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ADDRESS

GIVEN AT THE

Funeral Services

OF

LANGDON S. WARD

Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

NEWTON CENTRE, MARCH 30, 1895

By Rev. JUDSON SMITH, D.D.

TOGETHER WITH

A COMMEMORATIVE SERMON

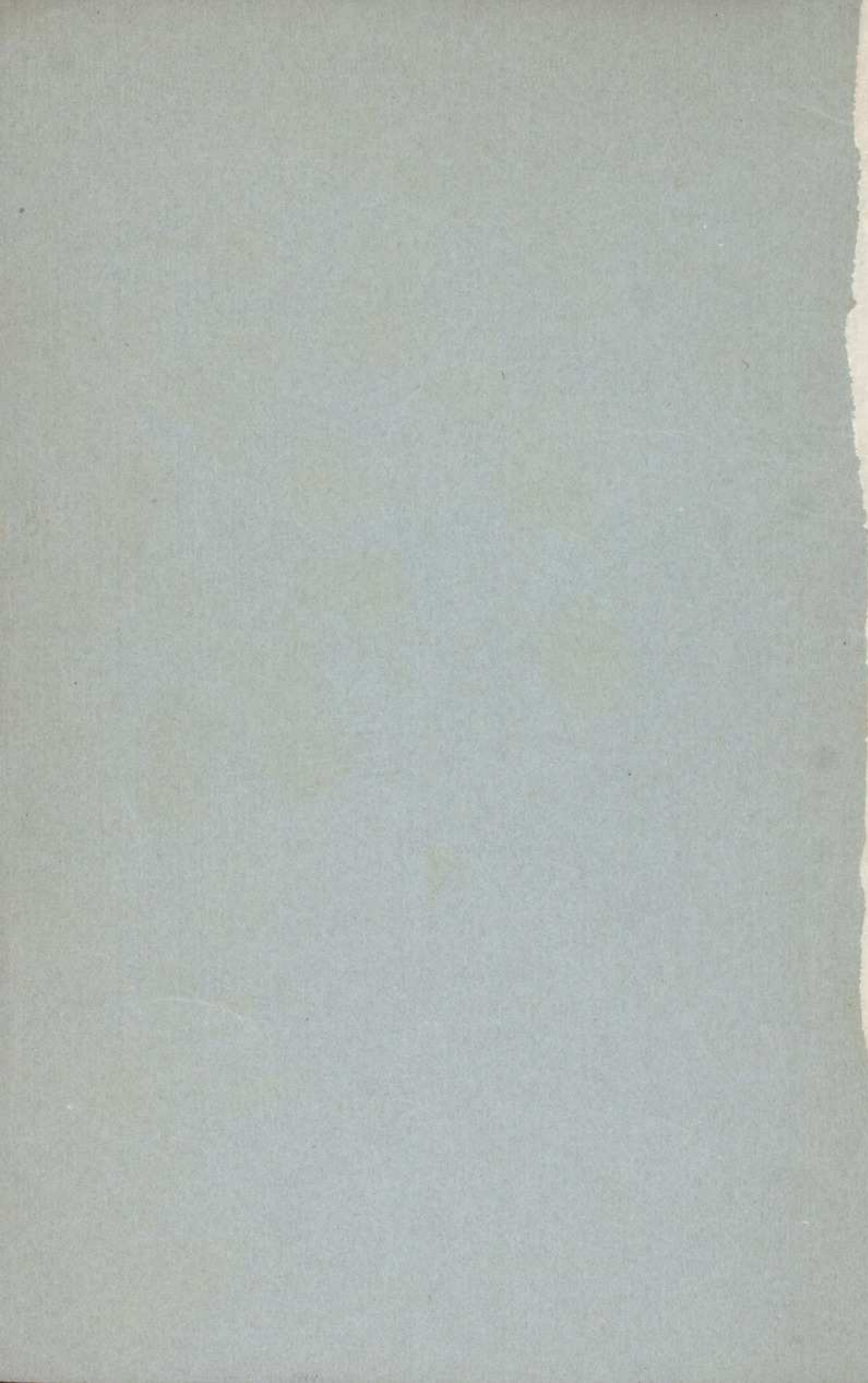
Preached in the Eliot Church, Boston

on Sunday, March 31

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PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOARD

