

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

OBITUARY.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of Frank E. Kent at his home six miles south-east of Red Cloud, Neb., January 23, 1889. The immediate cause of his death was said to be blood poisoning, though he has been a sufferer for nearly two years from a remarkably peculiar disease that seemed to baffle the skill of his physicians. The parents, wife and friends of Bro. Kent testify to his uniform kindness and amiability in all the relations of life.

Ten years ago he gave his heart to God, consecrated his life to His service and made a public profession of religion. His faith was of that constant unwavering type, that inspired every beholder with a sense of the truth and reality of his profession. He loved the church of his choice in a sensible practicable way, giving joyfully of his means, time and thought to her interests, in church matters unassuming, yet always efficient and useful.

During all his sickness he was composed and resigned, retaining his mind to the last he attended in detail to all his business affairs and testified constantly that the Master was with him to smooth his dying pillow. His was not simply the victory of composure in the presence of a fate that he could not avert, but the victory of faith in Christ, which alone has majesty in death, and in his presence can triumph and sing.

Near the end he called his loved ones to his side and gave to each, separately, his dying advice, then closing his eyes, and folding his hands, asked God to take him. Thus peacefully and triumphantly closed his earthly probation of nearly thirty-three years. He leaves a wife, three dear little boys, his parents, three brothers, and a sister to weep at his grave, all of whom we commend to the friendship of Him who will carry our burdens, wipe our tears, and in the end give us back our buried jewels.

His funeral was preached by the writer at the Ash Creek, M. E. church, of which he was a member, to a large audience of sympathizing friends, after which we laid him to rest in the Martin cemetery in the full assurance that we will greet him again, when the Master comes.

MAR 20 1889 R. S. MOORE.