

## Mary C. Long

Occupant Name: Mary C. Long

Location: Section E

Date of Birth: 9/1/1850

Date of Death: 1/29/1891

Date of Burial: 2/1/1891

Veteran: No

Multiple Occupants: No

Comment:



Mrs. Mary G. Long, Wife of Capt. B. E. Long Passes Away.

A pall of gloom overspread our town last Thursday evening, January 29, at 4 P. M., when the news was passed from mouth to mouth that Mrs. B. E. Long was dead. Few of our citizens knew she was sick, consequently it was a shock to all. Even the family did not apprehend any danger until about half an hour previous to her death, when the children at school were summoned to surround that death bed and receive the last earthly message of a loving mother. All the family were present to bid her a last long farewell and to hear the last message of love ever spoken, excepting Inez, the eldest daughter, who was teaching school at Rockwood, Tenn. She did not receive word until the soul had gone out to him who gave it, to dwell forever in the New Jerusalem.

Mary Gosslee was born at London, O., Sept. 1, 1850. She united with the M. E. Church at the age of 15, and lived a consistent Christian life, her bright and joyous smile, cheerful nature and sunny disposition making her presence felt in many social gatherings. Her religion only added renewed and brighter lustre to her cheerful disposition.

She was married to Byford E. Long at Brownstown, Sunday, May 3, 1868, to whom were born 10 children, of whom 7 survive her, viz.: Inez, Florence, Ernest, Paris, Horatio, Clarence, and Lee. Her entire life was one of devotion to her family. She was loving, cheerful and happy; a fond mother, devoted wife and exemplary neighbor. To know her was to love her, and long will be the day before her place will be filled in society, and never in the home. A vacant place is in the home, her place in the family circle will know her no more; the lips that have so often imprinted the kiss of affection upon the loved ones are sealed forever; the tongue that has been wont to speak words of consolation and comfort in that happy home lies cold and silent in Mother Earth; those hands that have so often performed deeds of love are stilled forever; yet the sorrowing friends have the thrice blessed assurance from her dying testimony that she has found a "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where "sickness and sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more;" "Where goodbyes are never spoken," where "Eternal day excludes the night" and eternal glory of "Him that was slain but liveth again;" sheds his refulgent brightness over the "New Jerusalem."

One by one she bid all goodbye, except Inez, the absent one, of whom she talked in loving terms and longed to see, but the Death Angel could not wait. Just before her spirit took its flight to eternal glory she extended her arms toward Heaven, and in slow, distinct words said: "All up there is so beautiful, so white and pure, just like snow; the Angels are calling for me to come! I am now going to Heaven! Farewell, dear children; farewell my darling husband."

The funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon, February 1st 1891, in the M. E. Church at Brownstown, Indiana, by Rev. W. N. Fletcher, who delivered a very touching and appropriate sermon from 1st Peter, 5th chapter, 10th verse. Messrs. Wright Vermilya, Oscar Allen, H. W. Wacker, James Applewhite, Joel H. Matlock and B. H. Burrell bore the remains to their last resting place, in the New Cemetery, accompanied by a large number of loving friends, anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to a loved one who has gone before to await our coming. What pen can describe the anguish of that husband and those children as they stood beside the open grave and saw all that was mortal of that devoted wife and fond mother lowered into that eternal resting place. What word can console that stricken family? We, too, have passed through that trying hour, and know how to sympathize with them; but alas! No word spoken by mortal tongue can console. Consolation in this dark hour must come from God, who is able to deliver all that call upon him. The mourning family have the sympathy of the entire community, all of whom have sustained a deep loss. Blessed are they that die in the Lord.