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In Memoriam

MRS. M. W. STOVALL



MEMORIAL OF
MRS. MATTIE WILSON STOVALL,
BORN JANUARY 15, 1836
AT KURUMAN, SOUTH AFRICA.
DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1906,
AT ATHENS, GA.

"AT THE EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT"

MRS. M. W. STOVALL

Mattie Wilson Stovall was born at Kuruman, South Africa, Jan. 15, 1836,. She died in Athens, Ga., Feb. 1, 1906, having just rounded her 70th year.

One thousand miles from the coast, into the interior of Africa, a band of missionaries had pushed their way from Natal. They had driven in big covered wagons, drawn by a dozen oxen each, and, reaching their new home, had spread tents until their rude huts, just erected, should dry. Through the arid desert they had come, camping by big fires at night, so that the lion and camelopard and other wild beasts should not attack them. Long, weary months they traveled, meeting the rude Bushmen or bandits, the hostile Zulus and the suspicious Boers, who crossed their paths. They had passed other missionary posts, where good men and women were reveling in the inspired work of showing the benighted savages the way, the truth and the light. A bold spring broke out from the spot where these pioneer Presbyterians had made their home and here, in an oasis, called Kuruman, the little girl was born and near here the young Christian mother a few months later gave up her life. The latter was buried by the hand of her husband at sun-



down of the same day on which she died, and the stricken man, who was physician as well as minister, an educated Christian, devoted himself to the task of nursing his other companions through the malady which had robbed him of his wife. The young girl, who had been reared in comfort and with care, had chosen her lot with deliberation. She was barely out of her teens when she set out with her school friend, also the wife of one of the missionaries, to carry the story of the Master into the wilds of Africa. Enduring privations, beset with dangers, she failed not, but one of her last acts was to write to her family at home that she never regretted the decision she had made.

But the missionaries had not chosen wisely their field of labor. They were plunged into the wars between the Boers and Zulus and the mission camp was the scene of battles and massacres over and over. Back to the coast country, hundreds of miles, they traveled and finally the little girl, 18 months old, was placed upon a sailing packet and sent to London. On the way the vessel was cast upon the rocks and partially wrecked. But after a voyage of nearly six months she arrived at home. No wonder her father writes that the Lord had been good to her, "for in the days of your helplessness, when you passed through the fire, it was not allowed to consume you, and when you passed through the waters they were not allowed to overflow you."

Mrs. Stovall takes up this story in a letter written to one of the friends of her father's a few years ago:

"When I reached Richmond, Va., I was met with open arms and loving hearts of my dear grandmother and aunt, with whom I lived until the death of the former. Then I came solely under the care of my aunt—my mother's only and beloved sister. Her life was devoted to me, no sacrifice was too great to be made for my good. When I married and came to Georgia to live, my home was hers, my children her loving care, as I had been, and to them the love of their dear 'Aunty' their greatest blessing. Her Christian life was a benediction to all who came

in contact with her and when, in her 85th year, she passed away from us, to join her Savior and loved ones in the Land of the Blessed, we felt the world had been made better because of her holy life. Of course in my life I have had trials and troubles, loved ones have been taken from my side and laid in the grave. But God's faithfulness and promises have failed not. As my days, my strength has ever been. I have five living children left me and ten of the sweetest grand-children in the world (of course!) My highest wish for them all is that they may be God's children, and the blessings of their sainted missionary ancestors may be theirs thro' life, as it has been mine. That I have been so unworthy of all my blessings, is my great regret. Of course the present war in Africa has had peculiar interest for me, and I've followed the Boers in their travels and triumphs and can't help but wish them 'God speed.'

"I fear, however, they are doomed. Those two lonely graves are thousands of miles apart—but God watches over their precious dust and He will bring them in that glorious Resurrection Morn to meet Him at His coming."

55-5/23
Mrs. Stovall united with the First Presbyterian church in Richmond at the age of 14 years. She went to school to Dr. Moses D. Hoge and when she finally, Sept. 19, 1856, married Bolling A. Stovall of Augusta, Ga., Dr. Hoge performed the ceremony. Mrs. Stovall came to Augusta to live and resided there during the trying days of the war, when her husband and other members of his family, were absent in the army. The stormy scenes of her infancy were repeated almost in her maturity. In Augusta were born the following children:

Pleasant Alexander Stovall,
Jeannie Wilson Stovall,
Erwin Wilson Stovall,
Lizzie Dearing Stovall,
Nellie Stovall, and
Bolling Anthony Stovall.

