

Death of W. L. Hensley

**W. Lewis Hensley**

Editor News-Record, Marshall,  
N. C.—Dear Editor, Will you  
please allow space for the follow-  
ing from Buckner.

It is with sadness that I an-  
nounce to the many friends of  
the death of Mr. W. L. Hensley  
of this place early last Saturday  
morning the summons came from  
on High and called Brother  
Hensley from labor to refresh-  
ment and he is now trying the  
things of that undiscovered  
country from who's born no  
traveler has yet returned.

The loved and loving brother,  
husband, father and friend died  
where manhoods morning almost  
touches noon and while the  
shadows still was falling toward  
the west he had not pas-  
sed on lifes highway the stone  
that marks the highest point.  
But being weary for a moment  
lay down by the wayside and  
using his burden for a pillow fell  
into that dreamless sleep that  
kisses down his eyelids still while  
yet in love with life and raptured  
with the world he passed to sil-  
ence and pathetic dust. Yet aft-  
er all it may be best just in the  
happiest sunniest hour of all the  
voyage while eager or kissing  
every soil to dash against the  
unseen rock and in an instant  
hear the billows roar above a  
sunken ship for whether in  
midsea or among the breakers of  
the farther shore a wreck at last  
must mark the end of each and  
all and every life no matter if its  
every hour is rich with love and  
every moment jeweled with a  
joy will at its close become a  
tragedy as sad and deep and dark  
as can be woven of the warp and  
woof of mist and death.

I wish to extend to the be-  
reaved family of Brother Hens-  
ley my sympathy in their be-  
reavement and may God help  
them to be ready to meet him on  
the other shore.

3/27/1914

Sincerely,  
Lewis Foster.