

during 1899-1901; 1902, preacher in charge of Centenary Church, Chattanooga; 1903-06, preacher in charge of First Church, Athens, Ga.; 1907-08, preacher in charge of First Church, La Grange, Ga. During the year 1908 his health failed, and he was granted a superannuate relation, which relation was continued to the close of his life—*W. F. Glenn.*

EDWARD C. MARKS was born in Owensboro, Ky., March 2, 1839; licensed to preach October 4, 1884; admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference October, 1885; ordained deacon by Bishop Wilson, October, 1887; and elder by Bishop Keener, October, 1889. On account of the health of his wife, he transferred to the North Georgia Conference, 1890, and from that date to his superannuation at his own request in 1911, was a faithful worker in our ranks. He died after a short illness, January 12, 1914, in the city of Atlanta, Ga., and was buried by the writer, assisted by Revs. W. H. Cooper, J. W. Barrett, E. A. Ware, A. J. Hughes, and C. C. Cary, in West View Cemetery, January 13, 1914. His faithful wife, formerly Miss Mary Rumble, of Monroe County, Ga., and Mrs. Hattie Towles, a daughter of a former marriage, are left behind to mourn his going. Mr. Marks's life was divided between the practice of medicine and the Methodist ministry. For twenty-two years he was a practicing physician, building up a large practice and making for himself a reputation. He was a surgeon in the Civil War, serving during the entire struggle. After the war he became chief surgeon in the Tennessee penitentiary, which position he resigned when his brother was elected Governor of the State, thinking it "not seemly to hold office in a State institution while his brother was Governor." Such sentiment sounds strange to-day—but it is a true index of his character. Several letters are before me, written after his resignation as surgeon of the penitentiary by prisoners or their friends, testifying to his great service to them. One quotation will suffice: "I owe my poor life to your Christian spirit. If you had not interceded for me, I now would fill a convict grave. You, dear sir, will I always regard as my savior. I have never violated the faith and confidence you gave me by power of your office as prison physician." Others might be telling of his interested efforts that led to their salvation. It was the joy of leading others to the

Saviour that he experienced as prison physician which led him, though late in life, to give up his practice and devote himself entirely to the ministry; and for twenty years he gave himself and all that he possessed to preaching a Saviour's love and power. Had he entered the ministry in early life, he might easily have reached the highest place among us, for his mental equipment was equal to the task, and his consecration was entire. Dr. Marks was a gentleman by nature, a Christian by regeneration, and a saint by grace. He was a peculiar man in the strength of his character, in the strength of mind, body, and simple faith. There was much of the martyr in his make-up; humble concerning his attainments, he was bold in his convictions. He believed something, knew why he believed it, and was ready to stand by it or fall with it. He sought neither place, power, nor money, being satisfied to labor in what men call small places; and though he left a large practice, no one ever heard him complain of the salary he received, or boast of the sacrifice he made to enter the ministry. He was simple in his taste and direct in his manner. He was born one or, maybe, two generations too late to be what we call to-day a popular preacher. He was the type of the pioneer Georgia Methodist ministry, and in that day would have been an eminently successful minister and popular preacher. He would have made a worthy companion of Uncle Allen Turner and men of that type. He called a spade a spade, reproved sin, and exhorted all to nobler living. In eight years' intimate association with him in the work of his pastorate, I never knew him to dodge an issue or fail to stand where duty called or the Church put him. Modern moral contortions had no charm for him, as the gospel met all the deepest needs of his nature. Dr. Marks was not a narrow sectarian, nor did he seek controversy; but woe to the man or institution that provoked him to unsheath his sword in defense of Methodist doctrine or polity. With a power of analysis and clear statement highly developed, he could uncover fallacy, expose error, and state truth so clearly that it would not be misunderstood. In preaching or conversation he had no attraction for a fool, but sensible people were drawn to him. He always left thoughtful truth-seekers stronger than he found them, but he had no pearls for swine. Probably the most distinguished

