

HD WIDENER



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A

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. CHRISTIAN CRAWFORD THOMSON,

MRS. MARGARETTA P. THOMSON,

AND

PROF. HENRY ROSSMAN THOMSON.

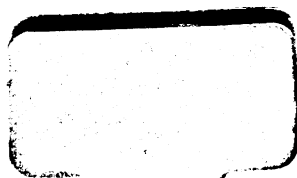
BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

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MRS. CHRISTIAN CRAWFORD THOMSON.

DIED MAY 7TH, 1878.

MRS. CHRISTIAN CRAWFORD THOMSON was born at Lebanon, Ohio, October 25, 1812. In 1828 she came to Crawfordsville with her brother, Henry Crawford, and her father. September 7, 1833, she united with the Presbyterian church. Her mother died before the removal of the family. She is spoken of as a woman of rare excellence. Henry Crawford, recently deceased, often referred to this, and especially in his last illness. He had made his last visit to her grave, and with tears told how her life, teachings and prayers came back to his memory. Our friend was the daughter of such a mother, and it was not wonderful that she caught and perpetuated her spirit. On the 31st of December, 1840, her marriage with Alexander Thomson took place. For more than thirty-seven years she has been the supreme center of this home. Not ambitious to occupy some conspicuous place, she has made her home for her family the brightest spot on earth. She has adorned it with flowers, and made it delightful with her own cheerful presence. It was not necessary for her to say, "my mother's children made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." Indeed, she was both a keeper *at* home and also *of* home. Her hands ministered to those who dwelt there, and her prayers were like an ever-abiding canopy over them. The heart of her husband trusted in her. She opened her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. What she was at home in all the gentleness and sweetness of a nature that she had drawn from a mother worthy of her, and that nature refined by the

charity in which true religion consists, none can tell but those who have lived in it. It is said that God's works often seem more beautiful the more closely they are examined. The beauty of the flower and the diamond is increased when looked at through a powerful lens. This character of which I speak was beautiful in society and in the church, but its greatest beauty was brought out under the scrutiny of home. You may deem me extravagant, but I have studied her character, and as I now look back over the many scenes in which I have seen her at home and in society, in the hours of serene joy, and of deep darkness, the days when either she herself or those who belonged to her home seemed walking in the valley and shadow of death, and I feel sure hers was a rare character.

To-day we are in the house of mourning. One who for so many years has been the center of this home has passed away to other scenes.

The transition has not been sudden, nor the end unlooked for. Death has been sending couriers for months past to announce his approach. Nor has this been done as in angry mood, but gently as on an errand of love. At last he came as sleep comes to a tired child. To *her* it was not death, but sleep. But to those who saw her "fall on sleep," it was *death*, "the last enemy." What struggles she had as she was beckoned away from "the house of this tabernacle" we do not know, except as she herself expressed her fear, her faith and her triumph. What has taken place in this house these weary months, whilst disease, which no skill can avert, was slowly taking the life of the wife and the mother, we know only in part. That there have been some heart-aches we are sure, and also many transcendent consolations.

In the abiding and amazing peace of her who was dying and of those who hovered so tenderly about her, seemed realized the apostolical benediction, "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus."

The partiality of a long-standing friendship, endeared by some peculiar relations, has welcomed me not a few times within the doors of this Christian home to cheer this Christian wife and mother as she drew near the dreaded gateway, not of death, but rather of life.

I have been allowed glimpses at her as, at times, with profound apprehension, she contemplated the end, and also to see in her a faith which was itself "the victory."

Rarely is a poor, tired believer allowed to enjoy a kindlier retreat in which to die "with the blessed Saviour and his attendant angels at her bedside to soothe and sustain, and bear the released spirit up to heaven." Indeed, so peaceful was she who was dying, and so full of repose in Jesus, that to those who ministered to her necessities it seemed in no wise the antechamber of death.

Do you ask me what were the chief consolations that cheered her and those about her? You may think it an affectation when I say, that in my repeated interviews with her I employed, as far as possible, the very words of our English scriptures. To such a Christian as she, these were her mother tongue, and as I drew draught after draught of this delicious water from "the well of salvation," she quaffed it with the eager delight of a thirsty child. Two of these interviews left an indelible impression on my memory, and, as I now speak, I seem to see her again responding to the divine word with the promises, the spoken hopes, with such tender and unfaltering faith. These words were as familiar to her as the remembered tones of her own mother, and sweet as the voice of Jesus. It is not difficult for me to recall some of the words which I repeated in her hearing, words which cheered the dying, and which, as I repeat them, will cheer the living.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

"Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.”

