

Lucy Morgan

Advertiser & Appeal; Saturday 5 May 1883; pg. 6 col. 2

We note with pain the death of Mrs. Lucy Morgan, an aged lady of this city, which sad event occurred on Monday morning last. A more extended obituary, from the pen of one who knew her well, will appear next week.

Advertiser & Appeal; Saturday 12 May 1883; pg. 7 col. 1

MRS. LUCY MORGAN

Aunt Lucy Morgan is dead. It is hard to realize that we shall never more hear her familiar foot-fall, or see again her cheerful face. A life so pure and happy, so consecrated and true, so fraught with blessing to the world, should not be permitted to fade from the earth without some attempt to engrave its picture upon the memory of living acquaintances and friends. As we stand beside her newly made grave, let the rush and whirl of this busy world be hushed long enough to analyze and understand the secret springs and motives of her conduct and actions.

In this city her name has long been a household word, and a synonym for all that was "pure and lovely and of good report," and though no longer with us, the memory of her good works will shed forth a rich fragrance for years to come.

It was when quite young (the exact time not known) that she connected herself with the Christian church, and to the end of her long and useful life (seventy-three years) there was no swerving, faltering or turning aside, but always and everywhere the same pure, true, consecrated woman.

Her pew in the church was never vacant, except from sickness or some absolutely unavoidable cause. It can be truly said that she loved the church next to her Saviour. She was deeply interested in everything pertaining to its welfare, and freely gave of her means and strength to advance the cause of Christ. Her delight in listening to the ministration of the word was far greater than that of the average hearer. Her frequent remark was that she never heard a dull sermon. For years it was her custom to make and preserve copious outlines of every sermon that she heard.

Mrs. Morgan's gifts mentally were equal to those of her heart. Well endowed by nature, she was also a great reader, and during her long life gathered much useful information upon a variety of subjects, but chiefly those relating to theology and the Bible.-She composed well, and was almost the solitary representative in this community of what is now a lost art-the old time custom of letter writing.

In summing up her life in this hurried sketch we find one thing predominating-whether talking, writing or acting, there ran through all that she did-like a thread of scarlet through a skein of silk-the one single theme of consecration to Christ and devotion to the church. But she has gone up higher, to mingle her praises with the throng around the throne, and, as we write these lines, we involuntarily exclaim, "When shall we see her like again!" Let us inscribe upon her tomb "She hat done what she could."

W.F. Lloyd.

Published: 5/05/1883