characteristic of Dr. Marks was his hold upon child life. Children loved him and flocked around him. They were drawn by the childlike simplicity of the man, and held by the unconscious magnetism of a saintly life. His face invited confidence, and the man behind the face never failed to fulfill the expectations and impressions of his saintly face. After superannuation Dr. Marks bought a few acres of land near Acworth, and here he and his wife and faithful horse settled after they had borne well the heat and burden of life's itinerancy. It was an unpretentious home, but it was home. Here he entered upon the superannuate life with the glee of childhood. What a picture for a painter's brush—the old man, bearing the scars of a well-fought battle, sweetened by age, cheered by the companionship of his wife, in the daytime toiling in his little patch to supplement the slender allowance of a superannuate preacher, tending his cow, feeding his chickens, talking to the horse as if she were human, visiting his neighbors, making joyful the hearts of the children of the town by rides behind Maude, while his own merry laugh made melody with theirs; in the night-time recalling life's friends, recounting life's battles, maybe looking at some of the scars of the conflict, mementos alike of his faithfulness and his Father's care, mindful that like the Apostle to the Gentiles he had fought a good fight and was ready for the accounting and the crowning. No wonder he could write a few days before his last sickness, "I am the happiest man in Georgia." So death found him, but our hearts cry out, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Dr. Marks was received by transfer from the Tennessee Conference in December, 1890. In 1891 he served West Point Circuit; 1892, Morrow's Station; 1893, Palmetto Circuit; 1894, Canton; 1895, Canton; 1896, Mountville; 1897, Alpharetta; 1898-1900, Duluth; 1901, Flowery Branch; 1902, Auburn; 1903, Dahlonega; 1904-05, Bethlehem; 1906, Grovetown; 1907, Jenkinsburg; 1908-09, Cave Spring; 1910, West Wilkes; 1911, Watkinsville. He superannuated in November, 1911, and continued in this relation until his death.—*W. L. Pierce.*

WILLIAM ALBINUS HARRIS came of good human stock. On his mother's side he was descended from a family that for nearly a hundred years has had repre-

representatives in the Methodist ministry in Georgia. His maternal grandfather was Rev. W. J. Parks of blessed memory, a man who gave more than fifty years to the work of the itinerant ministry, and in his day was one of the leading men in his Conference. His father was Rev. John Howard Harris, who, while pastor of a church in Atlanta, died in the very meridian of his ministerial life. His mother was Mrs. Mary E. Harris, *née* Parks, and she was a woman of great good sense and force of character. When her husband died, leaving her with a large family of small children to rear, she decided to go back to the country neighborhood where she had spent most of her early life, and located on a farm. This community was round about New Salem Church in Banks County, a vicinage that has given, first and last, nearly a dozen preachers to the itinerancy. Here her father, like a number of the preachers of his day, had a settled home for his family, while he himself went far and wide over the State in the discharge of his duties as pastor and presiding elder. Buying a little farm in this neighborhood among numerous relatives, Mrs. Harris set herself to the task of bringing up her children, a responsibility she met with rare good sense and success. Al Harris, as his friends always called him, the subject of this sketch, was a boy of eleven when his father died, and going with his mother to Banks County, he received the benefits of that practical education and training which are best obtained on a farm. William Albinus Harris was born at Cotton Hill, Ga., December 9, 1865. As already stated, much of his childhood was spent on the farm. He showed great aptitude for study, and availed himself of every educational advantage that was accessible to him, and thus, before he was sixteen years of age, was prepared to enter Emory College. But he did not stay there long. The exigencies of his mother's farm and family made it necessary for him to give up his college course and return to her and his sisters and brothers. For the next ten years he gave himself to work on the farm, and was the mainstay of his mother and the family. It was during this time that he established a little paper called *The Banks County Boss*, which was said to be the smallest newspaper published in America, and which attracted wide attention. He set up his type with his own fingers, and printed the little sheet on a hand-press.

