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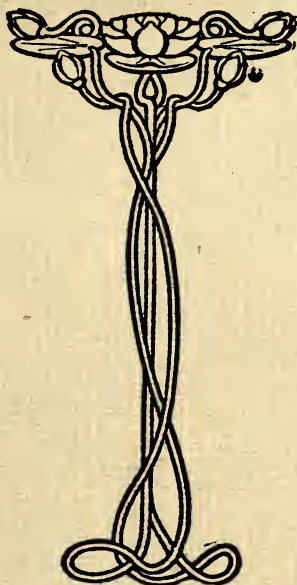


*Seem*

# Memorial Tributes

Rev. Robert Zenas Johnston

1834-1908



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# Memorial Tributes



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Rev. Robert Zenas Johnston

1834-1908

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Memorial Tributes

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PUBLISHED BY



LINCOLNTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

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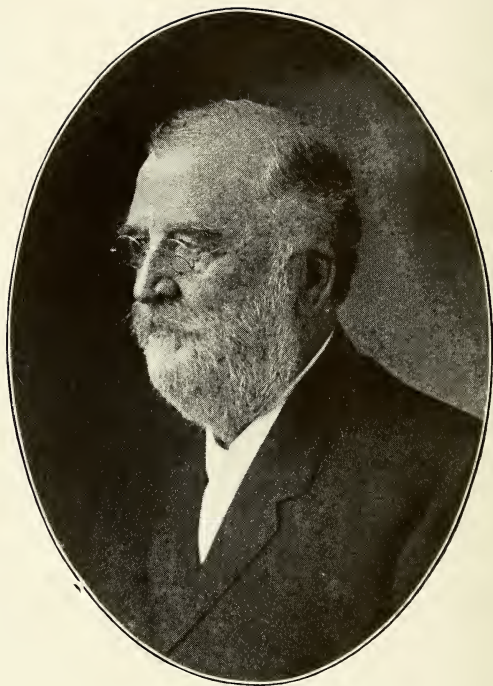
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*R. S. Johnston*



## RESOLUTIONS

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### Of the Session of Lincolnton Presbyterian Church.

WHEREAS, God in his inscrutable wisdom has called from earth our beloved pastor, Rev. R. Z. Johnston, who for a third of a century labored in this vineyard, and presided over this session; and,

WHEREAS, We desire to place on record a tribute to his long and faithful service, of our personal loss and bereavement, and tender and sweet remembrance; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father that deprives us of the presence of one who rightly divided the Word of Truth, whose counsel and genial disposition helped and cheered us, whose great warm heart took in all. The law of his life was love. Its pathway was made bright and sunshiny by kindly words, generous deeds, and friendly touches. His abundant labors have made deep and lasting impression for the Master's cause and the uplift and betterment of humanity. We cherish his memory.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the session and a copy furnished the family of the deceased.

A. NIXON, Clerk of Session.

## MEMORIAL

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**Adopted by King's Mountain Presbytery, at  
Forest City, N. C., Sept. 9, 1908.**

All of us today miss from this earthly court of Jesus Christ, the venerable face, warm greeting, loving heart and wise counsels of him who for a generation has been one of us—loving and well beloved. He meets no more with us in these courts. He is gone. He walked with God and is not because God took him.

On the afternoon of April 24th, suddenly he entered into rest. While preaching in the Dallas Presbyterian Church, he was stricken with what in five brief days proved to be the hand of death. The final summons found him talking of the people and church he served so long, and in less than an half hour of the end he was bowed in prayer for them.

Robert Zenas Johnston was born December 14, 1834, in Rowan county, N. C., and early joined the church of his parents—Third Creek Presbyterian Church. He was graduated from Davidson College, N. C., in the class of 1858, and also from the Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary in the year 1861.

On April 13, 1861, he was licensed by Concord Presbytery and by this same Presbytery was ordained on November 17, 1861, and late

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in this year was installed pastor of Providence and Sharon churches. Here amid the stress and sorrow of war and post-bellum times, his early manhood gave more than a decade of faithful service.