1 Somerset Street, Boston

LANGDON STORER WARD was for over twenty-nine years the Treasurer of the American Board for Foreign Missions, having served as an assistant in the office for eleven years prior to his election as Treasurer in 1865. He was born in Saco, Maine, May 25, 1828, and died at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, March 27, 1895. The funeral service was held in the First Congregational Church of Newton Centre, on Saturday, March 30, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Edward M. Noyes, Rev. Daniel L. Furber, D.D., leading in prayer, with an address by Secretary Judson Smith of the American Board. On the following day, Sunday, March 31, Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson, who as a member of the Prudential Committee had been associated with Mr. Ward through a long series of years, was moved to preach a commemorative discourse in the Eliot Church, Boston, of which he is the senior pastor. This discourse, together with the address of Secretary Smith at the funeral, are printed by direction of the Prudential Committee.

MINUTE ADOPTED BY THE PRUDENTIAL COMMITTEE AT ITS
MEETING HELD APRIL 2, 1895.

Whereas it has pleased the great Head of the Church to remove by death our brother, Langdon S. Ward, Treasurer of the American Board, the Prudential Committee desire to put on record their high appreciation of his services to the cause of Christ in foreign missions during the more than forty years of his connection with the Board.

During all these years he has been recognized as a man of unusual business sagacity, of sterling integrity, untiring energy, and self-denying consecration. His actions and motives were clear and transparent, his perceptions quick and exact. He carried into all his work an intense love for the cause he so ably represented. Add to this his purity of character, spotless integrity, and high sense of honor, and we understand the reasons for his marked success in his important office. He was also a genial companion, gentle, tender, and affectionate.

An absolute and profound love of the truth as recorded in the Bible controlled his life, making him distinguished among us as a man of

prayer and unswerving faith. This faith, so triumphant in his last sickness and death, will be held in grateful remembrance by us all.

We shall miss him from his place in our Committee Room, where we have profited by his wide experience and mature judgment. We put on record this token of our esteem and love. We request that a copy of this Minute be sent to the family, with our assurances of deep sympathy in this great affliction.

Letters of sympathy at the loss sustained by the Board in the death of its Treasurer and of appreciation of his high character and abilities have been received from the Executive Officers of the Woman's Board of Missions, the American Missionary Association, the Board of Foreign Missions of the American Presbyterian Church, and the American Baptist Missionary Union, and from a large number of individuals in all parts of the country. The following letter from Mr. Dwight L. Moody was received in response to a letter from one of the secretaries informing him of Mr. Ward's sickness and approaching death:

CITY OF MEXICO, April 10, 1895.

My Dear Sir: When I went to Boston in 1855 I had never been in a prayer meeting in my life, and the first prayer meeting I ever attended was at Mt. Vernon Church, and the man whose prayers touched me the most was dear Mr. Ward. I was always glad when he got up to pray, and I thought he was the best man I had ever seen. When he came into the meeting I would look on him and wonder if I ever could become like him; and when he spoke to me the night I was before the church committee his words touched my heart greatly, and I have always thought of him as one of the best of men.

If he is still living, give him much love and tell him to be sure and come to Northfield this summer; and if not living, then I will wait a little longer and see him in the Better Country.

Yours as ever,

D. L. MOODY.

ADDRESS BY REV. JUDSON SMITH, D.D.

AGAIN we stand in the light that falls upon the open grave, and feel afresh how weak and transitory are all earthly things when seen against the eternal realities of God's kingdom. Here many things engross our time and fill our thoughts which in the light of the immortal life dwindle to insignificance or vanish quite away. But there are other things which stand out in unwonted majesty and strength, like the mountain ranges and river courses which give character to the landscape and refreshment to the eye. Our questions, our debates, our fancies, our pleasures, and our cares—how small they seem! The grace of God that brings salvation, the love of God that seeks the world's redemption, prayer and Christian service, and the growth of Christ's kingdom in the earth—how real, how great, how enduring, and of what matchless glory! "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal;" and here we stand in the light of the eternal world, and feel the correction of all earthly values and judgments. There is nothing so precious as the Christian hope; there is nothing so great as the kingdom of God; there is nothing so glorious as the redemption which is in our Lord Jesus Christ and the victory which he gives to the believing soul over sin and death and the burdens of frail mortality.

