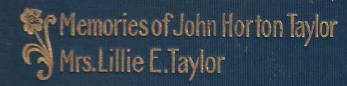
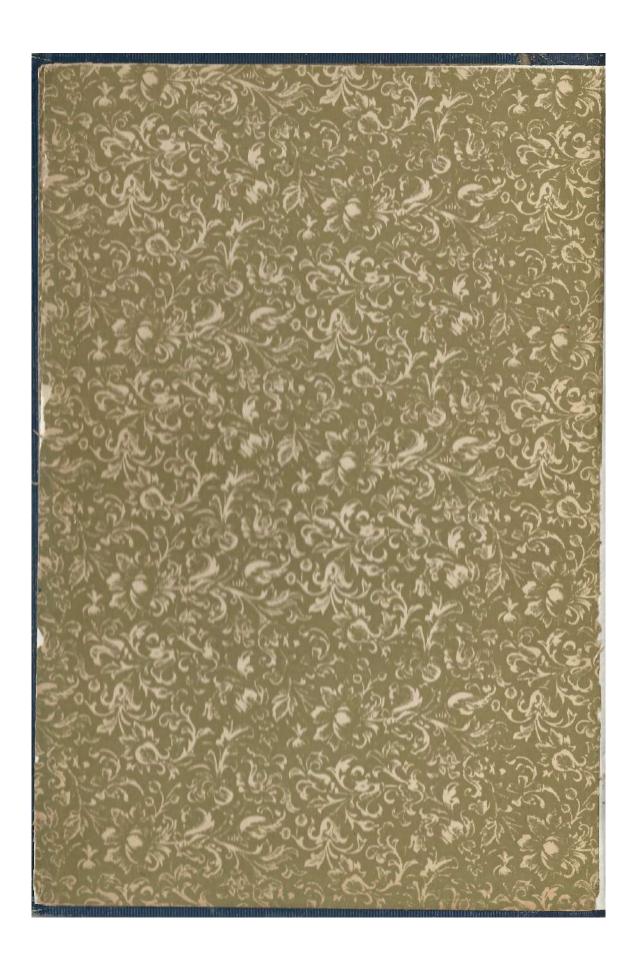


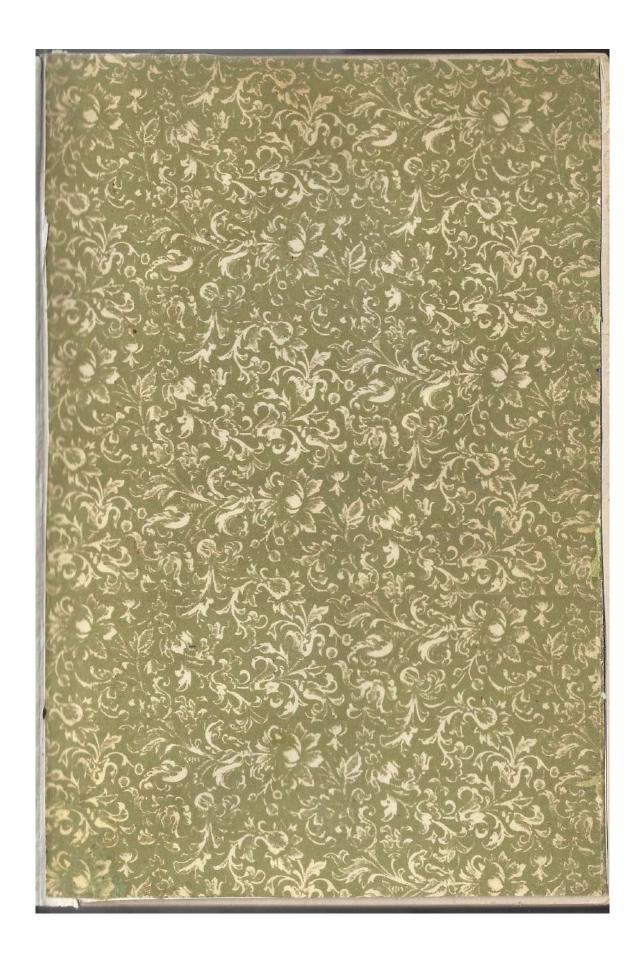
JOHN FORTON TAYLOR

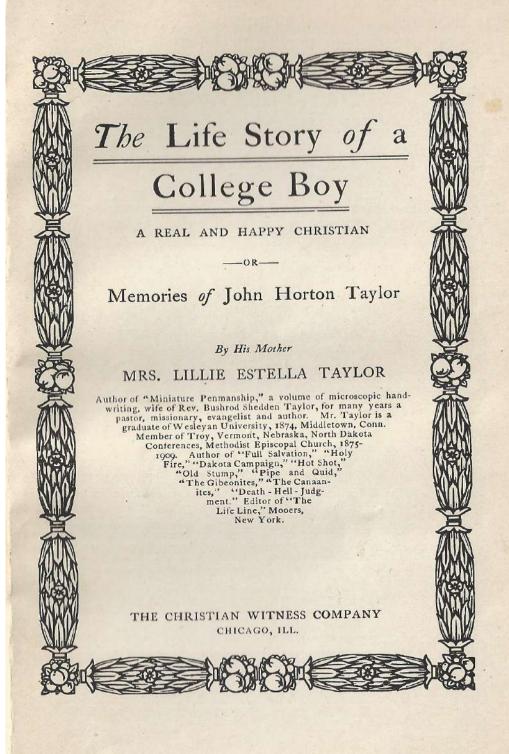
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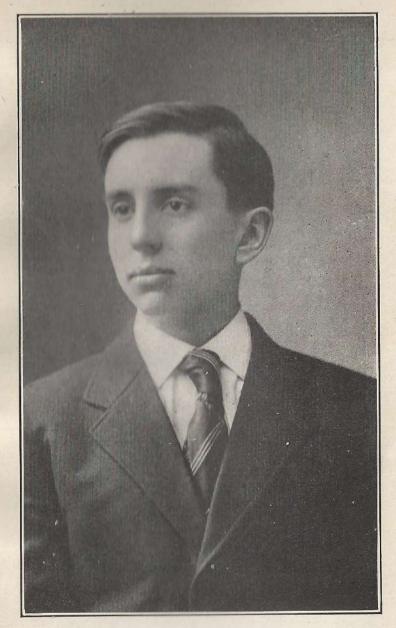
THE STIAN TAESS 10.







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John Horton Taylor Happy on the Way.

Memory

·He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me!—PSA, 55:18.

Tears are showers that fertilize this world
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them. They are poor
That have lost nothing. They are poorer far
Who losing, have forgotten. . . .
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
When there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But oh! this thread of gold
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession!

-JEAN INGELOW.

Grief

Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous, but I said, "Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it." —JER. 10:19.

O God! Thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, be kind!—

Ah, the tears, the tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him. Clasp him—Clasp him harder! You cannot hurt, you cannot waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff, he is stark and cold!

Put your hand now to his brow,—damp, indeed, but not with healthful night-sleep; it is not your hand,—no do not deceive yourself,—it is your loved boy's forchead that is so cold, and your loved boy will never speak to you again—never play again—he is dead!—IK MARVEL.

Consolation

HE HATH SENT ME
'To Bind up the Broken-Hearted;
To Comfort All who Mourn;

TO GIVE UNTO THEM

Beauty for Ashes;

The Oil of Joy for Mourning;

The Garment of Praise for the Spirit of Heaviness!

—ISAIAH 61:2, 3.

O! Is it not a noble thing to die

As dies the Christian, with his armor on!

A servant of the living God is dead!
His errand hath been well and early done,
And early hath he gone to his reward.
He shall come no more forth, but to his sleep
Hath silently lain down, and so shall rest!
. . . He shall no more thirst,
Nor hunger, but forever in the eye—
Holy and meek, of Jesus, he may look
Unchided, and untempted, and unstained.

-N. P. WILLIS

To My Children

Your Mother Offers These

Memories

of the

Brother 'Cone Before'

As an Expression of Her Affection

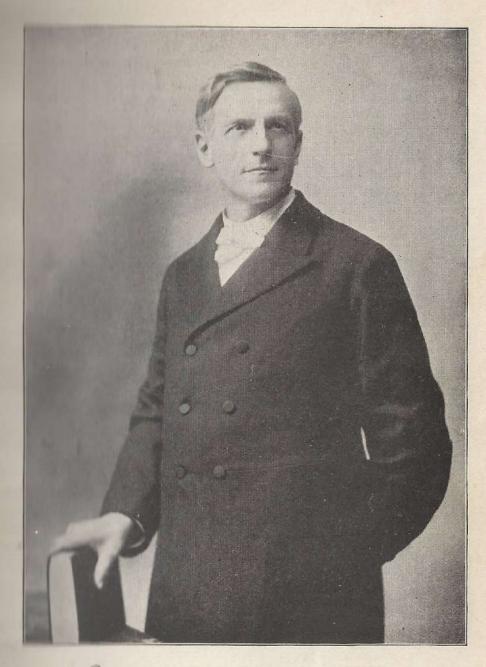
A Mother's Prayer

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them!
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do Thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksand and the rocks
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee, we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them;
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them!

-BRYANT.



Yours in Jesus Name B. S. Taylor

Gratitude

REV. B. S. AND MRS. LILLIE E. TAYLOR.

We thank our friends for permission to use the letters they have written. We are grateful for all these kindly words of sympathy, and messages of comfort; for all the prayers that have ascended to the heavenly throne for our help in this time of trouble; for the flowers that covered the bier; for the many kind favors offered, during the last sad days before his form was laid to rest, until the trump of God shall sound.

We shall never forget those who ministered to him in his delirium and helplessness; words cannot express our gratitude.

These sentiments of affection and friendship, and the testimonies to the faithfulness and goodness of our boy,—whom so many loved,—we shall ever cherish as sacred and golden memories.

Thy Brother

He weareth raiment white, which angel hands From the full vestry of the Lamb have brought! With palm and crown before His throne he stands, Who him by blood hath bought.

Gladness unspeakable his soul doth fill!

He hath forgotten pain, and grief and sorrow,

Eternal bliss hath dawned on him,—he will

See no woe—bringing morrow!

He might have passed through many a weary year Of trouble, sickness or perplexity, And as an autumn leaf, all brown and sere Been shaken from the tree.

He might have forfeited the heavenly prize
Had he lived longer on the tempter's ground,
Then gaze no longer where his body lies
Beneath the new-found mound.

Yea! Look up from the scene of mourning, where Naught but a dreary blank thine eyes can see! Thou hast a Brother now in heaven, and there He waits to welcome thee!

-FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERCAL.

Trelude. There are reasons why this little sketch should have existence. That those who love his memory, may have in permanent form an account of his last days, his dying hours, his triumphant death, and the funeral services! Although John is gone forever, and the desire of his heart to preach the Tospel of Jesus and win pouls for the Masters crown, can never be realized; yet God, in his infinite goodness; may make this record of his short, but pure, nobleand useful life, an inspiration to the Christian youth of our land, to take up the work he hath begun and carry it on to completion. If this may be, John will rejoice, and I shall be glad, that he being dead yet speaketh.

The Cand Beyond the Blue

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.—Job 3:17.

'Tis a weary world, and a dreary world
We pilgrims are journeying through;
But a country bright, with no cloud or night
Is' the land beyond the blue.

And souls that are sad shall be evermore glad
With a joy that is perfect and true,
When they reach the strand of that beautiful land
The land beyond the blue.

And there, we are told, is the city of gold,
Bathed in glory eternally new,
And its streets are trod by the angels of God
In the land beyond the blue.

To the fever and strife of this hurrying life,
To its sorrows we'll bid adieu—
When we stretch our wings, and each spirit sings
In the land beyond the blue.

O! Brothers that mourn, with hearts that are torn, There is solace for me and for you; For no sickness nor pain shall grieve us again In the land beyond the blue.

And the spirits we love in those mansions above Prepared for the faithful and true, Are dwelling for aye, in immortal day,
In the land beyond the blue.

—John Hutchinson.

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Sillie Estetla Taylor

The Gift of God

His name is John!-Luke 1:53.

30

It is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors.—Addison.

80

Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves.—Burke.

32

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, Now green in youth, now withering on the ground, So generations in their course decay, So flourish these when those have passed away.

-Pope.

God gave a gift to Earth, a child Weak, innocent and undefiled,

Opened its wondering eyes—and smiled.

-A. A. PROCTOR.

ACAULAY says that people who take no pride in the achievements of their ancestors will themselves never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by their

descendants; and it is good to be well born, though we need not boast of this unless we accomplish something of merit ourselves. Eight generations of the Taylors are known to us; they were of rugged New England stock, religious and patriotic.

Richard "Rock" Taylor (I), who came from London, 1635, in the ship "Truelove," fought by the side of Miles Standish, John Alden, Edward Winslow and other Puritan founders of Plymouth Colony, in the cradle days of American liberty.

Richard Rock Taylor, Jr. (II), his son, was a soldier under Captain Church in King Phillips' war, protecting the young colonies from their threatened extermination in eastern Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century.

Jasher (III), his son, grappled with the enemies of his country, during the long and bloody French and Indian wars, that devastated the Connecticut valley through the eighteenth century.

Jonathan (IV), his son, followed the fortunes of Washington, with three of his sons, one of whom, Henry, died in the army. They served most of the time during the eight years of war, and returned to Ashfield in the Berkshire hills almost reduced to beggary, the heroic wife and mother, Thankful Phinney Taylor, supporting herself and the younger children during their absence. Jonathan knelt in prayer with his Chaplain at the battle of Saratoga, and was found, in old age, on his knees in prayer, dead!

Ebenezer (V), his youngest son, born in 1776, stood on the shore of Lake Champlain, watching the

battle of Plattsburgh in 1814, ready to assist, if needed.

Henry Boardman Taylor (VI), his son, was invited by Capt. Frank Palmer, of the Sixteenth New York Volunteers, to apply for the Chaplaince of that Regiment. He was appointed Quartermaster of the Fifty-fifth Illinois Regiment, and spent some weeks in raising recruits for the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment; but that regiment consolidated with another; in a singular manner he failed to learn of his appointments and thus did not serve in the army. He was a Methodist Episcopal Clergyman of remarkable gifts, who met with a terrible disaster in the prime of life. He fell from a tree while picking fruit, permanently injuring his spine, and for thirty years his life was one of pain and trial, yet no murmuring against God. His life was an expression of praise in the midst of great physical pain, a glorious testimony to the supporting grace of God.

Bushrod Shedden Taylor (VII), his eldest son, was born November 26, 1849, at Poultney, Vermont, too late to engage in the Civil War, but for nearly forty years has been Pastor and Evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal Church, waging a holy and victorious war against sin in every form.

He prepared for college at Fort Edward Institute, was graduated from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., A. B., Class of 1874. He joined the Nebraska Conference, 1875, and Troy Conference, 1877. On May 22, 1878, he married Oletha

Electa Horton, at Sand Lake, New York. They were sent as missionaries, by Bishop William Taylor, to Aspinwall and Panama, South America, October, 1881-84, and he was appointed Chaplain of the Panama Canal Company, taking a party of mission workers with him. After going down to the gates of death with the yellow fever, they returned North, and were stationed at Storm Lake, Iowa, in January, 1885. Here their eldest son and second child was taken sick with diphtheria, and in three days went to the loving bosom of his Heavenly Father.

50

"When the snowflakes wreathed the New Year's birth
A white little soul came down to earth,
As pure and as fair as the waxed flowers,
Was this dear little boy whom we claimed as ours.

But the years were few and the years were fleet
That he tarried here: for the tender feet
Soon wandered on toward the flower strewn aisle,
Where the lilies bloom and the seraphs smile.

So he waved good-by as he paused to wait

For the Master's voice, by the open gate—
God spoke his name through the starlight dim,
And His own little boy went back to Him."





Arla Frank Leonora May John (Four Years Old)



Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.—MARK 10:14.

38

I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways.

-WILLIS.

30

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hand, and therefore undefiled.
—Stoddard.

O console them for this affliction, one summer day in June, 1886, there came to the parsonage a real "gift from God"—a son—John Horton Taylor, named after his maternal grandfather. He was the fifth child, and the keystone of the family arch of nine.

His mother had suffered much with the Panama fever, therefore the little fellow had a feeble start in life, and all his youth he was the "tea tephi," the tender twig of Israel's bough. Hence, by his very feebleness, his sad and yearning eyes drew deeply on the fountains of his father's love. He was troubled with the whooping-cough for several years, until

the prayer of faith prevailed to bring him deliverance.

He was encouraged to engage in all outdoor plays, hoping to build up his constitution. Nursing him through the scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and other childhood ills, the tendrils of a suffering love were woven around the pillars of his father's strength, and won a place of tenderest regard, peculiar to himself. Po' little lamb!

Bedtime come fo' little boys,
Po' little lamb, po' little lamb;
Sleepy, you can't make er noise,
Po' little, brack little lamb.
You'll be good to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tol' me dat be fo';
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Mammy's little, po' little, brack little lamb.

Refrain:

See, de shadows 'gin ter creep,
Shet yo' eye an' don't yo' peep;
Dar now, honey, go to sleep,—
Mammy's little, po' little, brack little sheep.

You's been bad dis lib-long day,
Po' little lamb, po' little lamb;
Throwin' stones an' run away,
Po' little, brack little lamb.
My, but you's a runnin' wil'!
Look jes' like some po' folk's chile;
Gwine ter whip you arter while,
Mammy's little, po' little, brack little lamb.



Oletha Horton Taylor

Jes' can't hol' you haid up straight,
Po' little lamb, po' little lamb;
Hadn't ought er played so late,
Po' little, brack little lamb.
You's a caution now fo' sho',
Mammy don't know what she'd do,
Ef de chillen's all like yo',
Mammy's little, po' little, brack little lamb.

Before John was eight years old his mother died. In the autumn of 1893 the children were taken with diphtheria, and for seven long, hard weeks she battled with the dread disease. As the rest began to recover, the youngest child, Oletha Elizabeth, sickened and died in her arms. Under rigid quarantine she buried the baby, and came back from the grave to pass through the disease herself. All that winter she went about with drooping form and fading eye, and when spring came and the baby, Henry Boardman, was born, she called her older children to her bedside, speaking farewell messages of love to them. Then whispering, "Jesus! Jesus!" she passed away to the city of eternal peace, and has since been an invisible cord drawing her children heavenward.

The mother who left us here alone

To battle with care and strife,

Is the guardian angel who leads us on,

To the fruit of the tree of life.

