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In Memoriam.

DIED—At her residence, near Penny Hill, Pitt County, N. C., Nov. 24th, 1875—Mrs. SALLIE GARDNER—in the sixty-fifth year of her age. She was the daughter of Kinchen and Polly Chery.

If I mistake not, she was married to Joel D. Gardner in the year 1849, with whom she lived twenty-six years; but she has now left him (with many others) to mourn the loss of an affectionate companion, whose place can never be filled.

She was a kind and affectionate wife: loved by many and respected by all who knew her. She left no children of her own to mourn after her; but had two adopted children (nieces of her's) which she raised (with her husband) from infants. Their mothers were taken from them when they were infants—leaving them without any one to care for them. She, moved by sympathy, took them and filled as near as possible the place of a mother, until her death. They were both living with her till she died (myself being one,) besides there were several others not quite so young who were left without parents—she raised these also—who now feel lonely without her. And, not only in this way did she display her kindness, but in doing many other good and charitable deeds. In her life she was always kind to the poor and lenient to all.

She had never united with any Church but was a firm believer in the Primitive Baptist doctrine and had a desire to become a member of that Church: she seemed to regret not joining, but by some means could not make it convenient to attend their meetings during the Summer.

She was taken sick Friday morning about 3 o'clock with a severe chill which terminated in pneumonia, and lived until the next Wednesday morning, when it pleased the Great Author of our being to take her from time to eternity. And, I have a hope that she is now resting from all her troubles, and enjoying the peaceful presence of the holy angels.

When she was first taken she seemed to be conscious of her death, and said, That it was too late to do what she had been intending to do! (having allusion to the Church.)

She appeared, for a long time previous to her death, to be deeply impressed with the

workings of the Spirit, which gives comfort to those who are left behind.

When death came it did not appear to be accompanied with any fear or great struggle. She was confined to her bed only six days but was conscious till the last. In the latter part of her sickness she did not appear to suffer much pain, but complained of great weakness and thirst. Monday she was taken with paralysis, and after that she did not have strength to open her eyes—but would talk to those around her bedside, calling them by name, until Wednesday morning before she left this vale of tears: she seemed anxious to see those around her bedside once more before she died. She then opened her eyes with her fingers and looked upon those standing by her, appearing to be aware of the fact that it would not be long before she would close her eyes no more in this world.

She appeared to be resigned to the will of God and bore her affliction with great patience and fortitude. Thus passed the much beloved woman away. It is hard to part with our nearest and dearest friends; but, we can but hope that our loss is her eternal gain, and hope that when we come to lay this mortal frame of ours down in death, we may meet her in heaven where parting will be known no more.

The tyrant Death came rushing in
That morning his power to show;
Out of this world he took my aunt
And laid her visage low.

No more on earth her form is seen,
To please our watchful eye:
The plant once so fresh and green
Is now in eternity.

The winding-sheet her limbs now bind,
The coffin now holds her fast:
That day 'twas seen by all her friends,
But that day was the last.

SARAH A. CHERRY.

LITTLE RIVER ACADEMY,
Cumberland County, N. C.,
November 12th, 1875.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WITH sorrow I record the death of ALLIE LEETE, son of S. R. and Eliza Smith, who departed this life November 1875, of throat disease—aged three years and one month and one day. Elder P. D. Gold preached the funeral, from 2nd Kings 4:1-2.

The circumstances of his death were somewhat striking. While his father was uniting with God's Church here below and was receiving the ordinance of the Church—God was calling his little child from earth to join the Church above, the assembly of the first-born, to join the innumerable host of angels that surround the throne of God, and sing his praises forever and ever. Yes, little ALLIE LEETE is gone; has ended life's pilgrimage ere it had scarcely begun. His little body is resting sweetly in the City of the Dead.—Storms of envy and malice may rage but they cannot reach him now. His freed Spirit has passed into the realms of eternal bliss. He is now basking in the smiles of the Father. He has tuned his harp to his Savior's praise, and now walks the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, happy forever more.

