

[Murray, Julia Frances]

DEATHS.

In Marathon, Dec. 13th, 1850, Miss JULIA FRANCES MURRAY, daughter [and oldest child] of John, and Martha H. Murray, aged 17 years. Seldom are we called upon to record the death of one more lovely, loving and loved than was the subject of this notice. She was one of those joyous beings, which, like the gentle sunbeam, diffuses warmth and gladness wherever its influence is felt. In the sacred circles of home, to father, mother, brothers [DeWitt, James and William] and sister [Jane], she was indeed "the pride of the eye, and the joy of the heart." By her friends and youthful associates she was ever greeted with a burst of cordiality and affection, and upon the lips of the aged and middle aged, there was ever a word of praise for Julia Frances. Her seat in the sanctuary of worship was seldom vacant—not like many her age, for idle amusement, and vain show, but to listen with profound interest to the words of life and salvation. And Oh! how early she was called to need the sustaining influences of religious faith. Heaven claimed its own, and there was no power strong enough to vie with its just claims. Her disease was that most hopeless one, dropsy on the brain, and during those days of intense anxiety, when words of inquiry and doubt were passing from lip to lip, many a subdued petition went up to the Father of Spirits. "Holy Father, if thou wilt, let this cup pass from us." But when was witnessed the calm resignation, and cheerfulness of spirit which she manifested in her moments of respite from pain and delirium, the heart was constrained to continue, "nevertheless, not my will but thine, Oh God, be done." She many times expressed her entire freedom from fears of the future, and though so youthful in years, was a firm believer in the doctrines of Universalism. Gently, and almost imperceptibly, her pure spirit passed away, and her beaming eyes closed forever upon earthly scenes. They gathered around her couch, kind friends and neighbors, and with wet eyelids, and sorrowing hearts, smoothed the shining locks upon her marble brow, arrayed her beauteous clay in the snowy robe, and after appropriate services, bore her away to her final resting place beneath the sod. Her name will long be upon our lips, and may the remembrance of her graces and virtues long be cherished in our hearts. There is a lonely vacancy at her father's fireside, but blessed be God, the light of His holy religion is there, to sustain and comfort the mourners; and may it prove sufficient for them. Especially do we commend it to the weeping mother. May she not mourn as those who have no hope. The funeral was attended at the Universalist Church, in Upper Lisle, and a sermon preached by the Rev. T. L. Clark.

*Christian Ambassador*, Auburn NY, Sat. 23 Aug 1851  
[a Universalist newspaper]