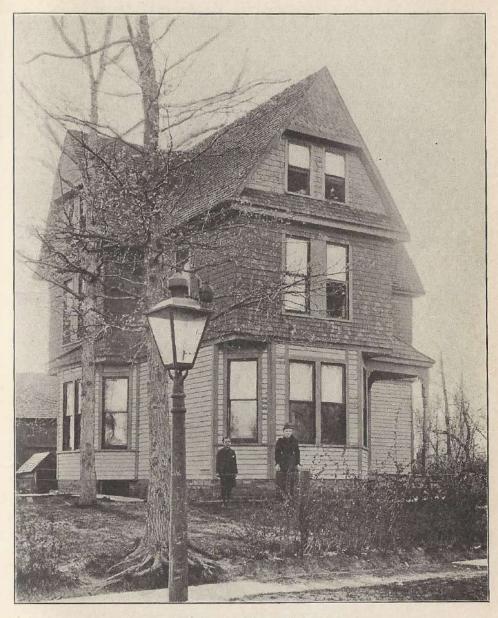
Soon after this I adopted these motherless children, by marriage to their father, and with the two God had already given me, made up again the orig-

inal number, nine. Indeed, "Truth is stranger than fiction!" When Mr. Taylor left Middletown, Connecticut, on the morning of June 30, 1874, after his graduation at Wesleyan, he promised to come back after me in two years. Alas! Man proposes but God disposes! and twenty years passed away before the dreams of youth were realized. Thus I went among these children, not as a stranger to fill their mother's place (for who could do that?) but to take a place that had once belonged to me, and to accept the ominous name of 'step-mother,' with all the duties and criticisms the word involves. The way has been rough and thorny, my best compensation the love and devotion of my children; and I am sure when my spirit is wafted away from earth, that John will stand beside his mother, both waiting at the beautiful gate to welcome me into the Paradise of God!

38

"I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go."





The Home at Des Moines, Iowa (Where Oletha E. Taylor Departed This Life, April 24, 1894)



Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—Prov. 20:11.

80

What a boy you were
With your back-tilted hat and careless hair
And open, honest, fresh, fair face, and eyes,
With their all-varying looks of pleased surprise!

—J. Whitcomb Riley.

30

Have the breezes of time blown his blossomy face
Forever adrift down the years that are flown?

Am I never to see him romp back to his place,
And the clear, laughing eyes look love in my own?

—RILEY.



WILL try in a simple manner to mention a few facts that will best illustrate the traits and tell the story of a good boy's life:

He was generally happy and cheerful, warmhearted and generous; his greatest fault was carelessness and forgetfulness; his besetting sin a violent temper, an enemy against which "There is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thee, O God!" And this enemy often conquered him, until later, when Jesus came into his heart

There was always a wistful look in his big brown eyes, and I remember once at the table I passed him by when supplying the rest with a favorite dainty. When I discovered this I made amends by giving him a double portion. The big tears came into his eyes, and after the meal was finished, he came to me when I was alone and thanked me.

One of my first recollections is of buying him a soft, brown felt hat for Sundays. The first time he wore it with a smile, but returned with downcast countenance. He had crawled under a barbed-wire fence, and torn a three-cornered hole in the top about three inches long. I drew it together, pasted a piece of brown silk under it and told him he must wear it. I shall never forget how that rent troubled him. He always rubbed his fingers over it and waited as long as possible before putting it on, but never rebelled against it, nor did he tear it again, nor jump the fences on his way home from school. He thought his carelessness deserved that punishment, vet he was glad when that hat was discarded forever. Many times he spoke to me about it, and said it helped him to be more careful of his clothes.

Dimple-cheeked and rosy-lipped,
With his cap-rim backward tipped,
Still in fancy I can see
My boy John yet smile on me.
Though he smiles so mistily,
It is but through tears I see.

-RILEY.

He was never a vigorous child, but his guardian angel kept watch and ward over him. I do not remember that he was ever sick enough to require a physician's skill after he became my child, but

once. The boys often climbed to the top of the barn, and swung off by the limb of a tree that stood near. On one occasion John missed his hold, and grasping the trunk fell to the ground. A long iron spike had been driven into the tree, about six feet above the ground, and in his rapid descent the nail tore the flesh of his leg from the ankle to the knee. His two brothers, Frank and Clifford, quickly followed, picked him up and brought him in. The doctor was called and sewed up the gaping wound. For a long time he had to be kept quiet, and to amuse him I taught him several pieces to recite to his father.

The children of an Evangelist are deprived of many happy hours of home life with their father that other children enjoy. When Mr. Taylor came home at long intervals the first evening was generally devoted to his family. The children prepared a program, and tried to entertain him with their speaking, singing and music. John especially enjoyed his part, and was most eager of them all to do well.

Once, a few months ago, John and I happened to be at home alone together. Taking up his flute, he asked me to accompany him on the piano. A few moments later his father came in and joined us with his violin, and away into the night we talked and sang and played together. At the close, John said to me, "Mother, this is the first time I ever remember that we three have passed so pleasant an evening in our own home. How I wish father had more leisure, and we could repeat it often!" Alas!

He striketh now his harp of gold
And singeth joyously his first "new song;"
The echo of his melody hath rolled
The aisles of heaven along!

For some years I gathered the children around me for several hours on each Sabbath, teaching them the catechism, Apostles' creed, the names of the books in the Bible, and tried to make it interesting, urging them to commit to memory various chapters. At times the older ones seemed to rebel at the restraint, and it seemed to me the seed had fallen on stony ground. I speak of this because it may encourage some other mother to keep on with "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," for after all these years gold cannot buy the letters my boys have written me recently, recalling these Bible lessons of the past.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.—Eccl. 11:2.

"God help us mothers all to live aright, And may our homes all truth and love enfold; Since life for us no loftier aim can hold, Than leading little children in the light."





The First Glimpse of My Adopted Children. (L. E. T.)



Keep thyself pure.—I TIMOTHY 5:22.

30

I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.— Socrates.

38

While our hearts are pure,
Our lives are happy, and our peace is sure.
—WILLIAM WINTER.

30

"Where are they? Ah! dim in the dust lies the clover;
The whippoorwill's call has a sorrowful tone,
And the dove's—I have wept at it over and over;—
I want the glad lustre
Of youth, and the cluster
Of faces I loved: with the years that have flown!"

HEN John was twelve years old we moved from Des Moines to Stuart, Iowa. The cyclones, high winds, and thunder storms of the West, to which I had never been accustomed, filled me with physical fear, and after taking refuge in the cellar several times, with all the children clinging to me for protection, I begged Mr. Taylor to build a cave to which I could flee when necessary, and leave the result in God's hands. The children knew I would always be there, and if they awakened and were afraid, they came to me. John was always the one to come first and stay longest, not because he was more timid than the rest, but be-

cause he knew it was a dreary place, small, dark and damp, and I was alone. Many, many long hours have I sat on a hard box with John stretched out on another, his head in my lap and hand clasping mine, while the wind howled and lashed the trees, the rain and hail beat the ground, and the lightning and thunder were terrific.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things
Somewhere in this bright land:
But I thank the Lord for his blessings,
And the clasp of a little hand.
A little hand that softly stole
Into my own one day,
When I needed the touch that I loved so much
To strengthen me on the way.
Softer it seemed than the softest down
On the breast of the gentlest dove;
But its timid press and its faint caress
Were strong in the strength of love.

-F. L. STANTON.

About this time my mother came to visit us. She was very fond of the children, and one of my sweetest recollections is of seeing them gathered about her knee while she told them stories and mended their kites and balls. John loved to play ball and his always needed more attention than the others, and grandma was always ready for any emergency.

There's always somebody at home, when every one is scattering

She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow,

She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering And when I tear my jacket, I know just where to go. After a few months she grew very ill and we knew she could not last many days. She expressed a wish for some ice-cream, and as John had charge of the cow I cautioned him to be sure and save the milk for grandma's cream. It was then that his one fault, carelessness, came to the front, for he left the pail standing in the yard and it was knocked over and the contents spilled on the ground.

I speak of this because, though apparently he did not feel badly about it, just a week later, as I was wiping the death dew from her face, there came a timid knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood John with a little dish of cream he had begged from a neighbor, whom he saw making it, for his grandmother. I asked mother if she would like it, and she feebly answered, "yes." I turned from her side to put away the spoon, and when I looked again, my mother's spirit was taking its flight to the kingdom of righteousness and joy unspeakable!

So John ministered unto her at the last. What a glorious place heaven is going to be for me where so many of my beloved are today! How sweet to think that we shall not live in heaven alone!

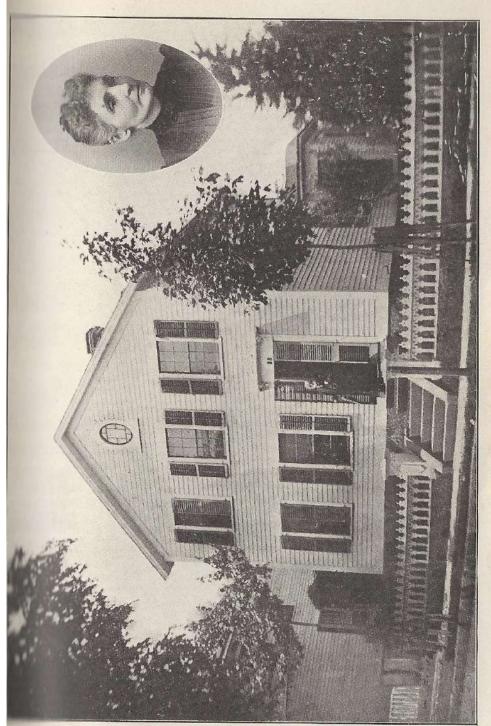
"Oh, Christ, that it were possible for one short hour to see The souls we loved that they might tell us, where and what they be!"

Is not this the wish of the mourning hearts in this tearful world?

O friends! no proof beyond this yearning This outreach of our hearts we need; God will not mock the hope He giveth, No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er:
Some day their arms will close about us
And the old voices speak once more.
—John G. Whittier.





Grandma Cunningham, and Her Home at Middletown, Conn. (Where B. S. Taylor and Lillie E. Wood Were Married)



Wise men lay up knowledge.—Proverbs 10:14.

32

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart what God appoints!

-INGELOW.

30

Holiness by faitl: in Jesus,

Not by effort of thine own,—

Sin's dominion crushed and broken

By the power of grace alone,—

God's own holiness within thee,

His own beauty on thy brow,—

This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,

This thy blessed portion now.

-HAVERGAL.

OTHING unusual occurred during these early years to distinguish him from others of his age and class, until during the winter of 1901, when he was fourteen years

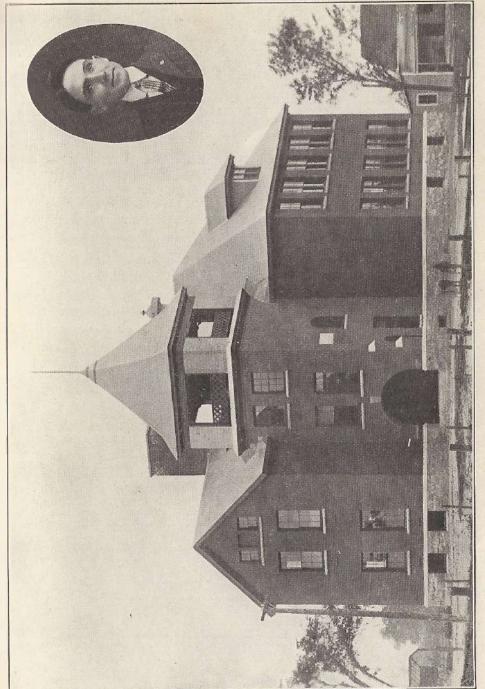
old, a revival took place in the Methodist Church. Here John was converted and a few Sundays later, at a cottage meeting at the house of "Father and Mother" Adamson, he was filled with the Holy Spirit. From this time his soul began to grope for better things, and his mind began to expand. Through this baptism with the Holy Ghost, he became a soul-win-

ner. He was a changed boy, and no more troubled with the old temper. He had really attained

"A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience."

In the spring of 1902 Mr. Taylor moved the family to the home of his boyhood, at Mooers, Clinton County, New York. Here the influences surrounding him were of the best. He attended the High school in Mooers, and his teachers have only words of praise for his personal qualities. As a student he was faithful, conscientious, and respectful. The Principal of the school, Professor M. D. Losey, paid him a high tribute at his funeral, and a portion of his words I append, as showing the appreciation with which he was regarded by his teachers and classmates:

"He came to us as a student nearly six years ago. He graduated from our school, 1905, being honored with the position of treasurer of his class. In the following year he was with us again for a short time, doing post-graduate work. With over two years of close contact as teacher, and nearly six years as a friend, I can say that the qualities of honor and honesty that characterized his work as student, and his value as a friend, never deserted him on the field of battle, in the games in which he took such delight. He enjoyed victory, but the vanquished always found in him a friend, and a word of cheer to ease their defeat.



Professor M. D. Losey

The High School at Mooers, N. Y.

"In his school life his advice and counsel were always sought by his fellow classmates, for 'Where virtue and honor reside discretion is sure to abound.' After he left the 'Alma Mater' of his preparatory school life and went to a higher school of learning his virtues and noble qualities followed him. He discharged his duties as a student faithfully and well, which endeared him to his teachers. His interest in athletic sports, his manliness at the games, and his staying qualities as a player, gave him a high estimation in the minds of his school fellows; and when he returned to his home last year, while waiting for plans and conditions to mature for the furtherance of his education, he again showed forth that noble and kindly spirit that so permeated his life, by giving his former schoolmates the benefit of the training he had obtained while away."

SECOND ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE MOOERS HIGH SCHOOL

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 20, 1905.

PROGRAM.

Orchestra.—Karama—McKinley. Played by Ethel Bedell.

Prayer.—Rev. J. R. Greer.

Salutatory with Essay.—"What Shall We Do With the Negro?" Anna Davison.

Essay.—"The Panama Canal." Mattie DeLong.

Essay.—"Little Things." Florence Fitch. Orchestra.-"Cupid's Garden"-Max Eugene.

Essay.—"Japan and Her People." Elizabeth Supernaw. Oration.—"Progress and Improvements of the 19th Century." John Horton Taylor.

Essay.—"A Fine Art." Laura Bosworth.

Essay.—"Promise and Potency of Education." Lillian Boire.

Prophecy.—"Fireplaces." Myra Hennigan.

Essay.—"The Master of Human Destinies."

Valedictory with Essay.—"The Self-Made Man in Politics." Albina Gokey.

Vocal Solo.-"For All Eternity."-Mascheroni. Winifred Isaac.

Address to the Class.—By Principal George K. Hawkins of the Plattsburgh Normal.

Presentation of Diplomas.-By the President of the Board of Education.

Orchestra .- "The Palms." - Ascher.

CLASS ROLL

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

John Horton Taylor Anna May Davison

Florence Fitch Lillian May Boire

TRAINING CLASS DEPARTMENT

Myra Hennigan Luella Mae Woodis M. Mae Brankman Mattie Ethelynde DeLong Gertrude Mable Stowe Cora Elizabeth Colton Albina Maurace Gokey

Laura Evelyn Bosworth Elizabeth Cyntha Supernaw Lillian S. Armstrong

Mabelle Claire Nichols

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Laura Bosworth.
Vice-President—Lillian Boire.
Secretary—Gertrude Stowe.
Treasurer—John Taylor.
Class Motto: "Esse Quam Videri."
Class Colors: Green and White.

30

"There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His love of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track:

* * *

I open wide a treasured book,
And sweet, familiar meanings trace,
As on his pictured face I look,
His beautiful and thoughtful face,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Things that come o'er me with a thrill,
And leave me silent, sad, and still."





Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.—Proverbs 8:10, 11.

10

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.—Felton.

90

"He laughed away the sorrow,
And he laughed away the gloom
We are all so prone to borrow
From the darkness to the tomb;
And he laughed across the ocean
Of a happy life, and passed
With a laugh of glad emotion,
Into Paradise at last."

FTER his graduation at Mooers, in 1905, he went to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, during the two following years. His life there was supremely happy. This splendid old school, one of, if not the best, preparatory schools in the land, was an inspiration to him. He said on his departure, "Father often prays the Lord to give us children the thirst for knowledge, and now I have it. I am bound to go to Andover if I have to walk there."

His friend, Willard Bronson, introduced him to

The Phillips Hall Alfred E. Stearns, Principal, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

The Bartlett Hall

the lovely shades and quiet halls, and thrilling athletic contests of this far-famed academy. He had a real boy's enthusiasm for all that was going on. He was ambitious to pay his own bills, and not be a burden to his father, so he spent about three hours a day in labor to meet his term bills, taking charge of the reading room, waiting on the tables, and filled in other odd moments selling badges, programs, and souvenirs.

On Thanksgiving Day, his father,—who was holding revival meetings at Somerville, a few miles from Andover,—accompanied him to the most famous event of the year, the football game with the Exeter boys. It is a red-letter day in his memory. John was full of happiness, showing his father the gymnasium, the reading-room, his dormitory, and the beautiful campus and athletic field; also introducing him to his teacher, Principal Stearns, and to his classmates. During the game he became so excited he shook as if with a violent chill. "What's the matter, John?" "Well, I always do that when a game is on." After it closed with victory for his school, he poured forth his soul in glowing descriptions of the players, the fine points of the game, mingled with regrets that his health and training did not admit him to the school "eleven," but hoping that some day he could reach it.

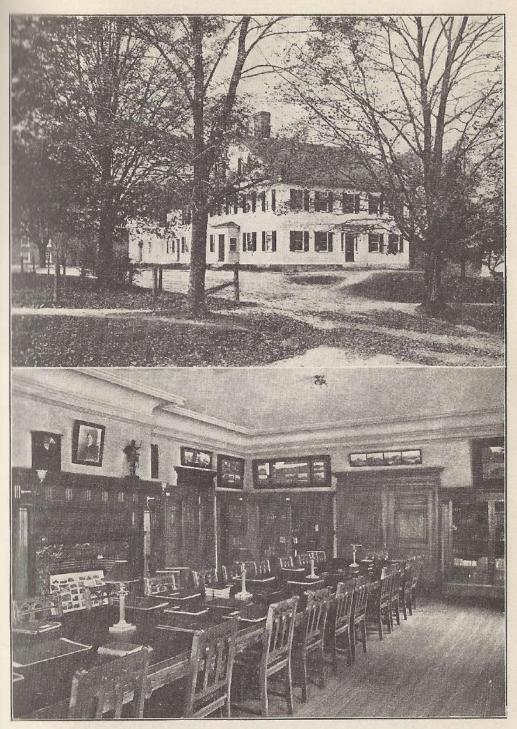
That evening he went with his father to Somerville and enjoyed with him the rare privilege of a "Thanksgiving Dinner." The next day they visited Bunker Hill; climbed to the top of the monument; sought out the battle-field, and inspected the tablets set up over the heroes of that day, while his father pointed out the "Taylor" inscribed there, and urged him to emulate his patriotic example.