He did all this out on the farm, and the tiny periodical abounded in homely wit and homely verse, all of which appealed very strongly to his neighbors and friends. He was thus a worthy associate of Colonel Turner, the publisher of *The Countryman*, which was said, though not with exact accuracy, to be the only paper ever issued outside of a town, and on which Joel Chandler Harris learned the trade of a printer. It would be altogether proper to say that Brother Harris's religious life began with his natural life. Reared in a home such as his father's, and descended from such ancestry, it was not a matter of surprise that heredity and environment were supplemented early in his childhood by the gracious work of the Spirit. He joined the Methodist Church when a boy, and though he was a natural, normal youth, full of all the impulses of the critical age intervening between childhood and manhood, his youthful years were free from dissipation. He was licensed to preach at New Salem, the church of his ancestors, on May 3, 1890. He did not enter the itinerancy at once, but remained with his mother until her death two years later. On November 7, 1892, he was married to Miss Hope White, of Elbert County, Ga. The young couple celebrated their marriage by going at once to California, at the call of Bishop Haygood, and Brother Harris served one year as supply at West End, Los Angeles. The next year he was admitted on trial into the Los Angeles Conference, and appointed to the Valley Center charge. At the close of this year he was ordained deacon by Bishop Fitzgerald, his parchment bearing the date November 4, 1894, and the place San Bernardino, Cal. He was assigned to Phoenix, Arizona, in 1895-6. He found the water there so unwholesome that he was ordered by his physician to transfer back to Georgia, if he would save his life. Under these instructions, he came to the North Georgia Conference at its session at Dalton in 1896, and was appointed to the Rockmart charge. He remained at Rockmart three years, and it was here that he did some of the most effective work of his ministry. It was while pastor here that he had an experience he sometimes spoke of to his confidential friends, always humbly, which was to him a Pentecostal baptism of the Spirit, and which made of him, then and afterwards, one of the most successful revivalists in the North Georgia Conference. At the close of his

first year in the North Georgia Conference he was ordained pastor at Athens, Ga. From Rockmart he went to Canton Station, where he served for four years, and where he was successful in his efforts to reach the masses. He served the Rockmart charge from 1903-05. Here his health failed on account of overwork and he was brought back with a broken-down constitution. He took the superannuation leave and he remained for four years at Rockmart, where he was successful in his efforts to reach his family. But he was not in the work to which he was called in his life; and his health failed and he gave up what promise he had of enterprise and re-entrance into the ministry. He was appointed to the Rockmart charge and here the same success was attained. He always attended his meetings and returned to the pastorate of the Conference in Canton, Ga., in October, 1912, he was assigned to the Rockmart charge in Rockmart, Ga. Here he finished his ministry for the Lord and his people. His death was the result of his ministry and a half year and a half ago. His death was the result of his ministry, as it can be seen from his life. Finding that his health was failing, he went to Atlanta to see a specialist. The latter found that the failure of his heart was a symptom of a more serious condition and sent him to the West for treatment. At the beginning of his illness he was in Phoenix, Arizona, and the end came March 1914. When he knew that his death was near, he rejoiced with great joy and the hope of meeting the loved ones gone was borne to Rockmart—a fitting place for him while living he had the people of the picture the hills of North Georgia a widow and four children the mantle of their father and great-grandfather or more of these souls a man among men. In the gospel who magnified left a name and a heritage to his

this out on the farm, and the dical abounded in homely witly verse, all of which appealedgly to his neighbors and friends. us a worthy associate of Coler, the publisher of *The Courier*, which was said, though not with racy, to be the only paper ever side of a town, and on which ller Harris learned the trade of It would be altogether proper Brother Harris's religious life h his natural life. Reared in ch as his father's, and descend- ch ancestry, it was not a mat- prise that heredity and envi- ere supplemented early in his by the gracious work of the e joined the Methodist Church y, and though he was a natural, uth, full of all the impulses of l age intervening between child- manhood, his youthful years from dissipation. He was li- preach at New Salem, the his ancestors, on May 3, 1890, t enter the itinerancy at once, ed with his mother until her years later. On November 7, is married to Miss Hope White, ounty, Ga. The young couple their marriage by going to ifornia, at the call of Bishop nd Brother Harris served one ply at West End, Los Angeles. ear he was admitted on trial os Angeles Conference, and ap- the Valley Center charge. At of this year he was ordained Bishop Fitzgerald, his parch- ng the date November 4, 1894, ace San Bernardino, Cal. He ed to Phoenix, Arizona, in found the water there so un- that he was ordered by his to transfer back to Georgia, d save his life. Under these s, he came to the North Geor- ence at its session at Dalton d was appointed to the Rock- e. He remained at Rockmart s, and it was here that he did e most effective work of his It was while pastor here that xperience he sometimes spoke nfidential friends, always hum- was to him a Pentecostal bap- e Spirit, and which made of and afterwards, one of the ssful revivalists in the North nference. At the close of his

