

GONE TO HER REWARD

MRS. C. A. SANFORD PASSED TO HER ETERNAL HOME ON JANUARY SECOND WHILE ON HER WAY TO SOUTHERN IDAHO TO SPEND THE WINTER.

Elizabeth Gertrude Barker was born in Oakfield, Genesee county, New York, on October 7, 1838. In her girlhood she moved with her parents to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and later to Ann Arbor where she met C. A. Sanford who was attending school in that city. Their acquaintance matured into an engagement and resulted in their marriage on September 3, 1868. In 1883 she came with her husband from Lansing, Michigan, to Stutsman county, North Dakota, in the fall of which year they filed on government lands in Corinne township. Mrs. Sanford experienced the privations and hardships of early pioneer life in Dakota with true fidelity and fortitude not only, but with a pleasure and cheerfulness which lighted the pathway and lightened the burdens of her husband and friends. She was always ready for good works and a leader in the best social activities.

The thought of the organization of the Corinne Presbyterian church, now the Courtenay Presbyterian church, out of the Corinne Sunday school was the conception of the mind of Mrs. Sanford. Though dissuaded by her chief adviser, her faith was abiding. She energized her abounding conviction into action and in a few weeks she saw her hopes for an organized church "on the front" an accomplished fact. To promote its best interests she gave her energies without reserve. For several years preaching was supplied to the society by students sent out from the theological seminaries, during the annual vacation, of about four months. These young men, most of whom stopped at the Sanford home, always received sympathy and encouragement from Mrs. Sanford, and lodging under her roof and a spread on her table were never wanting to them. She loved and enjoyed the church work.

In anticipation of a church edifice some day the ladies of the society and its adherents banded together to raise a fund with which to furnish its church building when it should be erected. Mrs. Sanford was an active helper in this effort which was eminently successful.

Courtenay was founded in 1892 and the church services transferred to the embryo town, the waiting room of the station serving as an auditorium and later the school house when it came. Mrs. Sanford's presence in the Sunday school and church was constant though her home was five miles in the country.

Upon the dedication of the Presbyterian church of Courtenay in 1896 the deceased interested herself with others in equipping the church with the necessities and conveniences for occupancy. She was commissioned to go to the Twin Cities to select the furniture for the church, and the present furniture was soon installed.

The deceased placed on the pulpit a beautiful bible which her Sunday school in Ann Arbor had asked her to present to the St. Charles Presbyterian church, in Michigan, which was discontinued. Rev. James S. Corkey, the popular supply of the church during the period of the erection of the edifice, being in New York City temporarily, the deceased requested him to select a Communion service for the Courtenay Presbyterian church, which service was presented by her to the church.

The wooden pews of the church being hard and uncomfortable to sit in, the deceased conceived a plan to raise funds with which to furnish them with cushions and by persistent and continuous

effort secured \$125 with which to buy the comfortable cushions now in the slips, of one of the most reliable houses in the country. She carefully measured each pew herself and sent careful and accurate instructions as to dimensions, to the manufacturer. Every interest of the church received her ready attention and hearty support.

As president of the Ladies Aid society of the church, her heart and hands were much engaged in strengthening its bands and advancing its mission of love and charity.

In the early part of November last Mr. and Mrs. Sanford left Courtenay to spend the winter in southern Idaho. They were detained some time by sickness at Miles City, Montana, and decided to stop off at Hunters Hot Springs to rest and recuperate. A day or two after reaching the springs, December 17th, Mrs. Sanford was attacked by heart difficulties, supported by lung troubles and other ailments. She was early confined to her bed. An excellent nurse was secured and Mrs. Bradford soon joined her father and mother from Miles City. The physician of the institution gave unusual attention and solicitude to the patient. Efforts were continued for her comfort and recovery, but the combination of ailments made gradual headway and at 12 o'clock and ten minutes a. m., January 2nd, the end came. Mrs. Sanford's sickness was for the most part painless. Many touching scenes occurred in the sick room between the anxious husband and slowly departing wife as he bent over her frail form to render comfort, or softly pillow her weary head.

In this way it happened that the bereaved husband must return to Courtenay to bury his departed before they reached Idaho, the destination they sought for the winter for health and pleasure.

During her sickness her chief concern was the thought of leaving her husband behind without her constant, loving care and ministrations. She said she wished he could go with her. In her weakness she said: "Jesus says our prayers,"—exhausted she repeated, "He says our prayers," and unable to complete the sentence, her husband who was bent over her to catch her feeble words, added, by way of helping her to express her thought—are heard and answered. She feebly said—Something like that. Speaking of Jesus she said: "I trust in Him. He will save those who trust in Him." She said at one moment, I am leaning on Him; here He comes, I feel Him, and passed to be with Jesus.