While giving the genealogy of the family, he referred to the fact that these New England battle-fields were the scenes of heroic sacrifices for liberty and holiness, stating that his elder brother, Frank, was serving his Country in the American Navy on the Battleship Alabama, thus emulating his progenitors.

The day was closed with a trip to the tower on the "High Rock" observatory at Lynn, where John had his first view of the broad Atlantic, his vision sweeping an hundred miles at sea. How he watched the trailing clouds of smoke as the great ocean steamers swept onward over their watery path to Europe, three thousand miles away!

As he had complained a good deal during these two years at Andover of general ill health, lassitude and headache, he was allowed to forego his studies, and to work out of doors for a year at the Berachah camp-ground, a rapidly growing camp-meeting which his father founded in 1902.

He took charge of the workmen, paid the bills, and bought the lumber to carry on the building of the grounds, where two hundred cottages and tents provide a summer religious home for the holiness people, who gather here from every church and



The Clement House (John's Room, No. 5) The Reading Room, Phillips Academy

almost every State in the Union. His cheerful and courteous conduct to the campers endeared him to thousands and made him friends with all.

30

"O speak! Have you forgotten, yesterday, How gladly you came running to the gate To meet us in the old familiar way, So joyous—so elate—

Not very many days have passed since then, And yet between that kiss and him there lies No pathway of return—unless again, In streets of Paradise,

Our eager feet come twinkling down the gold Of some bright thoroughfare ethereal, To meet and greet him there just as of old— Till then, farewell—farewell."





Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.—John 11:23.

80

A flower, though offered in the bud, Is no vain saerifice.

-WATTS.

100

O my brother, now more dear

Than ever, I have cried—'Oh, speak to me
Only once more, once more!' But now I hear
The far-off whisper of thy melody;
Thou art 'yet speaking' on the heavenly hill,
Each word a note of joy,—and shall I not 'be still?'
—Mulock.



N the winter, wrapped in his fur coat, he was a familiar figure on the streets of Mooers, as he started off to hunt.

The fields and woods he knew; the tireless tramp With dog and gun.

He was very fond of athletics, and as boys must have something in the way of recreation, it is better to choose that which is innocent, healthy and manly. As the months passed away he grew rugged and vigorous in health. His sister, Jennie, who was attending the High School at Mooers, kept house for him and the younger brother, Henry Boardman, and the tie that bound this brother and sister grew into a strong and tender affection.



Jennie Love Taylor

Such pretty plans for future use

We told to one another,

I cannot choose but ask with tears,

Where are they now, my brother?

We did not wonder that she was lost in woe, when she knew the merry laugh she loved was hushed, the fingers which so sweetly swept the banjo's strings were stilled, and the lips that sang of heaven were mute forever! that she should cry, "Thou canst do all things, O God! send him back, I cannot bear it!" But no entreaties could bring the breath of life again into the cold bosom of this brother, or cause the silent heart to beat, or the closed eyes to open. Only He who wounds can heal.

Wherefore mourn? The child is dead and I shall go to him—But he will not return to me!

-WILLIS.

A brother's love! I know it is a treasure
Which may by nothing earthly be replaced,
I know that this filled up the bounteous measure
Of joy which thou didst taste.

And Iesus knows it! Oh, He did not call
Thy brother from his loving sister's side
Without remembering thee, thy sorrows all,
He knows the heart he tried.

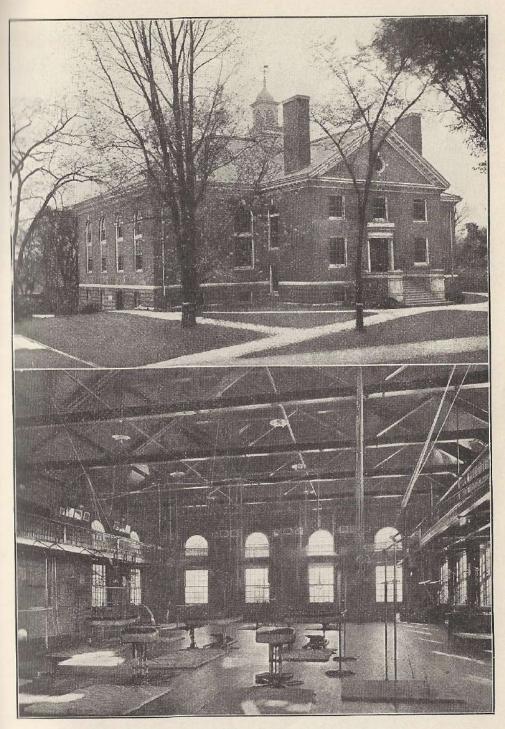
But He would have thee turn thy weeping eyes

To gaze on Him, who suffered all for thee.

That the effulgence, every tear may dry,

Which beams from Calvary.

-HAVERGAL.



The Borden Gymnasium The Gymnasium, Main Floor, Phillips Academy



Blessings are upon the head of the just.—Proverbs 10:6.

10

We know that God only has kept a record 'Of that best portion of a good boy's life,—His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love.'

His world was ever joyous.

He thought of grief and pain
As giants in the olden time,
That ne'er would come again;
The seasons all had charm for him,
He welcomed each with joy;
The charm that in his spirit lived
No changes could destroy.
His love made all things lovely,
For in the heart must live
The feeling that imparts the charm—
We gain by what we give.

-S. J. HALE.

HE weeks and years of boyhood rolled on, and he had come to man's estate. At the autumnal election of 1907, he was delighted, having just come of age, to vote the Prohibition ticket, especially as his friend Captain Emmett M. Fitch, was a candidate on that ticket.

A marvelous change was noticeable in his life the last two years. He seemed to have awakened to the possibilities of the good he might accomplish. We did not know it then, but all these months he was making ready, drawing nearer to his heavenly home. He grew in grace daily, and like a flower opened up, showing us his heart. How could we know that he was slipping from us into that land where we can only go "on the wings of remembrance?"

He was zealous in spiritual work, and attended the prayer-meetings faithfully. From the day of his conversion, more and more he tried to bring his unsaved companions to Christ; he persuaded them to do right and was always a favorite among his associates. He had a kind, true heart; he was good, and above all, pure. At his funeral, a friend, with tears in his eyes, told his father how he had gone to a boy, taken in the act of robbing a till; after pleading for his pardon, he was released, John promising for him good behavior, and praying for his salvation. His motto seemed to be:

"Be merry as the day is long
The world has ne'er enough of song."

God lent him to us for a short time, and then took back the gift. In the bright morning of his life—

"The Almighty breath spoke out in death And Jesus drew our loved one up The golden stairs to heaven."

The last summer he was very kind and thoughtful. His Uncle Ralph came to the Berachah Camp Meeting, and John—as he himself says—led him to the Saviour. Here follows his testimony:

Dear John:

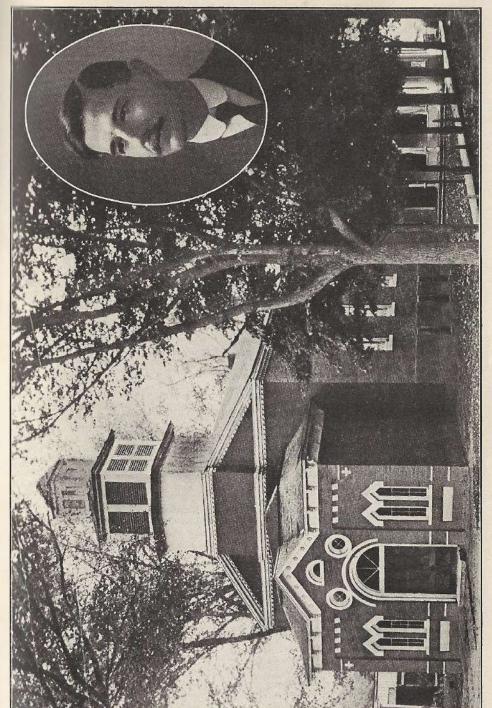
I was very glad to get your letter and to know you are fitting yourself for God and usefulness. Bless the Lord, He saves and leads me every day. I wish you would remember me in your prayers, John, I shall never forget how you put your arms around me and led me to Christ. I believe we shall sit down before the throne and talk about it, when we get over yonder.

I am planning great things for the next Camp Meeting. I have united with the Methodist Church here, and Jesus holds up my hands, bless His name!

My wife and the children, unite with me in sending love, and we remember you at the Family Altar every day.

Your uncle Ralph.

One evening I was taken very ill, and John left the meeting to stay with me. I had been much burdened for some of my children, and as he sat holding my hands and praying for me, I told him what a comfort he was to me; that I was no longer troubled about him and his future, but felt so secure now that he was kept by the Everlasting Arms. Later he wrote to me that this evening was the turning point in his life, because he had then and there decided to preach the gospel. He was very earnest, happy and active during these days. How we shall miss him in years to come on this camp ground! Instead of



Methodist Episcopal Church Mooers, N. Y.

The Rev. George J. Kunz, Pastor

occupying his little cottage, he will be dwelling in a white tent on the wide fields of heaven.

During this season a campaign was conducted by the Life Line Evangelists at Rouses' Point. Upon returning from one of the meetings, where his sister May had been the leader and exhorter, he said, "Mother, I must not let May get ahead of me, and perhaps I may be able to keep in sight of the dust father has raised." He was perfectly contented since he had settled on his life-work, and his gifts gave promise of a glorious career. He was a model of the power religion can effect in a boy! How many noble opportunities, high aspirations, and beautiful promises of early manhood went down with his sun, "while it was yet day!" Yet we try not to forget that he now walks in honor, clothed in glory, and wears a crown of righteousness!

bo

"The lambs He gathers with His arm
No grief, no sin, no death can harm,
So safely folded on His breast,
For ever and for ever blest.
Could God Himself give more? His will
Is best, though we are weeping still."





The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge.—Prov. 15:14.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.—Beecher.

"Good by! May heaven guard and bless your footsteps day by day,

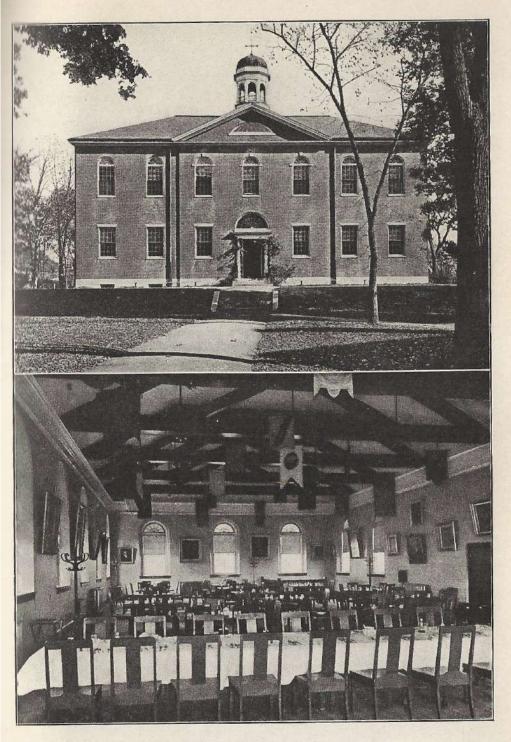
The old home will be lonesome, John, now you are gone away:

The cricket song upon the hearth will have a sadder tone, The old familiar spots will be so lonely now you're gone."

> N August I took my last drive with him. He enjoyed it so much, and I shall never forget how happy he seemed, and the beaming expression of his eye as he re-

lated his boyish adventures while the hours rolled away.

We had been undecided about his returning to Andover to pursue his studies. His father rather favored Wesleyan, but John wished to go to Taylor University, Upland, Indiana. A few days after our ride, I left Mooers to join Mr. Taylor in Canada, and John went with me to the station. His last message to his father was a plea to go to Upland. He said it had taken him a long time to decide the question, and now it was settled in his own mind, and would I persuade his father to let him go there?



The Dining Hall The Dining Hall, Upper Floor Phillips Academy

We must believe God had some work for him to do at Taylor University, the result of which we may only know in eternity. I said, "I will do my best," and he smiled and waved his hand at parting, and a merciful Father hung a veil between us and the future, so I could not know it was the last smile, and that now I should be looking after him with aching eyes.

"Come home!—It is not home without thee!—The lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wast wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee!"

He attended the Ithiel Falls Camp Meeting at Johnson, Vermont, under the leadership of the Rev. I. T. Johnson, and on his way to Upland, he stopped over at the Richland, New York, meeting, led by the Rev. George J. Kunz, at both these places giving testimony to his sweet, loving faith in God. He accompanied the Albright family, Evangelists, to their home in Carrollton, Ohio, where he spent a week, having a delightful time riding and driving the ponies.

One evening, in one of the meetings at the tabernacle, Mr. Albright introduced him to the people as the son of B. S. Taylor. When he arose to speak, among other things, he said:

"I am proud to tell you that I am the son of B. S. Taylor, but prouder still to say that I am the son of God." A relative of the Albrights, Ernest Stookes-

berry, went on with him to Upland, and was his room-mate during the few months he spent there.

30

"The blast comes heavy
With death and sorrow:
To-day it is thee—may be me to-morrow:
Yet I'll sing one song o'er the silent wold,
For the poor little lamb that never grew old:
But white and safe, beyond terror and shock
Lies our own dear lamb who has left the flock."





Dining Hall at Taylor University
(Mr. Ryder, second, John, third, Sitting at the Extreme Left of the Picture)
The Albright Ponies



Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—John 15:13.

32

It is little matter at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who has learned to die.
The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
The shorter time, the longer immortality.

-DEAN MILLMAN.

30

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves, who won the martyr's crown
And safe in God repose.

E know of his university life only from his letters, and the testimony of his friends.

Ernest Ryder, a student and dear friend, who afterwards accompanied his body to his home, tells us that the first Sunday evening that he spent at Upland was a lonely one, and as he was wandering across the college campus, he stopped to listen to a banjo whose strains came softly through the autumn air. John was singing:

I am so happy in Jesus, Captivity's captor is He, Angels rejoice when a soul's saved; Some day we like Him shall be. He said that song made a wonderful impression on his mind, and that John's whole life while at Upland had a great influence on the students.

Professor Stout, his teacher of Latin, sent to me two of his last translations, which he stated he prized highly, and which I append:

What is so in accordance with nature as for old men to die? But the same thing happens to young men when nature has been assailed and overcome. Thus young men seem to me to die, as when by a great force of water the power of the flame is overcome; old men, however, as when of their own accord, by no opposing force, the fire having been consumed, goes out.

And as the fruit of trees if green, is plucked off with difficulty, and if ripened and mature it readily falls, so force takes away life from young men, and maturity from old men.

This seems indeed so pleasing to me, that the nearer I approach death, the more I seem to see, as it were, land, and to be entering the harbor after a long voyage.

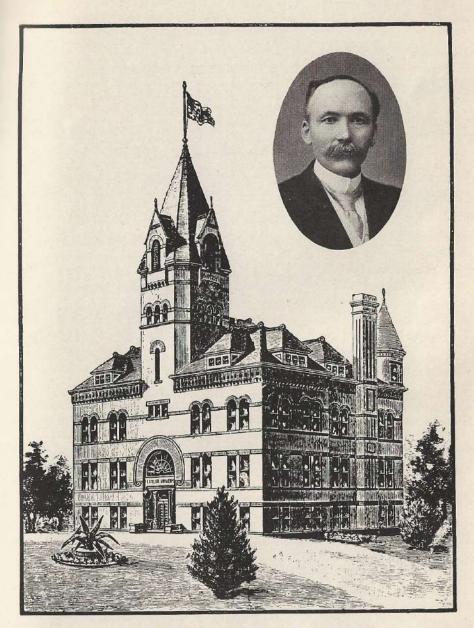
De Senectute, XIX, 71.

Thus have I persuaded myself and thus do I believe—since the activity of minds is so great, and since there is so wonderful a memory of past events, and wisdom of the future, it is not possible for that nature which contains these things to be mortal; and since the soul is always busy and will have no end of activity, it is not possible for us to die.

De Senectute, XXI, 78.

John H. Taylor.

Soon after he arrived at Upland, John wrote me a letter which showed the tenderness of his affection,



Wright Hall. Taylor University, Upland, Indiana Monroe Vayhinger, President

the deepening of his religious experience, and the intensity of his desire to do good. He appears to have been perplexed for months about his life work. I will share with his friends the privilege of reading a part of his letter, written only for the eyes of those he loved best, hoping God may use it for His glory.

It is the letter of one who has journeyed to that far-off land from which there comes no message of love. No photograph can ever so vividly recall to my memory his tenderness, as this outpouring of his heart. It is better than an image of his features for it reflects the writer's soul. I shall keep it, if I may, till it has grown yellow with age, now the hands that traced the words are folded over the heart that prompted them.

Upland, Indiana, September 28, 1908.

Dear Mother:

Your good letter is received and I was very glad to hear from you. I did not think father showed you my letters, but I am very glad he does, for your letter to me encouraged me more than anything I have had since I have been here.

I had a struggle during camp-meeting that no one knew anything about, and though I had prayed and done everything I could to settle on the right way, yet it was not clear until I had spent that evening with you when you were sick. Your burden may have been for —— sake, but I felt it was for

me too. I wanted to tell you about it when you were out driving with me that afternoon, but I did not want to spoil the drive; I do not think now it would have done so, do you?

I also expect, mother, that God will at some time definitely call me to preach. He plainly asked me one night while father was preaching, if I would, should He call me, and I said, if, etc. Well, your sick night settled that, too. He has not called me yet, but some day I am expecting it, and I want to prepare for it just as much as if He had already done so. I feel now as though I had something to live for.

Isn't it strange I never could settle on what life work I wanted to take up? I thought of Civil Engineering, but never really expected to go into it. I have not told a word of this to any one but you, for the very idea of my being a minister of the Gospel nearly overwhelms me, and I wanted to tell it to some one, and who would it be, if not to my mother? For you were never more my mother than just now. That is why it was so hard to say "yes;" for I felt that all my bright dreams of money, and a home for you, when I got out into the world, were knocked in the head.

Yet it will not be long till we leave this world, and when I think of that, what does it amount to, if only we can take *some* along with us. It seems as though it means more for me to give up *all*, for I was getting where my chances for success in this

world were as good as the next fellow's; but I have counted the cost, and if success means anything other than getting people ready for Heaven, then I surely hope I will not succeed. If they get ready for Heaven then they are ready for this life also.