In January, 1872, Mr. Johnston came to Lincolnton, where for more than thirty-five years he lived and labored till he was called to a larger field of service, in the presence of his King. In all these years his life was interwoven through the whole fabric of the civil, social, intellectual and religious life of historic Lincoln county. His custom was to visit the schools and mingle, talk, and pray with the children and youth gathered there. And the children with that quick intuition knew him to be their friend and loved him. On every patriotic occasion, as a public-spirited citizen, he was present to encourage and help every laudable public undertaking. So that it may easily be said that Lincolnton's "first citizen" was Rev. R. Z. Johnston. His nature was pre-eminently sociable and affectionate. His heart was large and so filled with that warmth of love and ardor of devotion, that he was the friend of every one. Sincerely cordial in greeting, unaffectedly happy with the merry, sympathetically mourning with the sorrowing, deeply solicitous with the anxious hearts, kind and tender to all, the man at his labor, the child in

his sports and the mother in her home, have lost a true friend. Whether by the banquet table or the dying bed, by the marriage altar or beside the open grave, with young, mature or aged, his heart responded to every need of these checkered scenes of these changing lives.

In his preaching he took the throbbing heart of the gospel—love—as his supreme theme. In words, wooing and warning, again and again, in great tenderness and earnestness, he preached Christ.

From Lincolnton as a center, Mr. Johnston labored abundantly in a large surrounding section. He supplied for greater or briefer time the churches of Goshen, Mt. Holly, Stanly Creek, Dallas, Shelby, Waco., Cherryville, Hephzibah, Ironton, besides many mission points. And in all this territory are many who thank God for the loving ministry of this man of God and who, out of devout hearts, revere his memory.

For twenty-five years Bro. Johnston was the stated clerk of Mecklenburg Presbytery, for several terms he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in Lincoln county and for a long time a trustee of Davidson College. He was loved and honored by the brethren of his Presbytery, whose sessions he was always faithful to attend. That he is missed here today, each heart now testifies. As friend, counselor,

presbyter and brother, we have loved him and do; we do love him and shall.

On May 15, 1861, he married Miss Catharine M. Caldwell, of Chester, S. C. To them were born three sons and six daughters, of whom there survive two sons and three daughters. The building of a home of such simplicity and affection, usefulness and refinement, with the help of the wife and mother gone before him to God, was by no means least among the good works of this good man.

And now he's gone, and in the flesh we shall see his face no more. "Dead," we say, as we miss his familiar face, yet rather let us say, as we reflect that he dwells with the Prince of Life, "No, not dead, but alive evermore."

"It is not death to die—  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

"It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose,  
To spend eternal years.

"It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

"It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

"Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high."

J. J. KENNEDY,  
R. A. MILLER,  
W. R. MINTER,  
A. NIXON,  
Committee.



## TRIBUTE

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### **Of Synod of North Carolina, Adopted at New Bern, N. C., October 22, 1908.**

REV. R. Z. JOHNSTON.

Born in Rowan county, N. C., December 14, 1834. Was graduated from Davidson College, N. C., in 1858 and from Columbia, S. C., Seminary in 1861. Licensed by Concord Presbytery on April 13, 1861. Ordained by Concord Presbytery on November 17, 1861. Married to Miss Catharine M. Caldwell, May 15, 1861. Pastor of Providence and Sharon churches in Mecklenburg county, N. C., from 1861 to 1871. Pastor of Lincolnton (N. C.) Presbyterian Church and different contiguous churches from 1872-1907. Entered into rest on April 24, 1908.

This in briefest outline is the life of the well-beloved brother in Christ and venerable Father in Israel to whom we do today pay our memorial tribute of love and sweet remembrance.

As a man: He was broad in sympathy, strong in conviction, in heart tender and true, ever hating the false, and loving the true and pure. A true man, he loved mankind and helped this great brotherhood in sin nearer to God.