In Athens were born Verner Moore Stovall and Harvey Stovall. Three boys, Erwin, Verner and Bolling, died before their mother.

Mrs. Stovall moved to Athens in July, 1872, and the family has lived there ever since. Her husband, Bolling A. Stovall, died in that city Aug. 24, 1887.

Her son, Bolling A. Stovall, Jr., died in July, 1892, and on Dec. 30, 1895, her aunt, Susan Smithey, breathed her last. Mrs. Stovall lived at the old home on Milledge avenue, Athens, and to the last maintained her quick sympathies, keen enjoyment of life and sustained Christian piety. In a little sketch written at the request of her eldest son in 1902, Mrs. Stovall says of herself:

“Her life has been an eventful one, checkered scenes of sunshine and shadows have followed her, but a strong faith in the God of her father’s brings the assurance that ‘at the eventide it shall be light.’ ”

LIFE'S LABOR O'ER, SHE SWEETLY SLEEPS.

(Thomas W. Reed in Athens Banner, Friday, Feb. 2, '06.)

After a brief illness, Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall passed away yesterday morning at 2 o'clock at her home on Milledge avenue.

The death of Mrs. Stovall came as a distinct shock to her many friends here and throughout the state, very few being apprised of her serious illness.

Sunday night she was attacked by acute indigestion and in spite of the efforts of the physicians the disease rapidly wore her life away. Wednesday night it was made known to the family that the moment of dissolution was fast approaching and as the light of another world beat upon the sweetly serene face of the dying mother in Israel, she called around her, as oft she had done in the days of their childhood, the five children who had been throughout her long life her chief joy and pride.

Gentle and lovely was her life and in the final hours the parting scenes were in keeping with the queenly spirit soon to be wafted by the angels to its immortal home. And then, with life's work done, into the sweet repose of the just made perfect she gently passed as God's finger touched her eyelids into that sleep "from which none ever wake to weep."

With the coming of the morn the message went forth to fond and loving friends and with tear-dimmed eyes and voices choking with emotion they came to the silent death chamber to gaze once more upon the sweet face of her who had been to them as mother, sister, friend. And as they stood in full realization of the fact that no more would the kindly eye beam upon them or the gentle heart beat in responsive sympathy with theirs, a feeling of emptiness came

into their lives that emphasized the meaning of that heart-breaking lament of England's poet laureate,

“Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence on Milledge avenue and will be conducted by Dr. J. W. Walden, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The following gentlemen will act as pallbearers:

Messrs. George E. Lucas, W. H. Boccock, J. F. Hart, Deupree Hunnicutt, A. E. Griffith and T. W. Reed.

The honorary pallbearers will be Mr. A. L. Hull, Judge Howell Cobb, Dr. H. C. White, Mr. H. H. Linton, Prof. D. C. Barrow and Mr. R. C. Latimer. The interment will be in Oconee cemetery, where the remains will be laid beside those of her husband and her boy, who greeted her enraptured spirit yesterday at the gates of pearl.

Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall was born January 15, 1836, and at the time of her death had just passed the seventieth milestone on life's highway. She was the daughter of an eminent Presbyterian missionary, Dr. Alexander Erwin Wilson, who, with his consecrated wife, upheld the royal banner of the Cross among the heathen tribes of South Africa. In the little town of Kuruman she was born, but never knew the love of her mother, who was called home by the Master ere the little daughter could lisp her name.

To the care and keeping of relatives in Richmond, Va., the little girl was committed and amidst surroundings of lofty ideals and consecrated lives she came from childhood to young womanhood, received her education at the school of the late Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who for many years was pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Richmond.

In 1856, possessed of all the graces of lovely Southern girlhood, she was led to the altar as the fair young bride of Mr. Bolling A. Stovall of Augusta, who was her beloved partner in all the joys and sorrows of life until his death in this city in 1887. Of this union eight children were born. Two little boys died in infancy and one son, Bolling A.