Oh, well, you no doubt know a good deal more about these things than I do, but I am just telling you a little of what has been going through my mind the last month or two; for I do not write this just as the thought comes, but I have turned it over in my mind, again and again, whether to tell father yet or not, but will leave it to you, and if you choose to do so, you may send him this letter.

I am glad I settled this for myself; no one has talked to me but the Lord. I made every objection I could, and they were many, but I guess He knows His business and if he can't make a success, I cannot, so there!!! I guess you will think I have lost my mind, and I surely have, but it was my carnal mind. Ha! Ha!

I have always said, and will say, that I owe my start in life to mother; for it was you who taught me the Catechism and the Bible when I was young. Do you remember how we all used to gather around you in the evening, in Highland Park, and repeat verses? Since I never knew my own mother I will always thank God for you. I never say much, mother, but I do feel a lot at times. Well, this is at some length, but I do not half express myself, even then.

With much love,

Later he wrote there was sickness at the college, but assured us that he never felt better in his life; therefore, when the postcard came from one of his classmates that he was sick, we had no thought of anything serious, nor did we realize his danger until it was too late to go to him.

About thirty-five of the students sickened with typhoid fever. The secretary of the Board of Health could not locate its source, but is was caused neither by impure water nor impure drainage. From his friends we learned that he cared for the sick day after day, and sat up with them night after night, until he grew very tired, and became an easy victim when the disease seized upon him.

30

Partakers of the heavenly calling .- Hebrews 3:1.

"Called to suffer with the Master,
Patiently to run His race;
Called a blessing to inherit,
Called to holiness and grace;
Called to fellowship with Jesus,
By the Ever-Faithful One;
Called to His eternal glory,
To the Kingdom of His Son."





The New York House
(Where John Fell Asleep in Jesus, December 13, 1908)



The President's Home (Where He Was Carried After Death. The New York House in the Distance)



For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand.—2 TIMOTHY 4:6.

10

Death is the crown of life.—Young.

10

Father! Mother! must you leave him
On his bed, but not to slumber?
Are the dear hands meekly folded
On his breast, but not to pray?
When you count your children over,
Must you tell a different number,
Since that happier yesterday?

-INGELOW.



IS room happened to be located in a quiet part of the building, and he willingly gave it to a young lady who was stricken with the fever. This action, with others

of an unselfish and self-sacrificing nature, manifested during his stay at Upland, endeared his memory to all.

The president assured us that he had the most careful and tender nursing, that the students were untiring in their watchful care over him. The two weeks under the nurse's care was one season of preaching, praying and shouting; as a result of this one of the patients was reclaimed. In his delirium he urged the doctor and all who came to his bed-

side to accept Christ and be saved, and many had to flee weeping from the room. The nurse said he was the sweetest patient she ever had, never murmuring at his sufferings, and President Vayhinger declared that no one could ever know how much good John did at Taylor University, especially during his illness.

He was the last one to be taken sick, and the only one to die at the school, a sacrifice for his devotion to others. His mind was filled with heavenly things. Once he sang two verses and the chorus of

"Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow, Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

And at another time he repeated two verses of "Beulah Land" as clearly and distinctly as when he was well. The last intelligible word he uttered was "AMEN." He did not leave any messages, as he was delirious to the end.

"There was no last word of love
So suddenly on us the shadow fell,
His bright translation to the home above,
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell:
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter there!"

The Friday before his death, a consulting physician was called, who pronounced him in a critical condition, no seeming chance for recovery. Saturday morning a letter was received from his sister May, enclosing her picture. This was shown to

him, and he seemed to recognize it. He who doeth all things well took away consciousness of pain, and ache, and knowledge of the present, and he gradually sank into a stupor.

Early on Sunday morning, December thirteenth, there came one into the room who had not been there before, even Azrael, the Messenger of Death, who carried him away to the land "where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick." John had gone to a holier Sabbath than that which dawned for us here.

36

The Angel of God came forth and led the child Unto his mother, and went on his way.

And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Looking and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more.

-N. P. WILLIS.





Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—2 Tim. 4:8.

30

How sublimely the faith of the Gospel exalts itself above these moaning, beating waves of sorrow and time! They may howl with anguish, they may leap upon its base, and throw their cold spray far up its lofty sides; but they neither shake its foundations, nor bedew its summits.

-BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

10

There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

-Longfellow.



IS precious body,—the vacated temple of that triumphant spirit, was carried to the residence of the President, and prepared for shipment home.

At three o'clock, Sunday afternoon, a memorial service was held in the College Chapel, where the faculty, students, and other friends had gathered. The Reverend Mr. Norris and Professor Brownlee offered prayers. President Vayhinger spoke from Ephesians 2:22.

An Holy Temple: the Habitation of God.

The ladies' trio and the male quartette sang several beautiful selections. Professors Mack, Stout,

Springer and Latham spoke loving words of appreciation, and Professor Stout wrote the following verses as a tribute to his memory:

We watched him while the breath of life was ebbing fast away,

And angel forms were near to guide his soul to endless day.

But no more holy they than he, whose life to Christ was given,

Nor worthier they to be with God, around His throne in heaven.

His life, its impress on our lives has made for good, not ill, And while we see him here no more, its beauty lingers still.

We would not call him back, but strive each day to walk with God,

And follow humbly, as did he, the way the Master trod.

—C. R. Stout.

It is a striking coincidence that John's father and Professor Latham's father were associated in missionary work at Panama, 1880-81, under Bishop William Taylor, for whom this University is named.

On Monday evening, accompanied by Ernest Ryder, who was as tender and devoted as a brother during his illness, the casket with his loved form, started on its long journey to Mooers, arriving Wednesday evening.

Many times during Thursday, we, his kindred,

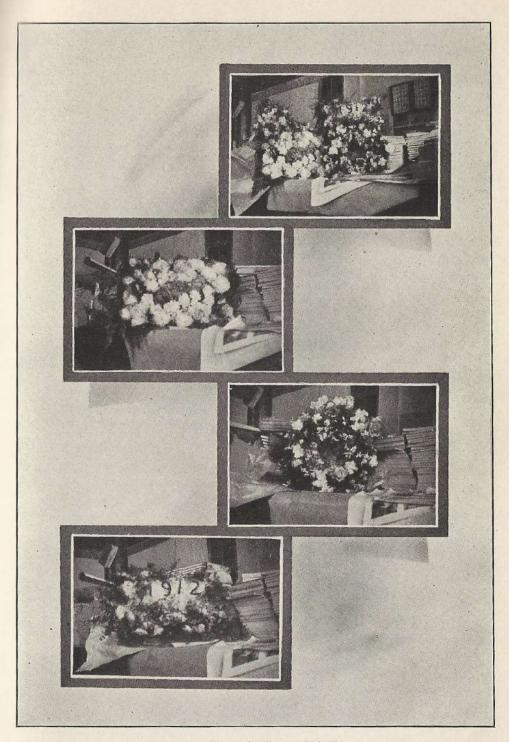
gazed longingly upon his face, so calm and peaceful; only the lips, burned and charred by the cruel fever, showed how he had suffered.

We felt, when once the casket was closed, we should never see him again in this world, and now that we could see his face, how precious! how priceless every moment of a time so short!

We felt it was right for us to weep, for "Jesus wept:" He sorrowed as we sorrow. Yet the sting of death is sin, and thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, we knew that John had died in Christian triumph, and his purified spirit was sharing the glory of his Redeemer before the eternal throne. Friday morning, we, as a family knelt once more together, the living beside the dead, while his father asked our Father in heaven to comfort and bless us, because we had dedicated John to His service. The gift He had entrusted to us, He had a right to take back when He thought best.

At eleven o'clock, six of his boy friends lifted the casket. Seward Brooks, Willard Nichols, Charles Boire, Ernest Ryder, Charles Kunz and Kenneth Fee bore it to the Presbyterian Church, which was most kindly offered to us, as our church was being repaired. For three hours his schoolmates and friends were privileged to look their last upon his mortal remains, Guy M. Atwood and Frank P. Connors acting as ushers.

Mr. Beecher said, "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul



"Love's Last Gifts"

into," and John's bier was covered with floral emblems contributed by his friends..

Near the head was placed a beautiful pillow from the class at Taylor University, the numerals 1912 woven in flowers across the center. A second pillow from the Mooers High School, marked with the letters M. H. S., '05; a wreath from the "White Mission," Ogdensburg; carnations from the Methodist Church, Mooers Forks; a cluster of roses from the Mooers friends; cut flowers from the young men of West Chazy, and from Andrew Bedell and daughter; and two handsome pieces from Upland, Indiana.

Yet beautiful and fragrant as they were, they taught us the lesson that here they are but for a day! They bud and bloom, wither and die, even as the pure and beautiful of earth, who are given to us, are admired and loved, but soon pass away! It is only in that City where the River of Life flows as clear as crystal, that flowers bloom in unfading beauty.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead,
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed,
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gifts, bring ye flowers, pale flowers.
—Mrs. Hemans.

30





Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—PSA. 116:15.

A noble life crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—James A. Garfield.

Precious, precious to Jehovah
Is His children's holy sleep;
He is with them in the passing
Through the waters cold and deep;
Everlasting love enfolds them
Softly, safely to His breast,
Everlasting love receives them
To His glory and His rest.

-Mulock.

HE funeral services at two o'clock, in charge of the Rev. George J. Kunz, were opened with a ladies' quartette, composed of Mrs. Lienard, Mrs. James Fitch,

Miss George Stevenson, Miss Lillian Bouchard, Miss Lillian Bedell accompanying them, who sang

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

In the Holy City God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor pain. There is no light of the sun, and the moon does not shine, because the glory of God and the Lamb doth lighten it; and those who are saved walk in this light. The streets are of gold, and the gates are of pearl, and these gates are never shut by day, but are forever open, because there is no night there. The Lord God Almighty sits upon the throne, and the inhabitants are they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Mr. Kunz read to us about this beautiful city, and prayer was offered by the Rev. E. D. White, who asked the divine blessing upon the young; upon those whose heads were covered with snowwhite locks; upon the companions, schoolmates and friends of the deceased; upon the parents and kindred; upon the brothers and sisters, four of whom were present, four absent.

"At this solemn hour," he said, "may every heart turn to Thee, and this sad experience prepare us for our future home. Comfort those who mourn; hear us, help us, and bring us to the world on high, for Jesus' sake."

The gifted singer, Mrs. Abbie Lawrence, sang with her beautiful spirit,

"Thy precious will, O conquering Saviour,
Doth now embrace and compass me;
All discords hushed, my peace a river,
My soul a prisoned bird set free.
Sweet will of God, still fold me closer,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee."

Professor Losey, of the Mooers High School, was the first speaker. A portion of his speech has already been given in the preceding pages. He said in part: "Some of the saddest experiences of life come without premonition. Yesterday life went well; hope was in the ascendant; it was easy to be content; the birds sang sweetly; the joy-bells rang in our hearts.

Today all is changed. Sadness has come over us like a great pall; our sunshine has changed to darkness, and our songs of joy to tears for the departed. But the still small voice within us tells us that all is well; that God in His infinite wisdom knoweth what is best, and we must bow our wills in subjection to His. Today we are all common mourners; for not only in the home life, but in the church work, and as an elevating factor in the life of our community, and in his influence and noble spirit in the school, will the dear friend who lies before us, be missed.

When Providence sees fit to enter a community and take away the purest, brightest, and most promising of our young men, we are sometimes apt to ask, "Is it all for the best?" Especially when we look about us upon those left behind, whose lives are being spent in vain efforts to extract pleasure out of life; those who are doing nothing to make the world better or happier; those who have neither talent nor disposition for doing good. We question why these should be left and he whose life was so full of good deeds and full of promise should be taken.

Guy Atwood

The Pall Bearers Ernest Ryder

Kenneth Fee

But why should God not have a right to His own? Why should He not have a right to gather His jewels to make His home bright and cheerful, although ours be left desolate and sad? Sometime we, too, if we are faithful, will like the tired pilgrim, fall sick and weary, and He will call us home, to be in the unbroken band with our dear friends who have only departed a short time before us. For as the poet reminds us that

Old age serene and bright And lovely as a Lapland night Shall lead us to our graves;

so, at the best, old age will claim us; but we have no more claim upon life and need not expect old age as the time to receive our summons, any more than our dear, departed friend, who has gone before. Therefore, it behooves those of us who are not prepared to hear the verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant," to be up and doing while the day lasts, "for the night cometh when no man shall work."

"The Holy City, glorious in God's light, behold!

Like unto a stone most precious,

Clear as crystal, pure as gold;

Glorious dwelling of the holy,

Where no grief or gloom of sin,

Through the pure and pearly portals

Evermore shall enter in."





Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.—Acts 20:38.

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Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.—RICHTER.

80

'Never again!' so speaks the sudden silence, When round the hearth Gathers each well-known face; But one is missing, and no future presence, However dear, can fill that vacant place.

-Proctor.

HE next speaker was the Rev. A. E. Albright, who had come from Carrollton, Ohio, accompanied by his entire family, to attend the funeral. He said: "Friends,

it is a great struggle for me to speak today under these circumstances, and God will have to help me wonderfully if I continue. Little did I think just three months ago, when I ran myself almost to death to get to the depot to bid Brother John 'goodby,' and put my arm around him and say a 'God bless you' and 'Be good,' that it was the last time until we should meet in eternity."

The speaker encouraged his hearers to remember the Scripture message he was going to read, if they forgot everything else—the first three verses of John fourteenth. Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

"If this be true, then Brother John has gained it all. This is God's way of coming after His children, by what people call death. There is no death to the Christian; he simply falls asleep. Death comes to man as a result of Adam's sin, but through Christ, who is our life, we do not taste of death."

He then read the lessons from I Thessalonians 4:16-18.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"Why God should come and take one of the best young men who ever walked the streets of Mooers, may be a question in some minds; but it would be no glory for God to take some young men who do not love Him, nor do His will.

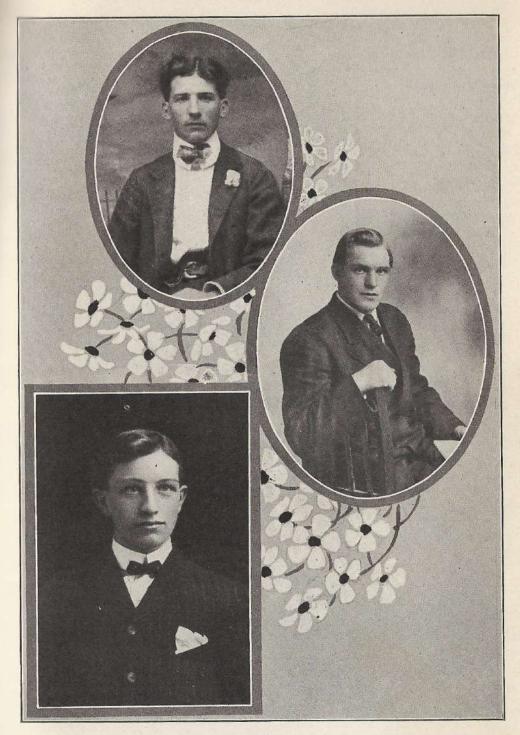
"But He knew that John was ready, and He had some mission for him to do, or He would not have sent for him.

"Friends, the reason we are here today is to mingle

our tears, and express our sympathy to the father, and mother, and these brothers and sisters. We have traveled these five hundred miles to be with the family and friends; to witness this last scene; and to stand by the Chariot, which will take John's spirit home.

"We came to be present and go down to the shore where the Old Ship Zion is steaming out of port with John on board, and to wave a last farewell. This reminds me of the day we took the steamer from Portland, Maine, to Boston, Massachusetts. We were sitting out on deck as the sun was slowly setting in the West. It was not long until gloom and darkness settled on the deep, and we said, 'Good night, Sun, good night.' But in a few hours we were sailing into Boston harbor; we turned our faces to the East, and just on time we saw the sun in all its beauty and grandeur, and said 'Good morning, Sun, good morning.'

"Just so with Brother John. This is his Western sun setting; we see him going down in the West. The dark cloud of gloom is over-shadowing us, but we turn our faces to the East, on that grand and glorious morning when all the saints are gathering for the great Marriage Supper of the Lamb. As our ships come steaming into port, with our banners waving and flags unfurled, we see John just inside the Eastern Gate coming forth to welcome us; and we say, 'Good morning, John, good morning.'



The Pall Bearers

Charles Boire Seward Brooks

Charles Kunz

"Fear not, my child!
Though the waves are white and high,
And the storm blows wild
Through the gloomy sky;
On the edge of the Western Sea,
See that line of golden light,
In the haven bright
Where home is awaiting thee;
Where, this peril past,
You shall rest from your stormy voyage
In peace at last!"





Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Revelations 14:13.

Death gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality.—
RICHTER.

Who is the Angel that cometh?

Death!

But do not shudder and do not fear;

Hold your breath,

For a kingly presence is drawing near:

He comes to help and to save and heal,

To calm the terror and grief we feel:

Then let us

Baring our hearts and kneeling,

Sing, while we wait this Angel's sword,—

"Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord!"

-Proctor.

"What then? A shadowy valley lone and dim,
And then a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light—
A seraph hymn—
And God's own smile, for ever and for ever!"

HE Rev. Mr. Kunz then read a letter from John's room-mate, and called upon Thomas Armstrong to make a few remarks concerning his knowledge of the character of the deceased. Mr. Armstrong said, among other things, "I have known John intimately

for some time. We have eaten and slept together, and prayed with each other, and I have only the highest words of praise for the good qualities which he possessed."

The Rev. Mr. White, who was our Pastor four years, and knew John as an intimate friend of his family, followed, saying; "I wonder if any have ever attended a funeral occasion like this, where the spirit is so manifest. It is because Jesus is here." He spoke of reaching town on the previous evening, and going directly to the prayer-meeting.

As he entered the church and looked around, all seemed natural; yet something was wanting, and he could not tell what it was, until during the night he awoke and the face of John came up before him, "that smiling, pleasant face, always found at the prayer-meeting." He continued: "We do not have enough smiles in this world; there are too many frowns and scowls. The smile of John I shall always bear in my memory.

"While he was a Christian, his was a boyhood religion. He loved his sports; to take his gun and dogs and rove the woods and fields. I cannot recall an unmanly or selfish act in John's whole life. We believe that the noble influence of such a life, has and will count much toward bettering the moral and spiritual life of the young people of this community, and in the college where he was a student, when stricken. God has ways of bringing about His desires and of accomplishing His ends."

He then referred to Samuel Morris as an illustration of the way God uses these characters of His to accomplish good. We sorrow not as others which have no hope, for great is our consolation in the Lord. Let us follow this lesson, which will enable us to meet him at last.

