

BOONVILLE WEEKLY ADVERTISER

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OBITUARY.

Departed this life, January 16, 1894, after a severe illness of only ten days, W. P. Barron, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barron, born January 6, 1870, near Lone Elm, Cooper county, Mo.

A father and mother, four sisters and three brothers, besides many dear friends and companions, are left to mourn his untimely death.

His father, Mr. Walter Barron, is one of the best known citizens of the county—esteemed and honored by all. His mother was Miss Jennie Hurt, daughter of the late Mr. Joel Hurt, of Clark's Fork, and is an estimable lady, ever kind and affectionate—worthy the estimation in which she is held by all who know her.

The deceased was a kind and loving son and brother, a faithful friend, and a cheerful companion. With the exception of school days spent in Clarksburg and Boonville, he had lived at home with his parents.

and contemplated continuing the study of law, which he had previously entered upon this profession having been his choice.

Possessed of more than ordinary mental ability, coupled with a strong will and firmness of character, he won that praise from his fellow-men which a nature like his merited. Ever bright and energetic, he wasolute in any undertaking, he had the promise of a noble work before him.

Just as he was entering his twenty-fifth year, he was suddenly prostrated with that dreadful disease, pneumonia. All that medical skill combined with anxious hearts and loving hands could do was done, but to no avail. With that ready foresight which had characterized his former days, he saw that his earthly life was fast drawing to a close, and calling to his bedside those loved ones who had watched and suffered with him through so many weary hours, he tenderly bade them each farewell, expressing his faith in God and his willingness to answer the death-call—and when the Death-Angel came to bear away his spirit to that Beautiful Beyond, he was ready and waiting.

The going out of his early life-light casts a dark shadow athwart the pathway of those who loved him, but that light now brightly shines in heaven, casting its radiant gleams upon the waters of the dark river—a beacon-light to those dear ones left behind.

His face and form are forever hid from earthly view, yet the memory of kind words spoken and loving deeds performed will ever remain a legacy more precious than gold.

May the bereft family be able to bow in meek submission to the will of Him "Who giveth and who taketh away," and may their wounded hearts find a healing balm in the sweet realization that we all shall meet again "Some sweet day, by and by."

101—
One by one
We cross the Beautiful River,
To there to dwell with God, our Savior—
We yield our souls to the Bountiful Giver,
One by one.

A FRIEND.