This was preéminently the thought and experience of our beloved brother, whom we miss here among our ranks and to whose mortal frame we are gathered to pay the last tribute of affection. In early years he experienced the renewing grace of God, and through his long life of service this was the one priceless treasure of his heart,

the secret of his strength, and his perpetual joy. Peculiarly during these last weeks of his life, when facing the certainty of an early release and feeling his grasp on all earthly objects weakening day by day, has his faith been firm and triumphant, his hold on God and his pardoning mercy, and his sense of unbroken peace with God, as serene and steadfast as the stars of the firmament. From the moment when he learned that a fatal disease was upon him and that his work was done, down to his latest breath there was not one moment of wavering, not one whisper of lament, not a word of sorrow ; but, rather, a peace and calmness and joyful hope and a growing sense of sin and sorrows past and the victory won, which have made that chamber of mortal weakness the house of God and the gate of heaven. He seemed to be repeating those exultant words of Paul, the aged, when his end was near : "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." And we are in truest harmony with the thoughts and expressed wishes of our brother if, in the midst of the tears that will fall and the sorrow that will rise, we lift our thoughts from these scenes to that blest abode where now he sees the King in his beauty and walks with him in white. Our tears are for ourselves ; the sorrow we feel is for our loss. For him, as he himself said, "sin and sorrow and pain are no more ; the final victory is won ; and it is glory, glory, glory with his glorious God."

The qualities of our brother in the home, in the church, and as a citizen, all marked and worthy of full mention, will be more fitly set forth on another occasion, and I pause but for a word to that domestic circle so sadly broken. It must be no small consolation that to this beloved husband and father the time of painful weakness was so abridged, that acute suffering was averted, and the mind left so calm and clear to the very last. But the greatest comfort is in the

joyful assurance that to their dear one no evil has come, but the happy ending of a useful and honored life and the glorious dawn of heaven's immortal day. No inheritance to his children could equal the sacred legacy of a noble example and many prayers which he has left behind him, a perpetual incitement to the highest life and purest deeds. How fit a close to those last days of weariness when, after bidding his household and little ones the long good night, he awaited the end

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The mission rooms have sustained a great loss, and we who remain there a sore bereavement. Mr. Ward had been officially connected with the Board for more than forty years, at first as an assistant in the treasury and during the last thirty years as Treasurer of the Board. He came to these duties with a warm-hearted consecration to foreign missions, which grew and deepened with every year of service, and with a high appreciation of the privileges of having a share in this great movement, as well as with an admirable equipment for the special responsibilities of his office; and in the discharge of his office he has shown a most conscientious fidelity and unwearied industry, and so has won the love and trust of all his associates, has commanded the full confidence of business men, and perfectly maintained the high credit of the Board at home and abroad. The warm and genuine spirituality that characterized all his life and thoughts was a high and rare qualification for the duties of his office. It was impossible for him to neglect any duty, and yet his thoughts seemed always more upon the Christian work in progress on the various mission fields than upon the mere details of business. He could turn in a moment from the affairs that occupied him at his desk to a conference with an associate or a request from a missionary and give them sympathetic consideration. From the varied cares of his office he would come to the committee table ready for generous

measures and for broad views of the matters presented there. His prayers at the table were appropriate and uplifting and edifying, and he was always prompt in attendance and ready to bear his part in the devotional meetings that were held in the building. No one could doubt that his heart was supremely enlisted in the growth of Christ's kingdom on earth or that the chief attraction of his work in the rooms to him was its bearing on that great end. There is an intimacy of relations among the executive officers of the Board and a sacredness in their intercourse that make it almost a breach of confidence for them to speak in public of one another; but here, when our beloved brother has passed beyond these voices, it cannot be amiss to bear testimony for myself and my associates to the high sense of honor, the unstrained loyalty, the warm affection, and brotherly love which characterized him in all our common and official life at the rooms. The personal interests and good name and official standing of every associate were as dear to him as his own and guarded with equal fidelity, and in all these things his last days brought to him no regrets. All who have been in any way associated with him at the rooms would gladly join in similar testimony. The missionaries of the Board were to him as brothers and sisters, and when tidings of their loss reaches them they will all rise up and call him blessed.