The Rev. Mr. Kunz, our present pastor, then read several letters; the President of Taylor University wrote, "We all loved John, and we feel his loss as keenly as that of a brother. Sorrow came over the entire school when he was taken away, and yet the unanimous opinion is that no one could have been taken from here who was better prepared to meet his God than was John. What a blessed consolation this is! Sad as this may be we feel that somehow, his death will be a great benediction to Taylor University."

Then arose the sweet and pathetic tones of the singers, charming our ears and touching our hearts with their notes of melody.

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,

The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,

While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes, Between the fair city and me.





The Choir

Mrs. A. P. Lienard Miss Lillian Bouchard

Mrs. George Stevenson Mrs. James Fitch

Miss Ethel Bedell, Accompanist

There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow, And the river of life floweth by: For no death ever enters that city, you know, And nothing that maketh a lie.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Jesus of Nazareth stands; The King of all kingdoms forever is he, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.





The redeemed shall walk there.—ISAIAH 35:9.

20

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heave: in his soul. The kingdom of God is within you.—Beecher

\$2

"I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death on some beloved face,
But that I think, 'One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.'

"And so for me there is no sting to death;
And so the grave has lost its victory:
It is but crossing with deep, bated breath
And white, set face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before."

R. Kunz then introduced Ernest Ryder, son of the Rev. Mr. Ryder, of Troy Conference, one of John's college friends, who told us many things about his school

life at Upland, and also of his sickness and last hours. The last chapter of the Bible which was read to him was the fifty-fifth of Isaiah:

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. . . . For my ways are not your ways, my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord.



Mrs. Abbie J. Lawrence Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Ephesians 5:19.

As I started on this sad journey, our President said to me, "Nothing you can say will be too good for John."

We could surely ask for no higher words of praise of his life and character than this. We pray that the noble young man who brought us this message, may live such a life of usefulness, crowned by such a triumphant death, as shall bring to him from his fellow men a tribute equal to this.

Brother Kunz made the closing remarks, and offered a touching prayer for the afflicted kindred and friends; "whose loss made such a vacancy as only God can fill. Our departed brother was prepared to go, and in this hour another call is given that now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation." We know that this earnest plea for our help and comfort ascended to the listening ear of God.

I am sure that we shall never hear any sweeter music in heaven than the singing of Mrs. Lawrence. I cannot attempt to convey in words such utterance of the soul as hers, nor describe the rapture that thrilled the hearts of her hearers as she sang.

No burdens yonder, not a single care; When home is reachèd, nothing there to bear; No burdens yonder, all will be laid down, Before we share His glory and His crown.

No trials yonder, all the testing done, Our school-days over and the prizes won; No much-tried faith like gold in furnace heat, The purifying will be all complete. No partings yonder, and no sad good-byes; No pain, no sickness, and no weeping eyes; But best of all, my Saviour I shall see, No cloud will come between my Lord and me.

> No burdens yonder, All sorrow past; No burdens yonder, Home at last.

The choir closed the services by singing with harmony and deep feeling.

It is well! It is well with my soul!

The boys of his happy young days then bore him out from the church, into the storm and shadow, fit emblems of our mourning hearts; on through the cemetery gates, and our quivering lips said 'goodby,'—he lying there unheeding our farewells.

The yawning grave, by the kindness of two of his young friends, had been thickly lined with branches of evergreen cedars, sweet and fragrant. As the group of sorrowing kindred gently lowered him into the chilly bosom of the earth, the snow flakes fell thick and fast upon the sheltering coffin lid, while our hearts sobbed the requiem:

Lay him low,—lay him low Under the clover or under the snow! What cares he, he cannot know, Lay him low!

As the sweet singers chanted, 'Nearer, my God to Thee,' we left him to his deep slumber. His spirit is with Jesus Christ. Its temple's crumbling walls repose upon the narrow bed of cedars 'until the day break and the shadows flee away.'

32

Thy calm career
With that sweet morn on earth has ended;
But who shall say thy mission died
When, winged for heaven, thy soul ascended!





Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.—Proverbs xvi, 24.

82

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

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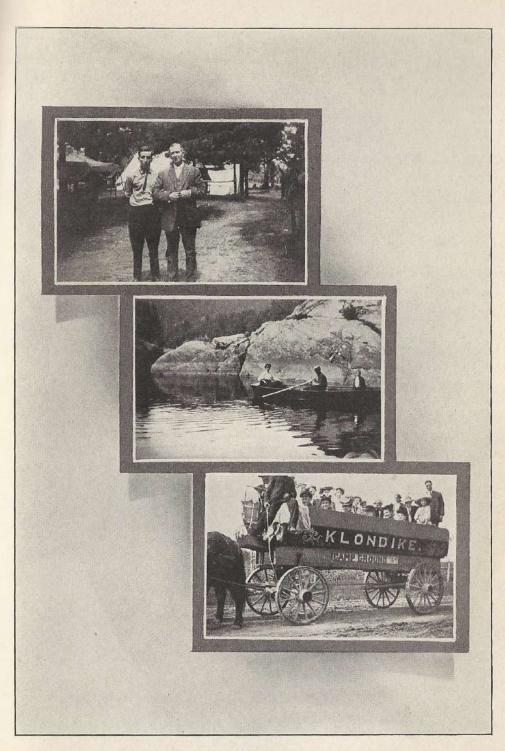
Taken away
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring—on this dark day.

Passes away
All the pride of boy-life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith "Nay."
Murmur not—only pray.

—Mulock. XTRACTS from John's letters:

Dear Father: Upland, Indiana.

I am here at last and am fairly well settled I think after I get rested I shall be content. I have a very nice room with Ernest Stookesberry of Carrollton, Ohio. We traveled all night, having



John and His Uncle, Ralph Horton
John in His Canoe, the "Jeta"
On the Way to the Camp-Ground

to change cars three times, and a wait of three or four hours each time. I have not registered yet, but will do so to-morrow, and will let you know where I stand. They have a good faculty here, a good spirit, and the President is fine. . . .

30

We are studying in the Old Testament, and I would like to have you send me a good Bible. If I make one of the Quartette, as I hope to do,—for I am singing with them now,—I will go out with them next summer, and the University will pay all my expenses for the next College year. That will be fine. Of course we will have a whole year in which to train our voices, under a good teacher, and by spring we ought to make a good showing.

Do you think you could use us at Mooers Camp? John Wengatz is the leader of the quartette; he makes the appointments, and he wishes to get a series of meetings in Northern New York; and thus we can easily earn our way. We are all in the fulness of the blessing and can work as well as sing. It will be a good thing for me if I can go out into the work with them. . . .

38

Why do you not write? I asked about the Election. You know how you used to get after me when I did not answer *every question* in each letter; I guess the tables are turned now; yet I doubt not you are very busy. I wish to thank you for the Bible. It

is fine indeed. I am enjoying it greatly here; I am having the best time of my life and doing well in my studies. Thank God I was ever saved and set free. I really do enjoy it. Will you please get my church letter for me? We have a holiness preacher for a Pastor.

May the Lord bless you and supply all your needs. We are all praying for you. Write me a good long letter for I am hungry to hear from you. . . .

5.0

It is a real pleasure to go to school now. I have time to take plenty of exercise and I am in perfect health. I think, also, you will enjoy my report. I like all my teachers; they all have the 'blessing,' treat me squarely, and are fully as competent as any teachers I ever had.

A revival meeting was started here last Sunday afternoon. About fifteen have been saved already. Yet that is not the way I like to see them come; I want to see them rushing to the altar by the scores. Father, is it not a holy ambition to want to do something big for God? By 'big,' I mean to win hundreds of souls to Jesus. Some of the fellows here seem to be satisfied to get twenty or thirty converted in a whole summer by preaching. I am sure I would not be satisfied to go on year after year like that.

Of course I would expect to do the small things also, but if God calls me to preach, I would wish to win them as you do. Is it not for that God calls us to preach? We may start a Mission down street and

I would like a little money to put into it. The Prohibition candidate for President is going to speak in Marion, which is twelve miles from here, next Friday eve, and a crowd of us fellows are planning to go.

Will you please send me a dozen or two of your tract sermon on 'Stephen.' They would help things out here tremendously. When can you give us a date for a meeting here? Pray for us that we may have a sweeping revival. . . .

80

Dear Mother:

I had a letter written to you some time ago, but as it did not express half I wanted to say, I did not send it. I was very, very glad to get your letter. I told my room-mate it did me as much good as a 'check from dad,' but that does not half express it. As you waited some time before answering my letter, I was a little fearful, lest you should not like my entering the ministry. You cannot imagine what a change life has taken on. Before, I lived just from day to day. Now, I have something to prepare for; to look forward to. I think I will really enjoy it after my stage fright wears off; so I have joined the Eureka Debating Society to help wear it off.

I am getting along better in my Greek than ever before and am doing other work that is new to me. I enjoy it here very much. There are a fine bunch of fellows here and I know the most of them very well. There has been a great deal of sickness in the school the past week, fifteen or twenty at once, but I have been kept well and hearty. I have a chance now for plenty of exercise, and taking it all around, I never enjoyed myself better. My studies are a pleasure instead of a grind, and I am rushing them instead of their rushing me.

I am glad you said what you did about fanaticism. If it had come from any one else I would have laughed at it; but from you—well, I wish you to warn me, sure, if you ever think I am getting that way. I know I am right now and I wish to always keep level. I have seen enough of the results of fanaticism to wish to steer clear of it.

I pray for you every day. How glad I am I have started right! Your good, long letter was very welcome, but I would rather have shorter ones, at more frequent intervals. Do not worry about me, I am in God's hands.

Lots of love to all, John.

30,

Mooers, N. Y., March 31, 1908.

Dear E-:

I hope this will not prove to be an April "Fool" to you, but it has been so long since I heard from you, and I have been having *such* a time, that I must tell you about it. I guess that finally Spring has come, though all the ice has not gone out of the river, nor the snow from the mountains. Do you

remember the mountains we "snap-shotted" when in Canada, that time? My canoe goes tiptop through the current below the dam.

Now I want to tell you about the time I have been having, spiritually. I have never enjoyed talking, and praying, and testifying about the love and power of Jesus, in a fellow's life, as I have the last month. Every other Sunday, and nearly every Friday, Jim Fitch goes up to Cannon's Corners, about nine miles from here, west. They have a nice little church there, and it is in charge of our Pastor, but the laymen usually lead the meetings.

Two weeks ago last Sunday I went up with Jim, and after singing the opening hymn of the morning service, Jim announced, unexpectedly to me, that I would take charge of the rest of the service. Well! You can imagine how staggered I was. I had not thought of such a thing. But I did the best I could and had one person forward for prayers. After the service, Jim and I ate lunch we had taken with us, and then we started from house to house. Jim did most of the talking, and I prayed till I was nearly all prayed out. We were invited out to supper, and then went back to the same church in the evening.

No one was there yet, so Jim asked me if I could play the organ, and we would sing a few songs. Jennie had taught me the chords in one flat, and that was all I knew. So we started in on—"There's a hand held out to you," and followed it by—"Trusting in the Lord," and others. Soon people com-

menced to come in but we kept right on! No matter what key the songs were written in, I played and we sang them all to the chords of one flat! Ha! Ha! Well God nearly blessed us to death. I never heard

Jim talk as he did that night!

We went again last Friday night. Most of the snow had gone, but there were still some large drifts, and on the cross roads we had to walk. The horse got down once, and we unhooked, and while Jim led the horse, I pulled the wagon through the drift. Jim was shouting all the time, while my face was sore, laughing so much. We reached the church about seven o'clock, but as Jim had some business to tend to farther up the road, he went on and I went in and built the fires and lighted the lamps. He said if he was not back by quarter of eight to start the meeting. Well! he did not get back and so there I was up against it again; but I took God at his promise and went ahead. I lead the singing but did not play this time, fortunately! I had not even thought of a chapter to read, and there were so many good ones I did not know which I wanted most. I chose the first chapter of John I.; short, but to the point. I had never read it as I did that night, that is, with so much light on it. God was true to his promise, and gave me perfect freedom. He never fails.

Jim came back in time to give his testimony and shake hands. God blessed me so, and gave me such a sweet consciousness of his presence, that between you and I if God would bless me like that always,

I would be tempted to preach, whether He called me or not. He has not called me yet, but if He does He can have me-"boots and breeches." Ha! Ha! Think of me leading the singing with my cracked fog horn!! I am expecting father home soon and am looking forward to camp-meeting. I went up the other day and sat "mooning" around among the cottages; I hope the occupants of the Bungalow will all migrate again in the summer. I would be very glad to hear from you.

As ever, JOHN.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell! Where I am, ye too shall dwell.

I am gone before your face A moment's time, a little space;

When ye come where I have stepped, Ye will wonder why ye wept.

-SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.





Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.—Proverbs 27:9, 10.

8

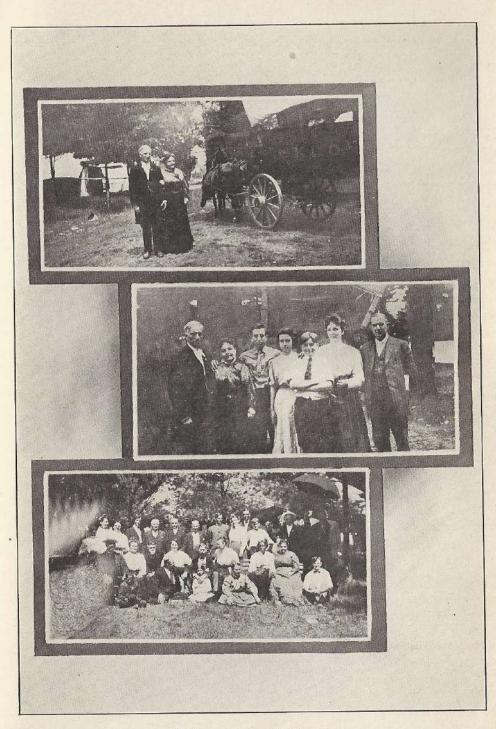
Man is one
And he hath one great heart.

—Balley's Festus.

"Who has no treasure in heaven—well-remembere I forms hallowed by separation and distance—stars of hope illumining with ever increasing beauty life's utmost horizon? What family circle has remained unbroken—no empty chair—no cherished mementos—voices and footsteps returning no more—no members transferred to the illimitable beyond? Heaven is ours; for is it not occupied by

our dead!"

He knows!
Yes, Iesus knows! just what you cannot tell
He understands so well!
The silence of the heart is heard,
He does not need a single word,
He thinks of you;
He watcheth, and He careth too,
He pitieth, He loveth! All this flows
In one sweet word: 'He knows!'



At Mooers Camp Ground

ETTERS of Sympathy.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas: Our Heavenly Father has seen fit, in His infinite wisdom, to take from us one of His own, John H. Taylor, we, the Class of 1912, do hereby resolve:

That we extend to the bereaved family our heart-felt sympathy.

That he was a member of our class most highly honored and appreciated.

That among his fellow-students he was greatly esteemed for his beautiful Christian character, and the pure, spotless life he lived among us.

That his cheerful disposition, and countenance lit with heavenly glow, will be greatly missed by all.

That his clear, definite testimony to the saving power of God, will ever be remembered.

That we, as a class, will endeavor to follow as faithfully, the God whom he loved.

Furthermore be it resolved:

That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the University Register.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

Morris A. Outland. Orrel Allen. Ernest R. Ryder.

Taylor Unibersity

UPLAND, INDIANA

December 14, 1908.

Rev. B. S. Taylor and Family:

Words, we know, often seem to offer very little genuine sympathy, yet we wish to offer them as expressing our grief,—although they very inadequately do so,—concerning your great loss.

For one so bright and cheerful in every-day life, so courteous and attentive in the recitation room, and so manly and noble in his Christian experience, no expressions can be too high.

Please accept the heart-felt sympathy of the 'Class of 1912' in this time of bereavement. May He, who alone is able to give real consolation in such seasons of trial, soothe your sorrow, as only His mercy can.

Yours most sincerely,

The Class of 1912,

L. CHESTER LEWIS, Secretary.

M. A. OUTLAND, President.

8

Carrollton, Ohio, December 14, '08.

Dear Brother Taylor:

I was John's room-mate at school and wish to write to you, and tell you that I knew John's daily life, and if ever a boy knew God, John did. I shall never forget the times we have had together in prayer, in our room, only we three, Jesus, John, and myself. Glory be to God!



Julia May Taylor

My heart is almost broken, but still beneath it all, I am so glad he made the landing safe, and is now with Jesus and his loved ones gone before. John and I oftened planned about going to Mooers Camp meeting next year, but now he is at a Camp Meeting that will never end. Thank God forever!

You all have my heart-felt sympathy in your sad bereavement. May the blessing of God comfort your hearts as only He can.

Your brother in Christ,
John's room-mate,
Ernest Stookesberry.

30

Upland, Indiana, December 14, 1908. My dear Brother Taylor and Family:

I cannot tell you how much we all sympathize with you in this bereavement. We are all broken-hearted over the death of John. We all met in the chapel yesterday and held a memorial service. A number of the faculty, Professors Mack, Latham, Stout, Brownlee, Miss Springer, and myself took part in the services. Everything has been done that could be; so you need have no regret that you were not able to be here, as he had such faithful care.

We realize something of the sorrow and sadness which has come over you at the loss of your dear son. I am sure that no person with the typhoid fever could have been cared for more faithfully and tenderly than was your boy.

We all loved John, and we feel his loss as keenly as that of a brother. Sorrow came over the entire school when he was taken away, and yet, the unanimous opinion is, that no one could have been taken from here who was better prepared to meet his God, than was John. What a blessed consolation this is!

We have just made arrangements to send the body of John with Mr. Ryder, one of our students. Mr. Ryder has been one of his faithful friends, and devoted to him in his last days. We feel it is very fitting that he should go with him.

He will tell you the interest and care the whole school took in John, how tender the nurses were for his welfare, and that nothing was spared that might in any way minister to his life and health. Sad as this is, we feel that, somehow, his death will be a great benediction to the students of Taylor University. We pray that it may, and that the sustaining hand of our dear Saviour may be around you and your family.

May the Lord greatly bless you, is my prayer.

Most sincerely your brother in Christ
M. Vayhinger,
President of Taylor University.

80

Upland, Indiana, Dec. 21, '08.

My dear Mrs. Taylor:

You have been on my mind and heart for so many days and weeks, I feel that I want to write and express to you as nearly as possible what is in my heart.