“What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us who can be against us.”

“He that spared not his own Son, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things.”

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? * * * * Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.”

“For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

“I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and fortress; my God; in him will I trust.”

“He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.”

“Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.”

“Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee.”

“Thus saith the Lord that created thee, * * * and he that formed thee, Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.”

“When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle on thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.”

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

“Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.”

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

“For this cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

And do you wonder that a timid woman who could express her faith in Christ in such words, approached the close of life with surprising serenity, and that her death was only a child's sleep at night, with a glad waking in heaven among the angels?

I know how these hearts here ache to-day, and how their tears flow, but I pray you, dear afflicted ones, recall the divine words that cheered her, and take courage. “Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

“Well, pour them freely forth, they end with night,
Bright joy stands waiting for the morning light.
A little longer now and all is won,
Thou hast till break of day to struggle on.

“Poor, tired wanderer! gather all thy strength;
See! from the east gray morning breaks at length!
Hail to the breaking day! One moment more,
Tears, sighing, groans and sorrow, all are o'er.

“Raise up thy head—bright beams the morning sun,
Hail to thy home in heaven, poor sorrowing one!

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.*

There lived and died among us a gentle woman of whom I wish to say a few words here, for her name is a gracious memory to me and to many.

Christian Thomson was not endowed with gifts by which to

* This beautiful tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Thomson by Mrs. Susan E. Wallace. It honors the gifted writer of it as it does the subject of her eulogy. It appeared in the *Saturday Evening Journal*.

command the admiration of the crowd ; she never sang a song for strangers, was not ambitious to reign in society, and when our friendship began had left behind the graces that wait on early youth. Her outer life was an every day story ; yet was there a daily beauty in it, sweet as the voice

——“ Of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

In this time of dissatisfied, complaining women, beset with restless fancies, it is very pleasant to recall one I knew through many years, who never spoke a single word of fretfulness or discontent. She was the ideal wife, to whom joy was duty and love was joy. Her home was like the blessed room in the very stately palace called Beautiful, where the old Pilgrim slept, and Mercy dreamed her glorious dream ; its window opened toward the sunrising ; the name of the chamber was Peace.

Can we forget the lovely spot where Summer was held prisoner all the year long ? The climbing vines, the geraniums which drooped and pined under other hands, flushing into color and bloom at the secret magic of her touch, and, in dreary winters, when snow lay deep and evergreens were fringed with ice, the pure white roses she freely gave to go with the bride to the altar and the dead to their graves ?

Her flowers are fair as ever ; her belongings in their familiar place ; but the Angel of the House is missing, and it seems empty as some lone nest clinging to wintry boughs, from which the green leaves are fallen and the singing birds flown.

Mrs. Thomson lived near to Nature. She gathered from the quiet bosom of our mother earth some portion of her tranquil rest, and her own garden was the Eden where she walked with God. At no time was he far from this serene and trustful spirit, and, even while in health she kept firm hold of her friends, she always stretched one hand toward the unseen one, eternally beautiful and beloved. At the last hour she put aside her strongest ties, and fearlessly drifted out into the silent sea which rolls round the whole world. Alone, yet not alone, her guide was the bright morning star ; underneath were the everlasting arms, and if her work appears unfinished, it is only that she may the sooner, at the Master's supper, lean her head upon his breast.

She has missed the slow decline of body and mind, more fearful than the most untimely death, the burdens day by day increasing with weight of years; best of all, she is first to drop from Love's shining circle, not left a late mourner over broken idols and buried treasure.

Vain is any attempt to measure her children's loss; it must ever remain unwritten and untold. After all the poets have sung and lovers dreamed, outside of heaven there is no love like mother love. We believe the tender care devoted to those nearest and dearest to her is not lost, and, in the possibilities of eternity, may be needed hereafter. We fancy her awaiting them in the place prepared for her, a little apart from the innumerable company in bright array; perhaps in one of the

"Palaces of ivory,
Its windows crystal clear,"

of which old Bonar quaintly sang. In the light not of the sun, neither of the moon, we see her beyond the fields of fadeless asphodel, under the waving palms, beside the still waters bordered with silver lilies. These may be merely figures, but they bear a precious meaning to yearning hearts made for the deep household loves.