As a citizen: Living in Lincolnton more than a generation, always keenly interested in every matter of public interest and common good, no one among the citizens of his community questioned his primacy. He loved, prayed for, and rejoiced in every social, civic, industrial or educational advancement and in these matters was often called into counsel or leadership. He did that difficult and delicate thing for a minister to do—took a deep and sincere interest in these civic matters without meddling or being officious.

As a father: If this good man did no other thing besides build an ideal Christian home, his life would have been well spent. Himself as the head, his beloved wife who preceded him to Glory, with the six daughters and three sons in the manse—strife shut out, and peace lured in—made a home that was an oasis in this desert of evil and a fit picture of the Home above. From this manse there distilled throughout the community and an even wider circle, the sweet aroma of a beautiful Christian home. And without one articulate word, this home has preached many an eloquent sermon.

As a friend: Brother Johnston fulfilled the Scripture's requisite for securing friends—he "showed himself friendly." Big of heart, cordial and generous of nature, courteous in manner, loving all and hating none, he was the

friend of every man. Unbounded by denominational lines, irrespective of race or class, his friendship was of true Christian catholicity.

As a Christian: Deep in humility, childlike in faith, strong in love, patient and forbearing, none who knew our departed brother failed to see in him the reflected glory of the enthroned Christ. He loved God and God's people with a most fervent affection. From childhood he walked with God. Believing and serving God whom he had not seen, now he sees the King of His Glory, and himself in that likeness, doth rejoice.

As a preacher: He preached to the heart. Earnest, tender, sympathetic were his messages. The great theme of his preaching was love—love with its height and length and breadth and depth and with its almost infinite ramifications. He was a latter-day St. John.

As a pastor: Loving people, he loved to visit. Loving children, children loved him. Cheerful and hopeful, his presence, counsels and prayers in the homes of his people were a benediction. He entered into an unusual degree into the life of his people, so that their cares were his cares, their joys his delight, so that their failures *were to him a sorrow*, their sins his grief and their fidelity his joy and crown.

As a presbyter: None can surpass his fidelity

in attending church courts. As far back as the writer can find, he missed only one meeting of Synod, and one meeting of Presbytery. For twenty-five years he was stated clerk of Mecklenburg Presbytery and was moderator of this venerable body, the Synod of North Carolina, at its meeting in Fayetteville in 1887. And these annual meetings with his brethren in Christ, how he did enjoy! And in the deliberations, he was an alert and interested participant, contributing thereto a full quote of wisdom, counsel and inspiration. From this court today we miss his familiar face and kindly greeting. Around this holy table, where with his brethren and his Lord, he loved to hold fellowship, with bowed hearts we mark his absence today.

Then let us, brethren, here and now thank God for the life and labors of this servant of His. Let us build here the memorial of our love and affection for our deceased comrade in faith. And let us be incited, be in earnest and in haste to do well and surely that work which the Father hath committed unto us.

W. R. MINTER.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Every heart in the wide circle of his acquaintance was stirred with grief when it became known that our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom and love, had called from among us to himself our beloved pastor, Rev. R. Z. Johnston; therefore be it

*Resolved* 1. That we, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Woman's Missionary Society of Lincolnton Presbyterian Church, bow in humble submission to God's will, knowing that "He doeth all things well," and that our loss is his gain.

*Resolved* 2. That we cherish his memory as that of a man, strong and true, who served his people as a tender shepherd for more than thirty-five years.

*Resolved* 3. That we extend to the sorrowing family our heartfelt sympathy with the sweet hope that they may be reunited in our Heavenly home.

MRS. T. J. SMITH,  
MRS. J. B. HEIM,  
MRS. S. G. BURGIN,  
MRS. W. R. MINTER,  
MRS. A. M. HOKE,  
MRS. J. SIMPSON WISE,  
MRS. R. S. REINHARDT.