Your son John became very near to us while here. Altho his stay was short, he crept into our hearts in a peculiar way. After he was taken sick and carried to the improvised hospital, he had the best care that could be given by a trained nurse and an assistant, and yet I sat beside him for several days the most of the time, because some one had to be there. If he roused and found no one there, he immediately thought he was alone and, as he said, "must go home." As long as one sat by him, holding his hand and rubbing his forehead, he seemed to rest, and as his mother could not be here, I tried to take her place. He was always so patient and polite, altho semi-delirious; always saying after we had done anything for him, "that is fine."

As I sat beside him, he said many things to me which would have consoled in a measure, your great grief at this time, could you have been with him and heard them. One morning he looked up into my face and said: "And He has called me to preach His Gospel! I would rather preach His Gospel than to be an unsaved President of the United States."

His physician, one of them, was unsaved, and as he came to his bedside one evening, John looked up into his face and said: "Doc. you need to be saved; it is the most important thing in life and you cannot afford to neglect it. You think it will be hard, and it is, if you only get a little, but if you go all the way through, and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost,

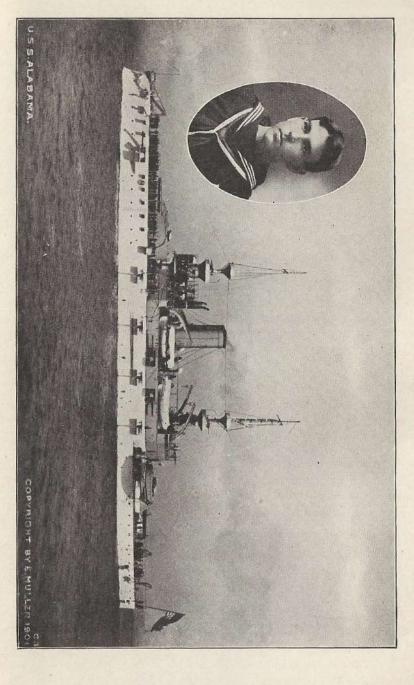
it is easy;" and he held to the doctor's hand until he said: "Yes, Jack, it is the most important thing."

He thought of nothing but home, mother, and getting some one saved. He had men at the altar almost continually, praying with them, and for them, and pointing them to Christ, always ending with: "O, Jesus! make him a bright and shining light for Thee!"

He knew Mr. Vayhinger and myself every day except the last. On Friday morning, when Mr. Vayhinger went in, the nurse said: "Mr. Taylor, here is some one to see you. Do you know him? John looked up and said: "Oh, Doctor, I was asleep, I guess. Yes, I know him and I love him next to my father," and as we stayed beside him, it seemed the cords of love strengthened, until, when he slipped away, it was almost like losing one of our own.

We were glad the last two days and nights of his stay at Taylor, were spent with us, at our home, and his body was started to his father and mother by loving hands, I assure you.

I wish it were your privilege to know some of these noble young men and boys in college here, who have forgotten self, and are only asking to be spent for God and humanity. John's own brothers could not have served him more loyally and lovingly than did they. I am enclosing a sheet of the Thanksgiving Register. It has John's testimony, and also some of his friends. These I have marked. Mr. Ryder, who went with the body, was especially dear to him,



Frank Chandler Taylor

U. S. S. Alabama

and many, many times a day he would say: "I want Ryder," and if Mr. Ryder got to hear of it in any way, he always came.

John was very sick from the first, altho when he was first taken, the doctor said: "He has a good constitution and will come through all right;" but later constitutional weaknesses developed; poor circulation, some lung complications (altho the doctor thought not serious) and the nervous temperament that kept his fever up, and it could not be reduced by bathing or medicine.

The Friday before his death, a consulting physician was called from Marion, one of the best in Indiana, and he said: "He is in a critical condition, no seeming chance for recovery." Prayer meetings were held all during his illness, in different places, and surely it was the Lord's will that he should do his preaching in another world than this, or in his death, for as I look back over his illness, I cannot think of a single thing that was undone.

I wish I might have you here this morning, Mrs. Taylor, I am sure I should enjoy the hour in your presence, but as it cannot be, I am thankful our prayers can mingle at the throne, that out of this be reavement may come such a blessing to your family, as God only can see best to give, and to our school, as He sees we need.

May the God of all grace comfort your broken hearts, as only He can.

Love and best wishes, and earnest prayers, from Mr. Vayhinger, as well as

MRS. M. VAYHINGER.

30

This is the testimony Mrs. Vayhinger speaks of in her letter and is copied from the 'Taylor University Register.' Several testimonies from his classmates follow:

I am glad for health and strength and a thousand other blessings; but am thankful most of all for Jesus' blood, and its precious cleansing power, in my own heart, just now.

JOHN H. TAYLOR.

50

It is by such a life as John Taylor's, that we are often brought to a deeper realization of Jesus Christ. So to-day I feel that his life as I came in contact with it in the class-room, has been an inspiration to my future.

GUY W. HOLMES.

86

Dear brother John Taylor was truly a sunny Christian; always ready to pray and sing praises to God. His experience was not a burden to him, but joy, and peace, and gladness in the Holy Ghost.

When I think of John now, it is not away off somewhere; I think of him as transferred to be ever with the Savior who helped him in life, comforted him in death, and will be with him through eternity. Praise the Lord!

As John's remains were put on the train last night and shipped home, I thought of the Gospel train; and my prayer is that I may work a little harder to get the lost race of Adam to board that train, than I would if I had never met John.

O. C. Brown.

30

I am thankful to God for the many friends I have made at Taylor University. I do really praise God for the privilege of coming in contact with these lives which have given me an inspiration to higher ideals and nobler actions.

Among these friends, brother John Taylor will always remain prominent in my memory. We learned to love each other as brothers in Christ, and I shall never forget the many blessed meetings we were privileged to attend together, where the shout of victory was prevalent.

But now brother John has gone to be with Jesus, where sorrow and temptation are no more; and I, through God's mercy, have been left, to keep on fighting the battle of life.

Jesus is my leader, and if I am true, when my work is ended, then I shall meet John, to part no more.

I am bound for heaven by way of the foreign field.

PAUL C. BUCHER.

Lovingly dedicated to the sacred memory of the sanctified life and triumphant death of my school friend, John Taylor.

WHEN HE SHALL CALL.

BY SADIE LOUISE MILLER.

I want no tears of grief.

Whensoe'er my spirit turns and flies away

To worlds unknown, from out this house of clay.

And ties are severed which were bound in blood;

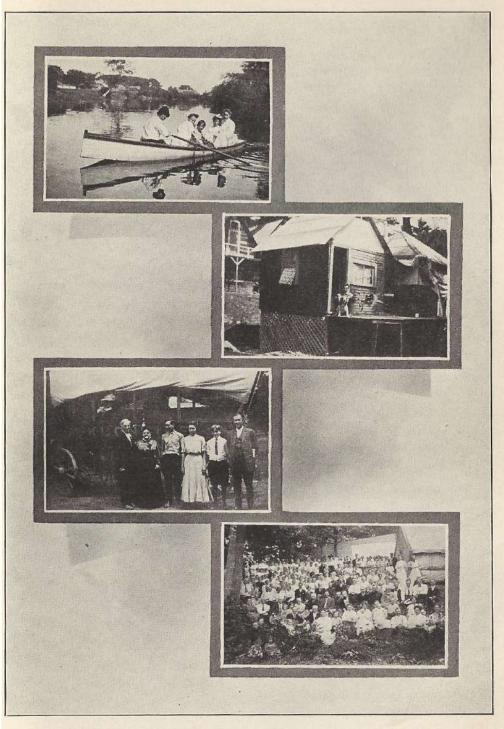
For this I know, to go and be with God

Will be a sweet relief.

Oh, grieve not when shall come
The union of a waiting bride to Him,
Whose love has made all earthly love so dim.
That gladly would I bid them all be gone,
That I might rest my soul in Him alone,
Until He called me home.

So weep not, but rejoice,
When, to His marriage feast I hear the call,
And leave this earth, bidding farewell to all;
For tho' the loves of earth are strong and sweet,
The Lover of my soul I'll joy to greet,
When I shall hear His voice.





John in His Canoe A Family Group

John's Cottage A Group of Campers



The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; He hath sent me to comfort all that mourn.—Isaiah 61, 2.

32

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—CICERO.

100

His the city pure and golden;
Ours the earth-life stained with sin;
His the green fields and the gardens
Where the angels enter in.
His the white robes ever shining
In the love that made them so;
His the glory and the rapture
Which the angels only know.
His the crown wreath never fading;
His the music of the skies;
Ours the eyes all dimmed with weeping;
His the ever tearless eyes.





ETTERS of Remembrance.

Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts,

February 9, 1909.

My dear Mrs. Taylor:

Mr. Taylor has just written me the sad news of your boy's death. It seems hard to believe that he is gone. I recall so pleasantly his life and work with

us, his quiet, unassuming, but persevering and conscientious ways, and the steady influence which he exerted always on the side of right.

It is a blessed satisfaction to feel that those who are taken from us, early in life, especially, are qualified to enter into the larger life beyond. John certainly seemed ready to go, and no doubt the call came to him because of the larger work which he was to do elsewhere, and the greater opportunity there offered him.

Please accept for Mr. Taylor and yourself, from myself personally, and from the other members of our Faculty, deep and heart-felt sympathy in this hour of your bereavement. I am glad that we had the privilege of having your boy with us for those two happy years, and I rejoice to know that you feel that we, in turn, contributed something to strengthen his already maturing character.

Believe me, with deepest sympathy,

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred E. Stearns, Principal.

32

West Hebron, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1908.

My dear Brother Taylor:

We were shocked to-night to receive intelligence that Ernest was on his way East with the remains of your dear John. It does not seem possible. O, my dear brother, my heart does go out to you and your family at this time. We can sympathize just a little with you when we try to imagine John on his way home with Ernest's remains. This is a time when we need just the kind of salvation we have, and try to induce others to accept. Bless God, we do know 'that all things work together for good to them that love God.'

We'll continue to fight the battle here just a little longer; 'twill not be long ere we'll meet the loved ones over yonder, with the precious gems we have gathered for the Master.

Yours in Christian love and fellowship, (Rev.) WILLIS R. RYDER.

82

West Hebron, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1908.

Dear Sister Taylor:

We have just received Ernest's letter telling us of the death of your son John, and that Ernest is on the way home with the remains. Oh, how our hearts ache for you and brother Taylor, and the dear sisters and brothers. Ernest and John have been together considerably, and we have been very much interested in him, as Ernest has so often spoken of him in his letters.

We have been praying for, and hoping for, his recovery, and were more than sad to hear that he had passed away. Thank God that he was ready to go, but oh! the heart-ache; yet "Jesus understands, all His ways are best." We will be glad if Ernest may be of some comfort to you.

With loving sympathy,
HARRIET E. RYDER.

Lake Charles, Louisiana, Dec. 18, 1908.

Dear Brother Taylor:

While here, conducting pentecostal meetings at the Gulf Conference, a line from a friend informs me that you have met recent bereavement in the death of your son at Taylor University.

I pray the Comforter's presence may abide and Ilis consolation abound! Truly, "He will never leave nor forsake." What gain it must be to a young man, if the Lord wills, to reach the eternal city!

Ever ignorant of many bitter things we have learned and are learning, in the maturing experience of life, he will have learned so much yonder to tell you of when you join him; and for broken hearts left behind, in the meanwhile, the Saviour's cruse of balm is ever full.

May His love sustain you, Your brother,

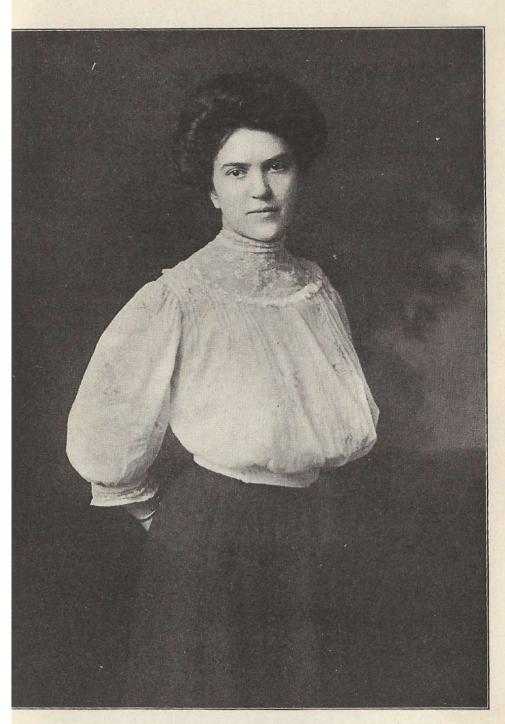
(REV.) JOSEPH H. SMITH.

- 30

Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 28, 1908.

Dear B.other Taylor:

I learned yesterday of your great bereavement in the death of your son. Truly the ways of God are mysterious and past finding out. It is with deep sympathy that I write and tell you how sorry I am for you.



Anna Leonora Taylor

He was in the meeting I held recently at Taylor University and was ever ready to do all he could for Jesus. I am glad for you that you have the comfort to know he was all right. There are so many parents now-a-days, who have so much to be sorry for in their children, that even in the midst of your great bereavement, you must rejoice that your's is not a living sorrow.

Thank God such souls go safe to dwell with Him! Who knows but God has employment for them for which He has fitted them!

I pray that God may greatly bless you in this dark hour and make His grace to abound in your heart.

Your friend and brother, (Rev.) George A. McLaughlin.

Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., Jan. 26, 1909.

Dear Brother and Sister Taylor:

Yesterday while reading the Christian Witness, I was pained to learn of the death of your son, John. You truly have my sympathy in this hour of deep sorrow; yet the sorrow is mingled with joy, for John has gone home to be with Jesus. Some day we may go to him, and after all, the Christian's hope is sweet and blessed. "Earth has no sorrow heaven cannot heal." God bless and comfort you. . . .

With love and best wishes to you both, I remain, Your friend forever,

II Corinthians, 9, 8. SAMUEL M. CROFT,

Dear Brother and Sister:

We desire you to know that we feel sorely for you. A chord of sympathy vibrates in the going of your son. We noticed, with satisfaction, that he gave promise of much usefulness. We saw the notice in the Christian Witness.

May the Spirit still be poured upon you! As in the past He has given you many souls and a wide field of labor, so may your bow abide in strength.

We are glad to know you, and expect to rejoice with you, and all the Ship's Company, in the great home gathering. All praise to the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit.

GEORGE and MARY WHITNEY.

30

Portales, New Mexico, Dec. 18, 1908. My dear Brother:

I have just heard of the death of your dear boy John. How bright and happy he was the last time I saw him, and to-day he is with our blessed Saviour. How hard it must be for you to part with him! I pray that our blessed Heavenly Father will give you the grace and comfort that a father will need to go through your trial.

I will pray much for you and love you good, and expect our Father to strengthen you for the battle against sin. May He watch over and keep you by His power, and bring you through this great sorrow, a stronger man than ever before.

Give my kindest regards to your wife and children. I am your brother in the Holy War, until Jesus comes, or I go up.

Amen and Amen!
Bud Robinson. (Evangelist.)

10

Peniel, Texas, Dec. 19, '08.

My dear Brother and Sister:

I was so shocked and grieved the other day, on receiving a card from May, telling of John's death. The last I had heard, he was strong and well, and in such beautiful spiritual condition.

May the Lord bless you in this great bereavement, and be with and keep you by His power.

In Him, your sister, SALLIE H. ROBINSON.

32

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1908.

Dear Brother Taylor and Family:

We are heart-broken to hear about John's death. Our hearts are too full to say anything, only to weep with those who weep. I am sending word to our boys at Cornell. John was a little younger than Roy, and a little older than Wallace. I am so glad he was saved; so many die who are not. It seems as though one of our own had gone; and so it is, for we have all one Father.

Oh! I pray God to comfort your poor, lonely hearts. We have been bearing you to the throne of grace right along. May God bless you all!

Your sister in the Lord,

MRS. A. K. STEPHENSON.

>

(The White Mission.)

CONSOLATION.

Lines to my wife.

[Written at sundown, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 5 p. m. on the Shore Lake Ontario, Mexico, New York.]

B. S. TAYLOR.

Slow sinks the sun into the dying west

It's fading light falls pale on winter snow,

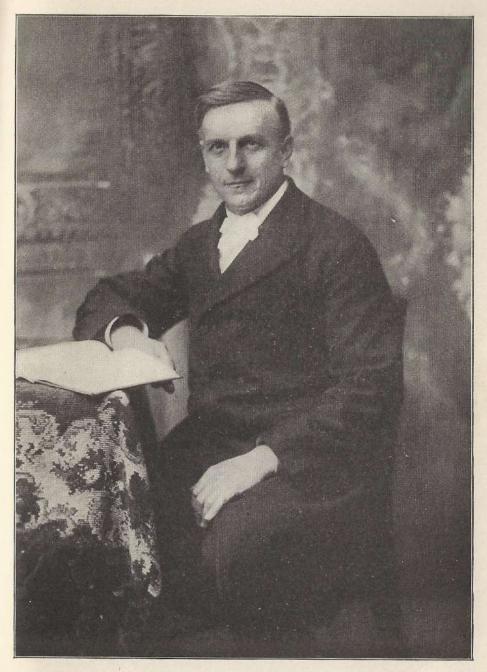
As pensive thoughts of loved ones cross my breast

A pilgrim lingering here a while below.

Sweet, gentle thoughts are stirring in my heart Of our "beloved John" so far away, The shadows deepen o'er the silent earth, All nature hushed doth mourn the dying day.

Yon fleecy clouds sink slowly toward the shore Where broad Ontario heaves her heavy breast, And boastful waves have ceased their angry roar While heavenly peace broods o'er an earth at rest.

The frozen earth lies dead beneath her shroud Of glistening snow, pale! pulseless! still! No bird disturbs the air! No restless cloud Is sweeping 'thwart the sky o'er vale or hill!



B. S. Taylor, Evangelist

It is an hour for tender memories.

The aching heart of love hath soothed its pain!

The ones we've loved now flood our reveries,

The ones we've lost on earth but hope to meet again.

And where are they this hour? Oh! Father! God! Where are their holy spirits now at rest? Ah! do they share our pain and sorrow? Lord? Partakers of our joys?—among the blest?

Do they, sweet spirits, bend their listening ears
This evening down to silent Mother Earth?
To hear our sobs? To wipe away our tears?
To whisper to us of a heavenly birth?

While dying day is sinking in the west
Do they from yonder starry world alight?
To cheer by day our footsteps, and to rest
Our aching heads through all the dreary night?

In yonder mansions ever bright and fair,
Do they our presence and our love regret?
While they Thy glorics, blessed Jesus, share,
Do they e'er watch and wait our coming yet?

