

known as Sargatabs. 100 down. ✓

6-11-1908

OBITUARY.

I can't refrain from writing a few lines in regard to the sad death of Ernest O'Neal, who was killed Wednesday by falling rock, while at work in the mines at this place.

Ernest was a good boy and was always ready to help his mother or father when they called upon him. We all liked him and to us and his other friends at this place, the shock of his sudden death was met with sorrow. We all mourn his death while we bow to God in submission. We should all be ready, so, dear parents and children, take warning. You should all stop, pause and ponder well the uncertainty of human life, and also the certainty of death. You know not when it may come. The man or woman who is dying in sin, who is without God, comes to the end in darkness and desolation. The gloom of the grave and hopeless eternity are his sole portion. No star of hope lights his pathway that leads through the darkening shadows. We live today full of hope and strength, but tomorrow our dwelling place here is the cold, silent grave. So it is in the great burial and resurrection. Sorrow is found at many times, but gladness bursts forth near its close, even as the sun bursts through the clouds at even tide, and a mellow glow floods earth and sky. The same spirit of death and sorrow wrote in triumphant strains, "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the old saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, death, where is thy sting! Oh, grave, where is thy victory!"

Ernest was 13 years of age. He was the oldest child of Joseph and Mollie O'Neal, of this place. He was born near Whiteside, Tenn. His parents took his body to Hooker, Ga., for burial.

Now, dear parents, how feeble are mere words to carry consolation to hearts bereft of a beloved son. A tender, clinging vine interwoven in sweet memories from the hour the angel first gave him to your home; noble, gentle spirit of light that flitted in and out like a gleam of sunshine. No one can fill his place in the vacant chair; no one will take his place in your hearts, and you would not have the void place filled even if you could. It will be a sacred thought in the years to come, to parents and friends that he shed radiance in the home as long as he did. It will be a blessed recollection that he grew up to love and be loved by those who will ever so tenderly cherish his sweet and pure memory.

COWAN McFARLAND,