To him who has kept even step with her along nearly forty years, the afternoon shadows are suddenly lengthened. Through the dark, still hours he watches the door of the sepulcher, weeping, thinking of death and life undying.

In the dawn of the great day for which all other days are made, heavenly hands will roll the stone away. That shape will rise again in the old likeness that we knew, altered, made glorious, yet the very same; they will be reunited somewhere among the many mansions, and she will be, forever and forever, the Angel of the House.

Mrs. Thomson faded from our sight unnoticed by the great world as a spent wave of the sea, leaving no sign save a soft imprint in the hearts which held her. Yesterday we gave back to the dust the weary body drawn toward it by such mysterious kinship. To-day I make this fleeting record, a weak tribute to the woman I honored, and send one last whisper after her through the everlasting silence—true wife, sweet mother, good friend, hail and farewell!

S. E. W.

May 10, 1878.

MRS. MARGARETTA P. THOMSON.

DIED JANUARY 4, 1882.

OUR hearts are very tender to-day as we meet in this house of mourning. All things conspire to magnify the earthly and eclipse the heavenly. Here is the somber sign at the door to tell us of death. Here are the places which once knew our friend. This was her home. Here was the altar at which she worshipped. Here we often met her. All that we see is associated with her. Many, many incidents of her career haunt these rooms. Here God gave her the delights of friendship, which she shared with her friends in no stinted measure. Here her babe was born. Here, with unquestioning resignation, she gave it back to God. Here she has lived with one who has loved her as his own life. Here she has been well, has been sick, and here she has died—no, not died, but fallen asleep. There she sleeps. By and by we shall bid her farewell, but not forever. Here we seem to be in her presence. We can not, nor would we, get away from these sweet but earthly reminders of her. As in the time to come we recall her she shall be to us our friend, like the beautiful form we are now to lay away in the house appointed for all living. Who will blame us if we weep as we do it?

There are some facts which belong to this life which has been brought to its close. Margaretta P. Thomas was born in Warren county, Indiana, September 7, 1854. She professed her faith in Christ at Williamsport in 1872. She was graduated at the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, 1875. On the 4th of September, 1877, she was married to Prof. Henry R. Thomson, and on the 4th of January, 1882, she entered into rest. How much do these bare statements include?

At Oxford she was a favorite with her teachers and her fellows in the Seminary. Gifted in mind, full of sympathy for

others, earnest in her piety, and wholly without guile, she was a quiet but pronounced power in the school. Had she consented, she would have become a teacher in the institution after her graduation.

Pleasing in person and manners, full of vivacity and sincerity, gifted with an excellent mind, which had been enriched by education, bent on doing good and making others happy, she has been a universal favorite. And many who loved and admired her will weep as they take the last look at her in the repose of death.

To lose such a friend is not an ordinary affliction. It touches our hearts with a sharp sorrow. How many there are who, with unutterable grief, shrink from the loss this event inflicts! I dare not chide your sorrow, but rather do I desire to soften it.

As we look on such an event as this, we feel how miserable are all earthly comforters. We must go to higher sources of consolation. They are found in God's sovereignty and goodness; in Christ's mercy and love. Do not consider me as performing an assigned part, in trying to act as comforter.

It is the poet's thought that a pilgrim found a portal, leading from a "shadowed vale," and the tired pilgrim, with fast failing breath, above the portal read "THE GATE OF DEATH."

Scarcely had he passed beneath that "Gate of Death," when he found himself "in a world all bright and fair."

"Amazed he turned;
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight; and his wondering eyes,
Now lusterful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care and strife,
Above the portal read, 'THE GATE OF LIFE.'"

The sign hanging at the door of this house has seemed to say "this is the house of death." The smile that lit up the face of her who was dying said, "this is the house of life."

The poet's thought is God's. At the end of life's dark valley *we* look at this gate through our tears and with heart-breaking grief can see only the words, "The Gate of Death." *She*, looking at this gate through freshly anointed eyes and with the joy of the new life, can see over the same portal the words, "The Gate of Life."

From the ministration which brought courage and hope to the chamber where she was dying, let me derive a few words for this occasion. The twenty-third Psalm speaks of the death-shadowed valley and the house of the Lord, to which it leads.