Ah! Yes! Bless God! His Word assurance gives!
His angels minister to saints below!
Who on His promise ever more believes
Doth know their kindly help in time of woe.

Our Heavenly Father sends them to our side With touch of tender healing, soothing calm! They fling the door of heaven open wide, And pour the anointing oil of Gilead's balm.



The tongue of the just is as choice silver.—Proverbs x:20.

There is nothing more becoming any wise man, than to make choice of friends, for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art; let them therefore be wise and virtuous.—

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Father, where the shadows fall
Deeper yet, deepest of all,
Send Thy peace, and show Thy power
In affliction's direst hour;
To each mourning heart draw near,
Soothe and bless, sustain and cheer.
Thou wilt hear, I know not how!
Thou canst help, 'and only Thou.'



ETTERS of Friendship.

Mullingar, Saskatchewan, Canada, Jan. 19, 1909.

Dear Brother Taylor:

It was with great surprise and sorrow, we saw in the Witness the announcement of the death of your son John. We extend to you our deepest sympathy in your great bereavement, and unitedly pray that you may find much comfort in the love of God, precious fellowship in the Lord Jesus, and grace to say "God does what is best" in your great sorrow.



Henry Boardman Taylor John Leonora Jennie (Seven Years Old) Marion Arla Taylor

I suppose, not till we get to the world where we shall know as we are known, shall we understand why we sometimes are called to "Pass under the rod." We well understand that the kindest words and most tender sympathies cannot lessen the heart aches and loneliness, nor in any sense palliate the loss of the loved form, the affectionate son and promising messenger of the cross: but we do pray that He who wept with those that wept, may somehow fill the place Himself of the dear one who is gone.

Please convey to Mrs. Taylor and May, and all the family, our united affection and sympathy in this time of sorrow and sadness.

Sincerely and forever yours,
Rev. and Mrs. George Comerford.

30

Coburg, Oregon, Jan. 18, 1909.

Dear Brother Taylor:

We notice in the Christian Witness an account of the death of your son. We write to express our sympathy, and pray that the Lord may wonderfully sustain you in this hour of deep sorrow. May you indeed find His grace sufficient for thee.

Just why a promising young life, with a great opportunity before him of doing good, and of being efficient in the Master's Kingdom, should be cut down, we may not quite understand; but as the poet said: Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then we'll understand,
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there we'll understand.

Mrs. Erskine joins me in sending regards and sympathy to yourself and family.

Your brother in Jesus, (Rev.) Wesley M. Erskine.

34

Castleton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1909. My dear Brother:

In several papers (notably the Christian Witness) I have with sadness of heart noted the death of John. As I opened the Witness this morning, and read the statement made by the University of which he was a member, I couldn't keep the tears from falling. I remember John so well, and shall never forget his smiling face and noble bearing.

I have never yet been able to understand God's ways in so often removing the fairest flowers from earth, leaving the unlovely, and the rough and rude, to stay on and on, when we so much need the first named. I never feel rebellion because God takes them (for 'My Father knows'), but I often wonder why?

You are comforted in the blessed thought that John was prepared, and that heaven is the gainer by his going. You would have rejoiced to have had him a flaming evangel for the truth you have so long upheld, but it may be by his going, many will take that place. . . .

I bless God I do belong to the King. With much sympathy for you and your family, believe me,

Ever your brother, (Rev.) Henry C. Petty.

30

Willsborough, N. Y., December 23, 1908. Dear Brother Taylor:

How my heart has bled for you since I heard of John's death. How these words come to me: 'And ye now therefore have sorrow;' but 'Blessed be God, the Father of Mercies, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort any which are in trouble.' 'Ye sorrow not as others which have no hope' for ye shall one day meet again.

I remember hearing him give the following testimony: 'I have cast my first vote, the straight Prohibition ticket;' thus he left a good influence, followed his father's footsteps, and did something to benefit the world.

John was always such a pure-minded boy. How the girls will miss him, especially Jennie; they were so united. They will never find any other escort to take his place. . . .

How my heart has been led out to pray for you in your sorrow; the much loved son taken on whom you doted, hoping he would carry your work along. May the dear Lord comfort you.

Yours in much sympathy, friendship, and Christian love,

DEMIS J. ADAMS.

30

Freedom, Penn., January 8, 1909.

My dear Brother:

I read last evening in the Witness the death of your dear son, and I desire, though a stranger to you, to express my sympathy for you in your affliction. I pray that you may have the Master's own comfort, and that God will spare you for years to come, to preach a Gospel of full salvation.

Yours in bonds of perfect love,

H. R. Ross.

32

Stamford, Vermont, Dec. 29, 1908.

Dear Brother Taylor:

I sympathize with you deeply in the death of your noble son, John. How many times I have thought when seeing you together, what an honor and encouragement he was to you. He seemed so unselfish, so accommodating; ready always to help everybody. I last heard him give a clear, ringing testimony at Rouse's Point. He said he had never gone into sin like many boys, and had always lived a moral life, and urged young men to seek their soul's salvation. I thought He was growing in grace and would soon be able to take his father's



Oletha E. Horton and Her Brother Ralph

place; but God has ordered it otherwise; His holy will be done! I firmly believe that he is safe on the Evergreen Shore, shut in with Christ forever. . . .

I am sincerely,

Yours in Jesus, Mrs. Bryant Hazen.

30

Wellsville, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1908.

Dear Brother in Christ:

I have just heard that your precious son, John, has been called home to glory by his loving Saviour, who said: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." Remember me kindly to all the other members of your household, and rest assured that many of us are holding you up before the throne in prayer, knowing that His grace will prove 'sufficient' even in this time of great need.

I went up to East Liverpool last evening to the Mission meeting. . . At the close we gathered around the altar, earnestly bearing yourself and loved ones to Jesus, the only one who can comfort the broken-hearted; and we felt sure that Jesus heard and answered our prayers.

May the dear Lord sustain you, and pour into your bereaved heart the 'oil of gladness,' being assured that 'He doeth all things well.'

> Yours and His, John Davis.

Carrollton, Ohio, December 18, 1908. Dear Brother Taylor and Family:

I feel how very weak and empty any words of mine will sound at this time, in your sad bereavement, and yet I want you to know that we indeed sympathize with you and pray God's comforting and sustaining grace, in this your severe trial.

We rejoice with you in the knowledge that John died the death of a Christian. Our acquaintance with him was short, but the evening he spent in our home was indeed a pleasant one to us; we felt he was a true and upright young man.

We can but feel sorry that his life-work was brought to a close so suddenly, yet we feel it is another touch of God's hand, since we have heard that even in his dying moments one soul was convicted of sin and saved gloriously that same night.

We do not need to tell you of God's power to comfort and heal all wounds of the heart; you have tested and tried it. So "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Bless His name!

Mother Albright, brother Harry, and my husband, join me in this note of sympathy and love.

May God's abiding peace be yours,

MRS. E. L. HENDERSON.

100

San Mateo, Florida, January 9, 1909. My dear Brother:

I have read of your sore affliction in the loss of your son, and the purpose of this letter is to ex-



Clifford J. Wood

press my sincere sorrow for you. My heart is in fullest sympathy with you. I am confident that the grace which has proved sufficient in hours of great stress will be your comfort now. The same old Gospel which you have administered to many, will be your girding in these days of grief.

I pray that the God of all grace may sustain and comfort you.

Lovingly yours in Him,

George E. Stockwell.

30

Middlebury, Vermont, December 17, 1908. To the Reverend B. S. Taylor and Family:

Accept the heart-felt sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Mack in your present bereavement. We have the assurance that the young man is not dead, he only sleepeth; and rejoice, for whom God loveth, He chasteneth.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Mr. AND Mrs. James H. Mack.

30

State College, Penn., January 14, 1909. Dear Brother Taylor:

You have sincere sympathy during this sad time. May God give you strength and grace to help you in this hour of trouble. While I was not acquainted with your son John, I feel that I know you, and write these few lines to show my sympathy at this time.

Your friend,

R. V. MITCHELL.

Oakley, Kansas, January 14, 1909.

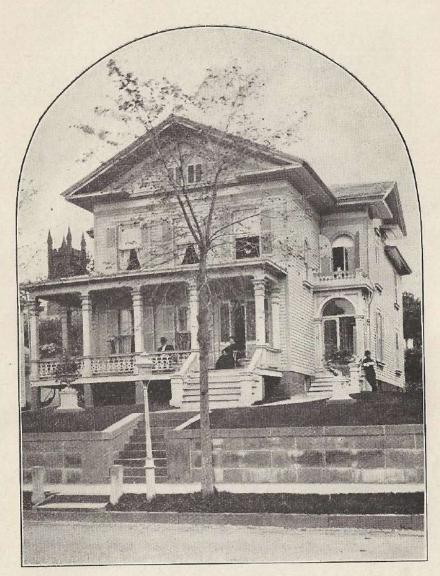
My precious Brother:

With great sorrow I read of the death of your son at Taylor University. I wish in some way I could help you carry your burden, for I know it must be great in the loss of a son from whom his parents expected so much in bettering the world. To be taken away before his life-work was accomplished must be a great sorrow. No doubt you know on whom to lean and have found comfort and consolation. I have a son in the Evangelistic work and one in College preparing for the ministry, and should either be taken my sorrow would be great, hence I feel for you.

May the God of all grace be with you. Amen! E. E. Gunckel.

"The dead are like the stars; by day
Withdrawn from mortal eyes—
But though unseen, they hold their way
In glory through the skies."





The Home at New Haven, Conn.



The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable.— Proverbs, 10, 32.

20

Blessed be letters! They are comforters and true heart-talkers! I have a little packet I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and read over with sorrow and with joy. What tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the Sentiment that such affection kindles. They are letters of sympathy which means sympathy.—Ik Marvel.

The comfort to each other's heart
That sympathy alone can give,
Is one sweet mission here on carth,
For which a human soul may live.
True friendship ever loves to serve
And cheer the heart where sorrows dwell:
Not half the joy such friendship brings,
The human tongue can ever tell.

ETTERS of love.

Little Falls, N. Y., December 17, 1908. Dear Brother and Sister:

Your letter came like a bolt out of a clear sky. I cannot make it seem possible that John has gone home. What can I say to comfort you! Words

and pen fail in such an hour! Only Jesus is equal to binding up the broken hearts.

We know that John is happy, but such an ache is left in the hearts of those who loved him. Although I saw him but a few short days last summer, I never loved man or boy as I loved John. His letters have been such a help to me; so full of hope, love and faith. I have the last one he wrote before me as I write, dated November eighteenth.

I would so like to be at the funeral, but I will not be able, owing to sickness. My wife and children unite with me in extending our heartfelt sympathy to you all.

May Jesus give you grace to bear this great affliction. Your brother,

RALPH HORTON.

20

Mooers, N. Y., December 13, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Taylor:

The sad news of John's death has just come to us, and I hasten to extend to you my heart-felt sympathy. Words are inadequate to express how deeply I feel for you, but my heart responds to this cry of grief; for it seems so short a time since God took my dear Ethel away, and John was one of the bearers at her funeral.

How little we know what lies before us, and how hard it is to understand why these dear ones are taken; yet we know 'He doeth all things well,' and He alone can heal these wounds; such deep afflic-



Daisy Wood Lloyd

tions as death. We all loved John and shall miss his cheery voice, and bright and smiling countenance.

I hope we shall soon greet each other face to face, and I can then better express to you the sorrow in my heart. Mother unites with me in extending love and sympathy to you all.

I remain as ever,

Your sincere friend, CORA M. WOOD.

30

Perkinsville, Vt., Jan. 15, 1909. Dear Brother and Sister Taylor:

When we received word of John's death, our hearts were sad, for we loved John. He was a good boy and so promising; I am sure and glad he was ready to go. Sometimes it seems as if we would murmur when such a bright life is snapped, and those who could be spared are left. What a helper and companion he was to his father, but you know where and from whom to get genuine comfort. How many times we thought of you, on that day when you laid him away forever. Evelyn was very much attached to John and she feels it keenly. How much we would like to see you both.

May Jesus comfort you,

Yours friends,
ITHIEL AND MARY.
(Rev. and Mrs. I. T. Johnson.)

Warrensburg, Missouri, Jan. 8, 1909. Rev. and dear Brother in Christ:

Through the Witness we see of your sad bereavement and send you a message of condolence. . . . These trials must come into our lives, ordered of a kind Providence for our good and for God's glory. I trust you may have grace to bear this severe affliction.

Yours very truly,

C. H. PHILLIPS.

30

Pendleton, Oregon, Tuesday Evening. My dear old Friend:

Your letter, bringing the sad news of the death of your son John, is received.

You know, my dear, that I sorrow with you, and would give much to be with you at this hour. I have lost four children, but they were little babes; and always this was so much comfort to me: "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It has always seemed so sad to me, when one is taken away just on the verge of manhood, ready to fill out a useful life. Yet you have this to comfort you; your boy was a Christian; ah! what a solace that to grieving hearts!

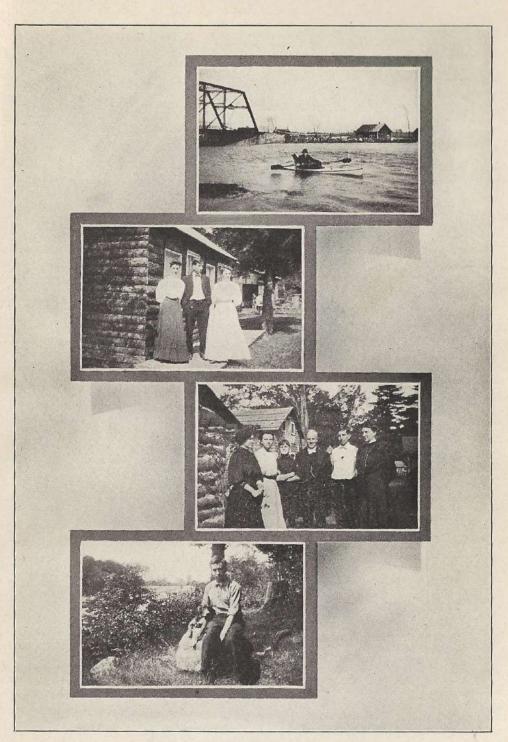
My dearest love and sympathy are yours in this bereavement.

I am the same old friend of forty years ago.

Ever yours,

EDITH ADAMS CARROLL.

104



John on the Chazy River
With His Friends
Among the Family Group
With His Dog "Sport"

New York, N. Y., December 18, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Taylor:

I am indeed sorry to learn of the death of John. It does put us to the test, to have a good Christian boy taken away in the flower of his youth, and others who are not worthy, left; but this is the inscrutable part of our Father which we do not understand, and while it is hard, we can only pray, 'Thy will be done.'

I know how you must feel, and can sympathize with you. I have prayed for you and your family, and believe our dear Savior will answer such prayers. Bear up, be brave; yet it is needless for me to tell you this, as you have shown so much fortitude under suffering in the past, that I sometimes marvel at your resistance.

It must have been a great shock and grief to his father, but being a good soldier, I can understand how he takes it; nevertheless we are all human, and have hearts, and must suffer. It is a beautiful thought to hold,—that of the open door,—and the belief that John has only gone on a visit and there will be a glad reunion some day.

May God bless you and I-eep you from any more sorrows, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend,

JOHN W. NEWBERY.

S.

Troy, N. Y., December 27, 1908.

Dear Brother and Sister:

I am shocked to hear of John's death, and am very sorry for you in your trouble. I know he was very

dear to you, but he was a lover of Jesus Christ, and although it is hard to part with him, yet you must feel that he is at rest; that he has gone to his Saviour, and to join his mother, and is out of this troublesome world. . . .

Dear sister, you deserve a great deal of credit for taking up the care of my sister's children, and I know it is through your love and sympathy, that they have been led to the Saviour. I hope they will appreciate you more and more as they grow older, and be able to help you bear your burdens.

My prayer is that you may receive a blessing. John was very fond of you, and you may feel that you have one star in your crown.

May the Lord comfort and sustain you in your hour of trial, is the wish of

Your sister,

ELLEN M. Fox.

32

Cazenovia, N. Y., December 20, 1908.

My dear, dear Mrs. Taylor:

Words cannot express my feelings since I have heard of the death of John. How I wish I was in Mooers, so that I could see you and have you with me at my home. I think of you all the time, since I have heard this sad news. I always thought a great deal of John, he was such a good, sweet boy, and he always loved you so, and spoke so kindly of you whenever he met me on the street. He would always say: 'Aunt Jennie, have you heard from

mother lately? We have had a letter;' and he would seem to be so pleased about it.

He was very kind to me last summer, and several times took Florence Fitch and me to the Camp Ground, to show us what he had accomplished there. Poor Mr. Taylor! How he will miss John; he was such a help to his father, in looking after things when he was away. Then he was so good to the children; what a crushing blow this will be to them. In fact, he was kind to every person and always had a good word for each and all. My heart is very sad, and I know that I shall miss his pleasant smile when I return to Mooers. . . .

May God bless and comfort you. You all have my sympathy.

With a heart full of love, Your friend,

VIRGINIA FITCH.

25

Mullingar, Saskatchewan, Canada. My beloved Friend and Sister:

It is with the tenderest feeling in my heart that I now write these few lines to you. You can scarcely imagine my surprise and sorrow when I saw in the Witness the announcement of John's death. Indeed I was as one dazed. I could only pray and pray that God would bear you up in this great affliction. I felt I could not write, words are so inadequate to express my sympathy and love for you, my dear, precious friend. Surely your cup of sorrow has

been filled many times; and were it not for the "Man of sorrows," you would undoubtedly have collapsed

long ago.

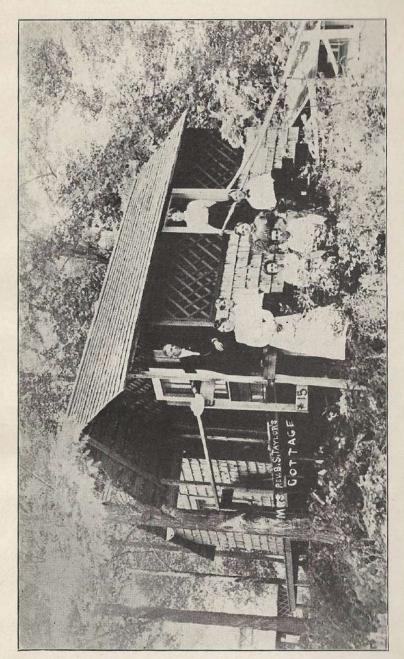
Be of good cheer; we shall soon outride these storms and at last be anchored where the ships go out no more forever, sailing on the Sea of Time. No matter how hot the furnace, the form of the fourth is always with us, like unto the Son of God. I am with you nearly all the time in spirit, and long to see you face to face.

