

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BY THE

REV. CHARLES WHITE,

AT ROMNEY, W. VA.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF

REV. WM. HENRY FOOTE, D. D.

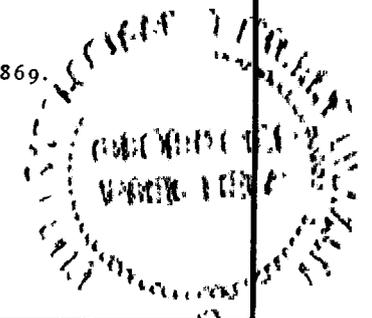
ACCOMPANIED WITH REMARKS

BY

REV. JOHN A. SCOTT AND REV. DAVID H. RIDDLE, D. D.

ON

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SERMON.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”—
PSALM CXVI: 15.

THE paradox of the text is, that the *death* of a *friend* should be *precious*. But the paradox passes away when the saint is dying. The strange mystery of death shall be fully solved in the eternal waking. The body cannot be quickened except it die. Death is still an enemy; but an enemy conquered and subdued. The saints vanquish death even in departing. Such death is precious. Saints, who are those sanctified for the service of God, fight *sin* all their days, and *so* they conquer death: for death is the consequent of *sin*. Through the stroke of death the outward man may perish, the body may return to dust; but the inward man is renewed, the immortal spirit lives eternally.

But *why* is the *death* of God's children so precious in His sight? Let this be the question for us to consider on this solemn occasion.

First. *Because they have already seen the salvation of God.* Righteous Simeon waited in the temple at Jerusalem because it had been revealed to him that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ. And when the Saviour was brought by His parents to the temple, Simeon took Him in his arms and said, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen *thy salvation*.” It is not permitted to God's people now to see their Saviour in *bodily* form; but they just as really enjoy the blessings of His presence as

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did Simeon. And they are permitted practically to experience the benefits of the salvation He offers. They personally know *how* and *why* He has "brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel," and begin to understand how God can be just and yet justify the ungodly; and they realise in their own inmost hearts the fulness, and the freeness, and the thoroughness of Christ's finished work. The fact of an accomplished and proclaimed salvation has become a reality in their own personal history. In the exercise of an intelligent, living faith, they can test the substantial, real character of the provision made in the Gospel for them. Though they had been the chief of sinners, they feel that the pardon purchased by atoning blood is available for them. They believe, with the calm assurance of a spirit brought from "nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel," that Christ is just as really present as He was with Simeon. Nor will *they* be deceived who have undergone the regenerating power of the Spirit. In the very hour of death, the time of greatest trial, the righteous are upheld. And as they pass through the "dark valley," the "Resurrection and the Life" illumines it. They have seen the salvation of God. And it is only the sustaining faith which this salvation affords that will prepare us to die the precious death of God's saints.

Second. *Precious is their death because of the example they leave.*

While they lived, Jesus, the blessed Saviour, the "chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," the "holy, harmless and undefiled," was the example whom they followed. They "follow him whithersoever he leadeth them." He is the *perfect pattern*. His character is the standard of all excellence. The saints who love Him strive to imitate Him in holiness, righteousness, purity, love, humility, meekness, obedience, self-denial, benevolence, forgiveness, ministering to the necessities of saints, and all other Christian virtues. They are not perfect, but they strive to be complete. And in the onward progress of

their gracious affections, they aim at the "stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus." They "grow in grace." Like flowers of beautiful tint and rich perfume that bud, then open, blushing to receive the morning dew-drops, then blossom in all their brilliant splendors; so the saint begins the Christian life — the principle of life evolves — "the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear." The little dew-drop distilled by the Spirit in his heart gathers to the "well of water springing up to eternal life," and he by holy example becomes known to all men as of the Lord's planting and watering. The spiritual graces develop in harmony and excellence, and he goes forth as a living "epistle known and read of all men." He shines out as the "light of the world" to guide those who are in spiritual darkness. He leavens as the "salt of the earth" those whom he influences. In every trial he endures, and his integrity remains. Like polished gold, the more he is rubbed by tribulations the brighter he becomes. Though sometimes hid behind the cloud, yet when the cloud is chased away there is a rainbow round about his head whose triple elements are faith, hope, and charity. *Faith* — that lays hold of the Lord Jesus Christ and appropriates the benefits of His finished work. *Hope* — that looks forward to the fulfilment of the "exceeding great and precious promises." *Charity* — that expands in kindness towards the souls of men. And added to these, a patience that bows submissively to the dealings of God's providence. And around these cluster all other Christian graces that "shine more and more unto the perfect day." And all these, blending in one beautiful character, leave us an example when he dies which we may safely follow. Even men of the world say of such, "This man was born in Zion." They "take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus," and has been taught of Him.

