

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

Obituary.

Nov 14 1880
DIED.—At his late residence in the Township of Orion, Oakland County, Michigan, United States of America, JOHN GREENSHIELDS, in the 83d year of his age.

John Greenshields was born on the "Stone Hill Farm," Carmichael parish, Lanarkshire, Scotland, where he pursued the life of a shepherd farmer until he and his family migrated to this locality, some twenty-one years ago. What memories were his:

leaves are falling, falling
 around me thick and fast,
 Their rainbow lines recalling
 The glory of the past."

His recollection of men, and events that transpired at the beginning of this nineteenth century, were as vividly retained as in the hey-day of youth. Those who were on familiar terms with him knew him as a genial, warm-hearted christian gentleman; being as he was, a strict observer of the tenets of the Old-School Presbyterian church.

His funeral took place on Nov. 3rd from the Congregational Church, on which occasion Rev. Mr. Webster preached an eloquent and impressive funeral sermon, and it was remembered aright—pointed out that "A truth which is worth remembering, in this pushing age of invention, is that the nineteenth century has not pulled aside, even ever so little, the curtain that hides from us the invisible world. In all such attempts it is just as much baffled as was the darkest and most stupid century of the Middle Ages. We have never pushed the 'gates ajar.' Every second some one enters the world of shadows, but since the stone was rolled away from Joseph's new tomb, no one has come back to us from the world of shadows. Ingersol can see no further into the twilight than Cicero; both are hopeless and helpless at the graves of their loved ones. No Edison, even in those busy, inventive days, has found a tele phone which can stretch its wire across a grave. No Ericsson has built a monitor which can push its way into the unknown seas of eternity. Why is the future so jealously guarded? Why are not the prying eyes of to-day allowed to peer into to-morrow? Perhaps, to keep man humble and reverent, waiting and watching, expectant and hopeful, but unsatisfied with the present. For these reasons we can understand in part at least, why, in God's infinite wisdom, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

The remains of the old patriarch were then escorted, by relatives and friends, to Evergreen Cemetery, where they, no doubt, regretfully realized that

"We stand at the gate at eve with him
 Who filled our life with joy or pain,
 When we watched the waning light grow dim,
 And know we shall never watch it again,
 And know the words and hear the reply,
 We say the words and hear the reply,
 And we know the fare-well is spoken for aye,
 This is good-night and good-bye."

MAC.—Orion Review

DIED IN THE FAITH.

Nov 14 1880
A Faith Cure Woman Who Didn't Desert Her Belief.

Sister Juliette Ware, one of the warmest apostles of the faith cure religion, and who has devoted the past four years of her life to work in the church, died at her home in Jersey City, recently. She is the first believer in the faith cure religion dying still believing. She was admitted to the church four years ago when she was nearly dead with consumption, so it is said, and she got better under the prayers of the believers. Since then she has had pneumonia four times, and has always been restored by means of prayer. She was taken sick one Monday and Sister Jackson of Mount Zion church was sent for prayer with her. When the sister reached the home, she says Mrs. Ware told her that she was satisfied that her life work was done and that the Lord wanted to gather her into his vineyard, so she refused to allow any prayers for her recovery.

Sister Jackson questioned her closely and became convinced that she was speaking the truth and that the Lord really wanted to take her away to Him, so she did not offer any prayer, and Sister Ware lingered until the final summons came. She was not attended by any physician.

Nov 14 1880
 Alex. M. Gray, the well known contractor of Detroit, died last Friday night and the Journal says of him:

"Mr. Gray was born in Elgin, Scotland, May 2, 1851, and came to this country with his parents a few years later, settling in Pontiac. In 1870 he came to Detroit and a few years later started in business as a contractor for himself. He was successful, and at the time of his death was worth \$50,000. His widow and two children survive him."