

creasingly attractive and impressive. The Divine Father knows best, when the end is reached and the task is done. Our Redeemer did as much for the salvation of the human race during the last affecting and tragic days of his earthly life as all the years before. It is the example of endurance and results of endurance that afford to the human mind the grandest evidence of the vigor and grace of God. When the human soul is passive the divine spirit is active. "We learn in suffering what we teach in song."

While, then, we deeply and truly sympathize with you in your bereavement, we beg the privilege also of sympathizing with you in your possession of the memory of such a fragrant life. Out of a family circle of six, the mother and three daughters have joined the ranks of the blessed. "Gone before, to that unknown and silent shore." With so many intercessors in the spirit realm, the father and son, who are alone left to bustle awhile in this stirring world, may hope for gentle ministrations of blessing, helping them to make accessions in attainment of that which is good and godly and enduring. We commend them, in this their day of grief, to the mercy of our common Father in Heaven and to the excellent spirit of grace. The most resolute and manly natures tremble at the shock of death, and need our prayers and the sustaining strength of God. Those on whom death has not obtruded his unwelcome presence in such calamitous ways know little of the tumult of emotions that upset the strength of manhood. The deceased tenderly and opportunely thought of others in need, as the writer of this paper and many here can testify. To her loved ones left behind we extend our sincere sympathy, without which no human heart can endure long the crushing disasters of life; but most of all do we again pray that our Heavenly Father may keep and comfort them, and restore them to each other in a fairer world.

E. W. Barber, in Jackson Patriot.

LUCY DWIGHT BARBER, wife of HOMER G. BARBER and sister of MRS. E. W. BARBER, of Jackson, has passed from earth to a higher life. No person could have a profounder conviction of the reality of the transition from one life to another. She realized that

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death."

For more than two years MRS. BARBER had been so great a sufferer that, while strongly attached to home, family and friends, she welcomed death as a natural release from the pain and weariness of physical incarnation. "There is a time to die" as well as to live, and when the time comes it is natural as the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Life cannot be perfected without it.

MRS. BARBER was of the best New England blood and lineage. She was of the seventh generation directly descended from John Dwight, who came from Dedham, England, in 1634, and became one of the early settlers of Dedham, Massachusetts, that year. Her father and mother, Peregrine and Lucy Hamilton Dwight, lived at Belcher town, Mass., and moved to Niagara Falls in 1828, where their daughter Lucy was born in 1834. Her father died in 1842, and the next year her mother, with six children, moved to Vermontville and settled upon 160 acres of wild land. There Mrs. Dwight made a pleasant home for herself and family. Four of the children are living. The two youngest are dead; Edward P., a soldier, having been killed at the battle of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In 1853, Lucy Dwight was married to HOMER G. BARBER, and for half a century, with the exception of a few years' residence here in Jackson and in Atlanta, Georgia, her home has been in Vermontville.

This brief sketch conveys no idea of MRS. BARBER'S