which she became a member of the Pleasant Home Free-will Baptist church, and has been a member for over a year. She died in the faith, and happy, giving her little infant to her mother to raise, telling her to meet her in heaven, and telling her husband to be a good boy and to meet her in heaven. Her last song was: "Will you come?"

From Christian Hill church. We have lost our brother in Christ, Martin Abelone, who died in the faith, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, leaving testimony of a better land. A helpless family, with his church and community mourn his loss. Though a poor man financially, it could not be denied that his humble walk and general actions proved him a christian during his connection with the church at Friendship, and up to his death.* Expressions were made that he was truly a christian. The following very touching lines were sung at his burial at Friendship, and at his funeral:

Oh where is now, our brother dear?
Gone home to mansions bright and fair.
No more he'll shed the bitter tear,
He's happy in his mansion over there.

CHORUS: Gone home, gone home, with Jesus there to dwell,
Gone home, gone home, His praises there to swell.
No more he meets us here below,
His toil and sacrifice are o'er,
And by the rivers gentle flow
He stands upon the other shore.
Chor.

But though he'll visit us no more,
Yet we may go to him at last
And then we'll sing, our troubles o'er,
When all life's labors here are past.

Chor:
Farewell, dear brother, till we meet,
Before the throne of God above;
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing the triumph of his love.

Sister Laura (Law) Hardin, was born June 25, 1873, in Irwin county, Ga., was married to Joe Hardin Dec., 21, 1893, died March 10, 1895. She joined the United Free-will Baptist church at New Shilo, July, 1890, living a devoted christian life until death. She was a de-

* He was killed instantly by a bolt of lightning when about 100 yards from his home. He had often spoken of being ready to go at his Master's call.

voted wife and left an infant babe, husband and many friends to mourn her loss. But our loss is her eternal gain, and we have all evidence to believe that she is now at rest. In her last moments she looked up at her husband with a smile on her face as if she saw her way clear, leaving testimony for her relatives and many friends of the christian's triumph over death.

A light from our household is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our hearts
That never can be filled.
She's gone to world's above,
Where saints and angels meet,
To realize our Saviour's love,
And worship at his feet.

Bro. Samuel Weeks, a faithful brother and member of Cool Spring church, departed this life at his home in Colquit county, March 20, 1896, aged 34 years. He died in the faith, saying that he was going home to meet God. Where he reposes beneath the tomb, death hath lost its gloom, and the God that worketh all things best, has called his spirit to rest. The pain that so racked him cannot come again. Oh, wife, thank God, weep not, he is at rest. Shed not a tear, but remember that he is happy in the house of glory. He walks through the valley in peace.

Two deaths are reported from New Bethel in 1896

Departed this life April 7, 1896, Sister Nancy Robinson, at an advanced age. Sister Robinson joined the Missionary Baptist church in early life, and remained a member until a few days before her death. While on her dying bed she sent for the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church and requested him to call a quorum of his church together, hold a service with her and receive her into the church, and wash her feet in obedience to the blessed Savior's command. All of this was done, and she stated that she was happy. She had long desired this privilege, but her church denied it to her, and she came to us that she might have the com-

scious assurance of duty fully done, to comfort her dying moments, and enable her with the full assurance of faith. "To lean her head on Jesus breast and breathe her life out sweetly there." May her example help others to follow their Master before they reach their dying couch, and remember duty unperformed. We believe we shall meet her again. —J. H. Jenkins in *Minute of Chattahoochee Association*.

From Greenwood Church. Mrs. Maggie Lee, beloved wife of J. T. Lee, died at her home near Hopeful church, at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, April 27, 1894.

She was a sufferer for years, and what she has suffered no tongue can tell, yet she bore all without a murmur. In her brief life have seen that "Whom God loveth He chasteneth." A purer, more devoted christian never lived, and through all her untold sufferings her Savior was her comfort and refuge, to him alone would she silently turn in her agony, but her prayer was ever, "not my will, but thine, be done." We watched her grow weaker and weaker day by day, and we knew that the Master was fitting her for her indwelling in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." And yet how hard to give her up, how hard to lay her in the cold and silent tomb ne'er to see her on earth again.

