

IN MEMORIAM

A Tribute to the Memory of  
George Mabry

George Mabry was born April 31, 1876, joined the M. E. church at Costanaua August 1895, died December 10, 1896. He was sick two months and bore his affliction with great fortitude and was never known to murmur. He was an obedient son, loving brother and a devoted Christian. This is a sad story, as his two brothers, John and Sam, only a few days previous had gone on before only to wait for his coming. He was a boy loved by all who knew him and he never had an enemy in the world. He loved the truth and the light and his great ambition was to make others happy. His face was short but nobly run. The hour came at last and the weeping relatives and friends assembled to see him die. FEB. 6 1896.

The dew of death was already on the flower as its life sun was going down. He was calm and rational, all the while praising the name of the "Blessed Jesus." He

MABRY, GEORGE  
CATHOLIC TIMES

FEB 6 1896

asked his mother to read the Bible and read the 28th psalm. But before she finished he cried, "O death where is thy sting; O grave where is thy victory." FEB 6, 1896.

After a little time he spoke once more and asked that those about him would be perfectly still. "Don't speak, don't speak," he feebly uttered, "I am enjoying deep and blessed communion with God." For a while he seemed wrapped in meditation, a smile frequently playing about his face. About this time his eyes brightened as if his ear caught the harmonies of the invisible world. He exclaimed in a calm voice: "Beautiful! Beautiful," and then as if the veil had been withdrawn, which hides from the mortal eye the radiency of the upper world, he added, "Glory! Glory."

Many times he repeated "father and mother don't grieve, I'm just going over home." He went down beneath death's dark river singing. His many friends and relatives say it was one of the

most triumphant deaths they had ever witnessed. By the ties of nature, we weep for the departed ones, but why should we weep when it is their eternal gain? Had our friend lived the world would have been made better but

he has only cheated this old world out of many cares and troubles.

Pale and wan he grew and weakly bearing all his pains meekly.

That to them he self grew dearer

As the trial hour grew near. FEB 6, 1896

Floyd Springs, Ga. J. G. C.

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