Stovall, Jr., died in the bright morning of young manhood. The five children surviving are Mr. Pleasant A. Stovall, of Savannah, Mrs. Robert Toombs DuBose, Mrs. Robert W. Lamkin, Mrs. Billups Phinizy and Mr. Harvey Stovall of this city.

Mrs. Stovall was descended from a line of brave and consecrated spirits. Holding fast to the principles of her fathers and ever cherishing their memories, she was an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Especially active was she in the latter organization, serving for many years as vice president of the local chapter and for quite a while as acting president. From the gleam upon her valiant husband's Confederate sword she caught an inspiration that bound her to the memories and traditions of that great struggle and not the least among her many shining virtues was her devotion to the cause of the South.

During the years of her girlhood she became a member of the Presbyterian church and in the service of the Master spent the years of a long and useful life, crowned with loving deeds and fashioned after that perfect model in whom was neither spot nor blemish. Whether as a member of the mission societies of her church or the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., she was always found laboring cheerfully and with happy heart for the good of mankind, dispensing with loving hand sweet charity and carrying consolation to sorrowing hearts.

Years ago the writer stood beside an open grave upon the hill crest overlooking the winding Oconee as it flows through our city of the dead. In the full assurance of another meeting "in the sweet vales of Eden," he committed to the keeping of mother earth the body of one whom he loved as a brother. And tonight as he pens this humble tribute to one who loved that friend with a love surpassing all others, he sees with eye of faith a joyous reunion in that city "where God has wiped all tears away."

FUNERAL OF MRS. M. W. STOVALL

Athens Banner.

The funeral of Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall was held yesterday (Friday) afternoon, Feb. 2, at the late residence on Milledge avenue in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends.

The casket in which reposed the mortal frame of this beloved woman was covered with the sweetest of flowers, scores of offerings from loving hearts. The different organizations of which she was a member had appropriate and beautiful offerings and the individual tributes were many and beautiful.

At half past two o'clock the members of Laura Rutherford Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy met at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Peeples and from there went to the residence in a body, as a mark of esteem for the departed member, whose efforts had been so unceasingly given to the upbuilding of the chapter and its work.

The choir, consisting of Mrs. John W. Brumby, Mrs. J. W. Barnett, Miss Ellen Mell, Mr. T. S. Mell and Prof. C. M. Strahan, sang sweetly as the opening hymn "There Is Rest for the Weary." Dr. Walden then read from the Scriptures lessons appropriate to the occasion.

The remarks of Dr. Walden were brief but exceedingly beautiful and appropriate, a lofty tribute to the simple, trusting faith of Mrs. Stovall, to her many queenly characteristics and her unflinching service for the Master under all circumstances.

After prayer by Dr. Walden the choir sang "I Have Read of a Beautiful City," and the casket was then borne to the hearse by the pallbearers. To the grave in Oconee cemetery the remains were followed by scores of warm friends.

At the burial ground the choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as the casket was lowered into the grave, and Dr. Walden concluded the services with a short prayer.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. W. Walden, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Dr. Walden spoke as follows:

The consummate flower of human life is a refined, Christian womanhood—the perfection of whose bloom and beauty is faithful motherhood. When gentility and piety meet in a strong, sweet woman, who consecrates herself to genuine motherhood, there is given us the most beautiful thing in human life.

Such a beautiful gift has been ours in the life which, while it has now been transplanted from earth to heaven, lingers and fills with its fragrance all the room of its earthly career, and will linger to the remotest generation of the children who now "arise up and call her blessed."

Contemplating such a life, one wishes for the artistic power to make a word-picture of it; but character is too subtle and fine to be reproduced in the limited and lame terms of human speech. It can be seen and felt, but it cannot be described.

Let us rather dwell for a little on the sources from which such a character comes.

1. And I remark, first of all, from Faith.

I am not unmindful that our friend was what she was largely because of what nature had done for her. Gentle blood coursed through her veins and her manners were wrought out under the influence of a refined rearing. This, however, was only the soil in which the flower of faith grew, the juices of which were drunk up into the flower itself, made a part of its beauty and claimed as its very own.