But we know that up yonder in that city of the living God there are no brighter crowns upon the heads of any fairer or more exalted angels than now shines upon her brow.

The good she has done will live after her a monument to her pure and spotless life.

To the loving husband, relatives and friends whose hearts are torn by such a loss there are no words gentle and tender enough to be uttered. Their grief is too deep for words or condolence from us, we can only point them to the Savior "who will our sorrow share," and take them to the Lord in prayer.

Dear husband, mourn not for her, death was more than welcomed by her. It came as God's messenger to bear her pure spirit into His presence, there to dwell in unspeakable joy through eternal ages, and now, up there "at that beautiful gate, she is waiting and watching for you."

Fare-thee-well sweet sister,
Though we know it be forever,
We would not keep thee from the glory land,
That lies just beyond the river,
Earthly life was but an exile,
To thy pure sweet spirit, born above,
Now it lives with Him who gave it,
In that summer land of love.
Loved ones mourn not, she is waiting
At the pearly gates of God
To bid us welcome when we "enter
Into the joys of our Lord."
There we'll meet to part no never,
In the palace of our King,
And the praises of our Savior
Shall through the endless ages ring.

Resolved, that the Greenwood church bow in humble submission to the will of God who doeth all things well: That we ever cherish the blessed assurance of meeting her in heaven: That we dedicate a page of our church books to the memory of Sister Lee: Also that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the bereaved ones.

MRS. E. Y. FITZGERALD.
MRS. F. K. SMITH.
MISS PEARL LEWIS.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour? What though we roll in wealth or soar in fame, earth's highest station all ends in "Here he lies," and "dust to dust" for there is a reaper whose name is death and with his sickle keen he reaps the bearded grain at

breath and the flowers that grow beneath them. Some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence, and some seek wealth and ease, the common quest, while others seek the fame that hovers in the distance, but all are seeking rest. We cannot tell who may be next to fall beneath this sickle keen, one must be first, but let us all prepare to meet our God. Therefore the following brief lines and verses have been carefully selected and given place that relatives and others may be better enabled to get up tributes of love and esteem to those dear ones that may be called home, and that reports may be sent up to each Association, that the obituary portion of our Minutes may be full and complete.

CHILDREN.

He carries the lambs in his bosom.
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
The lovely flower has faded.
Gone to a better land.
Darling, we miss thee.
Suffer little children to come unto me.
Earth's brightest gems are fading.
In heaven there is one angel more.
A fairer bud of promise never bloomed.
Another sweet flower blooms in the dews of heaven.
A little time on earth he spent,
Till God for him, His angel sent.
Happy infant, early blessed,
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest.
Our darling one hath gone before,
To greet us on the blissful shore.
Gone to bloom in the garden of heaven.
To dwell with the happy and blest.
Gone like a flower of the blooming June,
Fading in a day.
And thou that brighter home to bless,
Art passed with all thy loveliness
Favor'd of Heaven to wear the crown,
Without life's weary race to run.
God blesses an early death.
And takes the infant unto himself.

How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with a darling boy
Another gem's in the Savior's crown—
And another soul's in Heaven.

'Twas but a flower too good for earth,
Transplanted in Heaven.

Sleep on little babe and take thy rest,
God called the home, He thought it best.
The babe so late our darling theme,
Now slumbers in the tomb.

Rest little one, a mother's tears may fall
But not for worlds, would she her child recall.
The fairest flower we fondly love,
How soon it fades and dies.

Bourne by angels hands away,
To a home of peace and love.

Deem not the flower plucked too soon,
No flower can drop prematurely if ripe for glory.

A little flower of love
That blossomed but to die
Transplanted now above to bloom with God on high.

Thou art gone little darling, sweet child of our love,
From earth's fairy strand to bright mansions above.

We loved this little tender one and would have wished her stay
But let our Father's will be done. She shines in

endless day

Beneath the tomb in soft repose is laid a mother's dearest pride,

A flower that scarce had waked to life and light
and beauty ere it died.

