

In Memory of Col. W. P. Price.

"Say not, his work is ended;
A deed of love or goodness never dies,
But in the hearts of others multiplies
Say it has just begun."

A grand, a beautiful life has just closed; a noble life-work finished. Col. Price is at rest, yet in the memory of those who knew him he still lives and the influence of his life's work shall reach out farther than even he ever dreamed. All who have ever known Col. Price, whether as a personal friend or in official relations, will bear testimony to the wonderful harmonious blending of all those qualities of his nature that went to make up a true Southern gentle man; The world is full of men; we meet them daily and pass them by without a moment's thought. 'Tis only granted to a few choice spirits to be seen perhaps only once yet never forgotten. Such was Col. Price. Soldier, lawyer, statesman, Patriot, a great man whose deeds if measured by their beneficial results stand above those of other men, as the mountain peaks among which he lived stand above the valleys below. A true man of God indeed was he who has left us. Another veteran soldier has gone to join in the eternal shout of victory. May his memory be an inspiration to all who shall come after him. We wish to express our sorrow in his death; and add a tribute more to his memory. As a lawyer he was extensively known; as the founder of the W. G. A. College that has done so much for the state of Georgia, he shall ever be honored. As a member of the Baptist Church his memory shall be most tenderly revered.

Be it resolved, first, That in the

death of Col. Price the country has
lost a true patriot and soldier;

Education a generous patron, religion
a humble Christian, humanity a real
benefactor and the Gus. Boyd Chapter
W. D. C. a sincere friend.

Be it resolved second. That we
extend to his family our sincere sympathy
in their bereavement, and that a copy of
these resolutions be sent to them and a
copy be spread upon the minutes of this
Chapter.

Be it resolved 3rd that "Not in
dumb resignation we lift our hands on high
Not like the nerveless fatalist, content to do
and die,

Our faith springs like the eagle, who soars
to meet the sun and cries, exulting,
'Unto Thee, O Lord, Thy Will be done'.

Mrs. Sallie C. Meaders
Mrs. Maggie Meaders
Mrs. Clifford Moore.