Hers was a simple, Scriptural faith. The copy of the Bible from which I read selections a moment ago, for the last ten years of her life was the one used by her, and its

well worn and frequently marked pages tell us that it was her constant companion, to which she habitually resorted for instruction, comfort and guidance. She was a simple, strong believer in God, as narrated in the Scriptures.

Hers was an inherited faith. For faith may be an inheritance not only by the first birth, but by the second birth, which is a transmittal along the line of the covenant that God makes with his people, in the gracious words: "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." She was, in this covenant line. Behind her were generation upon generation of godly men and women, and of this fact she humbly boasted. Her father and mother, in devout consecration to God, crossed the seas and gave their lives to the service of the lowly and lost in the Dark Continent.

Her faith had its rooting in these generations of the faithful and was strong and influential because of the grace which comes to it by covenant inheritance, because of the grace, which had been transmitted through generations of religious rearing.

And this is the ordinary source of a full and forceful faith. Religion, like culture, demands several generations for its perfection: when new it lacks a certain mellowness which imparts to it perfume and power.

Consequently, she had a faith which she felt could be transmitted. Among the portions of Scripture which were marked in her copy of the Bible, we find the record of the original covenant-translation which God made with Abraham, "the father of all those that believe." In her deep desire that her children and her children's children might be led to receive and appropriate to themselves the inheritance of grace which was theirs by covenant birth, she resorted often to this record of the faith covenant for the encouragement of her faith and prayers in their behalf.

Those of us who were permitted to know her inmost heart can testify that this was the great longing of her life.

2. Another source of the beautiful character which we are contemplating was discipline.

“The process, slow of years,
The discipline of life,
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Of sicknesses and strife.”

Before the fruit of the vine “that maketh glad the heart of men” can come to us, it must know the pruning knife and the wine-press. The earth becomes as nourish-mother only after her fair face has been harrowed by the piercing plough-shares. Before the rough and earth-stained marble is made to stand before us by the skillful sculptor, in living outline and breathing beauty, it must pass through the patient process of the cold and cruel chisel.

And so character, that is rich and rare, is never found until it has known the pruning knife, the wine-press, the plough-share and the chisel.

Our friend was chastened in the furnace of affliction. Trouble claimed her from her very birth, when bereft of her mother in the missionary land, she was separated from her father in infancy, to be brought to America for rearing by other than parental hands. While greatly blessed in many ways, her life was one in which God’s chastening hand was often felt. It was this discipline which, under God’s grace, developed her faith and ripened her character and fulfilled in her the precious words, “Now no chastening for the present seemed to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterwards it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.”

Shall we not all be assured that, in the way of God’s discipline alone can faith strike deep root and yield rich fruit? Not only was the life of our friend beautiful; her departure was beautiful, too. Her friends have noted with sorrow her growing decline for several months. During this time, as we look back over it, we recall a number of incidents that mark her closing days.

Her last appearance among her friends socially was when she was able, only after great effort, to grace with her loving presence, the twenty-fifth marriage anniversary of her eldest daughter—which was to her a very great joy.

A few weeks ago, a greatly beloved brother-in-law was called from the earthly life. This was a deep affliction to her. It led her to serious reflection on the subject of death and the future. A pastoral visit found her eager to talk on the state of the blessed dead, the resurrection and the coming of our Lord. How intensely interested and deeply comforted she seemed by this visit! Looking back at it, this affliction, with its consequent chastening, impresses us as having been a kind of preparation for her own departure, following as it did so soon.

The last Sabbath of her life she was able to be at church, her loved employ, and to worship with the communion, to which she had been so long time devoted, at both of the services of the day. It was after the church service, when her kindly heart took her to a faithful servant's house, who had been ill, and by the exposure of this very visit, that she contracted the cold which finally took her from us.

And what shall I say of that death-bed scene, when the precious life was almost gone? God gave her a few moments of renewed strength. How like her life, that she should have forgotten herself and spent her failing moments in loving counsel to her children (all of whom were gathered around her), seeking to transmit to them the covenant treasure of her faith, which she had inherited from her fathers!