Parents, let this thought console you in your deep afflictions—that it is well with the child. Pray that it may be well with you; strive to meet your babe in heaven where God will wipe all tears from your eyes, bow submissively to his will, and say with the Patriarch of old, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Cease, fond parents, cease your tears,
The baby lives above;
He is free from earthly cares,
And dwells where God is love.

He is pillowed on the Savior's breast,
He is free forever more:
How sweet and peaceful is his rest
On Canaan's blissful shore.

When God shall call his ransomed home,
And time shall be complete,
Then you will stand before his throne
And see dear ALLIE LEETE.

LOTTE BELL.

AT the request of the eldest brother of the deceased, I write this notice of the death of Miss Sarah Jane Aycock, who was born January 31, 1845, and departed this life near Ward's Station, S. W. K. R., Georgia, after a long and painful illness, on the 5th day of November, 1875—aged 30 years, ten months, and four days. For two and a half months she was confined to her room, and on the day mentioned, at 15 minutes to

twelve o'clock, P. M. she fell asleep in Jesus. "Asleep in Jesus," blessed thought. Just before her dissolution she said to her friends and relatives who were standing by her bedside: "Let's go home for I am compelled to go. I shall soon be sleeping with my grandmother." She was treated by three of the most eminent physicians in the country—Drs. Cheatham, Moore, and Graves. All that possibly could have been done by the aid of medical skill was certainly done for her.—The disease being dropsy of the heart, was, by her physicians, pronounced almost incurable. She bore her misery with unsurpassed christian fortitude. She, in 1865, united with the church at Rehoboth, and, from then until the day of her death, lived an exemplary christian life. She seemed perfectly resigned to her dissolution, and said: "I have had a hope for a long time. I had a hope when I joined the church: that hope, I have had throughout the meandering scenes of life, and that hope will enable me to triumph, even over the dark valley and shadow of death."—This mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall inherit incorruption. Yes, away from all sorrow and care, she has flown to the land of the blest. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." She leaves many friends to mourn her loss, but not for one who is without hope. The writer can look back to the days of his youth, and can very distinctly remember those palmiest of days, we, in innocent childish glee, spent together. It seems but a short time since we played together in the fields, groves, and gathered grapes and muscadines along the large swamp of the Notchaway, upon which I cast a wistful eye even at this moment, while attempting to write this memoir of that once vigorous, noble, and generous young lady, but, whose remains now lie on her lonely bier wrapped in the icy embraces of death, while I believe her spirit has soared to those mansions of bliss where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more. Her corpse looked so calm and serene. Those who sleep in Jesus are blest.

"Ah! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with the dead body compare."

This blessed Sabbath day, instead of wending our way to hear preaching, we find our selves "traveling to the grave to lay this body down." At Rehoboth—Rehoboth, "there is magic in the sound." How many will start, even at the sound of that time honored name. A coffin, a cavern, and now a mound is all that marks the last, last resting place of one of Rehoboth's fairest daughters. The hand of time has, too, swept away that old seminary of learning, and her children have been scattered abroad, while many there sleep in her bosom. To-day, the writer, with many of her children comes, to mingle his tears with theirs over the tomb of Miss Jane; for it is manly to weep. We believe she's at rest—"over there." T. A. McWILLIAMS.

Publication.

EXPERIENCE

OF
Sister R. Anna Phillips.

I have for some time been publishing a pamphlet-style book, containing the experience of Sister Phillips, and her reasons for leaving the Missionaries and uniting with the Primitive Baptists.

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P. D. GOLD.

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(No. 25.)

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Arrive at Goldsboro'.....	11:30 a. m.
" " Rocky Mount.....	1:33 p. m.
" " Weldon.....	3:40 p. m.
Leave Weldon.....	10:05 a. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount.....	11:50 a. m.
" " Goldsboro'.....	1:50 p. m.
" " Union Depot.....	6:05 p. m.

Express Train, and Through Freight Trains.

Leave Union Depot daily.....	7:30 p. m.
Arrive at Goldsboro'.....	1:30 a. m.
" " Rocky Mount.....	4:34 a. m.
" " Weldon.....	7:15 a. m.
Leave Weldon daily.....	7:00 p. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount.....	9:57 p. m.
" " Goldsboro'.....	1:25 a. m.
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