Interested in every matter touching the efficiency and progress of the Board, wise in counsel, fertile in resources, hopeful in spirit, frank in conference, and unswerving in faith, his presence was always a source of help and strength, and we shall miss him more than words can tell. The words of David, mourning over Jonathan, spring to the lips: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been to me." But the words of praise for the service that has been, and of rejoicing for the glory that now is and shall be forever more, rise above the words of lament, and we cry with him and with all the ransomed throng: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto

the Lamb forever and ever!" For he is *there*, this friend of ours whom we mourn; he is *there*, lifted above all weakness and sorrow and pain, walking in the light of God and changing into the likeness of Him, whom not having seen he loved, whom now he beholds face to face, and is forever at rest.

As we think of him there and say farewell, the words of Bernard's hymn seem most fit:

"There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white."

COMMEMORATIVE SERMON

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON, D.D.

THE TRIUMPHANT CHALLENGE.

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"—1 *Corinthians xv: 55.*

ONE week ago I visited a friend on his deathbed. He was a friend of many years' standing. The sickness which brought him to a condition of feebleness and weariness was one of only a few weeks. From the midst of active duties in a highly responsible position he had recently retired to his sick room, aware that a fatal malady was upon him, that his remaining days would be few, and that he must leave behind him a large and dependent family. The interview proved to be one of the most impressive and to myself one of the most profitable in which it has ever been my happiness to participate, and it furnishes occasion and hope regarding suggestions which may perhaps be helpful to others also. The friend referred to was Langdon Storer Ward, who for thirty-one years had been Treasurer of the American Board, and the services at whose funeral were attended yesterday. Not a little gratifying is it that I have known all the treasurers of that institution, which was founded in 1810; and at the same time it is to me deeply suggestive that I have attended the funerals of all save one of them, who died in South Carolina.¹ One of those occasions occurred towards half a century since. Three such occasions have taken place within the last three years.

¹ Samuel H. Walley, *died* July 26, 1849.

Jeremiah Evarts, " March 10, 1831.

Henry Hill, " January 16, 1892.

James M. Gordon, " February 23, 1892.

Langdon S. Ward, " March 27, 1895.

No biographical sketch will now be attempted, but only a short study in Christian necrology. The rare triumph of faith witnessed during the hour just alluded to has made the burden of my meditation for the last two or three days—

“O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?”

A little reflection will show that the prevailing ideas of death are derived from other sources than our sacred Scriptures. I do not stop to enlarge upon such occasional gross skepticism as finds utterance in the sullen definition of Hobbes, “Death is a leap in the dark;” or in the frivolity of Rabelais, “I go to seek the great Perhaps;” or in the atheistic outcome of the French Revolution, “Death an eternal sleep.” Short of such portentous extremes, there is among us a good deal of sentiment and imagery not fully in accord with the spirit of Holy Writ. This proceeds chiefly from a failure to apprehend the fact that the present life is a testing period; that there are but two great classes of mankind, and that no two worlds are farther apart than are the destinies of those two classes. There exists abundance of vagueness in regard to the unending existence of the human soul and its final state as determined by free choice here on earth, and that probationary decisiveness is never vouchsafed elsewhere than this side the gate of death. Whether God has spoken clearly on these points; whether any great moral change is indispensable; whether provision has been made sufficient for all; whether acceptance thereof is the privilege of all; and whether upon such acceptance spiritual light and peace may reasonably flood the soul to the end of terrestrial life, a prelude to indescribable bliss hereafter—are truths of supreme present moment, yet truths now fading from religious literature, from pulpit and platform, from Sunday school and fireside. Nothing but silence on these vital verities is needed to give currency to the idea that our God is not only love but is all love, and that the

inspired testimony concerning him, "Our God is a consuming fire," must be an awful untruth.

