Obituary for Miss Jane Pope of Goodman, Miss.

Jane Pope

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On Sabbath evening last, Oct., 11th 1866, Mrs. Jane Pope, aged 68 years, 11 months and 20 days.

After fifty years spent in the service of God, our beloved friend has been called to receive the full reward of her patient continuance in well doing. She lived the life of the righteous, she died the death of the righteous. Her beautiful Christian life is therefore, the brightest commentary upon her death. We feel assured that the cross so uncomplainingly borne, hath obtained for her the crown.

We knew, and loved, this dear Christian friend. She has faithfully performed the duties of life; remembering how often the light of her faithful example, strengthened our own weak faltering steps just learning to tread the upward way.

In every path of life, our revered friend fully illustrated the beautiful character of the Christian woman. As a mother, hers was one whose tender, unspeakable strength, its untingling energy and changeless tenderness, she lived for her children. Do we not well remember, we who knew her at that period, how faithfully and prayerfully the hero, patriotic mother, labored for the little boys, she had devoted to duty. In peace or in war her love and devotions were unfailing. As a friend, she was kind, gracious and forbearing. She visited the widow and orphan in their afflictions, and to the sick and suffering, she was ever ready to minister relief. She dwelt in all the virtues, she was one who looked well the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness.

She leaves a name adorned with all that is pure, noble and good. May the mantle of her Christian graces fall upon her children, harrowing them with its pure influence and her memory be cherished with unchanging affection, embalmed as a sacred gem, in the heart's deep setting—a holy light to guide and brighten their future footsteps.

Her journey is over, she has passed through death unto eternal life, she has rejoined the loved ones, the husband and children, whom years ago, midst sorrow and tears, she laid in the grave. The storms of this life have driven her frail bark home at last. It is well with her, her tired feet have found their rest, her weary body entered her tempest tossed spirit, sweetest peace.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

May the Father of all love sooth the beaved, He alone can give them the oil of joy for mourning, the song of praise, for the spirit of heaviness, and wipe away all tears from their eyes. Christ has thy trust of thy departed friend! May we but follow the light of thy life, and we shall meet thee again amongst the redeemed who sing God's praise.

"Where congregations never break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

ALBERTA.

Goodman, Miss., Oct. 17th 1866.