

SLATER RUSTLER

1 Mar 1917 1/5

An Obituary

Mrs. Mary C. Johnson was born June 20 1840 in the Good Hope neighborhood and died suddenly of heart disease at her home in Slater February 21st. She was active about her work the day before her death and was found dead in her bed the next morning by her husband.

The deceased was a daughter of Able and Sarah Hamton; the Rev. Luke Hampton who died nearly forty years ago was her brother. Mrs. Johnson was married to John L. McMahan February 3rd. 1859 and to this union two sons, Robert L. of Clifton Hill and George H. of Memphis Tenn. were born.

Mr. McMahan died January 21 1868. Later the deceased married Granison Johnson who survives her.

To this union five children were born: Mrs. Rosie Oots of Slater, Luke J. of Jefferson City, William of Texas, Mable and Walter of Slater. The latter two have made their home with their parents and were a great comfort to their mother in her last years:

She leaves three sisters, Mrs. Jane D. Huff, of Gilliam, Miss Sallie Hampton of Slater, Mrs. Bonnie Huff of Good Hope. Mrs. Johnson was converted when she was 17 years old uniting with the Good Hope church. A few years ago she transferred her membership to Slater.

Mrs. Johnson had a book called the "Daily Reading of The Scriptures," her last reading of this book was on February 20th. the passage was: He should see the travel of his soul and be satisfied.

The blessings of the Lord, on the aged husband children and relatives. Arrow Rock and Cambridge had only a good start Marshall and the choice acres of Saline were yet a trackless prairie, and Slater and the Alton Railroad were not on the map until after Mrs. Johnson was 87 years old.—Rock Creek Cores. Majestic witness its enthroned

From the Saviors brow
His head with radiant glory
crowned

His lips with grace o'er flow.
No mortal cap with Him compare

Among the sons of men,
Fairer is He than all the fair

That fill the heavenly train.
He saw me plunged in deep distress

And flew to my relief,
For me He bore the shameful
cross,

And carried all my grief.
To Him I owe my life and breath
And all the joys I have,

He makes me triumph over death
And loves me from the grave.
Since from His heart I receive

Such proof of love divine
Had I a thousand hearts to give
Lord they should all be thine;

J. EDWIN NORVILL