“Oh! come to the bedside in silence;
Our mother is going to sleep!
We'll watch in the hush of the twilight
And praise God while we weep,
While we weep.

Her bright hair has long since been silvered,
Our own has grown faded and gray;
There's no light 'neath her tremulous eyelids,
And now she's passing away,
Passing away.

Oh! the life-long love of a mother,
Is a guerdon to guard and to keep;
And we'll cherish its memory closer,
Now our mother is going to sleep,
Going to sleep.

From our childhood in beauty before us,
On Jesus, her guide and her stay,
She has leaned; and with calm eyes uplifted,
She gave him her hand night and day,
Night and day.

And while walking in dread and in darkness,
Through the valley of fears and alarms,
He encouraged her tottering footsteps,
And now she falls into His arms,
Into His arms.

She hears His dear voice in the darkness,
Oh! let us all thankfully weep;
He has called her His “child,” His “beloved,”
And now she has gone to sleep,
Gone to sleep.”

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY

(A loving tribute to Mrs. Bolling A. Stovall, first vice president of the Laura Rutherford Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Written by one who greatly loved and honored her—her friend and co-worker, Mildred Rutherford.)

“Since she went home,
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.”

“Since she went home,
The robin’s note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with bitter, hidden pain,
Since she went home.”

Suddenly, and with little warning, death claimed one of our band of faithful, loving workers, Mrs. Stovall. Ever loyal to all held so dear by Southern hearts, she never found any duty too hard for her if it honored the cause she loved. Over and over again she was called upon to preside over a chapter’s meeting and, although a timid, shrinking nature rebelled, and gladly would she have chosen not to do it, her unswerving devotion to the chapter’s interests enabled her to do the work, and to do it well, without a murmur.

How we shall miss her from her accustomed place! How we shall long to hear the voice now silenced in the grave! How we shall feel for the touch of the tender hand, and search, but search in vain, for eyes that shall no more meet ours until we stand upon the eternal shore. With heads bowed down in grief and with eyes blinded by tears, but

with hearts made submissive through faith, let us say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

Our friend is not dead. The life she lived lives after her, and we are granted to follow in her footsteps of love and faith and trust—then let us follow where she leads?

"And must we then live on
Without the light of eyes whose brightness paled the stars;
Without the help of hands that softened all earth's jars,
And feet that never faltered in life's earnest tread,
Her whole life weaving with and strengthening our life's
thread.

Must we live on?

Yes, we must live on,
While from the fragile, weary clay her soul is free,
Her eyes, angelic now, look down on you and me,
For she is busy, busy through the heavenly hours,
Weaving a fair celestial life that links with ours,
So let us then live on."

And to the loved ones left behind, let us extend our sympathy, and to those sad and broken hearts say:

Weep not for her,
She hath won the crown of joy
That fadeth not away.
Where in the light of everlasting day,
Lost angel faces wait her near the throne.

Weep not for her,
But weep for those
To whom are left.
The toil and burden of the lonely years,
Who must live on and work through tears.

Then weep not, but pray,
That living as she lived,
And dying as she died,
You, too, may gain heaven's great white throne,
And hear again her loving voice saying, "Welcome
home!"

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The following resolutions were passed by the Laura Rutherford Chapter, U. D. C., in memory of Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall, first vice president, March 12, 1906:

Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise and Loving Father to remove from our midst in all the ripe beauty of a gracious womanhood, our beloved friend, Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall; therefore, be it

Resolved, That our Chapter has lost one of its most faithful and efficient members, whose loving labors were untiring in a noble cause.

The chapter testified its appreciation by calling her to fill the office of first vice president.

During the protracted absence of the president, she was called to fill her chair and administered the affairs of that office with superior ability and a fine courtesy. We shall long miss the inspiration of her gentle presence.

Resolved, That we recognize in her the highest type of Christian character, one of those beautiful souls whose serene depths reflects always the glory of the skies.

A rare flower has blossomed in our midst. Memory holds its lingering fragrance still, but the flower is gone. "Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by" and gathered His own to bloom forever in the "Garden of the Lord."

The circle of our sisterhood is broken, "the silver cord" has been loosed and a pearl has slipped from the chaplet; but the Lord has been "making up his jewels" and has set a polished gem to "shine forever like the stars in heaven."

