

upon those left behind. Let us bow in humble submission to the will of Him, who doeth all things well.

Mr. Mabry was reared amid surroundings most conducive to the perfect preparation of his mind and heart to adorn the sphere in life which he had graced with all the natural traits, and acquired accomplishments of well rounded manhood. Never was there a future more radiantly hopeful than his, as beheld from the threshold of useful life. But in spite of the love and tender devotion of his family and the many friends who made up the shining circle in which he moved, the Master called, and gently obedient to His will, his spirit took it's flight from the shadow of mortality to the glory of the hereafter.

Peacefully he passed away and his spirit winged it's flight, to a bright and better land, where the sorrow and sadness of earth, are forgotten, and all is joy and gladness. In this and the promises of Him who died for the world, the bereaved family seeks consolation.

Grief-stricken are the loved ones, and grief-stricken also, are many others who knew him in his life, and admired him for his

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high qualities of character, his many attractive gifts bestowed by nature, and his pure and spotless soul which always reached for, and attained the noblest and best.

Weep not parents and friends, your loved ones are safe in that heavenly fold. We should not mourn for them, or even wish them back, when we have the sweet assurance they have crossed over the river and are sweetly resting there.

There hope's sweet flowers eternal bloom

While season's come and go,
Untouched by sorrows chilling winds

That blight us here below.

There limpid waters bright and clear,

Flow o'er the golden sands

While thrilling music strikes the ear
From harps in angels hands.

And all whose hopes are centered there,

Shall rise over grief and pain,

For in that land no earthly care

Shall vex our souls again.

But in that bright angelic throng,

And friends who've gone before,

He'll praise the Lord around the throne

In Heaven for evermore.

675-7, 1895 A SCHOOL-MATE.

Curryville, Ga., Nov. 20th, 1895.