And she said with the emphasis of faith, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, *for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*"

The fourteenth chapter of John speaks of "The Father's house of many mansions," and of a divine Saviour going away to prepare a place for his children, and promising to come again to take them to be with him where he is.

If then the narrow way over which hangs the shadow of death leads to the Palace of the Great King in which his child is to dwell forever, then I can see why one who walks along that path, supported by him, should fear no evil.

If perchance the returning Saviour suddenly knocking at the door and beckoning his child to follow him to the Father's house of many mansions, at first should cause fright and pain, then I can see why one thus summoned should dry her tears and calm her apprehensions. She says the Saviour has come to take me to be with himself in the Father's house, and therefore I will not be afraid. I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed to him until that day.

It would not be truthful to leave the portrait without added tints of another color. Had we depicted our Lord himself at the time "he rejoiced in spirit" as if there was no time when he exclaimed, "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father save me from this hour"—I say, had we depicted only the Saviour's joy, and omitted his fear we would not have described our Saviour truly.

Jesus was glad sometimes, and sometimes he cried out with fear. He was like us in this.

I have spoken of the holy communions of joy where she was dying who occupies our thoughts to-day. All I have said is true. The valley of the shadow of death she believed to be leading her to the House of the Lord. The returning Lord was to take her to the Father's House.

And yet she loved life. She had great reason to love it. God had given her a mind of unusual power. This mind was educated. She lived in a world where her educated mind brought her constant joy. Herself very lovely, she was greatly loved. She was the center of a circle that loved her with unusual affection. All the love they bestowed she repaid in full measure.

To such an one this life possesses great brightness and value, and it was therefore in her esteem a high duty to take care of her life. And she did it earnestly and bravely. In those terrible moments of helplessness, when her life was rapidly flowing away, she sought to stay its flow. Others well nigh fainted, but she was firm and brave. Who can tell her struggles? Who can overestimate her Christian fortitude?

To her the close of life would be the close of most beautiful relations. Why dwell upon them? Only to show what it required to help her say, "I am willing."

Let us consider it. Her affections clung fondly to so many in these circles that she could not leave them without pain. There are some who seem through suffering and privation sick of life. Therefore they are willing to leave it. She was not one of these. From its earthward side there was not a reason why she should not shrink back from the loss of life. Her hold on life was not a mere negative dread of death. It was a positive, reasonable, strong hold of life.

And in such a home as hers, allied so tenderly to such friends, and just passing out of youth into mature life, she was to be made willing to obey the summons to leave all and depart.

And how was this effected? I answer, chiefly by her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. "When I think of the sins I have committed, I just look away from them to my Saviour!" so she said in full view of death. And then with a beaming face she said, "Oh, if he had not taken me and washed me in his blood!" "Washed in his blood!" that explains it. That is the foundation of it. At once all the exceeding great and precious promises became hers. All things became hers, whether life or death, and she was Christ's.

It may seem a strange fact, but it is a beautiful one, that when one expressed surprise that she should be willing to depart, she replied, "It has been given to me."

I have referred to the 23d Psalm and the 14th chapter of John as having been frequently read to her by her husband. She dwelt on the 4th verse of the psalm with great delight, and when she repeated it, emphasized the words, "I will fear no evil." What a gift had been given her! In the 4th of John the great thought was that her Saviour had gone to prepare a place for her in the Father's house, and that he was coming back to take her to himself to be with him.

She was sure he would return, not in a general way at the end of the world, but very soon. He was near at hand. And that day when those about her thought her dying, and especially her mother left the room in inconsolable grief, she sent to say to her mother, "The Lord has not yet come, but he will come soon." And so she told her husband, "The Lord is coming for me, he has promised to come again and I know he will!" And her last word as she sank out of the sight of the weepers about her was this: "He has come!"

These are wonderful consolations. They surround this otherwise heart-rending event with extraordinary glory.

Blessed indeed are they who are dying in the Lord!

And now she could say, as in a right given her by her Lord, who had fulfilled his promise and come back to take her to her Father's house:

"I shine in the light of God ;
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

"No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

"I have reached the joys of heaven ;
I am one of the sainted band ;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

"I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

"No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come.

"Oh friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are waiting yet in the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

"Then why do your tears run down,
Why your hearts so sorely riven,
For another gem in a Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven."

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.
The grace of our Lord Jesus be with you. Amen.