Gone to a fairer land of pleasure and love,
To join the bright band of angels above.

Ere sorrow had tainted its innocent love.
Its spirit was sainted by angels above.

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

The morning cometh.—Isaiah xxi, 12.

He giveth his beloved sleep.—Psalms, cxxvii, 2.

She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv, 14.

Thy brother shall rise again. — John xi. 23.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things. — Rev. xxi. 7.

There shall be no night there. — Rev. xxi. 25.

Behold I come quickly. — Rev. xxii. 7.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

I shall see Him, but now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh. — Num. xxiv. 17.

Look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh. — Luke xxi. 28.

Not my will, but thine be done. — Luke xxii. 42.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. — Luke xxiv. 46.

Why seek ye the living among the dead? — L. 24. 5

Except a man be born again, he cannot see God. — John iii. 3.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. — Lk. 28. 16.

Oh, that they were wise that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. — Deut. 32. 26.

Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh. — Matt. xxiv. 44.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. — John x i. 25

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. — Gen. iii. 19.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His. — Num. xxiii. 10.

The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. — Sam. xvi. 7.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. — Rev. ii. 10.

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. — Psalm xlii. 1.

Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. — Matt. xxiv. 47.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. — 1st Thes. iv. 14.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. — Matt. v. 8.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. — 2nd Timothy iv. 7.

He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in his bosom. — Isaiah x ii. 11.

Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth. — Luke viii. 52.

He looketh for a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God. — Heb. xi. 10.

I know that my redeemer liveth. — Job xix. 25.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness. — Psalms xvii. 15.

The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. — Rom. vi. 23.

As thy days so shall thy strength be. — Duet. xxxiii. 25.

He shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. — John xi. 24.

Who shall dwell in the holy hills; he that walketh upright and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. — Psalm xv. 1, 2.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. — Rev. xiv. 13.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. — Job xiv. 2.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. — Col. iii. 4.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive one. — Psalm xlix. 15.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. — Matt. v. 4.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit return unto God who gave it. — Eccl. xii. 7.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. — Psalm xxiii. 4.

The Lord is nigh unto them, that call upon Him, to all of them that call upon Him in truth. — Psalm cxlv. 18.

Thou shalt quicken me again and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. — Psalm lxxi. 20.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm cxix. 105.

The Lord giveth, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job i. 21.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace.—Psalm xxxvii. 37.

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii. 17.

Behold God is my salvation: I will trust and not be afraid.—Isaiah xii. 2.

He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord.—Prov. xix. 17.

Who so walketh uprightly shall be saved.—Prov. xxviii. 18.

A friend to his country and a believer in Christ.

MISCELLANEOUS QUOTATIONS.

Death leaves a shining mark.

Weep not he is at rest.

The lost to sight, to memory dear.

He has gone to the mansions of rest.

Beloved one farewell.

She was the sunshine of our home.

She believed and sleeps in Jesus.

How desolate our home bereft of thee.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

We trust our loss will be her gain.

And that with Christ she's gone to reign.

The best, the dearest favorite of the sky

Must taste that cup: for we are born to die.

Fare-thee-well! And may the indulgent God grant thee thy wish.

Gone to a brighter home, where grief cannot come.

Such a heavenly purity dwelt in thy breast:

Such a world of bright thoughts in thy soul.

A kind wife mourns in thee a husband lost,

The poor, a friend, who felt what friendship cost.

Kind father of love, thou art gone to thy rest.

Forever to bask 'mid the joys of the blest.

We'll join you in that heavenly land,
No more to take the parting hand.

She was a kind and affectionate wife, a fond mother and a friend to all.

Rest mother, rest in quiet sleep,
While friends in sorrow o'er thee weep.

Having served her generation, by the will of God she fell asleep.

She was too good, too gentle and fair,
To dwell in this cold world of care.

Earth contains a mortal less, Heaven an angel more.

Gone in her young years afar from life's cares

God gave—He took—He will restore, He doeth all things well.

From loves shining circle the gems drop away.

Oh death where is thy sting, Oh grave where is thy victory.

Let our Father's will be done.

She shines in endless day.

