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OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION.

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Postmaster-General.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A splendid tribute to the power of Christianity in the present war was spoken by Brigadier General Hutcheson, who is commanding all troops in Newport News, Virginia, at a recent informal address in that city. He said: "I want to see every soldier a Christian, for it not only makes him a better man but a better soldier. The Christian life not only gives him something to live by but something to die by."

There is much of truth in a statement made recently by the "Manchester Guardian," of England, that the chief need of the whole world just now is a new humorist. The "Guardian" insists that England has long felt the need and that America is now beginning to recognize it. It is a physiological and psychological truth that laughter and humor have a heartening effect that is beneficial in times of trial and stress. One of the secular newspapers of our country in commenting on the statement says that there is a fine gallantry and largeness in the soul that can summon the influence of the comic or humorous spirit in time of trouble. There is a tonic effect in laughter, for, as we are told in Proverbs, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." While the sorrows of life are sacred, the joys of life are equally so. Unnecessary sorrow may unnerve us and unfit us for great duties. Sorrow should be controlled. Sometimes a little flash of humor will relax and refresh the most stolid and sorrowful heart.

A commendable kindness is done by those persons who contribute to "The Vacation Fund" for Christian workers, used for the purpose of providing a brief rest with gratuitous entertainment in "Geneva Hall" Montreat, North Carolina. Mr. R. E. Magill is in charge of this work. On page 11 will be found a statement of the need of this fund and the satisfaction and joy that come to those who have a part in it.

Persons professing the power of a "medium" and certain fake spiritualists have been reaping a veritable harvest of gold by preying upon the patriotism of the people, pretending that they can inform parents of soldiers what their sons are doing in France. An investigation of the activities of these fortune tellers was begun a short time ago by the District Attorney's office in New York City. It would be well for people who are approached by these human harpies to report the fact to the nearest United States District Attorney and ask his advice. The greed for gold will tempt men to go to extreme lengths, but it is the height of vicious villainy when men seek to secure money through the agony and anxiety of parents for information concerning the safety of their sons in France.

Both Church and country are calling as never before for educated workers in every field of service. With remarkable foresight Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., declares that "in this time of world upheaval, as we draw near the period of world reconstruction, it is clear to me that there is

no work more important than that of insuring an able, well-educated leadership of the Christian forces." More than one hundred candidates for the ministry in our Church have entered the Army and the Navy. Others will soon be called. There is urgent need at once for more than two hundred and forty ministers at home and abroad. The need emphasizes the duty of parents to insist that their sons shall pursue a college course of training.

The United States Government is setting its seal of approval upon college education by adopting the policy of sending all drafted college men into officers' training camps. Of the 40,000 men who entered sixteen such training camps last year eighty-five per cent. were college men. The training secured through a college course gives greater capacity for service and greater opportunities for promotion and advancement. The following appeal, issued recently by the United States Secretaries of War, Navy, Agriculture, Labor and the Interior, points out the imperative duty that rests upon parents to give to their sons and daughters a complete education: "Boys and girls should be urged, as a patriotic duty to remain in school for the completion of the high school course, and in increasing numbers to enter upon college and university courses, especially in technical and scientific lines and normal school courses, to meet the great need for trained men and women."

The splendid colleges and schools connected with our Church furnish adequate and sufficient opportunities for all the Presbyterian boys and girls who desire to pursue college courses in order that they may be better fitted to meet the responsibilities that will come to them at the close of the war. An important statement concerning the claims of these schools and colleges will be found on page 24 of this issue. Every parent and every boy and girl should read this statement in full.

The future of any nation rests with the molders of that nation's ideals. Some one has said that Germany sold her soul and today the world is paying the price. Ideals were taught in German schools and universities that were far from the noblest and that failed to recognize the teachings of Jesus that both individuals and nations must love their neighbors as themselves. Such a situation as the world war has brought upon us was possible because in the schools were taught ideals that proclaimed power, and not neighborliness, as the best ambition of any nation.