The other night I could not go to prayer-meeting, and while alone in prayer and meditation, I thought of you and your dear, departed boy. I felt like penning those thoughts, and for a moment I prayed, and Jesus said, 'Yes, write,' so I enclose you the lines as they came to me. They are for you, in memory of John. You all seemed to love him so, 'tis strange that he should go first; but heaven will be nearer and dearer, as the loved ones, one by one, are gathered there.

I think of John as I last saw him, his large, expressive eyes, and smiling face; and how cute he looked as he slipped a few olives in his pocket after dinner; I used to tease him about it. I am sure I shall miss him if I am ever permitted to attend Mooers Camp again. But the dead and the distant are often present with us. He is not here, but risen. Praise God! With fondest love,

I am your unchangeable friend,

DORA COMERFORD.



The Taylor Cottage at Mooers Camp Ground

Before the throne another pilgrim stands, Singing the song of Moses and the lamb. With those of ev'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in Jesus' blood.

In glory he beholds his Saviour's face, He sings the triumphs of redeeming grace; We know his ceaseless song shall ever raise To Him who here on earth he loved to praise.

On mem'ry's wings we soar to Chazy's bowers, Where Christian souls enjoyed such precious hours; 'Tis sad that we shall see John's face no more, Nor clasp his hand in meeting, as of yore.

What fellowship, when filled with love divine
We there enjoyed, under the spreading pine;
But sweeter joy, when earthly days are o'er,
We'll have in heaven, where death is known no more.

Farewell, dear John, thy glorious warfare's past, Earth has receded, thou art home at last; You've gone before us, crossed the crystal tide; Your welcome waits us on the other side.

Oh, Lord, may we, with patience, tread the road,
That our sweet, sainted brother, John, has trod;
Wage to its close a Christian warrior's strife,
And win, like him, a crown of endless life.
—Dora Comerford.





As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.—Proveres 27, 19.

80

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature. I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts. . . . The end of friendship is for the aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death.—EMERSON.

Oh, when the long day's work is done,
And we clasp hand at set of sun,
Loved friends we meet,
In concourse sweet,
At even.

So, when for us has passed away
The last bright hour of earthly day,
Then may we meet,
In converse sweet,
In heaven.

-ABBY H. PATTON.

ETTERS of Comfort.

Middletown, Conn., January 8, 1909.

Dear Sister Taylor:

My heart has gone out to you and brother Taylor, and the children, in your hours of bereavement, and you know you all have my sympathy; but oh, how little this would amount to, if we did not have His strong arm to lean upon. I know that words are almost useless when our hearts are broken and bleeding, for while the spirit is willing to say 'yes,' to whatever God may ask or require of us, the flesh is truly weak.

So, my dear, to you and yours, I would say, just lean a little harder on Jesus, who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He will never

leave you nor forsake you.

Yours with love and sympathy,

EMMA J. PHILLIPS.

D D

East Hampton, Conn., January 5, 1909. My dear Lillie:

I was very sorry to learn the sad news of your son's death. It seems doubly sad when a young man is fitted for life's work and is capable of doing so much good as he seemed prepared to do. The question comes, in spite of all efforts to be resigned,—why was it allowed? and it seems to me that here is one of the places in life, where one has to walk by faith, and believe that the all-wise Father knows best, and will care for His own to the end.

I do sympathize with Mr. Taylor, and the children, and yourself, in this great loss. You have everything to comfort you in that he was a Christian boy and lived out his faith. So you can look forward with confidence to the resurrection morn-

ing, feeling sure of finding him among the number that will respond to the call.

The Apostle said: "Comfort one another with these words." I Thessalonians, 4, 18. That day is drawing nearer, yet but few people believe it, or are preparing for it.

My husband joins me in sending sympathy to you all.

Lovingly,

GENEVRA SEXTON BROWN.

30

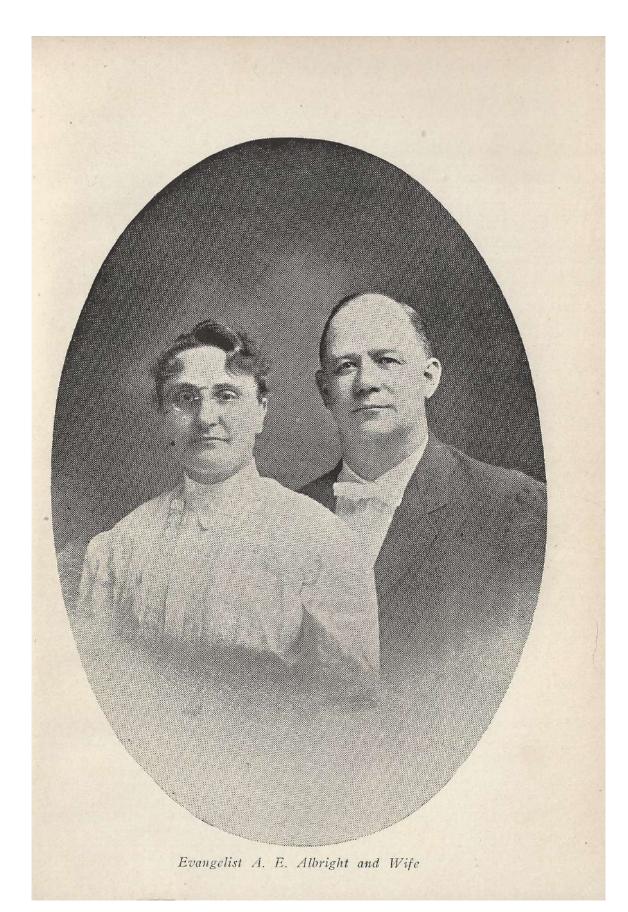
Stuart, Iowa, February, 1909.

Dear Brother Taylor:

We wish to extend to you and your family our deepest sympathy in your sad bereavement, and pray that the "God of all comfort" may comfort your hearts as He alone can. Your precious son had endeared himself to us also, and we felt that he was no ordinary boy. Father and mother are not able to write on account of age, and have asked me to write for them. Father says to tell you that he has prayed for brother and sister Taylor, and their children, every day since you went away from Stuart.

Through the influence of the sainted Mrs. Soule, John and his two sisters were induced to attend the Band meetings held every Sunday afternoon in our home. At their first meeting, John said: "I read in my Bible that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I want holiness."

We knelt and prayed with him, and he earnestly



sought the 'Pearl of great price.' It was not long until victory came and 'The very God of peace sanctified him wholly.' After that, I do not think he ever missed a meeting of the Band while he remained in Stuart. This, too, when there were no other children or young people attending.

His testimonies were clear and full of victory. His prayers had the power and unction of the Holy Ghost. Sometimes he and his sisters would commit whole chapters of Scripture to memory, and repeat them in the meetings.

Yours in Christian love,

Moses and S. A. Adamson.

(V. C. Yerkes.)

30

Bloomingdale, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1908. Dear Brother and Sister Taylor:

I learn with the deepest regret of your sorrow. Our words can scarcely make our heart feelings understood, or express them. Since I saw the notice of John's death, I have not ceased to remember you at the throne of grace. May the God of all comfort be your portion just now, and out of this get His greatest glory.

How blessed it is, that strong, intellectual, spiritual, manly John is taken, rather than some one wholly unprepared; but we needed him so; we needed his ministry, and strong leadership, to soon take your place in the fight. Well, the will of God be done! The Lord must out of this, move things for His glory.

I count it among my rare privileges to have slept in the tent, and to have conversed with one so near his translation. I well remember his heavenly look and conversation; also his eager desire to win lost men and women to Christ. I pray that John's mantle in zeal, courage, and faith of his father, will fall on me.

I sincerely believe that this will prove to be one of His appointments, rather than a disappointment. May God Almighty bless your precious soul now, and make you a little stronger, a better preacher, a greater terror to evil-doers. . . .

Your brother in Jesus, (Rev.) C. P. Hogle.

20

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1908.

Dear Brother Taylor:

News has reached me of the death of your dear son, John. God bless you and your wife, in this your great sorrow: God bless your daughter May, and the rest of the children. This is a great blow to you all. I know what Typhoid fever is; I had it hard, four or five years ago, but God spared me. I was glad to have become acquainted with John. He gave me a Fox skin, from which I had a nice rug made. He seemed to enjoy the picture of my family which I, in turn, gave to him. . . .

May God bless and comfort you in this great sorrow. Your brother in Christ,

(REV.) JOHN NORBERRY.

30

Chateaugay, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1908.

My very dear Brother Taylor:

"When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee: and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." May the God of all grace sustain you in this deep affliction! My heart is deeply moved with tenderest Christian sympathy for you, in your awful bereavement.

The news of John's departure to be with Christ, came like a shock to me to-day. How little did I dream it would be so soon, when I greeted him at the Camp Meeting last July. Surely "His ways are not our ways" nor are "His thoughts our thoughts."

As I look back now, it would seem he was ripening for heaven. I never remember of seeing him so full of God, and so lost to worldly things. We wonder from our standpoint of view, why a blossom so young and tender should be so early plucked, while the dew of youth was yet on it, and apparently a long life of usefulness in store; but *The Gardener* knows just when they are ready for transplanting in heavenly soil.

Now we see "through a glass darkly:" we shall see "face to face" soon. Hallelujah! John is undoubtedly on the Welcome Committee who will greet thee, tired, dusty warrior, at thy coming! Amen! Until then we can leave the unknown future in the Master's hand, for "whether sad or joyful, Jesus understands."

My wife and mother join me in tenderest Christian love and sympathy.

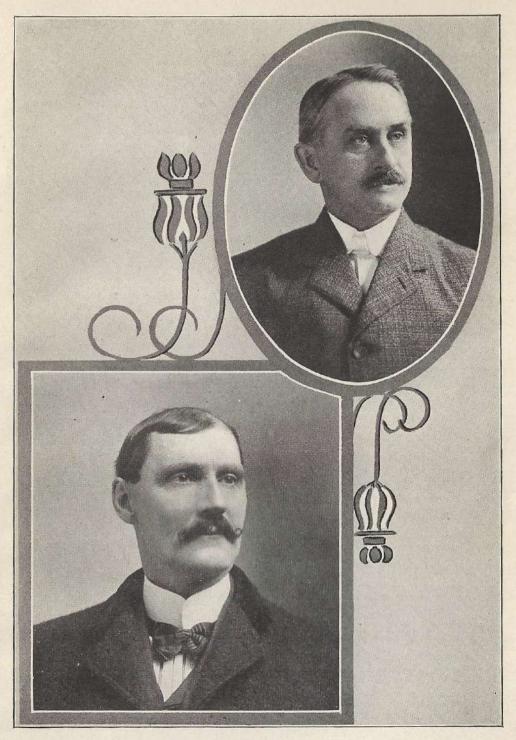
Your brother, for Jesus' sake, (Rev.) A. P. Gouthey.

30

Darby, Delaware Co., Penn., Dec. 29, 1908. Dear Brother Taylor:

Your note is received and I wish it had contained other news; it is exceedingly sad. I know something about how you feel; sorrow heaped upon sorrow! O Lord, how long? . . . God is good; His love never fails; His mercy endures forever; all He does is for our highest welfare. . . I am sure Jesus comforts you and your wife with His own comfort. Yet our loved ones are not, and why have we lost them? If I am bereaved of my child, I am bereaved. We may weep, and sigh, and do what we will, and the loss is still there.

God be merciful to you and sustain you, and uphold you, and strengthen you with might by His spirit in the inner man. "John, our precious John!" Yes, those words ring in my ears. What oceans of grief, and sighs, and tears, they contain! O; Lord, somehow, may great good be made to work out of it all!



Thomas E. Armstrong, Moocrs, N. Y.

The Rev. E. D. White, Adams, Mass.

Remember us to May and other members of the family, in this sad hour.

Ever your friend, (Rev.) E. E. Dixon.

80

Adams, Mass., Dec. 15, 1908.

Dear Brother Taylor:

Intelligence of John's death has just reached us. We are greatly shocked and know that your heart is bleeding. We sympathize with you in your great loss, and are comforted to know that He who has sustained you in many a battle of the Lord, will not forsake you in this trying hour.

How blessed to know that your precious boy was well prepared for the sudden summons. I remember those years, when it was my privilege to be his Pastor, how true, and consistent, and happy a young Christian he was; and I recall with pleasure, how last summer at the Mooers Camp Meeting, he was such an active worker, free in Jesus, his face shining, and entering right into the spirit of the meeting. How often I saw him directing seekers, and praying with, and for them, at the altar. His day was short, but his will not be a starless crown.

May God bless, and comfort you, and sister Taylor, and the precious children remaining.

Ever your brother in Christ,

(REV.) E. D. WHITE.

Three days after the above letter was written, Brother White came to Mooers, and the gracious words he uttered at the funeral, have preceded these; but there is such a kindly testimony to John's Christian character, in this letter, we felt it must have a place among the rest.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear, dear Brother Taylor:

One thing about yourself and work is, I have you in my heart and often pray for you, and hope you may lead many souls to Christ. What a blissful career you lead! May the Holy Ghost guide and protect you and bless your work for souls. Shall I ever see you again before we get to heaven? I am to die and get to heaven soon; the door is wide open.

How comforting must be the thought that your dear son 'preached the Gospel' to the several persons who cared for him. That his experience and life before his sickness, so favorably impressed to Christian living, that more than a score are offering themselves to Jesus.

Sad, O so sad, for you—for him—to be called away, though it is a comfort that many began at once to 'offer themselves a living sacrifice for the same Spirit-filled life.'

I thought I would send these words to comfort you. I pray for you and your wife.

Goodby. Amen!

(Rev.) J. B. FOOTE.

Twenty Years Ago

B. S. TAYLOR

We're walking 'neath the College elms
Whose boughs swing to and fro;
Where, Love, I wandered at your side
And whispered sweet and low:
The same green Campus greets my eyes,
And soft the breezes blow,
As in the days when we passed by
Just "twenty years ago."



Refrain: Twenty years ago: whisper sweet and low:

I see the love-light in thine eyes of twenty
years ago:

Twenty years ago: summer breezes blow: And still I love thee dearer yet than twenty years ago.

I hear the music, 'neath the stars,
We sang so sweet and low;
And in thine eyes I see the light
I loved so long ago:

The friends of other days are gone And sleeping 'neath the snow, But, Sweet, I love thee dearer yet Than twenty years ago.

The dreams of boyhood bright and fair
Now float me back to thee;
My heart is crying out for love,
You're all the world to me:
I clasp again thy tender palm,
My heart throbs sweet and low,
Thine eyes reflect thy love to mine
As in the long ago.

O, bright the stars shine in the blue,
And sweet the lilies blow;
But sweeter far thy bright eyes shine,
"My Lillie" long ago:
Come live with me and be my love,
Let sorrows come and go;
And we'll recall the joys we lost,
Ah, twenty years ago.

The cruel "Fates" removed us far
From joys we used to know
And crushed our tender plighted troth
Just twenty years ago:
But "Fortune," dear, has sweeter joys
Than in the long ago—
O, then accept the gift she brings,
The heart that loves you so.

Let us forget the bitter years

Detween us long ago,

And Love shall wipe away your tears,

And joys forever flow—

Come rest within my heart again,

And kiss me sweet and low,

And heaven on earth begin to reign

Within thy smiles aglow.

A Friend

[JOHN HORTON TAYLOR]

BY Ernest Ryder.

For ages past, our poets seemed to write
The tales of warriors bold and men of might;
But now a nobler task I'll undertake;
For though, perhaps, my lines may hardly make
The euphony and music others lend,
My subject is a noble theme—a friend.

I cannot boast of childhood sports and play,
Nor even tell of boyhood's happy day
That I have shared with this beloved friend;
I knew him three short months,—and then the end.
But during that brief time, there seemed to grow A friendship such as brothers only know.

How oft in Autumn evening hours we strolled Across the College lawn, 'neath maples old! At times his mellow voice would sweetly sing The praises of his great Redeeming King; And then sometimes, with sober, quiet thought, He'd talk of God, and heav'nly lessons taught.

His presence in his class was manifest By open cheerfulness; and they were blest Who chanced to share his presence in the room; For though the day was filled with darkest gloom, His merry voice, and frank familiar face, Would cast a cheerful spirit o'er the place.

And when that dread disease began to clash Its talons over all within its grash, He strove with helping hands, and willing heart, To aid the sick, and cheerfulness impart
To those who lay discouraged on their beds;
He eased their pains and stroked their throbbing heads.

But, finally, my friend was overcome
By this disease; and then within his room
He lay with peaceful heart, and cheerful mien,
Which clearly showed that nothing stood between
Himself and God; and that his only will
Was bent his Master's bidding to fulfill.

So cheerful were the loving words he said
To anxious ones who watched beside his bed;
So full of God and heaven was his face,
That friend would vie with friend to take the place
Beside his bed, and watch with tender care
The noble, godly person lying there.

And even when delirium racked his mind, His simple words were noble, pure and kind; And on his back, he prayed to God above From heart made pure and filled with perfect love. The holy angels seemed to draw so near, That saints rejoiced, and sinners quaked with fear.

And then one early Sabbath morning bright,
When we had watched so anxiously all night,
We saw a settled peace upon his face:
His toils had ceased; well run his godly race;
His earthly task was o'er, for he had gone
To join the chorus 'round the snow-white throne.

Men oft have wondered, and are wondering still, Why things do not progress to suit their will; But when we trust in God, and Christ, His Son, If crushed in heart, we say, "Thy will be done!" And though I'll see my friend below no more, I know he'll greet me on that golden shore.

UR beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow, that we call Life:
Who had never faltered beneath his cross,
Nor murmured, if it be gain or loss:
And the smile that sweetened his lips alway
Lay light on his blessed mouth that day.

With love, and with rapture, and strange surprise
We looked on the lips and close shut eyes:
On the perfect rest, and the calm content,
And the happiness there in his features blent:
And the dear, white hands that had wrought so much,
Now nerveless to kisses or loving touch.

We felt with a wonder too deep for speech,

He could tell what only the angel's teach:

And over his mouth we leaned our ear,

Lest there might be something we should not hear:

Then out from the silence between us stole

A message that reached to the inmost soul:

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Why weep you to-day, who have wept before
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?
Why mourn that my lips can answer not
When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?
And now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing, you sigh and weep.

My dears ones, I know that you would not break, If you could, my slumber, and have me wake: For though life was full of the tuings that bless, I have never till now known happiness!

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Then we dried our tears, and with lifted head We left him alone: our beautiful dead.

"Triumphant shines the victor brow
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
Where is, O grave! the victory now?
And where, insidious Death, thy sting?"