O, who would wish to live but he who fears to die.

To him, we trust, a place is given.

Among the saints with Christ in Heaven.

Death's but a path that must be trod.

If man would ever pass to God.

Dear parents tho' we miss you much, we know you rest with God.

She is gone to the land where the weary enjoy the sweet rapture of sacred repose.

She is gone to her home in Heaven, and all her afflictions are over.

Through the Lord's unbounded love:

We'll meet again in Heaven above.

Our brother's at rest, who was blessed with Christ forever more.

All things that we love and cherish.

Like ourselves, must fade and perish

His toils are past his work is done

He fought the fight the victory won.

Why should we mourn our father's loss since death to him is bliss.

Hopes once bright are now departed, since mother's numbered among the dead. She's passed beyond all earthly woes, she smiles in a sunnier sphere.

So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest to repose on the bosom of God.

She saw the life-long hopes fulfilled, and caught welcome of a Savior's love.

Though all thy budding honors were not blown,
Beloved, thou wert admired wherever known.

Prophetic hope dispelled death's frightful gloom, celestial rays redeemed her dying sight. In life she exhibited all the graces of a christian, in death her spirit returned to God who gave it.

They who knew him best will bless his name, and and keep his memory dear while life shall last. Living he made the poor man's heart glad, and at his death the sorrowing ones more sad.

Her spirit smiles from that bright shore
And softly whispers, "Weep no more."
Could she too soon escape this world of pain,
Or could eternal life too soon begin?

One by one life robs us of our treasures: Nothing is our own except our death. Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.

Though our loss is great we trust 'tis your eternal gain. When we our pilgrim path have trod, O, may we find him with our God. We knew not sorrow, knew not grief, till thy bright face was missed.

How soon our prospects fall as autumn's leaves before the driving gale. Can we ever forget the agonizing hour when those loved eyes were closed to wake no more.

Yet why should we repine
When death a better life hath given,
Thy memory shall ever be a guiding star to Heaven.
Our father has gone to a mansion of rest,
To the glorious land by the deity blest.
He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side.

The jewels death has robbed us of we will find on the other side, for they have passed through the golden gate into the beautiful shining land.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender transient flower,
That even in blooming, dies.

There is a bright region above
We long to reach its shore
To join with the dear ones we love
Not lost but gone before."

Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise.
So shall our mother dear receive
Life eternal in the skies.

Life is real; life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal
Dust thou art, to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Never to those mansions where the weary rest,
Since their foundations came a worthier quest,
None ever to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, a more welcome shade."

Our God, to call us homeward,
His only son sent down,
And now still more to tempt us there
Has taken up our own.

A faith that kept the narrow way,
Till life's last hour had fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lit up her dying bed.

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed—
Looked on us all; and loving her the most
Straightway received her to the heavenly fold.

Amiable and beloved father, farewell: not alone on perishing stone, but in the "Book of Life" and in the hearts of afflicted friends is thy worth recorded.

Slowly fading, lingering, dying, like the leaf that passed away.

Heeding not our tears of anguish,
Heaven has claimed its own today—
And we weep.

Although he sleeps, his memory doth live,
And cheering comfort, to his mourners give.
He followed virtue as his truest guide
Lived as a christian, as a christian died.

She has reached the haven of the blessed, and realized immortal joy, her guardian spirit now may guide and o'er our wayward paths preside.

Just in the morning of his day, in youth and love he died. Defer not till tomorrow to be wise, tomorrow's sun may never shine.

Honored, beloved, and wept, mother has lay down to rest. Just when we learned to love her most, God called her back to heaven. Life's latest struggle she passed, unwearied still, unflinching to the fast.

Mid toil and peril he life's journey trod,
Yet securely for he walked with God.
Death was the gate through which to life he passed
To feast on joys that will forever last.

Our mother gone to inhabit fairer climes, where streams of bliss fresh issue from the throne.

The circle is broken, one seat is forsaken,
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken.
She welcomed death not only as a release from bodily suffering, but as the fruition of her hopes of eternal happiness.

