

**DEATH OF MRS. YOHANNON.**

From time to time, through the Committee of Foreign Missions in New York, there have come to the Yohannan Society of the Second Presbyterian church of Petersburg, Va., bulletins of information concerning the Christians of Urumia, Persia.

The last bulletin contained the sad intelligence that 5,000 Christians in and around Urumia have died from disease, presumably typhus and typhoid fever, caused by the necessarily unsanitary condition in the crowding of Christians within the grounds of the mission and college for protection from the Kurds and Turks. A few names of prominent people were given, and heading this last was the name of "Rachel," wife of Rev. Isaac E. Yohannon. This news will call forth the sympathy and prayers of Mr. Yohannon's friends for him in his deep bereavement, and for his son, Joash, in this country.

Another partial list of the 1,000 killed—martyrs of the faith—contained the name of the Rev. Michael Sayad, brother of Mrs. Yohannon, whom we recall as a fellow graduate of Mr. Yohannon at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va. Yet another martyr was a niece of Mr. Yohannon's wife, a lovely young Persian girl.

We had hoped for more particulars, and had delayed this publication awaiting them. However, we hope later to furnish details from personal letters, now doubtless held up by war conditions.

The fund, started by Mrs. McClure for the relief of Mr. Yohannon, has grown steadily. Nearly \$400, up to date has been received and turned over to the treasurer of the Yohannon Society. Of this amount \$135 was sent in June, with \$165 of the regular salary, making \$300 at one time. This was cabled to the consul at Tabriz, and we are only waiting for the assurance of its safe arrival into Mr. Yohannon's hands, before sending the remainder.

Dr. McAllister has sent to this fund \$72 contributed by members of his own class at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., in which Mr. Yohannon graduated, and from other friends and sympathizers. And Dr. Wm. S. Gordon, of Richmond, has sent in \$54 gathered in the same way.

We will gladly publish any future news from Persia as it is received, and in the meantime beg that the prayers of God's people be poured out for the comfort of His stricken servant in Persia.

**Marriages**

**Enslo-Glendy:** At the home of Mr. W. B. Cecil, uncle of the bride, in Dublin, Va., August 12, 1915, by Rev. Carl S. Matthews, assisted by Rev. Daniel J. Currie, Mr. Linn H. Enslo, of Baltimore, and Miss Mary Elva Glendy, of Pulaski, Va.

**Sloan-Dunnington:** On July 29, 1915, at Seoul, Korea, by Rev. S. Dwight Winn, Dr. T. Dwight Sloan, of Nanking (China,) University Medical College, and Miss Margaret Bell Dunnington, of University, Va.

**Wilson-Van Osdel:** At the home of the bride's father, in Amite, La., August 28, 1915, by Rev. W. H. Perkins, Mr. Robert W. Wilson and Miss Lavinia Van Osdel.

**Deaths**

**Webb:** Mrs. Margaret Kerr Webb fell asleep in Jesus in Nashville, Tenn., on August 25th. She was one of the best of women and was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends. She was a sister of Rev. R. P. Kerr, D. D.

**Wood:** At Fairview, W. Va., September 1st, Belle, beloved wife of Robert Cloud Wood, aged thirty-one years. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

**Gilmore:** Entered into rest at her home in Staunton, Va., on August 27, 1915, after seventy-nine years of faithful Christian service, Louisa Virginia Gilmore, daughter of the late Robert C. McCluer, of Rockbridge County, and wife of the late Major Samuel D. Gilmore. "And so He giveth His beloved sleep."

"He guides our feet, He guards our way."

His morning smiles bless all the day; He spreads the evening veil and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps."

**MISS MARIE LOUISE SAUNDERS LANCASTER.**

Marie Louise Saunders Lancaster, after an illness of three years, borne with saintly fortitude, passed into her eternal rest on August 27, 1915. Daughter of the late Robert Alexander and Mary Ely Lancaster, of Richmond, Va., she was of unfailing brightness, of unflinching courage in long illness, of tender Christian faith, and almost a life-long member of the Grace Street Presbyterian church. Her beautiful life was a benediction, and an inspiration to all who knew her to higher and holier living and to an unfaltering trust in our Father's wisdom and love. Hers was a character too rare for long continuance here. "God chose the sweetest blossom," runs the legend, "for His garden above." So long had she dwelt in the presence chamber of the King, we can only think of the happy translation from pain and anguish to eternal rest and peace.

**MRS. ANNIE HOLMES FAULKNER BOCOCH.**

After a brief illness of one short week Mrs. Annie Holmes Bococho, wife of that brilliant and distinguished statesman, the late Thomas S. Bococho, who was for a long time a prominent member of the Federal Congress at Washington, and later the only speaker of the Confederate Congress at Richmond, died early in the morning of August 18th, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Cary Johnson, at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Bococho was a daughter of Charles James Faulkner, who was minister to France during the presidency of Mr. Buchanan. While quite young she was united in marriage to Mr. Bococho, already at the height of his political career at Washington. She sympathized deeply with her husband in his political views, because ardently devoted to the Confederacy, amongst whose advisers Mr. Bococho held high rank. To appropriate language from an editorial on Mrs. Bococho in the News Leader of August 19th, she "shared her husband's fortunes during the stormy days when he presided over the debates of the Confederate House of Representatives. With other women of the official circle in Richmond, she watched the death struggle of the nation; with millions of her Southern sisters she turned from the ashes with heart unafraid. And, when in later years there came opportunity for her to serve the cause of the Confederacy she gave herself to it with a devotion that compelled respect."

