



LUTHER ROBERTSON, died, at the residence of his Mother, Mrs. F. M. Robertson, on October 5th, 1907, of typhoid fever. ¶The deceased was born February 21st, 1855, and always lived where he was born, among those

that loved him and those he loved, until his death, which occurred within the shade of the same trees which sheltered him in his childhood. ¶He always seemed to live more for others than for himself. ¶He was one of God's noblemen — an honest man. ¶He was always an obedient son, kind and loving in his ways and a helpful, true and trusted brother. ¶The fact that he never married made him dearer to his mother, to his sisters, and to his brothers, and enabled him to bestow upon them all the love and affection of his life. ¶He was his mother's oldest son, and seemed even nearer to her since the death of his father, S. B. Robertson, September 14, 1898. ¶He professed religion and joined Mt. Liberty Baptist Church during the winter of 1878, and lived a devoted christian life until his death. ¶He leaves behind, to mourn his loss, four sisters, his mother, four brothers and half brother, besides a host of relatives and friends. ¶He will be missed many, many times by them all, and the hand of sorrow will fall very heavily upon them when they realize the many kind things he has done for them. ¶But his life and character can always be remembered because of its gentleness and simplicity; and his memory, like his life, will be a blessing and a proof that he did not live in vain. ¶It is not notoriety that makes men truly great, but rather the influence for good left in the world by them when they are gone and oftentimes the smaller the circle in which they lived, the greater the influence left behind. ¶Luther died, as he had lived, quietly and peacefully, and his memory will be as endearing here as his blessedness will be eternal in his life hereafter.

A Cousin.