

OBITUARY NOTES

MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY

Mrs. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn., whose charming spirit won for her many friends on this cruise as well as at home, fell asleep very suddenly on the morning of June 14th. She and her husband, Mr. Robert Galloway, will be pleasantly remembered by their many friends on board the *Celtic*.

The following rare tribute will tell of her life's richness to a larger circle.

(From *The Shibboleth*, Memphis, Tenn.)

It is a rare occurrence where fraternity periodicals ever mention the death of a woman unless she be prominently connected with some of the female societies



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT GALLOWAY, MEMPHIS, TENN.

which claim affinity with the order in whose interest the periodical is published. Amid the rush of business and the environment of custom, habit and neglect, the memory of good women is neglected, and an honorable mention of their fair names, their lovable qualities and deeds of benevolence is passed without notice. We have often wondered at this, especially so when the afflicted husband was prominent both, as a citizen and Mason. On behalf of the *Shibboleth*, we propose to act differently, and shall render "honor to whom honor is due," either in male or female.

Mrs. Robert Galloway (*nee* Miss Mary Hall), was born in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on the 6th day of June, 1845, and was, therefore, fifty-seven years old at her death. She was educated in the schools of that city. Her parents died when she was quite young, and while yet in her girlhood she came South to live with relatives. She was as thoroughly Southern as though to the manor born, and her sympathies were with its institutions.

In 1865, after grim-visaged war had passed away and the white wings of peace had encompassed our land, she married Mr. Robert Galloway, and together they began life without a dollar; but with his energy, business capacity and honesty of purpose, aided by her allegiance and love and always ready hand to do her part, they soon began to be successful. Time rolled on, and with each succeeding year fortune favored them, and her husband points to the fact with pride "that she helped him make every dollar he is worth." It is a remarkable fact, in the life of this good woman, that as her husband grew in wealth, so did her charities, which were always without ostentation or show, and many tears of sorrow and love will flow from the eyes of God's poor as the winter winds sigh through their squalid homes and pierce their thinly clad forms as they do battle with the world for sustenance, when they call to mind her untimely death.

She fell in the midst of life's harvest. Within her reach lay all the pleasure and happiness that wealth could give, together with the love, indulgence and devotion of a doting husband, in whose arms she expired ere his tear drops reached her cheek, and from whose bounty she had illustrated the greatest of God's virtues—charity.

The place selected by the grim reaper was most timely. It might have been on foreign shores, in the land of strangers, as she had just made the famous tour of the Holy Land and other Eastern countries, on the *Celtic*, with her husband, but he spared her to return to her home and friends ere he slew her. O! death, how unfathomable are thy ways, and seemingly cruel are thy mandates, and yet in this instance thou wert kind.

Mrs. Galloway was our personal friend, made so by a lifelong friendship which we enjoyed with her husband, and we esteemed her greatly for her many lovable traits of character. She was gentle, kind and good. We never saw her out of humor, or appealed to her charities in vain. She became a member of the Christian church in her young life and always lived by faith and in the spirit of the "golden rule." To say that she was prepared is but to call to mind the lines :

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me.

In the death of Mrs. Galloway we are one friend less in the world. The great heart of the fraternity will go out to Brother Galloway in his irreparable loss, yet we remind him of the fact that Christ alone can heal the wound that death inflicts upon the loving heart.