**REV. ROBERT ZENAS JOHNSTON.**

The committee appointed by the Ministers' Conference of Lincolnton to draft resolutions memorial of the late Rev. Robert Zenas Johnston would report as follows: That in the death of our beloved brother, the whole church of Christ has sustained a great loss, which falls especially heavy upon this community and upon this Conference.

The good this our colaborer in Christ has done, both in his public and private ministry, is beyond all reckoning. For many years he served faithfully and zealously the church of his conviction, and the great number of men and women to whom he was pastor sufficiently testify in the godliness of their lives, to the fervor of his devotion to the Master's cause. Beyond and above this ministry in his own church, Mr. Johnston was the friend and shepherd of all kinds and conditions of men, without respect to their church affiliation. He was an apostle to the Gentiles, especially to those who were friendless and to all wandering ones.

Men of every calling and of every faith have experienced his kindness and now miss his loving care. And everywhere his name was known, without respect to sex, race or condition, there are those who rise up and call him

“blessed.” This follower of the lowly Jesus was eminently gentle, tender and loving to all who approached him. He had no harsh words or thoughts for any man. Nor did he ever spare himself in any particular, but was ready and willing to spend and be spent to the uttermost as the servant of Christ and as the friend of man.

He never gave up his work but died in harness, in the forefront of the battle as becometh a good soldier of Jesus Christ. We, his companions in the ministry of the Gospel of Christ, would record our love and admiration for this true friend, kind-hearted and affectionate brother, and loyal and tender preacher of the Word.

In our Conference of Ministers, he was not only its President, but also its center and life. Always punctual and faithful, always with a special message to encourage and help, we shall sorely miss his sweet counsels and fellowship. Holding in loving remembrance his tender heart and holy life, constantly missing his beaming face, cordial greeting and gentle presence, we thank God for the like of him and for the sure hope of gaining back the presence, companionship and counsels of him we “have loved and lost awhile.”

D. T. JOHNSON,  
W. R. MINTER.

## RESOLUTIONS

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### Of Esteem by Trustees of Lincolnton Female Academy.

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting an All-wise Providence has removed from this earthly life, Rev. R. Z. Johnston, the chairman of this Board; and while gathered to his fathers like a sheaf of golden grain, full ripe unto the harvest, our hearts are saddened, and we desire to make record of our esteem; therefore,

*Resolved* 1. That by his death, this Academy has lost an officer who for long years discharged the duties of his trust with love, efficiency and fidelity.

2. That in his departure we suffer personal bereavement and will greatly miss his presence, counsel, assistance, and charming companionship.

3. The cause of education has lost a valuable champion; for next to the service of his Lord and Master came his effort in behalf of education.

4. That we extend to his family our sympathy with the assurance his memory will be treasured among our most hallowed associations.

R. M. ROSEMAN,

J. L. COBB,

C. E. CHILDS,

Committee.



## PRESS NOTICES.

Rev. Robert Zenas Johnston was a native of Rowan county, where he was born December 14, 1834, on the old Johnston homestead. This ancestral place is a part of an extensive purchase, on the waters of the South Yadkin, made by his great-grandfather, Robert Johnston, from Lord Granville. The subject of this sketch was a student of local and general history and devoted to preserving the memorials of the past, and this ancient grant from the English Lord, of date August 6, 1759, is still in the possession of the family. His father, Rufus D. Johnston, was a substantial farmer and his mother's maiden name was Alcy Graham. Both parents were of Scotch-Irish descent; they and their ancestors were devout members of Third Creek Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Johnston was a regular attendant on all the councils of his church and received every honor his brethren could bestow. He took a lively interest in education and did much for the public schools. He served several terms as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Lincoln county, and as chairman of the County Board of Education. He was a trustee of Lincolnton Female Academy, and a trustee of Davidson College. During all the years he was a contributor to the secular and religious press.

