

OBITUARY.

Mrs. B. C. Goddard died on the 18th, ult. and was buried in the Stearns cemetery on the Sunday following. A large number of people, many from a distance, attended the funeral.

The following brief address prepared by W. J. Dean was read by Welborn Beeson at the grave:—

Again we are called to pay the last rites that the living can pay to the dead.

Again we are brought face to face with a mystery, the solution of which is as far from our grasp to day as it was in the dawn of human intelligence—the mystery of death, a mystery only equaled by that of life itself.

Man advances from helpless infancy to vigorous maturity, dwells for a brief time in the zenith of his powers, then, by reverse steps, decays and dies. As was said of old, "Man wasteth away and where is he?" Ah! that question "Where is he?" is the one question connected with death.

Has an answer ever been given that completely satisfies the head and heart?

Will the answer ever be given? Will man ever pass into the valley of the shadow of death with a full knowledge of what the end of the journey will be? It will be asked what was the belief of the deceased regarding these ever-recurring inquiries.

I will say that she has answered them over and over again, briefly, yet clearly as it is possible to answer them—*she did not know*. It is my duty and privilege to state that in matters of religion the departed one was an agnostic. She may have entertained a hope—that hope, which though banished by reason so often finds refuge in the heart—of a continued, conscious existence beyond this life, but her religion, if so it could be called, was the religion of humanity. It consisted in doing good, in kindly acts, in alleviating suffering, in sympathizing with the afflicted. The innumerable acts of kindness and charity, her self-sacrificing nature for which she was noted, will lovingly linger in the memories of all who knew her as long as life shall last. In sickness she was a willing and devoted nurse, as so many can testify. Ungrateful indeed would be that

recipient of her self-sacrificing devotion, in time of need, who would not drop a tear to the memory of the departed.

It may be said that she possessed one belief, well defined, unmixed with doubt—that, if there be a beyond, to do her duty in this life, as she understood it, would be the surest passport into the joys of the next.

She was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor, a true friend.

Patient in suffering, concealing her own ills and sorrows, she shrank from receiving that care and assistance in time of need that she was ever ready and willing to extend to others.

Thus she lived and thus she died,
Patient, true, consistent ever,
With honor, truth and love allied,
Her life was one of high endeavor.

And it can with truth be said that the world is better for her having lived in it.

Mrs. Dameris Goddard was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, November 13, 1826. She moved with her parents to Ray county, Missouri, when about 9 years of age, and was married to Blin C. Goddard in 1844—49 years ago.

In the spring of 1864, she with her husband and four children made the long and tedious journey across the plains to Jackson county, Oregon, locating near Phoenix. Two years later they moved to Wagner creek, where she resided until the time of her death.

She was the mother of four sons and four daughters, four of whom are still living, Hendrick, Reno, Mrs. M. H. Coleman and Mrs. W. J. Dean. In early life she was strong, being able to perform a prodigious amount of labor, but about fifteen years ago she became afflicted with heart troubles from which she never recovered and which resulted in her death.

For the past 14 months she has lived alternately with her daughters that she might receive their personal care and attention. She gradually grew worse, becoming prostrated about three weeks ago.

All was done that loving hearts could suggest and willing hands execute to stay the progress of the disease and alleviate her sufferings. No one could have received more watchful care and nursing.

It were fitting that she should have the same loving care and sympathy during her fatal illness that she had willingly devoted to scores of others under like circumstances.

"Sweet may she slumber while the ages shall roll,
For no visions of sorrow can intrude or control;
But enfolded by nature in peace she shall dwell,
While with hearts full of sorrow we bid her farewell."