PROF. HENRY R. THOMSON.

DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1884.

THE funeral of Prof. Thomson, of Wabash College, was attended by a large number of friends at 10 A. M., on Wednesday, October 1, at the residence of his father, Alexander Thomson, on West Wabash Avenue. The Faculty and students were present, the latter in a body under direction of their own marshals, leading the funeral cortege to Oak Hill, where the interment took place. The services were conducted by President Tuttle, and began precisely at the hour appointed. The music was rendered by Dr. Galey, Mrs. Nelson McLain, Miss Eva Scott and Mr. Elliott W. Brown, and consisted of the pieces, "Cast thy Burden on the Lord," and "How Vain is all beneath the Skies,"—both of which were sung at the funeral of Prof. Thomson's wife. The Scripture lesson was made up chiefly of passages that had been read for devotional purposes in the sick room of Prof. Thomson, such as parts of the 23d and 103d Psalms, the 8th of Romans, the 11th of John, the 14th and 21st of Revelations, the 4th of 1st Thessalonians and the 15th of 1st Corinthians.

PRESIDENT TUTTLE'S ADDRESS.

Again has this home been consecrated by suffering and victory. First it was the wife who here triumphed over "the dread king." Now it is the husband. Standing close to the casket, which held her remains, I then used words which, with little change, I may repeat by the casket which holds his. Our hearts are very tender to-day. All things here conspire to magnify the earthly and eclipse the heavenly. Here at the door is the sombre sign of death. Here are the places which once knew them both. This was their home. Here the altar at which they worshiped. Here God gave them the delights of friendship. Here they dwelt together with great joy, tasting "first

God's love, and then the love of wedded souls." Here their babe was born. Here with all the sweetness of an unquestioning resignation they gave it back to God. Here they have been well. Here they have been sick. Here they have died—no, not died, but fallen asleep. Awhile ago we bade her farewell, and now in the same place we are saying farewell to him. We seem here to be in their presence. We can not—nor would we—get away from these tender reminders of them both. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided.

Prof. Henry Rossman Thomson was born July 15, 1847; professed Christ, June 1, 1862; was graduated at Wabash College in the class of '68; for three years was tutor; for several years studied at Philadelphia, New Haven, Ann Arbor, Harvard and Berlin, fitting himself for his life work; in 1874 was associated with Prof. Hovey in the department of Chemistry, which position he held until 1877, when he was elected Peck Professor of Chemistry at Wabash. In all these responsible positions he was a laborious and successful worker. Especially was this true in his sole occupation of this leading chair. He was an enthusiast in his profession, keeping up with the literature of the great science which he taught. Many felt the impulse of his generous mind in the class-room and laboratory. He was an effective college officer, and had the confidence of his associates in the Faculty. His place can not easily be filled. On the 16th of May last he left his laboratory for the last time. He had worked there "with a stout heart and resolute will." He had that evening laid down his tools expecting to take them up another day. But he was to be disappointed. And one must have strong nerves to look into the beautiful workshop he left, but look in vain for the workman. "He shall return no more, neither shall his place know him any more."

On the 4th of September, 1877, just as he was about to assume the charge of the department of Chemistry, he was married to Miss Margaretta P. Thomas. She was a lady richly endowed with gifts of person, mind and heart. She had the divine faculty of making those around her happy. Of this home in which we are she was the light and the charm. Her death occurred January 4, 1882, and from the terrible blow her afflicted hus-

band never fully recovered. From the time of his loss until he himself entered "the land of silence," his face carried the signs of the sadness that was in his heart. Rarely did he mention her name even to his most intimate friends. Even when in a foreign land and on the anniversary of her death, the hearts of the two brothers were agitated with recollections of her, the "widowed heart" uttered not her name. On one occasion a friend had sent him a flower picked from her grave, and he acknowledged the gift with tender courtesy, but even in that reply he only spoke of her as "the dear one." Better perhaps had it been had he shared with some brotherly heart the burdens of his inner life, for "well has it been said that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak." When he returned from abroad to his work it seemed as if the great sorrow were consuming him, and he plunged into his work as if to forget his loss. I am confident he taxed his energies too severely the last year.

