

**MEMORIAL DAY.**

Of late years there has probably been in the minds of most of us a vague feeling that Memorial Day would eventually lose, if not its significance, at least its poignancy. The time is not remote when there will be no more parades, no more camp fires; when, indeed, there will be no longer any veterans of the Civil War. It has seemed probable that with the passing of the last survivors of the Civil War Memorial Day would cease to stir emotion, to bring vivid pictures of a gallant past, to rouse each separate community again to a proud consciousness of the bravery and the self-sacrifice of its sons. No doubt there would still be patriotic exercises, more and more thinly attended; no doubt there would be some pious decorating of graves; but more and more as the years went on would Memorial Day be likely to decline into a mere holiday, from which all picturesqueness and symbolism has vanished.

Surely, there is now no possibility that the sacred day will meet with such a fate. It is being hallowed for us afresh by the bravery and the self-sacrifice of our sons. There are graves of our gallant dead in France that no hand will ever decorate, because they must be forever unknown; and there are others graves of American soldiers overseas that we may trust the grateful land of Lafayette to keep inviolate and green. In this country there are graves of young soldiers who have

**A HEALING SPRING AT YOUR DOOR**

Here is a very unusual and peculiar offer—one that you rarely meet with. It evidences the greatest faith on the part of its maker and inspires confidence. It is made by an earnest and enthusiastic man who not only thinks but *knows* from personal experience that he is right. He proposes to give you the equivalent of a three weeks' visit to a Mineral Spring of most remarkable restorative powers and make no charge if you are not benefited. His offer has been accepted by several thousands of sufferers in all parts of the U. S. and his records show that only two in a hundred, on the average, report no benefit.

If you suffer with dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, gall stones, kidney, bladder or liver diseases, uric acid poisoning, or other condition caused by impure blood, take Mr. Shivar at his word and sign and mail the following letter:

Shivar Spring,  
Box 14-H, Shelton, S. C.  
Gentlemen:

I accept your guarantee offer and enclose herewith two dollars for ten gallons of Shivar Mineral Spring Water. I agree to give it a fair trial, in accordance with instructions contained in booklet you will send, and if it fails to benefit my case you agree to refund the price in full upon receipt of the two empty demijohns, which I agree to return promptly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please write distinctly.)

**FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS**

Receipts applicable to Regular appropriation.

	1918	1917
<b>APRIL</b>		
Churches.....	\$34,247 44	\$17,969 55
Churches—Africa.....	5 00	
Sunday Schools.....	765 39	1,133 46
Sunday Schools—China.....	570 32	
Sunday Schools—Africa.....	114 66	216 69
Sunday Schools—Brazil.....		159 97
Societies.....	6,282 43	5,525 79
Societies—Africa.....	17 75	
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	187 37	251 28
Societies—Brazil.....		5 00
Miscellaneous Donations.....	6 421 01	1,008 45
Miscellaneous Donations—Africa.....	5 00	
Miscellaneous Donations—C. E. Missionaries.....		6 00
Legacies.....		2,212 20
	\$48,616 36	\$26,276 19
	\$48,616 37	\$28,488 39
Initial appropriation, fiscal year ending March 31, 1919.....		\$ 556,851 18
Net additional appropriation to April 30, 1918.....		15,622 62
		\$ 572,473 80
		128,131 27
Deficit March 31, 1918.....		\$700,605 07
Amount needed for year (at this date).....		

perished in the service, who have given their lives for civilization as truly as those who have fallen on the field of battle; and their graves will not be forgotten on Memorial Day.

It is in every respect fitting that Memorial Day this year and henceforth should commemorate those Americans who died in the great war, as well as those who died more than half a century ago.

For Memorial Day there is an inspiring future. It will be no merely American day. In France and England and Italy and Belgium and Serbia there will be a Memorial Day—even though it may not fall, like ours, upon the thirtieth of May. Here and abroad what pride, what joy and what ennobling sorrow Memorial Day must bring in the coming years! In every village and town and city the men who have worn the khaki will be mustered into line; there, too, in line will be the gallant men of the navies that cleared and kept the seas. There will be detachments of American soldiers and sailors marching with the allied veterans in London and Paris and Rome and Brussels and Belgrade; there will be French and British and Italian and Belgian and Serbian detachments marching with our own young veterans in the Memorial Day parades in our great cities. Brothers in arms from all around the world will meet and march to the music of the Marseillaise. Who on that day can see those young soldiers as they pass and be unmoved of countenance, unstirred at heart? Who will not see some of them through tears? Who will not see through tears the faces of young soldiers that he loved and that are not in line—young soldiers that will never march again? Who will not on this day wish with a keener pang, a deepened intensity, that he, too, had been able to serve in the great world army that won the war for civilization?

Will Germany, too, observe a Memorial Day after the war? It is quite possible; but always in the history of Germany it will be a day of sorrow unrelieved. There will be no German veterans marching proudly through the streets of Berlin, performing for a brilliant, glittering kaiser. There will be no military parades in Germany. The people will brood gloomily over the graves of their dead and the ashes of their hopes; there will be no day in the year that will not be a Memorial Day for Germany, no day that will not be given to thought of all that it once had and all that it flung away.—Youth's Companion.

You will not be able to do so much good in heaven as you can on earth, for they all know God up there, but men here need our witness.—Spurgeon.

**Marriages**

**Bain-Leach:** At Richmond, Va., May 8, 1918, by Rev. Russell Cecil, D. D., Mr. Frank M. Bain, of Wade, N. C., and Miss Lola Eugene Leach, of Raeford, N. C.

