

FAMILY RECORD

MARRIAGES.

John V. Menfred
 & L. Kittrell
 was married
 April 7th 1842

Brogo
 & Maryanne
 Kittrell was
 married
 April 5-1857

J. E. Worthen
 and Susan M. Kittrell
 was married December
 11th 1860

Charles Kittrell and
 Annie Worthen
 married March 23, 1868

NOTICE

"NOT LOST—BUT GONE BEFORE."

On the evening of August 11th, 1861, GEORGIA W. KITTRELL passed gently away from earth to heaven, aged 7 years, 7 months and 13 days.

Diphtheria has again visited our community and laid its withering blight upon the pure, innocent little Georgia, and in one short week her frail body was clad in the habiliments of the grave; a lovely bud just expanding into beauty, to show us how much loveliness could be enclosed in this frail flower, then exhaled and waited in its native element, the "better land." Long, long will the memory of this sweet child linger with us. Her little hand so full of gentleness; never was an unkind or angry word permitted to fall from her sweet lips, that sweet voice, which was like the tinkling of a soft silver bell, was heard no more mingling with those of her school mates. Yet in all her meekness, gentleness, love and purity, "she being dead yet speaketh" to you in tones as soft and sweet as those of an Eolian harp. Friends, schoolmates, are you prepared to meet the sweet angelic Georgia just over the river on the shining shore? Oh how gently did she pass away, like the falling of a rose bud from its stem, or as a frail lily folding up its waxy petals at the close of day for repose, so sweetly was this beautiful flower gathered to its lovely home within the Saviour's fold.

"This lovely bud, so young and fair,
 Called hence by early doom;
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In Paradise would bloom."

O! who that stood by the dying couch of little Georgia, and witnessed that distressing scene, would think it could be made so beautiful. Think of a lovely child of only seven summers, in the very moment of death—in the very act of suffocating—throwing her little cold arms around the neck of her brother in law, her lips quivering in death, said in accents sweet, "Dad Jimmie, my sister don't cry for me, I want to go home to heaven to my dear mother." Then calling her sisters one by one to her, imprinted the last cold kiss upon their lips, entreating them with her last expiring breath to be comforted, as though she herself needed no support; and indeed she did not, the loving arms of Jesus were around her. When treading the very verge of Jordan, she threw her little hands heavenward and exclaimed, "the bright, the beautiful host!" It seemed as though she could see into the

"House of our Father" above
 The place of angels and of God.

O! bereaved ones, do not look at the clay cold casket that once encased the fair power. Cast your weeping eyes Heavenward, contemplate the glorious change your darling has made. She has gone "home to Heaven," to be forever with Jesus, and the bright angels; there she has met an unnumbered host of little children who were suffered to come unto Christ. "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Here your frail lily felt the cold storms and chilling winds, that caused her little fragile head to bow beneath their withering blast; there it is placed amid amaranthine bowers where no chilling winds or poisonous breath will ever dry your fair flower, to wither, droop and fade away. She is at ease in those celestial gardens, where every gate that is waited over those golden walks and glistening bowers, is full of immortal life. Here she felt sick even unto death; there she shall no more say "I am sick," she is free from all sorrow, disease, and pain. Here she was listening to the sobbing groans of her weeping brothers and sisters; there she is surrounded by a band of loving angels, and is now with them, trilling her little golden harp, to the sweet strains of dying love. O! ye loving brothers, sweet sisters, dry, dry your tears, and listen to the sweet music of heaven. In that cherubic choir, behold the little white-robed warbler, "Georgia." O, let her dying words "I want to go home to Heaven," prove a healing balm to your wounded hearts, and cause you to prepare for

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Maryann
Kittrell was
born November
29th 1844

Stanley
Kittrell was
born June
29th 1846

Jessie Kittrell
was born Novem-
ber 20th 1847

Elizabeth Kittrell
was born 7th Sept-
ember 1849

BIRTHS.

Martha Kittrell
was born the 5 of
September 1851

Augustus Kittrell
was born on the
8th of April 1850

John Cooper
Kittrell was
born on the
2nd of August.
1855.

Winfred Davis
daughter of John
Davis was born
July - 1855

Georgiana Kittrell
was born Decem-
ber 30th 1856

FAMILY RECORD.

DEATHS

Hannah Kittell
wife of Noah
Kittell died June
the 4th 1847

Noah Kittell
died September
the 30th 1853
born March 8th
1888

Augustus Kittell
died on the
morning of
January 10th 1856
Son of John &
Winifred C. Kittell

John Osken Kittell
died January 10th
1857 - son of John
& Winifred Kittell

DEATHS.

Winifred C. Kittell
wife of John Kittell
died on the morning
of April 11 1858

John Kittell
died July 29th 1861

Georgia W. Kittell
died August 11th 1864
evening at 5 o'clock

Mattie T. Kittell
died February 13th 1867

James G. Barron, Husband of
Mary A. Barron, died September
5th 1884 in the evening half past
7 o'clock