"We men view the War Between the States with varying emotions. We are interested in its political aspects, contentions in vindicating its justice, grateful for its display of valor. With our women it is different. They know and appreciate the political and military significance of that struggle, but they have still deeper sentiments.

To them the Confederacy is a living thing, to be loved, defended and commemorated—something as personal as home ties and as sacred as marriage vows. It was in this light that Mrs. Bococho viewed the cause to which she devoted so much of her thought and energies. The Arlington Memorial, in the erection of which she took so large a part, is as true a monument to her and her co-workers as to the soldiers whose graves it marks."

She was identified prominently with other patriotic societies, such as the Daughters of 1812 and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In her private life gentle kindness was the prevailing law. Many are the hearts among all walks of life which she endeavored to comfort. She gave evidence of a simple, childish faith in Christ.

She is survived by her daughters, Mrs. Thomas Cary Johnson, of Richmond, and Mrs. William H. Roberts, of Chase City, Va., and by her one son, Willis P. Bococho, of Appomattox county, Va.

She is also survived by two brothers—former Senator Charles James Faulkner, and Judge E. Boyd Faulkner, of Martinsburg, W. Va., and by two sisters, Mrs. Mary B. Campbell, of Winchester, Va., and Mrs. J. M. McSherry, of Martinsburg, W. Va.

Funeral services were conducted by Drs. T. H. Rice and C. C. Hilsman, in the Union Theological Seminary chapel at 5 o'clock on the evening of August 19th, after which her remains were laid away in the family plot in Hollywood Cemetery.

A Friend.

**MRS. LOUISA THOMAS FLIPPEN JONES.**

passed away quietly at her home, at New Store, Va., in the early morning of July 15th, after an illness of only a few days.

Mrs. Jones was born January 5, 1840, in Missouri, but spent most of her life in Virginia. She was the daughter of the late Thomas D. and Mary Hobson Flippen, of Powhatan county, Va. She was educated at the old Buckingham Institute, which was one of the leading schools of Virginia in ante-bellum days.

In 1859 she was married to Mr. Louis Dibrell Jones, of New Store, where she spent more than fifty years of married life. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her. She did him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her husband preceded her to the grave four years.

Twelve children were born and reared in this home, eleven of whom survive her: Mr. Paul M. Jones, of Sheppards; Mrs. Cleveland O. Forbes, of Cumberland; Dr. Louis D. Jones, of Kentucky; Mrs. Matthew J. Cox, Sheppards; Mr. Clinton H. Jones, New Store; Mr. William H. Jones, of Columbia, S. C.; Rev. Plumer F. Jones, of New Canton; Mrs. Ethelyn J. Morris, of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. William F. Horner, of Rosemary, N. C.; Mr. Ma-ben Jones, of Columbia, S. C.; Mr. Ernest Jones, Altavista, Va., all of whom came home to see their mother laid to rest beside their father in the family cemetery in the beautiful grove in front of the house. Both graves were literally hidden under a wealth of exquisite flowers, the gifts of many sorrowing friends. Her sons acted as pallbearers. A large concourse of friends attended the burial service, which was conducted by her pastor, Rev. C. M. Barrell, and Rev. N. W. Kuykendall.

Mrs. Jones's character has nowhere been better portrayed than in her splendid children. Through their lives has been the influence of a mother who opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Not only was she a good wife and

mother, she was also one who loved her neighbor as herself. Her heart was big enough to take in all. Her influence was felt even to the negroes in the cabins on her farms. Her home was always open to friends and strangers found a hearty welcome. It was a place all loved to go, for there they found old Virginia hospitality in the truest form.

Old New Store has lost one of her most devoted members. She was always glad to go up into the house of the Lord. She always held up the hands of her pastor; her home was his home and a place he loved to dwell.

Her heart was kept young by the interest in the young people in the church. She was a member of the church society and worked faithfully in it until her death.

She ever stretched out her hand to the poor and reached forth her hands to the needy. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also praiseth her. She hath been given the fruit of her hands, and her own works praise her within the gates.

**THE MASTER'S CALL.**

Hear ye the Master's call,  
"Give me thy best!"  
For, be it great or small,  
That is his test.  
Do then the best you can,  
Not for reward,  
Not for the praise of man,  
But for the Lord.

Ev'ry work for Jesus  
Will be blest,  
But he asks from  
Ev'ry one his best.  
Our talents may be few,  
These may be small,  
But unto him is due  
Our best, our all.

**TRY THIS FOR YOUR HEALTH.**

For diseases which do not readily yield to drug treatment, such as chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, Bright's disease, gall stones, uric acid poisoning, and diseases of the kidney and liver, the best physicians send their wealthy patients to the famous mineral springs. Some even spent months at the Spas of Europe and were almost invariably cured or greatly benefited.

I believe that the Shivar Spring is the greatest mineral spring ever discovered and I believe it so firmly that I offer to send you enough water for a three weeks' treatment (two five-gallon demijohns) on my guarantee that if it fails to benefit your case I will refund the price. You would hardly believe me if I told you that only about two out of a thousand, on the average, say that they have received no benefit. The water is restoring thousands. It restored my health when my friends and physicians thought my case was incurable and I am willing and anxious for you to match your faith in the Spring against my pocketbook. If I win you become a life-friend of the Spring. If I lose I will be sorry for you, but I will appreciate your courtesy in giving the water a trial and will gladly refund your money on request. Sign the following letter:

Shivar Spring,  
Box 14-C, 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.)

Note:—The Advertising Manager of the Presbyterian of the South is personally acquainted with Mr. Shivar. You run no risk whatever in accepting his offer. I have personally witnessed the remarkable curative power of this Water in a very serious case.