

death. Such a thought is ever an incentive to an honest, upright life.

If one is conscious of having committed an evil deed, if he be a reasoning being, he would not, he could not feel ready to leave the world until he had committed good deeds enough to at least balance his moral book account. So to be prepared to live is to be ready to die.

That it was the constant endeavor of the deceased to follow this rule in life there can be no doubt; and to those who knew him best, there is as little doubt that he succeeded as well as poor erring mortals are ever likely to succeed.

He was eminently altruistic in his nature. His thoughts, his wishes, his charities were not wholly narrowed to the circle of his own household. They extended to his friends, his neighbors, and even to the world at large.

Sympathetic in nature he was especially self-sacrificing in his efforts to aid the suffering and afflicted.

He had faith in the progressive spirit of humanity and took a cheerful view of the world's future. He believed that not only individuals, but communities, states and nations are largely the carvers of their own fortunes, holding their destinies in their own control; that this fact is becoming more and more understood as general intelligence increases and per consequence the world is growing better. The occasional retrogressions are only temporary and serve as useful lessons. Therefore one of our greatest duties is to aid in the spread of intelligence.

To this end he was an unceasing advocate of good schools. No expense or sacrifice was too great if directed towards the education of the young. So in the death of Welborn Beeson our schools lose a generous supporter and defender. He was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, a kind neighbor and a true friend.

Concerning religion, as is generally known, the deceased was an agnostic.

He believed in the *here* and the *now*.

He did not waste his energies and exertions in a vain reach for ideal objects beyond this life.

To him speculations as to a future life might do to amuse or interest and idle

fancy—might furnish an opportunity for the flight of an active imagination, but to devote the main energies of a lifetime to a consideration of the unknown and unknowable, would be worse than a life thrown away.

It is thought by some that Mr. Beeson inclined to a belief in spiritualism but such is not the case. He did not deny the genuineness of certain psychological phenomena that go under the name of spiritualism, but that such phenomena are produced by disembodied spirits was too much for his credence. He has often declared spiritualism to be a "very pretty theory" and did not wonder that many who did not take the trouble to reason carefully should accept it, but he preferred to wait for scientific explanation, fully believing that science would yet solve the interesting but perplexing problem and that it would become as thoroughly understood and as much under our control as electricity or magnetism is now.

The deceased was a genuine philanthropist, ever ready to lend material aid towards any public improvement. On such lines his thoughts were far in advance of the time. He would have had splendid country roads and magnificently equipped school houses. Such an influence will be sadly missed, but—

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

Years hence, when we are turning over the pages of the past and recall to recollection scenes and associations of the long ago, the name of Welborn Beeson will come vividly to mind and we shall drop a tear to his memory. W. J. DEAN.

THE PROGRESS OF NATURE.

All nature dies and lives again;
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that grace the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

So man, although he fades away,
Lives in another race,
And each doth fill his little round
Of life, of time, and space.

—Abner Kneeland.