Even in sections and times that are blest with a comparatively faithful presentation of evangelical truths, and where in the church there is measurably some just apprehension thereof, there is still a wide failure to bring those truths to bear in all their legitimate force upon the closing scene of the believer's life. The black pall which sin has thrown over last hours and all memorial proceedings is too seldom lifted and the bright light of our joyous religion allowed to irradiate those hours. Sadness is accepted as the normal condition. A torch reversed and a shattered column meet the eye.

True it is something—yes, it is a great thing—to be able to say intelligently of a departed friend, "He was resigned; he was sustained; he had no fears." We render hearty thanks that concerning so many such testimony can be truthfully borne. But that does not realize the ideal standard of Christianity. The devout man whose name has been mentioned and whose sick room was so brightened by light direct from heaven dwelt much upon this in the farewell hour referred to. His strong desire was that the funeral might be free from gloom; that if tears were shed they might be tears of joy—joy that one more ransomed soul had entered the realm of glory; that the refrain of the service might be, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Was he not right? What is the apostolic injunction? "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice." Whatever else you fail of, fail not of rejoicing. Do the event and circumstances of departure from earth form an exception? The Holy Spirit moved the apostle to declare also in that same Epistle to Philippi, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death"—"or by *death!*" It was an obligation resting upon Paul and upon every believer to honor our Lord in dying as well as in living. Nor does the most dreaded form in which that event can come exempt from the duty of thus honoring Him

who hung for hours on the cross at Golgotha. Paul was ready to be offered in martyrdom. He had learned a lesson from the example of the Great Master, who never but once approached Jerusalem in triumph and that on the eve of his foreknown condemnation and crucifixion. And not only had Paul learned the lesson from that most significant scene and the scenes which followed, but also from what just before his ascension Christ had said to Peter: "This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he said unto him, Follow me." Peter did follow his Lord and also honor him (for the tradition seems to be trustworthy) by a similarity of death, even in an aggravated crucifixion. But he thence followed him to paradise, for divine authority assures us that to "be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." And is it a time for depression when a man is presented at court? Should friends who meet to talk about the matter look downcast and put on badges of mourning?

In his last sickness Mr. Ward's frame of mind was not one of ecstasy, but one of clear, luminous, poised exaltation. There was a commingling of peace and triumph, the calm rapture of holy assurance. It was an authorized experience, one which the Bible sanctions and more than sanctions. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." There is a quietude of soul that exceeds all thought of the inexperienced—a quietude such as words cannot describe, ready to stand guard for any trusting saint at the otherwise grim portal—"peace which passeth all understanding." But exultation is also authorized. "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." "Joy unspeakable!" Dispersed believers of that day, in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, amidst their persecutions and manifold trials kept heart; were, indeed, the only jubilant men between the Mediterranean and the

Black Seas, and God sent them no reminder that there were dark waters close by, no word of caution about excessive gladness. They were the rather encouraged in what they were doing, allowing their love to the risen Saviour to bring antepasts of heaven, prelibations of complete redemption. "O death, where is thy sting?"

Most reasonable is such a present feast of fat things, and that, too, when no further bodily nourishment will supply strength and when all its vital forces are sensibly ebbing away, as in the case of Mr. Ward. Tears should be reserved for such and by such as have no hope, who are still aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; for the gay worldling; for the unconverted rich man, who also is to die and be buried, but Lazarus is carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Did Abraham mourn when he and his attendants entered Canaan, though Machpelah was all the personal estate he would have there? Did the tribes drop tears on the river bottom as they passed through Jordan into the Land of Promise? Did Elijah try to stay the chariot of Israel as it bore him skyward? Let the storm-tossed mariner indulge in low spirits on entering the desired haven; let wailing be heard when a marriage festival draws nigh; but let a song of triumph be heard as the saintly voyager finds, and as we looking on find, that faithful is He who hath said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Aye, when it appears that the midnight of earth is giving place to the midday of heaven, "O death, where is thy sting?"