Resolved, That this memorial be inscribed on the minutes and a copy be sent to the family.

MRS. A. E. CRAWFORD, *Chairman*;
MRS. CHARLES MORRIS,
MRS. ALEX S. ERWIN,
Committee

TRIBUTE FROM A FRIEND.

(An imperfect sketch of the life of my dear friend.)

BY MRS. E. A. CRAWFORD.

“As the brilliancy of the heavens depends not on a single star, but on the many, so the beauty, symmetry and harmony of a character depend not on one trait, but on the many units of one’s life.”

And now as we glance backward on the life of our dear friend, we see the many beautiful units, which formed a character so full of harmony and beauty that it made her the true and noble type of Christian womanhood for which she stood. The blood of the martyrs who gave up all for Christ flowed in her being and gave to her that abiding faith and hope which shone so brightly from the early sunrise of her life, e’en down to its sunset.

More than seventy years ago there sailed from Boston one December morning a little band of missionaries, who were the first from America to carry the gospel to the heathen tribes then living in that part of Africa now known to us as Natal—the Orange Free States and the Transvaal. In 1834 the American board determined to open two missions in South Africa; a field till then unknown to the church in America.

Alexander Erwin Wilson, Mrs. Stovall’s father, a North Carolinian by birth, was one of this little band sent out in 1834. In his early youth Mr. Wilson had intended studying for the ministry, but a slight impediment in his speech had discouraged him, so for a time he took up the study of medicine. Not long after this, through the influence of his young pastor, Mr. Lindley, he again turned his attention to the ministry, and to the mission field.

It was while Mr. Lindley and Mr. Wilson were at Hamp-

den Sidney College that they met two noble young women from Richmond, whom they afterwards married. Miss Lucy Allan became Mrs. Lindley and Miss Mary Jane Smithey became Mrs. Wilson. When only eight years old, Mary Smithey had joined the church in Richmond, under Dr. Armstrong's ministry. In this church was formed the first young girls' missionary society; that society of over seventy years ago not only gave the "Southern wing" of the church two of her first women missionaries, but is today perpetuated in the oldest of our Presbyterian unions.

Miss Smithey was only twenty-one when she became the bride of Dr. Wilson and with her devoted friend, Mrs. Lindley, sailed for Africa, Dec. 3, 1834. Messrs. Wilson, Venable and Lindley, with their wives, were appointed to an interior mission more than 1,000 miles northeast of Capetown, among the Matabele tribe. In those days the journey through the country had to be made in covered wagons drawn by oxen. A part of the way lay through heavy, burning sands, so heated by the sun that the very dogs howled for pain.

In the far-off station of Kuruman, in South Africa, Mattie Smithey Wilson was born Jan. 15, 1836. She was carried around by her parents in their long and perilous journeys, through this dark and wild country, and when they camped in their wagons at night the roar of the lion was distinctly heard and they always built large fires around the wagons to keep the wild beasts away.

Mrs. Wilson died from a malignant African fever when her infant was only eight months old. At the time of her death, save her husband, this little band of missionaries were all too ill to render any service to the dying wife and to the infant child.

Dr. Wilson was physician, nurse, cook and general manager of everything; there was no one even to dig the young wife and mother's grave. With aching heart, the stricken husband performed this sad task and with his own hands buried his "uncoffined" wife. This was at sunset of the

same day she died. There the fair form of this young Virginia mother, just twenty-two years of age, has slept for 80 years in that lovely valley over which the crimson tide of war was often surged. These were trying days. Four months after his wife's death Dr. Wilson wrote to his friends in America: "In our situation, we must live by faith, having little that is obvious to human sight. We need the prayers of our people, that we faint not in our work."

We can now well understand what it was to have such an inheritance of faith and so firm a reliance in an Omnipotent Power. On her dying bed Mrs. Wilson desired her husband to write to her family in America that she had never regretted giving her life to the cause of missions.

