

The Nashville Herald

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Albert C. Sweat, Editor

In Memoriam

One by one the young as well as the aged pass away. It is but natural that the aged should go to their reward, but for the young to be called away it seems to us poor mortals as untimely, almost cruel, yet when we are enabled to lift our thoughts to Him and remember that His goodness and mercy endureth forever and we read in His blessed word that He doeth all things well, we pause in our feelings and silently say "not our will but thine be done," and too, we must realize that our lives are not measured by years, but by deeds of love, kindness, and devotion to duty.

Looking at life from this standpoint and measuring her years by deeds of love, kindness and devotion to duty, we can truthfully say that Mrs. Mary Ardelia Outlaw, wife of Lucius Outlaw, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lewis was full of years and ready to be offered up and to enter into the joys of the righteous.

She was stricken of pneumonia and although everything was done that could be done by physicians, relatives and friends, she gradually grew worse and after a lingering illness she fell asleep and all that was mortal of her was taken by sorrowing relatives and devoted friends and laid to rest in the old cemetery at Empire church, there to sleep the sweet sleep of death until the morning of the resurrection, when she shall come forth in newness of life and shall meet her blessed Redeemer in the air and shall be escorted home in that beautiful city not made with hands eternal in the heavens and shall hear the welcome plaudit come in, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Delia was a dutiful child, a true and loving wife and a devoted mother. She was born Sept. 26, 1877, married to Mr. Lucius G. Outlaw, Jan. 2, 1896, and died February 17, 1907.

She leaves a husband and little daughter, father and mother, brothers and sisters and a host of friends to mourn her departure. To them all I would say, weep not for Delia, for she is happy. She is gone to the great beyond, where, too, we must all go. Let us all live a life that shall be a lamp to the feet of those who follow after us. Let us all bow in humble submission to his will and say, "Thy will be done and not ours."

Written in fond remembrance of the dear little cousin, whose life was so beautiful and whose death was so sublime.—W. G. A.