

## OBITUARY.

A gloom was cast over the community on Tuesday morning when it became known that Mrs. Annie Youman, wife of Mr. Joseph Youman, South Guyra, had passed away after a very brief illness. On Saturday she appeared in her usual health and spirits and spent the evening with some friends. On Sunday afternoon she suddenly became ill and shortly afterwards lapsed into unconsciousness. Medical aid was at once summoned and the case was diagnosed as pneumonia. She never rallied and the end came at the time stated. The deceased lady was born at Braidwood and was about sixty-six years of age. Her family went to Stannifer where her father was interested in mining. Leaving school she entered the Education Department as a pupil teacher. Abandoning the profession she came to Guyra as a music teacher and for a number of years became associated with the late Mrs. Starr in the management of the old Royal Hotel, which was then owned by the late Messrs. Starr and Mundy. She retained this position until her marriage. Deceased was identified with every movement that had for its object the alleviation of distress and her sound business training and methodical character made for success in everything she undertook. As a worker on behalf of the soldiers abroad during the war she was indefatigable and won golden opinions for the great services she rendered at that critical period. Among her other activities may be mentioned her connection with the Red Cross, of which organisation she was hon. secretary. In church matters she was an ardent worker and for many years acted as superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School, but it was in the private sphere of her life that the beautiful traits of her character were manifested. The funeral took place yesterday and the large attendance was representative of every section in the community. Rev. E. N. McKie conducted services at her late home and at the grave. Addressing those who had gathered to pay deceased the last tribute, Mr. McKie delivered an eloquent and touching address. He prefaced his remarks by apologising for the absence of Rev. R. A. Harris, B.A., who conveyed his personal sympathy to the deceased's relatives and those of the Anglican

latives and those of the Anglican Communion. He said deceased had spent the greater part of her life among them. Outside her home life, without sacrificing her duties, she had devoted her energies without regard to her health or personal considerations, for the service of others. He need not refer to her good work during the war for the soldiers abroad nor to what she had done during the years of depression and poverty that followed. In every phase of life she had taken a useful part. Her work was well-known in connection with the Red Cross and in connection with the church, he regarded her as a coadjutor. He referred to her work as superintendent of the Sunday School, Women's Guild and Foreign Missions. She carried out all these duties irrespective of health or weather conditions. Apart from her public activities, her many excellent personal qualities gave her the highest place in public esteem and it would be a poor community, indeed, that would not assemble on this sorrowful occasion to pay its last tribute to one who so thoroughly deserved their highest regard. To live a selfish life was to miss life, but to live a life of unselfish service was to gain the best that life could give. As the Saviour has said: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." He extended his sincerest sympathy to the bereaved husband, the aged mother and brothers and sisters of deceased.

The pall-bearers were:—Messrs. W. Allen and P. Allen (brothers) and Messrs. Bert, Cliff, George and Lawson Youman (nephews). A large number of beautiful wreaths were placed on the coffin and the side of the grave was covered with grass-like matting, making an impressive appearance. Piddington's, Armidale, had charge of the funeral.

To the bereaved husband, the mother and members of the family and relatives, we join in offering our sincere condolence.

"There is no death—what seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath, is but  
a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.