In one capacity or another Mr. Ward had been in the service of the American Board for twoscore years.¹ A fidelity that was never impeached nor suspected characterized that long service. Conscientiously, cheerfully de-

¹ Mr. Ward began work as Treasurer's Clerk, August 1, 1854; received formal appointment by the Prudential Committee September 19, 1854; was "Acting Treasurer" from May to August, 1863; the same, a second time, from December, 1864, to October, 1865; was elected Treasurer at the annual meeting of the Board, 1865, and reelected at each successive meeting.

voted to the work, he was found early and late at his desk. He seemed thoroughly free from ostentation and self-seeking. It was a natural inquiry that a stranger made at one of the annual meetings of the Board, "Who is that silent man who sits on the platform and never speaks, but takes the money?" He never boasted of his services, nor did the discharge of a trust acceptably to associates and to numerous other friends in this country and in foreign lands appear to enter as an element—certainly not as a conspicuous element—into the joys of his closing month.

While no office will of itself sanctify any one, an intimate connection with the cause of missions is favorable to Christian expansion of mind and heart. How can a man have before him habitually the woes and wants of unevangelized thousands and not have exalted views of Christ's atoning work and the ultimate triumph of his kingdom? Is it strange, then, that in bidding good-by to a world which has been redeemed by such precious blood—a world in which Immanuel is carrying out his purposes and over which King Jesus will yet reign supreme and universally—is it strange that one of his special servants should be enraptured? A predecessor of our friend in the treasurership of this Foreign Mission Board said: "Dear Jesus—praise him, praise him, praise him in a way which you know not of!" "Wonderful—glory—Jesus reigns!" and then—about the same hour before midnight as Mr. Ward, May 10, 1831—Jeremiah Evarts breathed his last. David Brainerd, in spite of constitutional melancholy, and notwithstanding the uniformly bitter things that he wrote against himself, often spoke of the day of his death as "that glorious day," and with his last breath exclaimed: "My work is done. O to be in heaven, to praise and glorify God with his holy angels!" Samuel Whitney, at the Hawaiian Islands, throwing up his arms, said: "And is the victory won? Glory, glory, glory! Hail, glorious immortality!" Amidst

the spasms of Asiatic cholera, Gordon Hall, on the veranda of a heathen temple, three times repeated, "Glory to thee, O God!" and at once found himself where the inhabitant shall never say, "I am sick." Many years ago while standing by the grave of a missionary in Ceylon who was a victim of consumption, his testimony occurred to me: "I have as great joys as this weak frame can endure." "How surprising and joyful it will be to wake up here in Tillipally on the resurrection morning!"

Only fellow countrymen of ours who were devoted to the cause of missions have thus been cited, but as representatives of the noble evangelistic army they had no monopoly, no peculiarity of valedictory triumph. A somewhat wide acquaintance with missionary memoirs enables me to say that there appears to be no other class of believers who more uniformly or more firmly pronounce the challenge, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Our departed friend had been a cheerful Christian man for many years. There was a good degree of gladness through his whole religious life, and the last weeks were in some sense a natural culmination. Dying grace is needed only once; spiritual joy is needed all the while. Not more true is it that the joy of the Lord is your strength than that dejection from the adversary is your weakness. Sadness always tends to feebleness. Long indulged it will inevitably cripple one's powers, mental and moral alike. The only effective safeguard against the insidious approaches of pessimism is an animating faith in the immeasurable wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Ruler.

Recurring once more to missionary ranks, we find the earliest and best-known New England representative—the man whose name is borne by this church of Christ—exhibiting firm trust amidst arduous labors and sore disappointments. When from time to time word came to him, "O sir, such a one is dead! what shall we do?" he would answer: "Well, but God lives; Christ lives; the

Saviour of New England yet lives, and he will reign till all his enemies are made his footstool." That was the man whose last words, at eighty-six years of age, more than two centuries ago, were, "Welcome joy!"