Every citizen of the United States has been urged by the Government to join the army of war savers. President Wilson has pointed out that the great results sought by the Government can be obtained only by the participation of every member of the nation, young and old, in a national concerted thrift movement. In addition to the conservation of food, fuel and useful materials of every kind, the President urged the people to save in every possible way and invest all that they can save in Liberty Bonds and War-Saving Stamps. He added: "To practice thrift in peace times is a virtue and brings great benefit to the individual at all times; with the

As it is the special work of a shoemaker to make shoes, and of a tailor to make coats, so it is the special work of a Christian to pray.—Martin Luther.

In intercession our King upon the throne finds His greatest glory; in it we shall find our greatest glory, too. Through it He continues His saving work, and can do nothing without it; through it alone we can do our work, and nothing avails without it.—Andrew Murray.



## Married

**BENNING-LANDON.**—In Richmond, Va., May 25, 1918, by Rev. Dr. F. T. McFaden, Mr. Theodore R. Benning, of Atlanta, Ga., and Miss Gertrude A. Landon, of Richmond, Va.

**CLARKE-RICHARDSON.**—In Richmond, Va., June 3, 1918, by Rev. Dr. F. T. McFaden, Mr. James Archie Clarke, of Petersburg, Va., and Miss Laura Brown Richardson, of Richmond, Va.

**CULLEN-ABERNATHY.**—In Greenville, S. C., June 3, 1918, by Rev. E. P. Davis, Mr. Curtis J. Cullen, of Charleston, S. C., and Miss Lucy Abernathy, of Spartanburg, S. C.

**DAVIS-McLEMORE.**—At the Presbyterian church, Boige, Ala., on May 29, 1918, by Rev. J. M. Partridge, Mr. Nathaniel Jones Davis, Jr., of Marion, Ala., and Miss Sarah Martha McLemore.

**HAMILTON-HARRELL.**—At Prescott, Ark., June 2, 1918, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. L. J. Harrell, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Williams, Mr. Rodney S. Hamilton and Miss Opal Harrell, both of Prescott.

**HART-JOHNSON.**—At Richmond, Va., April 29, 1918, by Rev. Dr. F. T. McFaden, Mr. George J. Hart and Miss Mamie Johnson, both of Richmond, Va.

**HAUBOLD-LEE.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Lee, Waco, Texas, May 19, 1918, by Rev. J. J. Grier, Lieutenant Egon G. Haubold and Miss Myrtle Lee.

**McCLUSKY-McFARLANE.**—At the First Presbyterian church, Forrest City, Arkansas, by Rev. J. N. McFarlane, D. D., father of the bride, on June 4, 1918, Rev. George N. McClusky, pastor-elder of Mount Ida Presbyterian church, Davenport, Iowa, and Miss Leah Evelyn McFarlane.

**McCURRY-HAITHCOCK.**—In Rocky Mount, N. C., at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. H. N. McDiarmid, June 2, 1918, Mr. Inis H. McCurry and Miss Sarah Haithcock, both of Bennettsville, S. C.

**McGARREY-WEBSTER.**—At Richmond, Va., April 26, 1918, by Rev. Dr. F. T. McFaden, Mr. Robert McGarrey, of Wilmington, Delaware, and Miss Elsie Fisher Webster, of Petersburg, Va.

**MACK-TINSLEY.**—In Richmond Va., June 4, 1918, by Rev. Dr. F. T. McFaden, assisted by Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Edward Mack, Professor in Union Theological Seminary, and Miss Lenore Tinsley, of "Picquenocque," Richmond, Va.

**MITCHELL-PETRIE.**—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles W. Petrie, at St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1918, by Rev. Donald C. McLeod, Mr. Irvine Grissom Mitchell, of Kirkwood, Mo., and Miss Marion McGehee Petrie.

**NASH-ALLEN.**—At Prescott, Ark., April 17, 1918, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. John Harris, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Williams, Mr. G. A. Nash, of Gurdon, and Miss Ida Allen, of Emmett, Ark.

**REEDER-MORELAND.**—At the First Presbyterian church, Barstow, Texas, June 2, 1918, by Rev. B. K. Tenney, Mr. W. E. Reeder and Miss Jonnie C. Moreland, both of Pyote, Texas.

**SABIN-MARTIN.**—At the manse of the First Presbyterian church, Staunton, Va., April 24, 1918, by Rev. A. M. Fraser, D. D., Mr. Creighton H. Sabin, of Carson, Nevada, and Miss Ella Finley Martin, of Staunton, Va.