As already stated, in May last he gave up and admitted he was sick, but his illness was so gentle and imperceptible that it was a surprise to himself and to his friends when forced to admit the danger of a fatal termination. He himself was as clearly conscious of his critical condition as were his attendants. There was probably never one minute when his mind was not itself. And although greatly emaciated and enfeebled, his sturdy and resolute independence remained in full force. It was the triumph of soul over its material surroundings. During the entire time until within a few hours of his death he expressed the desire to get well, and he husbanded his resources to that end with all the caution of a general fighting a critical battle. In all the days of these nearly twenty weeks he wasted no strength by fretfulness or unmanly complaint. He could have said truly, "Surely I have behaved and quieted myself even as a weaned child leans with perfect satisfaction on his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child." How gentle he has been! How unrepining! How submissive! And yet how strong! He wanted to get well, and he meant to leave no means untried. And he did right. To him life was a grand thing, and he did his best to preserve it.

" Whatever crazy sorrow saith
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death."

Intentionally I have given this fact a prominent place in these remarks. He looked his danger in the face with as serene a composure as a trustful child looks into the face of his mother. It was beautiful to see. It was grander than victory on a field of blood. It was a great victory. We instinctively asked the cause. He himself explained it when he said, the night he died, "How amazing the condescension of God in accepting one so unworthy!" He opened the secret of his sweet and unfaltering confidence as he responded to the assurances of Jesus Christ in the 8th of Romans as his own, "If God be for us who can be against us?" "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." No wonder he was so serene during these weary weeks face to face with death. In this there has been a striking resemblance between his experience and that of the wife he so tenderly loved. The words I used to describe her courage I may with little change again use to describe his. From the ministrations which brought courage and hope to the chamber where he was dying, let me derive words which explain and glorify his courage in the long and dreadful fight. They were the same that had sustained his companion as she was dying. He spoke of the "Father's House of many mansions," and of the Saviour's promise to take his child to be with him; and as his feet at midnight turned sharply into the dark valley he poured into the ear of the brother who was wiping from his face the copious sweat of death, the triumphant words of the 23d psalm, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

These are wonderful consolations. They surround this otherwise heart-rending event with an extraordinary glory. Blessed indeed are they who are dying in the Lord.

I need not crave your pardon for thus dwelling so much on these closely wedded lives that once dwelt in this home. To him whose death brings us together to-day I have had an almost continuous relation of affection for many years. I assisted at the communion the day he professed Christ. I helped teach and graduate him. I have watched with almost paternal pride his

success in his calling. I married him. I ministered to him with a brotherly heart in the time of his great sorrow and in his last sickness, and now I stand at his grave to speak of the great things God has done for him. In a little while we shall lay his remains close to those of his wife and babe. This beautiful home is closed. All of its members have passed through the portal of death into the realms of life. As President Edwards quaintly says, "They have got home. They never were at home before. They have got to their Father's house. They underwent much labor and toil; but now they have got home; they need travel no more, nor labor any more; they are inconceivably blessed. They do not mourn, but rejoice with exceeding joy. They find no mixture of grief at all that they have changed their earthly home and enjoyments and their earthly friends for heaven."

Perhaps as the last one passing from this beautiful home emerged from "the valley and shadow of death," the angels met him to say, "Welcome home!" Perhaps she whom he loved so well on earth was sent to say, "Dear one, welcome home!" Perhaps the men who before him had borne the burdens of the college on their hearts met him and said to him, "Brother, welcome home!" And, above all, that his Saviour said, "Good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

When we met here to pay our tribute of love to "the dear one" who had just passed to her heavenly home, I used some sweet and comforting stanzas as if they were spoken by *her* in her joy to us in our tears. And now let me use them again, slightly modifying them. Not she alone, but they *both* who have left this home for a "house not made with hands," unite in the message to us who still dwell in this "valley of tears:"

"We shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps our brow;
Through the valley of death our feet have trod,
And we reign in glory now.

"No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain;
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

“ We have learned the song they sing,
 Whom Jesus hath set free,
 And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
 With our new-born melody.

“ No sin, no grief, no pain,
 Safe in our happy home;
 Our fears all fled, our doubts all slain.
 Our hour of triumph come.

“ Oh, friends of our mortal years,
 The trusted and the true,
 Ye are waiting yet in the valley of tears,
 But we wait to welcome you.

“ Then why do your tears run down,
 Why your hearts so sorely riven,
 For another gem in the Saviour’s crown.
 And another soul in heaven ? ”

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. The grace of
 our Lord Jesus be with you. Amen.

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