He was a loyal presbyter, and faithfully and lovingly discharged all the duties of pastor, but his friends and friendships were not bounded by denominational lines. Of splendid physique, handsome appearance and fine address, for the success he attained and the great work he performed he was not less indebted to the excellent qualities and personality of the man, than to his ability as a preacher. Gentle, courteous, affable, kind, sympathetic, cheerful, he was loved and honored, and his passing leaves a great void.

Among numerous other floral designs were two that were so emblematic and touchingly appropriate to the occasion, one a floral design of "The Gates Ajar," and the other "A Sheaf of Ripened Grain."—Lincoln County Times.

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The funeral was held in the Presbyterian Church, of which the deceased was the beloved pastor for thirty-six years at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The church was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends of the deceased who represented almost every walk in life, and one of the largest crowds ever seen at a burial in Lincoln ton followed the hearse to the Methodist graveyard, where the body of the venerable man was laid to rest beside that of his wife and two children. The pall-bearers

were: J. A. Abernethy, R. M. Roseman, R. F. Beal, C. C. Wrenshall, R. S. Reinhardt and A. Nixon. The body was preceded into the church by an escort of ministers as follows: W. R. Minter, G. A. Sparrow, R. A. Miller, P. R. Law, J. J. Kennedy, R. C. Anderson, C. Miller, R. A. Yoder, J. E. Gay and S. H. Bennett. After the hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Rev. G. A. Sparrow read from the Gospel of St. John, 14th chapter: "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." Rev. R. A. Miller made a touching and fervent prayer, after which the choir sweetly sang, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Rev. P. R. Law, of the Presbyterian Standard, made a few brief but very touching remarks, which were followed by remarks and a prayer by Rev. W. R. Minter. The choir then sang the favorite hymn of the deceased, "Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name," and as the funeral cortège passed from the church the choir sang the hymn, "Weary of Earth and Laden with Care." At the grave, Rev. W. R. Minter read the commitment service and prayer was offered by Rev. P. R. Law. While the grave was being filled the choir sang, "Asleep in Jesus," "Rock of Ages" and "Art Thou Weary." The benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. R. Minter. The floral offerings were the most elaborate and numerous ever seen in

Lincolnton, and after the grave of the veteran pastor was literally heaped with these beautiful and fragrant flowers there were yet enough to completely cover the grave of the wife near by. —Lincoln County News.

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Like a "sheaf of corn full ripe unto harvest," Rev. R. Z. Johnston, of Lincolnton, one of the State's oldest and most beloved ministers, was gathered to his Father, Friday of last week. He was widely known throughout the State, and was greatly endeared to our people, having served the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at this place many years ago. He was an ideal citizen, true to his county, his State, his government. Gentle, affable, courteous, beloved, he had the confidence and esteem of all who came within the sphere of his influence.—Cleveland Star.

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The death of Rev. R. Z. Johnston, of Lincolnton, removes one of the best of the old-fashioned, big-brained Presbyterian preachers to whom North Carolina owes a big debt. He was a Confederate soldier and after the surrender he was a faithful soldier of the Cross. North Carolina had no worthier leader in patriotism and righteousness.—Raleigh News and Observer.

## EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS

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### **Of A. Nixon Before U. D. C. and U. C. V., Memorial Day, May 10, 1908.**

Today we miss a familiar form, and fail to hear a familiar voice. Only a few days since the president of your chapter said Rev. R. Z. Johnston would preside over these ceremonies. He has attended every meeting of the veterans and it seemed a matter of course that he would be here. He has been summoned by the Great Commander to the reunion from which none e'er return. Born December 14, 1834, he crossed the threshold of the "gloom-curtained door," April 24, 1908. There is a new-made grave in yonder cemetery. The flowers you place on it this evening will mingle with others scarce withered with which you adorned it at his sepulture. But he still lives in the hearts of those who knew him. He lives in the principles of true Christianity and in his exemplary life of devotion to the Giver of Life. Strong to battle for the right, gentle and kind as a friend, cheerful and companionable, taking no thought for himself, but serving his fellow-men faithfully wherever called, the world is better for his life. We can scarce realize that

he has left us. His voice is stilled. He rests  
from his labors and his works do follow him.

“Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.”

## IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. R. Z. JOHNSTON.

In the November, 1901, issue of his paper, *The Bulletin*, Rev. R. Z. Johnston pays the following tribute to the memory of his sainted wife:

Dark days come to all, but they need not be our worst days. The test comes when the shadows fall and the ordinary joys of life fail.

Then how precious are the loving messages that come from so many sympathizing friends! They break the ice and the tears flow—they tell us to “be of good courage and He shall strengthen your hearts.” Indeed, God does strengthen the heart—“heaviness in the heart of man, maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad”—it is a way He strengthens the heart.

I am moved to answer each letter of tenderest sympathy, but must ask my friends to let this November Bulletin do this service and express my grateful appreciation of all the comforting letters (and they were many) and heartsome attentions that have come to me and my sorrowing children, since the dear wife and mother and grandmother left the old manse, and her vanished hand and sweet face were laid to rest October 1, 1901.

As this little paper tries to send a monthly message to families scattered over our Presby-

tery and seeks to chronicle whatever in our current history is worth a record, I trust it will not be deemed improper to devote a page to the memory of her, who was a typical Presbyterian woman, a mother in the manse and shepherdess among the people.

I cannot trust myself to tell of the loveliness of her young maidenhood, when she was so highly esteemed in old Catholic church, and the best families in Fairfield and Chester districts, South Carolina; and there are few now living who can tell of the pleasantry, the hospitality and the charm of her home life just before the Civil War. She had lived 23 years and I had lived 26 years when our lives were united in a happy marriage, and my public ministry began in Providence and Sharon churches, where we lived and served for more than ten years.

They were years of violent, social, political and ecclesiastical changes and excitements. The young men of the churches went to the front and many fell and we ministered at their graves. I visited them and preached to them in their camps, and she visited and wept with their mothers and sisters and friends. Her brother and my brother were wounded and brought home and nursed through months of pain, till one began life again with a stiff leg and the other with a stiff arm. Our mothers died in our childhood and our fathers married



again, and both died during those years, leaving families and large estates to my administration. She was a most faithful helpmate to me in those arduous years.

The enthusiasm of our youth never failed us. When the war was over our losses were like those of our people. We were poor and without a home to live in and our people were so impoverished they could not then provide us one, and there was not a manse in the Presbytery. We worked till we built us one and were growing to it and improving it, when a call brought us to Lincolnton in 1872. \* \* \*

The weeks and months were long before the shadow passed away and she began to feel her way to the hearts and homes of the people who received us so kindly. We made mistakes—wife made fewer than I did, but the patience and kindness of the dear old Presbyterian families we came to serve, tided us over them and bound us to the people west of the Catawba with ties which 30 years have made very strong.

Her father was one of the best men and a typical ruling elder, and her devotion to him was beautiful. When she left him and became my wife, she wanted to help me in my work, and had such resourcefulness about her to enthuse my efforts in doing good and keeping me from folly and dangerous youthful ambitions. She could not join the choir—she was too young

to be much at home in Ladies' Aid Societies, and when visiting she was "Sister Johnston," she felt old, and desolate and homesick and could hardly keep the tears back—the life when she was just "Kitty" seemed so far away. But she liked Sunday school work, and a class of boys always enlisted her heart—their pranks and plans and troubles found responsive chords in her life, and she sowed much good seed that bore good fruit, and she never forgot her Sunday school boys—their kind letters and visits and their future careers were sources of comfort to her. When strength began to fail, and orphan grandchildren came to her home, she found the task of getting ready to go, too much for her. It was a severe trial to give up her place in the Sunday school, and she gave the superintendent to understand she would be prepared, when she could be present, as a substitute. She was frugal, but not extravagant. A mean, sordid spirit was most repulsive to her. There was no littleness about her. Poverty in money matters was the only shadow on her life. The dear soul was often perplexed—flailed—as the word implies—from without; but her heart was kept sweet and gentle in Jesus' care, like a lovely child's.

