

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

Dec 5 1886
Death of Mrs. Daniel L. Davis.

Isabel Wilson, the wife of Daniel L. Davis, of this city, died at her home on Clark street, last Friday night, after a lingering and painful illness of consumption, aged 35 years, on her last birthday, the 24th of July.

For a year the deceased had struggled on the "borderland," holding on to earth with a mother's desire to watch over and care for the two little ones the Infinite Father had placed under her care and guidance. To part with them was to part with her all, save the rich promises of heaven and the hope of ultimately meeting them in that far off home "across the sea," where her Saviour has promised to provide a mansion for her and her loved ones. During her sickness she would often say, "Oh, how I would like to live, but if I must die it will be all right." There is one thing the world cannot know; none but those who have felt the strain can measure the strength of the bond that binds a mother to her children. With the deceased the bond possessed a cable's strength; her consolation was in the thought that it had connection in heaven, where she hoped to meet her darlings, Sadie and Manley.

The deceased was the daughter of the late James Wilson, of Springfield, this county, where she was born, the 24th of July, 1851.

When young she was a pupil of her husband in school, and on the 8th of April, 1875, she became his partner in life, and in its contingencies was a true and devoted companion. Her home was one of contentment and peace under all circumstances. It was her castle in which she shone as a jewel of great value to him who mourns her death.

Her sickness was of 18 months' duration; for the past year she had been confined to her bed, a confirmed invalid. While conscious of her critical condition, she never lost hope in her ultimate recovery. This hope, which she

clung to with a mother's tenacity, was supported and strengthened by all that medical skill, care, and nursing could do to prolong her days and ease her down the journey of life, so steep at the last. A portion of the time her aged mother was with her, doing all that sympathy and advice could do to support and console her child. Her sister, Mrs. Peek, for nine weary, anxious months, watched and waited by her side, watching with a sister's care and solicitude every pulsation and change in her condition. Only with the flight of the spirit did she cease her ministrations.

During the past few weeks, Rev. J. M. Gelston would occasionally visit her, when he would read favorite and consoling passages from the Word of Life, praying for her and hers. A favorite hymn, "Down the Dark Valley," one she used to sing in a quartette at funerals, was dear to her. The sentiment of that song was her dying consolation, and was the parting melody at her own funeral. The deceased leaves a husband and two children, a daughter and a son, aged 7 and 7 years, an aged mother, Mrs. James Wilson; four sisters, Mrs. Geo. Hammond, of Perry, Mich., Mrs. A. H. Losey, of this city, Mrs. Mary M. Peek, of Springfield, and Mrs. Sanford Hayne, of Wilson, New York. The surviving brothers are George Wilson, of Springfield, who resides on the homestead; John L., of Groveland, and Freeman O., of Bloomfield.

The funeral was largely attended from the residence on Clark street last Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. M. Gelston officiating, in a brief discourse on the character and hope of the deceased.

The floral offerings were not elaborate but were appropriate and fragrant testimonials of the regard of the living for the departed wife, mother and friend, whom all respected and loved. In the arms of affection the remains were borne quietly away by her three brothers to their final resting place on the family lot in Oak Hill.

"A tribute to departed worth" may in truth be inscribed on her tomb.

Dec 15 1886

Ed. McGonegal, of Independence, the well known farmer and stock raiser, died Monday morning of Bright's disease after an illness of several months, aged 50 years. Funeral services will be held this (Wednesday) afternoon at the Sashabaw Plains church at two o'clock.