**WHITE-RICHIE.**—At Prescott, Ark., June 4, 1918, at the Presbyterian manse, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Williams, Mr. Melton White and Miss Nora Richie, both of Blevins, Ark.

**WOOD-BOLT.**—At Prescott, Ark., April 23, 1918, at the Presbyterian manse, by Rev. Dr. J. C. Williams, Mr. Jess Wood and Miss Hettie Bolt, both of Blevins, Ark.

## Deaths

Death notices of forty words or less are published free of charge. When obituaries or resolutions of respect from sessions, ladies' societies, etc., are sent for publication the senders should send with their remittance at the rate of one and one-third cents a word to cover the expense of publication. PLEASE WRITE NAMES VERY DISTINCTLY.

**GLADNEY.**—Dr. J. G. Gladney died at his home, Minden, La., March 24, 1918, in his fifty-sixth year. That faith in Jesus in which he fought life's battles was his confidence in the hour of death.

**TABB.**—At his home, 1145 25th Street, Newport News, Va., June 1, 1918, Mr. L. C. Tabb passed to his heavenly home. He was sixty-one years old. He was a true and loyal Christian. He was buried in Charles Town, W. Va.

**WALLACE.**—Mrs. Mary Wallace, wife of Rev. B. E. Wallace, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Paris, Texas, died at Fordeyce, Ark., her former home, on Sabbath, June 2, 1918, after a long illness.

### MRS. ALICE DURBIN GREENHAW.

In Shreveport, La., May 24, 1918, Mrs. Alice Durbin Greenhaw. She was the daughter of E. H. and Sallie Keeth Durbin, and was born in 1865. In 1885 she was married to Mr. J. F. Greenhaw. They resided, for some years, near Alden Bridge, La., having lived for a great part of this time in the former home of her parents who died some years ago. It was from this home she was taken to the sanitarium a short while before her death. She had been in feeble health for several years, and bore her sickness with Christian faith, patience and courage. When a girl she made profession of her faith, and was a helpful, consistent member of Bank's Chapel Presbyterian church. She loved her God and her church, and passed away, "willing to go," because of her trust in the Saviour. Loving husband, brothers and many others to whom she was dear in the ties of relationship and friendship, are stricken with immeasurable grief at her departure.

The funeral services were held in the church of which she was a member in the presence of a large, sympathetic congregation, that afterward stood at the side of the grave as "the tenement of the soul" was "committed to the ground." "We look for the general resurrection of the last day," that blessed

time of reunion of body and soul, and for "the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ." G. G. W. Plain Dealing, La.

### MRS. SAMUEL M. CARSON.

Virginia Evans Carson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Evans, of Greensboro, Ga., and wife of Samuel M. Carson, of Atlanta, Ga., passed away from her home in Atlanta, Ga., March 8, 1918.

She was born in Greensboro, Ga., January 7, 1882. She was united in marriage to Mr. S. M. Carson November 6, 1907. Three children were born of this union, the eldest of which, Virginia, preceded her mother to the heavenly home in March, 1913. She leaves her husband, two daughters, Mary Dell, aged seven, and Catherine Cobb, aged four. Her father and mother and three brothers also survive her.

She was reared in a Christian home, and reflected signal honor upon her parents, who carefully instructed her in the essentials of the Christian religion. She was a woman of rare physical beauty, and possessed a charming personality which made its impress upon all who were fortunate enough to come under her influence. She was amply endowed with the gifts and graces necessary to the position of wife and mother. She presided with uniform dignity and engaging grace over the affairs of her home which she loved. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children arise up and call her blessed."

She was one of the most unselfish persons I have ever known. She found her happiness in manifold thought for her loved ones and friends, and in numerous acts of kindness for their comfort and enjoyment. To her, unselfish service was a duty and a privilege, and in this element of life she fairly revelled. Home was the center of her life from which blessed influences radiated in all directions.

She was a devoted Christian. She was loyal to her pastor and to her church, and was careful to render to both a commendable service by sustained loyalty and consistent generosity. For two years she was a great sufferer, and it was during this time that she manifested a spirit of courage, submission and confidence that can never be forgotten by those who were daily in her presence. "She endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Her faith did not seem to waver and her calm trust in God was a benediction to all. She believed in prayer. She prayed much and requested the prayers of God's people in her behalf.