When her servants were torn from her it was hard to learn to manage free negroes; but she learned, and they learned to love her and

served her faithfully. It grieved her to hear people abuse them. She often defended them and found them employment where they would be fairly treated. Children flocked around her—her house was seldom without ring of merry voices. And when orphan children were near her, they were fed and caressed and her little grandchildren were attended to bed and soothed to sleep as tenderly as her own were in her younger years. Young people were always welcome in her home and her best thought was to make them happy and useful in their church relations. In the maturity of her late years, she was able to do good service in the Ladies' Aid Society and an orphan boy at Barium Spring Orphan's Home enjoyed the care and sympathy of her mother heart and head. She believed "we reap what we sow." She never complained—never grumbled—she just did the best she could in her circles; and wonderful it is, how much God enabled her to do, and how much she was loved in return.

Long may her influence be a benediction to all who knew and loved her; and may kindly light lead the weary feet of our sorrowing children to heavenly pastures beneath the tender Shepherd's care, and tune this lonely heart to the songs of the redeemed! At the parting, after more than 40 years of companionship,

“The fondness of a creature’s love,  
Most strongly strikes the sense,  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.”

“I had fainted unless I had believed the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;” and your messages of sympathy, dear friends, are sweet to my soul and keep me from feeling: “I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind, and like a broken vessel.”

**FAMILY.**

Rev. Robert Zenas Johnston, born December 14, 1834, died April 24, 1908.

Catharine Martha Caldwell, born April 1, 1838, died September 29, 1901.

Rev. R. Z. Johnston and Catharine M. Caldwell, married May 15, 1861.

**CHILDREN.**

1. Lida Walker Johnston, born April 23, 1862; married James A. Lore April 23, 1888. Children: Lida Johnsie Lore, Robert Zenas Lore, Lucy Shankle Lore, Bessie Knox Lore, Kitty Caldwell Lore, David Graham Lore, Sarah Virginia Lore.

2. Nettie Graham Johnston, born February 18, 1864, died November 25, 1893. Married Rev. John C. McMullen August 30, 1883. Children: Robert Johnston McMullen, Sallie Banks McMullen, Kitty Caldwell McMullen, Netty Johnston McMullen, John Calvin McMullen (died young).

3. Kate Caldwell Johnston, born August 30, 1865, died June 1, 1893. Married Daniel G. Crawford August 30, 1887. Children: Daniel Givens Crawford, Catharine May Crawford, Zenas Johnston Crawford.

4. Bessie Douglas Johnston, born September 12, 1867. Married Dr. John W. Saine Decem-

ber 23, 1896. Children: Jennie Johnston Saine, John Wallace Saine (died young).

5. Robert Caldwell Johnston, born September 26, 1869, died November 18, 1886.

6. Jennie Stewart Johnston, born October 28, 1871, died March 29, 1906. Married Augustus M. Hoke November 7, 1900. Children: Elizabeth Johnston Hoke, Rebecca McLean Hoke.

7. Rufus Zenus Johnston, born June 7, 1874. (In United States Navy). Married to Eunice Pegram June 2, 1903; Child: Elizabeth Waller Johnston.

8. Mary Knox Johnston, born 1878. Married Robert Sidney Al 6, 1905. Children: Sally and Kitty Abernethy (Kitty died in infancy) and Robert Sidney Abernethy.

9. Joseph Boudinot Johnston, born March 2, 1881. Married Annie Lee Davidson January 29, 1907. Child: Annie Faysoux Johnston.

# **Rev. R. Z. JOHNSTON**

**Born December 14, 1834**

**Died April 24, 1908**

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**Minister of this Church for 36 Years**

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*He that followeth after  
righteousness and mercy find-  
eth life, righteousness and  
honor.—Prov. XXI: 21*

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