

Obituary.

A feeling of deep sorrow fell over this community Saturday, when it was learned that Emma, the oldest daughter of Mr. C. H. Johnson, had "passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." It is indeed a sad event for the COURIER to chronicle in these columns. Less than two weeks ago the deceased was taken sick with what is called chicken-pox, or a breaking out of some kind, but this did not seem serious and the breaking out went in and the deceased was out in the back yard a week ago Monday cleaning up, but on Tuesday was again taken sick and on Wednesday was so bad that a physician was summoned who pronounced it malarial fever, the patient was then unconscious and the disease turned to typhoid-malaria from which she died, passing away at 12 o'clock Friday night, being unconscious to the end. It is very hard to realize that a beautiful young life, just blossoming into beautiful womanhood, with such happy prospects ahead, could be so suddenly taken from the family circle, and no one but those who have lost loved ones can realize what this happy family have lost. Emma would have been eighteen years of age had she lived until next September. She was of a happy, genial, lovable nature, always devoting herself to making others happy and engaging in all matters pertaining to the moral as well as social interests of this community. She was a Y, and was at one time the honored president of the organization in this place, and was beloved and respected, not only by the members of this organization, but by every one with whom she was known. To know her was to love her, such was her genial and loving nature. She was one of God's chosen flowers, which He has seen fit to pluck just as she was blossoming out into lovely womanhood. In the home, the school, and the community, where she has lived most of her young life, every heart is sad at the loss of this young and dear friend. The funeral of the deceased took place Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church, under the direction of the Y's and W. C. T. U. who turned out in a body to pay the last sad rites to their deceased member, together with a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Rev. O. D. Purinton preached the sermon and endeavored to pour consolation into the hearts of the stricken family by pointing out to them that while her young life was cut off from them at this time, yet she had passed beyond the grave to live eternally happy with the redeemed. Words are not calculated to soothe a lacerated heart bleeding with sorrow, yet we can only extend to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Johnson and family the heartfelt sympathy of this entire community.

We lay thee in thy silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of a day;
We just began to view thy bloom,
When thou wert called away,
At length released from all thy pain,
Our darling Emma sleeps;
How calm and peaceful is thy repose,
While Christ thy soul doth keep.

One by one earth's ties are broken,
As we see our love decay,
And the hopes so fondly cherished
Brighten but to pass away.
One by one our hopes grow brighter,
As we near the shining shore,
For we know across the river
Waits the loved one gone before.

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done!"
Through cast down, we're not cast down!"
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give and Thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."