While her protracted illness was a source of poignant grief to her loved ones, yet her wonderful faith and her marvelous cheerfulness charged the chamber of sickness with an atmosphere of rare and radiant blessedness. She was gifted with the needle, and during her long illness she made many beautiful articles for her children, her loved ones and her friends.

She had an intense desire to live, but she gave no evidence of fear in the prospect of death. "She knew whom she believed and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed to Him." "She was sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust."

She was appreciative of every kindness, and among her last words spoken to her devoted friend and faithful nurse, were these: "You said you would stand by me and you have done so, and I love you and appreciate all that you have done." She talked calmly and confidently to her beloved husband, and encouraged him to be submissive to the will of God. She went away with love and goodwill in her heart, having discharged with commendable fidelity the duties of daughter, wife, and mother. The room in which she lay, beautiful in death as in life, was filled with flowers of rich perfume and rare design—tributes of love from sorrowing relatives and friends. The simple services conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. O. Flinn, D. D., were appropriate and impressive.

Her body rests in the spacious and silent city of Westview cemetery. Her glorified spirit hovers over those who are left for a season, and her soul is in the keeping of Him "who neither slumbers nor sleeps." There in the "House not made with hands," she rejoices in the presence of the "Strong Son of God—immortal Love," with whom she suffered and with whom she is now glorified.

We shall cherish the memory of her sweet, gentle, strong and beautiful character, and some sweet day, in God's own appointed time, blessed thought, we shall see her "beautiful with all the soul's expansion" in "the land of the unsetting sun." C. C. C.

### REV. GEORGE A. BLACKBURN, D. D.

The announcement of the death of this minister at Columbia, S. C., on May 25, 1918, will make the hearts of many heavy. There was not another exactly like him in all the Church.

His father was a Presbyterian minister, an elder who entered the ministry when advanced in years. His younger brother, Dr. Asa Blackburn, died while pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York. His nephew, Rev. J. Nelson Blackburn, is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Houma, La. His son, Rev. John C. Blackburn, has just completed his course in the theological seminary, and is taking charge of the Presbyterian church at Darien, Ga. And his son-in-law, Rev. T. J. Hutchison, is pastor at Auburn, Ala.

Dr. Blackburn was born at Greenville, Tenn., and the family moved to Athens, Ala. He took his literary course at the Southwestern Presbyterian University, and his theological course at Columbia, S. C., where he had such distinguished men as Dr. Girardeau, Dr. Woodrow, Dr. Tadlock, Dr. Boggs and Dr. Hemphill for his instructors.

On finishing his preparation for the ministry he married Annie, the youngest daughter of Dr. John L. Girardeau, and took charge of Olivet church at McConnellsville, S. C. He did not remain but one or two years in this charge when he was called to the Arsenal Hill Presbyterian church in Columbia, where he continued pastor to his death, a period of about thirty-one years.

The Arsenal Hill church was the fruit of Dr. Girardeau's missionary efforts while he was professor in the Theological Seminary, and when he gave up the young enterprise on account of the encroachments of age, his gifted young son-in-law was called to take up the work which the golden-mouthed preacher and illustrious theologian was laying down. From a mission enterprise it has grown into a strong and self-supporting church of about four hundred members.

Dr. Blackburn believed the Bible with all his soul and mind and strength. His spirit never paused in his submission to its teachings. He was wonderfully familiar with its facts, and had a skillful and fascinating way of teaching it to the members of his flock. This was the first secret of his power—his familiarity with the English Bible.

The second was his uncompromising convictions. He thought hard. He studied laboriously. He reached conclusions which had about them not a vestige of doubt for his mind. He was psychologically, morally and religiously incapable of temporizing about any view he might hold or any duty he might think biblical. For a time he had a school by the side of his church, and the Bible and Catechism were faithfully taught the children. He satisfied his mind that the modern innovation of the use of instruments of music in the public worship of God was unbiblical, and so never had an organ in his church, albeit many thought it was narrow and peculiar in him. The singing was always congregational, led by a precentor.

