

Watkins Tolson (- 30 Mar 1897)

Tolson. On March 30, 1897, at 1:40 a.m., at his residence, Rose Cottage, Woodburn, D.C., Watkins Tolson, beloved husband of Kate Ray Tolson, in the 75th year of his age.

I miss thee from our home, dear husband,
I miss thee from thy place;
A shadow o'er my life is cast.
Oh, I miss the sunshine of thy face,
I miss thy kind and willing hand,
Thy fond and earnest care.
Our home is dark and lonely without thee;
I miss thee, dear husband, oh, I miss thee everywhere.

Funeral from his late residence on Thursday, April 1, at 11 a.m. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend. Interment at Congressional cemetery.

In Memoriam

Tolson. A memorial tribute of loving remembrance on the death of Mr. Watkins Tolson. The 30th of March 1897, at 1:40 a.m. he passed to his reward from his late home, Rose Cottage, in Woodburn. His illness was one of long and patient suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude. He suffered much and lingered on the shores of mortality until March 30, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He bore pains which were excruciating without murmuring. He gave satisfactory assurance of his future abode of bliss, and thus after a pilgrimage of 57 years spent in the bosom of the M.E. Church, his happy spirit took its departure to heaven. We committed his loving remains to the grave in Congressional cemetery. His loving children and grandchildren, with a large number of friends, were present. A suitable discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Canter, pastor of Mt. Vernon M.E. Church, of which he was a member. Mr. Watkins Tolson was born in Prince George's county, Maryland, of a distinguished family, highly connected, and a gentleman by birth and character in every sense of the word. He leaves a loving and devoted wife to mourn his loss. Katie Ray Tolson, who ministered to his every want night and day for many months so kindly and lovingly that he wished her always with him. God comfort her lonely and desolate heart. Mr. Tolson's life and death as a Christian was without a cloud, and his suffering has ended in eternal rest.

He has gone from this world of sorrow and strife
To dwell in the heavens above,
Where the pain and affliction he passed through in life
Are healed by the God he so loved.

By Loving Hands.