As a wife devoted, as a mother affectionate, as a friend ever kind and true, As a star that is lost when the daylight is given, she hath fled away to shine brightly in heaven.

Death will give back what neither time nor might, nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore. Blessed are the dead, who in the Savior died. From all life's labor they shall rest on high.

'Twas sweet to listen to the words that flowed from thy dear lips, alas now sealed in death,
A mother's feeling in thy bosom glowed, which heaved in kindness with each gentle breath.

Closed in thy sweet eyes from this world of pain,
But we trust in God to meet thee again.
Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, throned above.
Souls like thine with God inherit life and love.

Another link is broken in our household band,
But a chain is forming in a better land:
Not lost, blessed thought, but gone before,
Where we shall meet to part no more.

Fold her, oh Father in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be

A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Just as the morning of her life was opening unto day,
Her young and lovely spirit passed from earth and grief away.

Soon we shall meet no more to sever.

Soon will peace wreath her chain round us forever.

Mother, thou art now at home among angels fair above,
But yet thy children must roam till summoned by his love.

Thou hast from us flown to the regions far above,
We to thee erect a stone consecrated by our love.

O, Thou who driest the mourner's tear.

How dark this world would be,

Did we not know our father dear

Was only called to Thee.

All the plans of life are broken, all the hopes of life are fled,

Counsel, comfort and advisor, alas, alas thou art dead.

An amiable father gone to rest, as God with his image blest.

The friend of man, the friend of truth, the friend
age, guide of youth.

The form alone, is all, thank God, that to the grave is given,

For we know thy soul, the better part is safe, yes,
safe with God.

This dear wife has gone, to mansions above the sky
To gaze on the throne of Him who is seated on high,
Her life was like a full blown rose, closed ere the evening.

Her death the dawn, the hour, that opens the gates to heaven.

She was but a jewel lent up to sparkle for a while.
Then God called and took his treasure before she knew any guile.

Such was her end, a calm release, no clinging to this mortal clod,

She closed her eyes and stood before a smiling God.
Through days well spent in prayer and praise, in words of work and love.

God led her feet by pleasant ways, to His blessed light above,

She's crossed the troubled river that lies twist us
and heaven.
To her a robe of whiteness a golden crown is given.
There are thoughts that never perish,
Bright, unfading through long years.
So thy memory we cherish.
Shrined in hope, embalmed in tears.
The life of her young life went down.
As sinks behind a hill
The glory of a setting star.
She has gone to a world above where saints and
angels meet.
To realize our Savior's love and worship at his feet.
Shed not for a bitter tear, nor give the heart to
vain regret,
'Tis but the casket that lies in the grave, the gem
that filled it sparkles yet.
Weep not for her who meekly led a life of piety
and love,
Whose unassuming virtue shed a hallowed influ-
ence from above.
A light from our household is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our hearts
That never can be filled.
There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And long to reach its shore.
For I know I shall find my treasure there
The loved one gone before.
Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low brawn sigh,
Can break the ties that bind us here.
And waft the spirit to the skies.
You are not dead to us.
But as a bright star unseen,
We hold that you are ever near.
Though death intrudes between.
What though thy couch be kindred dust,
Thy pillow be of clay.
He guards the grave's most sacred trust
Who called thy soul away.
Oh, that thy pure angel spirit
Every may my guardian be

Till life's fitful fever is over
And I, like thee, am free.
Calm on the bosom of thy God
Young spirit, rest thee now,
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
It matters little at what hour of the day the right-
eous fall asleep—death cannot come so him untimely
who is fit to die.
It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.
There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, when but one went in.
Angels of Life and Death are his,
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er.
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messenger to shut the door?
Jesus while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the death that death has won,
We won't his solemn meeting
Calmly say "thy will be done"
The angels dug the grave of Moses deep;
And no man knoweth his sepulcher today.
And the same guardian care shall watch and keep
The distant graves of those beloved who sleep
In Christ, and make them fair and safe away.
She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
There is a calm for those who weep, a rest for the
weary pilgrims found; while the mouldering ashes
sleep low in the ground, the soul of origin divine. God's
glorious image freed from clay: in heaven shall shine.