first year in the North Georgia Confer- ence he was ordained elder. This took place at Athens, November 28, 1897. From Rockmart Brother Harris went to Canton Station, where he remained three years, and where he had gracious suc- cess. He served the Senoia charge in 1903-05. Here his health failed on ac- count of overwork and the malady that he brought back with him from the West. He took the superannuate relation, which he retained for four years. Returning to Rockmart, where he had many warm friends, he entered business and was suc- cessful in his efforts to maintain himself and his family. But his heart was always in the work to which he had consecrated his life; and his health improving, he gave up what promised to be a profitable enterprise and reentered the active work. He was appointed to Stilesboro in 1910-12, and here the same success, that had al- ways attended his ministry, marked his return to the pastorate. At the session of the Conference in Carrollton in Novem- ber, 1912, he was assigned to the Man- chester charge in the La Grange District. Here he finished his life, and his work for the Lord and his Church. No part of his ministry was more successful than the year and a half he spent at Man- chester. His death was a great shock to his friends, as it came quite unexpected- ly. Finding that his eyes were failing, he went to Atlanta to consult a special- ist. The latter found upon examination that the failure of his sight was only a symptom of a more serious condition, and sent him to the Wesley Memorial Hos- pital for treatment. Here the disease, the beginning of which came to him while in Phoenix, Arizona, developed rapidly, and the end came May 10, 1914. The ap- proach of death found him unafraid. When he knew that he must go, he re- joiced with great joy over the prospect, and the hope of meeting his Saviour and the loved ones gone before. His body was borne to Rockmart and buried there—a fitting place for it to rest, since while living he had done so much for the people of the picturesque town among the hills of Northwest Georgia. He left a widow and four noble sons; and may the mantle of their father and grand- father and great-grandfather fall on one or more of these sons! Al Harris was a man among men. He was a preacher of the gospel who magnified his work. He left a name and a character unsullied, as a heritage to his family. He was a

faithful servant of his Lord. His work was a benediction to the Church, and will remain such till the last battle with sin is fought and the world is conquered for God.—C. H. Branch.

THOMAS HOLMES TIMMONS was born in Coweta County, Ga., June 2, 1841. There were seven brothers and one sister in his father's family. He survived them all—falling asleep, dying as quietly as "a wave along the shore," on Sunday, October 8, 1914, just as a sweet prayer was being offered by his pastor, Brother J. H. Mashburn, at the eleven o'clock service of the Methodist Church in Thomaston, Ga. The day and the sacred circumstances of his passing into the heavens could not have been more fitting, and more in ac- cord with his wishes, if the ordering of his exit had been directed by himself. Brother Timmons was of noble parentage. His father's ancestors were of English origin. The great ancestor of his pater- nal grandmother was Rev. William Turner, of Scotland. His great-grandfather, Zaddock Turner, was one of the descend- ants of Rev. William Turner. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and fought with General Washington in the battles of Brandywine and Trenton, in the campaigns of Philadelphia and New York, and was War President when the British surrendered at Yorktown. He is buried in an unmarked grave in Sparta, Ga. Rev. William Timmons, father of the subject of this tribute, was born in Hancock County. He was a man of rare consecration to Christ, a holiness man of the highest order, and it was under his preaching that W. C. Dunlap, a member of long standing in this Conference, was brought to see the truth that the doc- trine of sanctification and perfect love was within the reach of God's children—a doctrine advocated earnestly and faith- fully illustrated to the end of his life, a life we all remember to this day. Broth- er Thomas H. Timmons drank of the same spring unsealed in the home of his saintly father from childhood to the end of his long and useful life. Four sons out of seven followed in the steps of their godly father as earnest, faithful, successful preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This fact of raising four sons out of the seven for the Methodist itinerant minis- try justifies the associating the name of that noble father with the subject of this sketch and his three preacher brothers. Our Church has a right to look to the