It is not thinking about joy that will bring joy, nor is Christian joy something to be asked for or expected directly and apart from a connection by conduit with the great fountain of all blessedness; but there being consciously a vital union with the risen Lord and a devout contemplation of his glorious person, his high priesthood, and his resplendent crown, holy gladness fills the soul. A blessed tonic it is, banishing spiritual atony and diffusing spiritual vigor. This may coexist even with pain and some measure of darkness and constraint. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." A climbing boy was once heard singing in a chimney:

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

Was it not at midnight that dungeon melodies were once heard at Philippi? But that was no prerogative of imprisoned apostles. Madame Guyon, shut up in the castle of Vincennes, not only sang but wrote songs of praise. "It sometimes seemed to me," she said, "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies." There may, indeed, be gladness—thanks that there can be a rich store of it—proceeding from natural affections and from experiences that have no religious element; but that joy of which we now speak, that joy in God which is religion itself, will always be found in its last analysis to have respect to his glory. It is a gracious endowment, yet conveyed as a patrimony to devout, trusting souls. There can be no copartnership between distrust, discontent, self-indulgence, on the one

hand, and sanctified cheeriness on the other. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart"—and O what a harvest home there may then be all the year round! There is no winter in such a life.

What, now, was the secret of our friend's attitude of mind? The most important practical question arising, the question fundamental to everything else of which we are saying, is this: What was the ground of that man's noteworthy experiences and utterances during the month which closes today? Indeed, the testimony is that for nearly two months, since being assured that an incurable malady was upon him, his manner and his language, spoken and written, had been substantially the same. Early in March he wrote, "I look forward to my heavenly home, the place the Lord Jesus has prepared for me, with joyful expectation." His state of feeling was in no wise due to the disease, for the brain remained unaffected, and that deathbed was an honest place. What, now, was the decisive thing, the one conspicuous fact, the most distinctive characteristic of soul? It was faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—faith in him as Saviour; a Saviour from sin; the only Saviour; the all-sufficient Saviour. I am not arguing that such should have been his thought. It is no speculation, no theory which I am presenting. I am not now preaching, but narrating. Nor am I dealing in eulogy of a friend just departed; but, gladly constrained by his testimony, am repeating some things which may be to the praise of the atoning merits and the transforming grace of our Lord and Saviour. There could be no mistake about it. The golden thread running through the whole, the very warp itself, the woof itself, was, "I am nothing but a sinner saved by grace." The vicarious, the propitiatory sacrifice on Calvary, the Holy Spirit's convicting and regenerating might, were all in all to him. There was no allusion to faithful services nor to personal merits of any kind. He simply gathered the folds of Christ's righteousness closely around him, and joy seemed unmingled. His peace was like a river. It is sometimes said of a person

when approaching the end, "He has one foot in the grave." Mr. Ward had both feet on a rock, the Rock of Ages. He needed no suggestions; comforting words from others were superfluous. The last enemy was conquered and was being turned into a warm friend.

We may not call such a condition dying. No, it is simply falling asleep in Jesus. Or, if we use the word death, we should think of him as a white-winged angel who comes with a message of mercy, not bearing a summons, but an invitation. "O death, where is thy sting?" Death answers: "For such persons I have no sting. Christ, my vanquisher, hath drawn it. That man has been plunged in the fountain opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; has finished his course; has kept the faith; there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

Neither the Great Teacher nor the apostles say much about death simply as the event of dissolution, the mere separation of soul and body; but with reference to believers there is a good deal in this authoritative book about the deliverance of them who through fear of death were subject to bondage; about death being abolished; about their not seeing death; about its being swallowed up in victory; and so is put into the inventory of their peculiar possessions: "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death—or death!—or things present, or things to come; all are yours."

The real Christian's casket may well be white. Among the flowers thereon may well be a plenty of heart's-ease. Interment is not the burial of a believer, but only of his cast-off garment; it is the burial of cares, of perplexities, of sorrows. The cemetery signifies for such the end of disappointments, the cessation of evil tidings and of all alarms. I once stood by the side of a noble Christian woman at the interment of her noble Christian mother, and with beaming face she remarked, "That is the first attractive grave that I ever looked into." "O death, where is thy sting? O

grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

During his whole sickness Mr. Ward, on the bed of increasing weakness, conducted family worship, morning and evening, till the last day. Singing formed a part of the worship. Of the three hundred hymns in his memory, one was preëminently a favorite. With that we will close our present service. Would that every one who bears the name of Christian might sing it with the spirit and with the understanding, also. Let every missionary with whom our friend has corresponded throughout the wide world, let every mission church and every mission school on the three continents beyond the sea and on the islands of the sea, join in the song :

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

"I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

"I'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne!
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

"Well — the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace."