He held the strictest views about the Sabbath, and was opposed to the use of telephones, street cars, railroad trains, newspapers, cooking, and all such things on the Lord's Day, and most of his congregation lived scrupulously according to this schedule. Once his session inflicted discipline for persistent use of the telephone on the Sabbath, and the case was carried all the way to the General Assembly.

He was persuaded that tithing was the biblical method for raising the revenues of the church, and many of his congregation devoutly practiced this way of making their contributions. He was ambitious for an unworshipful church, and dancing and theater-going were not indulged in by the flock which he shepherded. He has left behind him a congregation whose consistency and carefulness in moral and religious conduct are spoken of in all the community.

He was a great preacher. Strong in argument, clear in exposition, often gorgeously rhetorical, and sometimes rising to the very heights of true eloquence. He had a fine figure and a commanding presence. He was genial and jovial with his friends, but impatient with everything which he thought faithless to the truth, or inconsistent with Christian ethics.

He lived and died passionately devoted to the Arsenal Hill church, and had no ambition for any other monument. He had been more widely famed had he been less consecrated to that particular charge. R. A. Webb, Louisville, Ky.

### J. C. FULKERSON.

May 30, 1918, marks the closing chapter in the life of "Craig" Fulkerson. For months insidious disease had seemingly selected him for its victim. Its never satisfied drain on a constitution of more than normal vitality at last sapped his life's reservoir of its last drop of accumulated strength, and with an unclouded mind and an unflinching trust, he passed to his reward.

While yet a young man he united with the Presbyterian church at Higginsville, Mo., and was ever afterwards a faithful, efficient member. His earnest Christian life burned with a steady flame increasing in intensity with the passing of the years.

"I love thy House, oh, God,  
The place of Thine abode"—  
faithfully portrays in song and verse his attitude towards his church.

For years a ruling elder, both by precept and example he pointed the way to higher, nobler things. He was the son of Frederick D. and Marty M. Fulkerson, and was born February 1, 1860, near Higginsville, Mo., where all the activities of his well spent life were directed.

His widow, three sisters and two brothers survive him.

### MISS MOLLIE M. JOHNSTON.

Resolutions adopted by the Hernando (Miss.) Presbyterian Ladies' Missionary Society:

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in His all-wise providence to remove from the scenes of earth our beloved friend and co-worker, Miss Mollie M. Johnston, we, the members of the Hernando Missionary Society, express our sympathy and acknowledge the loss we have sustained by the death of this lovely Christian woman who had been a member of this church for more than fifty years.

Therefore be it resolved, that in her death this church in all its departments has lost a most faithful and devoted worker.

That we are thankful for her example of usefulness and would emulate her good deeds, and trust they may inspire us to more earnest work.

That a page in our minutes be inscribed to her memory.

That we extend to her loved ones our affectionate sympathy, and forward a copy of these resolutions to our local paper and to the "Christian Observer."

Rev. J. Marion Stafford, Pastor.  
Mrs. R. L. Dabney, Mrs. J. U. Hayes, Mrs. Fannie Dickson, Mrs. Sallie McKenzie, Committee.

### CARL ALBERT WEIS, JR.

Carl Albert Weis, Jr., a member of the First Presbyterian church, of Alexandria, La., was born in Cairo, Illinois, on the 9th day of November, 1901, and died at Alexandria, La., on the 21st day of May, 1918, just three days before he was to have received his diploma from the Bolton high school.

In his seventh year he united with the Presbyterian church at Decatur, Ala., under the ministry of Rev. J. S. Park, and in a very short time he led his father and mother into the Presbyterian church. "A little child shall lead them."

This young soldier of the Cross labored under the banner of his King with much enthusiasm and earnestness; he had many thoughts of the Gospel ministry, and while he had not made up his mind fully, yet he was seriously and prayerfully considering this high calling. His Sunday school, Christian Endeavor Society and church were the dearest things to him on earth, save home. Leading in prayer and in family devotions, he was most useful in the community in which he lived. His immediate family, the great and busy city of Alexandria, and many strong men at Camp Beauregard are all crushed at what to us seemed so untimely a passing away.