When Mattie Wilson, the dear little infant, was only eighteen months old, she was put under the charge of Mr. Gretter and some members of the Lindley family and carried to Richmond, Va., to her grandmother, Mrs. Smithey, and her maiden aunt, Miss Susan Smithey. Her grandmother died when she was about eight years old. Then Mr. Grout and some members of the Lindley family and carniece and grand-niece should in future make his house their home. At a very early age Mattie Wilson joined the First Presbyterian church in Richmond, Dr. T. V. Moore being the pastor. She was educated at the school of Dr. Moses Hoge, and she was always a great favorite of Drs. Moore and Hoge; and, indeed, with all the Presbyterians, being the daughter of a young missionary, and also a remarkably bright and interesting young girl. The love and devotion of her aunt to her was something very beautiful. She was reared by this aunt with the greatest care and attention and surrounded by the most refined culture and Christian influence. Gentle and retiring, she had at the same time great force of character. Her convictions of right and wrong were most decided, and having once made up her mind, she rarely changed her opinion; unselfish and generous, her great desire was to give comfort and help to others, no matter at what discomfort to herself.

Mattie S. Wilson was married to Mr. Bolling A. Stovall

of Augusta Sept. 19, 1856, in the city of Washington. They came immediately to Augusta to live, and very soon a host of congenial friends were around them. About 1872 Mr. Stovall moved his family to Athens for the purpose of educating their children.

It needs no sketch of mine to tell of this interesting little family coming in our midst, nor how soon they, and we, were one in heart and one in all the closest ties of friendship and love. Mr. Stovall, the father, was called home some years ago and this was the first deep shadow to fall across the threshold of that happy family. Soon after this a beloved son and brother went down through the valley, while yet in the early morning of his life, which was so full of promise. A few years later, in the first shadows of a winter's evening, the dear old aunt, who had been mother and grandmother in this home circle for so many years, closed her loving eyes and softly fell asleep, "Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His loving breast." This was a sore grief to these sorrowing ones who were left, but the mother lifted her trustful eyes to the One too wise to err, too good to be unkind. She bowed her head in sweet submission and did all she could to make her home still sunshiny and happy for her dear children and grand-children.

An now, only a few months ago, the summons came to this patient, gentle and faithful child of God.

Hers was a privilege granted to but few in this life.

After three days of most intense suffering, it was permitted that she should tarry for a moment on "the borderland," and with a face radiant with her Savior's love, she gave her blessing with tender words of affection to those around her bedside, then calmly and gently she passed over, out from the shadow into the full noonday light of her heavenly rest.

"She died, as sets the morning star, which goes not down behind the darkened west, nor hides, obscured, among the tempest of the sky—but melts away into the light of heaven."

RESOLUTIONS OF LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian church, Athens, Ga., adopted the following memorial:

On Feb. 1, 1906, Mrs. Mattie Wilson Stovall, a devoted member and honored vice president of our Ladies' Missionary Society, entered into rest.

Today's meeting has been appointed as one of memorial in testimony of our affection and esteem for her. It seems but a little while since she met with us, her face beaming with kindness and sympathy, her heart on fire with zeal for the cause which calls us together, her very presence an inspiration. Herself the child of missionaries, born on the dark continent to which they were striving to bring light; missions were peculiarly dear to her, and claimed a large share in her prayers and work.

We had not thought so soon to be bereft of her counsels and companionship, but, as in the quaint story of John Bunyan, "Suddenly one day there was a noise in the town that a post had come from the Celestial City with matters of great importance to one Christiana, and the message was, "Hail, good woman, I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee." So our Christiana made ready to go, and a tender leave-taking was granted her, and a gracious departure. Dear ones went with her as far as they might, "to see her take her journey, but, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. And her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that had waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight."

And now as we "return to our place," even to the courts of the Lord, which were so dear to her, our joy is dashed with sadness because she is not with us, yet we would remember that she has been called from an earthly sanctuary to a heavenly, and that hers is joy unspeakable and full of glory in "the upper chambers of the blessed." Wherefore, be it,

Resolved, first. That we bow in humble submission to our Heavenly Father, thanking Him for the beautiful life that was lived in our midst, filled with holy thoughts and loving words and good deeds, and for its beautiful close, so like a golden sunset after a fair day.

