

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Willie Daniel died at his home in Wilson on Saturday morning, September 25, 1897, at the age of seventy-seven years and six months. It is given to but few men to live in a community for nearly fifty years enjoying, as he did, the universal respect, confidence and regard of all sorts and conditions of men. He was, in point of residence, the oldest citizen of Wilson. He was at the beginning of its municipal government and no man has contributed more to its growth and well-being. Mr. Daniel was to the manner born and lived in truth and sympathy with the people. He was at all times liberal in his support of the cause of religion and education—especially and kindly to the poor and needy. He was one of those citizens who, by trial fact, and gave to Dr. Chas. F. Damm the valuable school property in which the "Denn's School" was conducted prior to the late war. He was one of the oldest members of the Methodist church in Wilson, and for many years one of the Stewards of the Church. His work and cooperation were in harmony with his profession. In his intercourse with men he was frank, candid, considerate, and in his thoughts and conversation pure and free from guile. His opinions were well considered and when formed he took strong convictions. He took a deep interest in political questions and was fond of discussing them. He was a consistent and unwavering Union man during the war and, although differing with his friends and neighbors upon most political questions, never ever questioned the honesty or sincerity of his opinions or his opinions. He never sought or desired public office, but was without any effort on his part elected and served as a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1868.

He was a man of strong moral force and courage; he never hesitated to do what he thought right. He was in the highest and best sense an independent man. His influence was always on the side of good morals and right action. He was not demonstrative or pretentious in his professions or feelings but he was strong devoted in his attachment and affectionate with those whom he loved. His friendships were sincere and enduring. He was a good citizen, always ready to promote the public interest and on several occasions rendered most valuable services to the community. He was cordial with friends and if he had an enemy, he did not know it—or care to hunt them up.

His faith in and love for God and man, the only true basis of happiness, grew with age. He was cheerful, uncomplaining and grateful for the blessings which came to him. He knew that, by the order of things, his departure was near at hand. He approached it with the courage of a strong, brave man—and yet the faith and simplicity of a child. He knew when he had traveled and died in faith, hope and charity.

Wilson has never had a more patriotic, loyal and devoted citizen. Many of us, speaking from personal experience, can readily say that we never held stronger, better friend. Some men lose their love and man and hope as they grow old. He kept them all fresh to the last. Some men cease to have strong convictions and grow cynical and careless. He believed more and not less. His old age did not come creeping into part—a weak and broken man and rudder gone. Rather having served his day and generation, having kept the faith with a firm hold on the Rock of Ages, and his heart full of love for those he left behind he looked forward with joy and hope to the time when he had gone before.

His influence will be felt and his example pointed to as worthy imitation among us.

—So where a good man dies,
Five years beyond need lies,
The light he leaves behind him
Shines upon the path of men.

In Memoriam to Willie Daniel

Clipped By:



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Mon, May 1, 2017