**Clarke-Rogers:** At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin L. Smith, Dallas, Texas, cousins of the bride, May 4, 1918, by the pastor of the Oak Cliff Presbyterian church, Rev. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Lieutenant Hugh S. Clarke, United States Army, and Miss Elizabeth Rogers, of Dallas.

**Kemble-Bradshaw:** At the Oak Cliff Presbyterian church, Dallas, Texas, April 18, 1918, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Mr. Allan Dubose Kemble and Miss Esther Bradshaw, of Ennis, Texas.

**Moffett-Davis:** At the residence of Dr. W. E. Scott, the bride's father, May 7, 1918, by Rev. Edward Payson Davis, Mr. Frank B. Moffett and Miss Margaret Scott, all of Greenville, S. C.

**Morris-Casey:** At the Oak Cliff Presbyterian church, May 5, 1918, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Lieutenant Edward S. Morris, United States Army, aviation service, and Miss Louise W. Casey, of Dallas.

**Smith-Warner:** At St. Michael's church, New York City, April 13, 1918, by Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, Miss Josephine Warner, of Orange, N. J., and Lieutenant Edwin Smith, Jr., of Rockville, Md., grandson of the late William C. Black, of New Orleans.

**Vandervoort-De Lameter:** At the manse of the Oak Cliff Presbyterian church, Dallas, Texas, April 8, 1918, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Mr. A. E. Vandervoort and Mrs. Nell de Lameter.

**Wade-Teasley:** In Greenville, S. C., May 13, 1918, by Rev. E. P. Davis, Mr. Wilmer H. Wade, of De Haven, Va., and Miss Lucia Teasley, of Reidville, S. C.

**Whisnant-Taylor:** At the home of the bride's parents, Colonel and Mrs. John D. Taylor, Summerville, Ga., on April 16, 1918, by Rev. Robert H. Orr, Mr. John B. Whisnant, of Charleston, S. C., and Miss Sarah Fay Taylor.

**Wicker-Wallace:** At the Oak Cliff Presbyterian church, Dallas, Texas, April 18, 1918, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Fred Galbraith, Mr. Arthur Harrison Wicker and Miss Julia Wallace, Ennis, Texas.

**Deaths**

**Mildred Bare:** The loving and lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bare, of Rockbridge Baths, Va., has passed from earth to heaven. A sweet and devoted child of the covenant in the Church below, she is now a member of the Church above.

E. W. M.

**MRS. SALLY GRAY LEWIS.**

From her home in Wilmington, N. C., last March, in her eighty-third year, this venerable and most excellent lady was called to her heavenly rest.

She was born in Fincastle, Botetourt County, Va., at the ancestral home, "Prospect Hill," noted for its entrancing view of the mountains, and in recent years acquired by the only child of Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. R. W. Hicks, of Wilmington, as a summer home.

She was first married to Mr. Charles Spears, a noble young Virginia gentleman, who laid down his life on the field of battle in the Southern cause. Her second marriage was to Mr. John D. Lewis, of the well known

Lewis family of the Kanawha Salines and Charleston, W. Va. Upon the marriage of her daughter, Miss Sally Moore Spears, to Mr. R. W. Hicks, of Wilmington, she moved to that city, and there lived in the home with her daughter for the last thirty-odd years of her life.

If any one of the many friends that esteemed and loved Mrs. Lewis should undertake to record some of the fond memories and dominant impressions of her that abide in their hearts, among them certainly would be such as the following: She was a fine representative of all that is best in the character and life of her own generation.

Intimately associated with a large number of the best people of her day, her deepest impressions and highest ideals were formed by these noble exponents of the highest Christian character and culture. It is safe to say that these have never been surpassed, and she was one of their kind. If we would describe her in one pregnant phrase it would be in the words that were often used of her, "She was a good old-fashioned Presbyterian." Well might any one glory in being worthy of this high designation.

She was intensely conservative, and clung with unyielding hold to the views and practices which long testing has proved to be the truest and best. She asked diligently for the old paths, and walked steadfastly in the good way. To her the Bible, as taught and lived by her own religious teachers and exemplars, was the word of God, "the only infallible rule of faith and practice."

Her love and devotion to the Lord Jesus and his cause were supreme. She, all her long life, faithfully attended and greatly delighted in the services of the sanctuary, and was an ardent supporter of the Church and its work. Her loyalty to her pastors and the church officers was a passion. With capacities of mind and of heart that fitted her to know and enjoy true friendship, she drank deep at this pure fountain; few persons have gained and kept through a long life so many and good friends. Her large, warm true heart found no pleasure so great as that of contributing in any way she could to bless and gladden the lives of others.

Mrs. Lewis was gifted in letter writing, and spent much of her time in this kind of communion with her friends.

Hundreds of her delighted guests of former days at "Prospect Hill" and at "River View," in Kanawha, could testify of her unexcelled housekeeping and of her abundant and charming hospitality.

Dear Mrs. Lewis was greatly loved and is greatly missed by many lifelong friends.

She is missed and mourned by her pastor and her fellow-members of the First Presbyterian church, of which for more than thirty years she was a devoted member.

Most of all is she missed in the home by her children and grandchildren. She is survived by her daughter and her husband, Mr. R. W. Hicks, and their five children, Mrs. Atha H. Jose and Messrs. C. Spears, R. W., Jr., L. Glasgow and Moore Gray. Two of these splendid boys are already in France.

Mrs. Lewis was afflicted with blindness the last few years of her life, which she bore with Christian patience. Her end was peace, and now she sees his face.

The man in business for himself carries the responsibility on his own back, whereas God's steward knows that if he obeys orders the responsibility for success does not rest on him.—Waffles.