Second. That we shall ever cherish her memory as that of one of the devout and honorable women of the church and a sister beloved, looking forward with confidence to a happy reunion in that "illustrious morn" which is to come.

Third. That with tenderest sympathy we commend to the God of all comfort the bereaved ones of her own household, believing that He will bless them in answer to her faithful prayers, which are in the golden censer of the angel before the throne.

MEMORIAL OF THE D. A. R.

The members of the Elijah Clark Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Athens, Ga., adopted the following resolutions:

Mrs. Bolling A. Stovall, an active member of the Elijah Clarke Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, descendant in the third generation from those to honor the memory of whom this organization exists, ceased from earthly service and entered into rest, Feb. 1, 1906.

A lover of her country and her countrymen, loyal to the traditions of her fathers, actively interested in all present endeavors for the welfare of her community, hopeful and filled with faith concerning the future of her people, she typified in worthy manner the truest patriotism of a Daughter of America.

Truly, "given to hospitality, not slothful in business, quiet and peaceable, full of compassion, fervent in spirit, instant in prayer, serving the Lord," she filled the measure of the Christian virtues and lived and ended a long and useful life, a noble example of Christian womanhood.

Honored by the community in which she lived, greatly beloved by her associates and friends, a sweet but mighty inspiration to holy living to all who knew her, she was held in particularly affectionate regard by this chapter, to the counsels of which she was a constant and a wise contributor.

As an inadequate expression of our affectionate admiration and a small token of our profound sorrow in the passing from us of the pure and gentle spirit of our beloved associate—

Be it Resolved, That this minute be inscribed on the records of the Chapter and a copy sent to each of the children of our lamented friend, in testimony of our profound sympathy with them in their great grief.

ELLA F. WHITE, *Chairman.*
M. A. LIPSCOMB.
MARY D. LYNDON.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. BOLLING A. STOVALL.

BY MISS ELIZABETH WATT.

“His love, unseen, but felt, o’ershadowed thee,
The love of all thy sons encompassed thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherished thee,
The love of all thy people comforted thee,
Till God’s love at his side did place thee.”

With her beautiful life’s work complete, in full possession of all her faculties, lovely in full womanhood as she was in earlier youth, gently and sweetly she fell asleep in the early morning hours of Thursday, Feb. 1, not, however, until she had given to her dear children, who were around her, the fullest assurance that with her all was peace. She gave loving words of encouragement to each one, and her last fervent prayers were for those nearest and dearest to her; nor did she forget the good old servant, who had so long and so faithfully served her. With this child of God you could not think of death as “going down through the Dark Valley, but a going up to the Golden Gates.” As her pure spirit winged its flight away from earth, her face shone with a heavenly light, and it was as if the very gates stood ajar, and the tender Shepherd himself came down to bear this precious spirit up to the mansions of bliss.

It was all so beautiful it seemed a sin to weep, and only when the dear ones felt they no longer had a mother’s prayer, a mother’s loving sympathy and that never more would they see the beloved one coming in and going out among them, did the anguish of their utter bereavement come to them. Our dear, departed friend combined great

strength and force of character, with all that was gentle and tender. Her responsive heart was ever vibrating in kindly thought and feeling for others, and more especially to the calls of suffering or distress, and this was often done at the expense of her own health and comfort. The last "cup of water" she gave in her "Master's name" was to go just the day before her illness to see what she could do for an old family servant, whose husband had died the night before. "Her life had many hopes and aims" sanctified with her daily morning and evening prayers. These are not lost, but will be a blessed heritage for her children and grandchildren.

From early youth she had been a most consistent member of the Presbyterian church. She was a child of the covenant, born of missionary parents, on mission soil; she inherited the strong faith and love of those who died in the Master's service, and her beautiful Christian life shone out in full sympathy with the home and foreign field of mission work. She also inherited from a long line of brave ancestors a true patriotic spirit and filled with dignity and grace the different offices she held in the Missionary Society and the Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the Revolution.

There is a vacant place, a vacant chair—a link out of our earthly circle. But "In the night of death Hope sees a star, and from the lips of him who died for all breathe forth those precious words, Though she be dead, yet shall she live again."

Dear friend, farewell! Somewhere, between the sunset and the dawning we hope to meet again.