Really the only trouble that seemed to cross his brow or shadow his pathway was the fact that all the young folks of his acquaintance did not find in Christ what he had found, and did not get out of the services of the sanctuary what had been to him his greatest blessing. He demonstrated in his life and character the fact that his religion was not sad and doleful, but bright, cheery, beautiful and joyous. His very happy disposition was radiant in his beautiful, clear and pure countenance, and as a consequence he was loved in play, in school, in church, in home, in Heaven.

God truly works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform, yet we know "that He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the chil-

dren of men," and He who wept at Bethany will render strength in our deepest trouble and sustain our faltering footsteps when we are almost gone. We do not know why God took Carl from us—so suddenly and without warning even when at play with his graduating class, yet we know that "He hath done all things well."

O, most merciful and gracious Father, pray Thee to open our eyes that we may see and know what greater service and higher sphere of usefulness was waiting for him in Heaven more than that on earth; for there is ever something good for us to be received from Thine own chastening Hand.

### J. A. McALLISTER.

With the passing of Mr. J. A. McAllister one of the few remaining ones of the Old School type of Presbyterian elder in this section (Lumberton, N. C.), has gone to be with his Lord. He was ever zealous for the welfare of his church, and being a man of wide discrimination, a point of doctrine that passed him was sure to be sound. He was much of an ecclesiastical lawyer, and often received clear elucidation from him which left little ground for further debate.

In his church life, at home, and when passing in and out before his fellow citizens, he was consistent throughout. To see his venerable head as he sat in his pew near the front was an inspiration, and the Word seemed to take on added emphasis as it came from the lips of the man of God because of his presence. When the infirmities of age began to tell on his physical vigor and he was often absent, his presence was missed by the flock.

At the age of seventy-eight on May 18, 1918, he passed over to be with his Lord in the place He had prepared for him. Mrs. McAllister was a member of this church for eighty years, had been an elder in it for seven years, and clerk of session for forty years.

His intimates have lost an unfailing and his church an untiring laborer in its behalf and his family a safe and trustworthy friend in things that fade not away. His memory will long be kept green in the minds of those who knew him best.

Lumberton, N. C. A Brother-Elder

### ELIZABETH CLARKSON.

Dedicated to the memory of little Elizabeth Clarkson who died March 27, 1918, at her home, 1614 17th Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn., after having passed her twelfth birthday.

Seven weeks ago today,  
Our darling went away,  
But oh we miss her so,  
The time seems long ago.

Doctors did all in their power,  
To save our precious flower,  
But God willed she must go,  
His reason we do not know.

To visit the home was a treat,  
The little circle so complete;  
No matter if the day were drear,  
There you'd find joy and cheer.

How happy sister and brother,  
In the love of one another,  
Till God took our lily fair,  
And separated the happy pair.

Now since sister is gone,  
Things seem so forlorn,  
In everything we do and say,  
Oh, how we miss her every day.

When doctors or nurse would ask,  
If she could do a certain task,  
In accents sweet her reply,  
Was always this, "I'll try."

"Jesus is sorry when'er we do wrong,  
At two was her favorite song,  
And the example therein set,  
Was one she never did forget.

What a comfort to you to know,  
That her little life here below,  
Was always sunny and bright,  
And to cheer others was her delight.

Never idly would she sit,  
But ever busy doing her bit,  
Till, lo, her temple stands complete,  
A monument more lasting than concrete.

Dear parents, how much she loved you,  
And trusted you all the way through,  
Was shown when on the borderland  
She wanted only the touch of your hand.

Sitting quietly by her bed,  
You could almost hear the tread  
And rustle of the angel band  
Coming for her at God's command.

To bear her on wings of love,  
In safety to her home above,  
There to be forever at rest,  
On the Saviour's gentle breast.

Parents, to you what a blow,  
And how to help you we do not know,  
But God alone sweet balm can apply,  
The broken-hearted when they cry.

Heaven seems so much dearer today,  
Since our darling went away,  
And though beneath the sod she's laid,  
Her pure, sweet influence can never fade.

When your life work is done,  
Either at dawn or set of sun,  
How sweet to know at the pearly gate,  
Little Elizabeth for you will wait.  
"Mattie Dear."  
Nashville, Tenn.

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