The remains arrived in Courtenay on Wednesday, January 6th, and the funeral services were conducted from the Presbyterian church on Friday, January 8th, by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Boyd, assisted by Rev. A. M. Hewson of Wimbledon, the burial occurring in the Courtenay cemetery. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. M. Hewson, a warm and close friend of the Sansord family, who chose as his text Philippians 1:23, "Which is far better." After some remarks concerning the life and work of the departed Mr. Hewson said in part as follows:

TEXT: PHIL. 1:23.

"Which is far Better."
Our friend is talking of death, but you would not think it from his words and you would not think it from the glee of his face and you would not think it from his radiant mood, and yet I tell you truly, he is talking about death. And you must exonerate him from being in the mood of the suicide or of Petronius, told of in "Qua Vaudis," or even of pathetic Enoch Arden. The mood of Paul is not that he is tired of life; not that life's battle had been too hard; not that. Paul had incredible rejoicing in life. He was not a man of dyspeptic mood. He was too full of the act of shouting praises ever to fall into that mood. And you shall study Paul in vain if you think to find any suggestion of the ingrate in him. He is not

depreciating this world. He is, merely, saying that this life, beautiful as it is; that this life crowded with men as it is; that this life, full handed with service as it is; is but a minor life, and the majestic overtures of the free soul are yet to be struck from the harp of life. He is saying that the life yonder; as compared with the life here, is far better.

Paul is not simply giving a Pauline suggestion. This is not a personal remark; but an impersonality grown radiant, that the life beyond is far better and that death is an open door to an unexplainable and unlimited paradise.

And Paul said that Christian folks had no fear at death, nor the grave only—only death is far better than life, because death is a wide swinging inward door to life that hath no sunsets nor evening star.

Let me define a Christian, not one who never made a mistake; not one who was never criticised by the neighbors, because they didn't understand, but one who loves Jesus, and worships Jesus, and serves Jesus. Christianity has put the condensed personality of a life time in radiant affectionality towards God, so that when he is near it is heaven, and when he is far we are fallen into hell. And Paul's utterance is merely that symbol of this divine appreciation, that to the Christian everything that comes is far better. That is not saying that everything is good, and that everything is willed of God. The devil wills much and the foolishness of all of us brings much. It is not saying these witless words, but it is saying, that so be we have committed Christ to memory, the coming days are far better.

Sometimes I feel sorry for the angels. They never had this life, they never walked this road; they never were here; they never knew the tangled skeins that had to be untangled with infinite care. But we are here, and we have this life and we have death. Not the death that some wot of, thank God. When you have leisure read Shelly's Adonais—that his monody for the boy Keats, and the rose blossoms and the lily leaves and the violets are withered in his hand—and Adonais was what Shelly thought to be the secret of immortality. It is a beautiful ritual of death—beautiful. But his death notion and his immortality notion is that as a flower or tree gathers nourishment from the ground; making it prolific in the flower or tree, or fruit of it, so dead life, passes on into an immortality with others. What a poor empty immortality. It is the immortality of George Elliot, whose mood is essentially the athletic mood. And when you have read these two moods, then read Tennyson's "In Memoriam." In Tennyson's "In Memoriam," there is the singing outside the door, and you stand on the threshold and lean far out and listen. Who is singing? Are there no other voices the other side the door of death in Pantheism or Atheism or Materialism, or for the folks who have not the Christ who was behind the radiant mornings and before the radiant dawns.

But when one hath the living Christ this side the door, in this place where the children sing and the cares come and go and the stress of life is mighty; but when this place cannot hold us longer and our ears become dull and dim to the voices this side the gate, then there is the opening gate and the celestial voices; and who is singing? Why, I believe everybody is singing over there. Who is singing? The mother's girl is singing, the man's wife is singing and the boy's father is singing in the city that hath one administration and where they sing but one song, "Now unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own body, unto him be glory and power and dominion forever and ever," which is far better."

The floral tributes were unusually lovely, wreaths being sent by the Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church of Courtenay, Mrs. E. F. Horn, Mrs. B. H. Stoddard, and a beautiful collection of flowers by Mrs. C. M. Kribbs who was a most intimate friend of Mrs. Sanford. Several selections were rendered by the choir and the congregation of hymns selected by those who were familiar with the ones Mrs. Sanford was the most fond of during her life.

The funeral was largely attended, out of respect to the president of the school board—which office Mr. Sanford has held for several years. The public schools attended the obsequies in a body and occupied the east side of the church. Some from abroad and others too far out in the country, who had planned with desire to be present, were prevented by the temperature of 20 degrees below zero.

Messrs. C. M. Kribbs and Frank Pierce of Wimbledon, and Elder Patterson and Messrs. O. T. Foshold, H. S. Strandness and George Faries were pallbearers.

Owing to the prominence of the deceased and the active part she had taken in every good work, and especially in the active work of the church and Sunday school, the services were particularly affecting and there were few dry eyes in the house when Mr. Sanford and the other mourners viewed the remains of their loved one for the last time.

The services were concluded at the grave-side where the remains were laid to rest.