

# M'Quiston Magazine.

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Convener—Mr W. J. WASSON, Ardara, Ardenlee Avenue, Cregagh Road.

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Motto for 1915; *Be true to your trust.*



## THE LATE DAVID EDWARD ORR.

Of all the lives which this war has claimed of our membership, a worthy place must be reserved for the late D. E. Orr. After an honourable career, full of the highest promise in the Wolfhill Spinning Co., and later in the Counting-House of Harland & Wolff's Shipbuilding Yard, Mr. Orr joined the Royal Marines on September 23rd, 1914, and went for training to Chatham. Here is how he expressed the resolve of his heart in his letter to Mr. Boyle on September 27:—"In the present conflict of might against right, old England asks the aid of all her sons; it is in answer to that call that I leave home and friends to help to defend and uphold our glorious heritage of liberty, and to pass it down unsullied to all generations." Here we see the spirit of the man. Two of his former chums wrote to his mother on learning of his death:—"He was a great pal of ours, and as good-hearted a chap as any one could find. His country has lost a most noble son; great honour is due to him for the gallant spirit which he displayed." This is a noble testimony. He left Plymouth for Egypt on February last, and fell in the historic landing of the British troops at the Dardanelles. A young man of high ideals, of noble Christian spirit, of

upright life, a model son, a true patriot, and a gallant soldier he has left a memory of imperishable record that will be cherished by all who knew him. We extend our sincerest sympathy to his father and mother and all sorrowing relatives.

"He loved duty more than he feared death."

## BROTHER O' MINE.

You went with the first when you heard the call,  
Brother o' Mine,  
Straight to the Battle-ground, stand or fall,  
Brother o' Mine.  
Aye, ready and willing to give your all,  
Brother o' Mine.

You died on the field when the sun was low,  
Brother o' Mine.  
Not one of us near you, who loved you so,  
Brother o' Mine.  
O, say, if at last it was hard to go,  
Brother o' Mine.

Thine arm was strong as thy soul was brave,  
Brother o' Mine.  
No thought ever moved thee thy life to save,  
Brother o' Mine.  
But,—Where, O where is thy lonely grave?  
Brother o' Mine.

And I may never see thee more,  
Brother o' Mine,  
Till, I too, reach that farther shore,  
Brother o' Mine,  
Farewell, farewell,—my heart is sore,  
Brother o' Mine.

—William S. Scott.

## THE LATE MR. EBENEZER CRAIG, formerly at 4, Lomond Avenue.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mr. Craig, on Monday Evening, June 21, at 8, Cardean St., Dundee, by apoplexy. It is only some weeks since he and his family removed from Belfast to Dundee with every hope of a bright future, but "His ways are not our ways." An upright conscientious man who feared God and kept His commandments, an exemplary Christian, a loving husband, a kind and gentle father, a noble and staunch friend—such was Mr. Craig. We mourn that we shall see his face no more. We tender our sincerest sympathy to his bereaved wife and family in their great sorrow. May the consolations of the Gospel be theirs.