The death of God's saints, then, is precious in His sight because in closing life they illustrate the efficacy and the power of His grace, and because by their example they are instrumental in saving sinners.

Third. *Because of the testimony they leave.*

Having lived to the glory of God, and consistently maintained their Christian profession, when they come to die they leave behind their testimony to the necessity and the unspeakable happiness of religion. And because *we* have seen and felt the *reality* of their religion *in* life, we are ready to put implicit confidence in their declarations in death. It is an hour when men generally speak out the feelings of their hearts. It is not a fit season for deception. The realities of judgment and eternity are then too near. They who have lived well *die* well. The grace of the Lord Jesus sustains them. And they honor Him in their death by bearing testimony to the goodness and sufficiency of His grace. God's faithfulness to his saints is witnessed in their last hours.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life —
Quite on the verge of Heaven."

Were we oftener in the chambers of dying saints we would understand more of the amazing mercy of Christ. David Cargill said when dying, "This is the most joyous day that ever I saw in my pilgrimage on earth. My joy is now begun, which I shall never see interrupted. I see both my interest and His truth, the sureness of the one and the preciousness of the other. I have been a man of great sins, but He has been a God of great mercies."

Matthew Henry said, "This is my dying saying: A life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the most comfortable life any one can live in this world."

Gilbert Tennent said, "My assurance of salvation is built on the Scriptures, and is more sure than the sun and moon."

Andrew Fuller said, "My hope is such that I am not afraid to plunge into eternity."

These are the testimonies of those who lived by faith, and whose conversation was such as becometh the Gospel of

Christ. And I have stood by the bedside of the advanced Christian, and his dying testimony after a well-spent life was, "I have no fears; I believe in a covenant-keeping God." And I have known the young Christian who had everything to bind her to earth, resign it all in perfect willingness; and her testimony, as she exhorted others to live nearer to the Saviour, was that she trusted in Him and found Him all-sufficient: and as the gifted one was just passing away, she said, "The Lord of the harvest wants me in His vineyard early in the morning. The Lord is my shepherd; He is leading me, leading me." And so thousands of God's saints have left their testimony, living or dying, to the preciousness of the Gospel and to the power of Divine grace. The death of God's saints therefore is precious in His sight because of the testimony they leave.

Fourth. *Because of the triumph they experience through abounding grace.*

Having borne such assured testimony to the power of God's grace, that grace will not desert them in the last battle with their last enemy. Christ's rod and staff will comfort and support them as they go through the darkness of the valley. Having loved His own, He loves them to the end. He has gone over the road of tribulation all the way to prepare it. He has even entered the tomb to light it with gladness. He has conquered death, and gives His people the victory over it. They die without fear, full of faith, peace, and hope. Death is entirely disarmed. Through it the saint goes to a joyful resurrection and a peaceful rest, to the presence of Christ and to the crown of life. Christ took part of "flesh and blood," "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." The great triumph is secured to the saint through what Christ has done. Death may dissolve his mortal body, but he cannot touch the imperishable spirit. The outer "taber-

nacle" may crumble, but the immortal Levite still lives. Death is the armor-bearer of sin ; but in the dread conflict the great "Captain of Salvation," as He leads His saints along, spoils death of his weapons and gives them an eternal triumph. The principle of life is a perennial fountain ; it never decays. Because Christ lives, the saint lives also. "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Death is swallowed up in victory. The death of God's saints is precious in His sight because, glorying in His grace, they can exclaim, like the dying Rutherford, "I have got the victory, and Christ is holding out both arms to embrace me."

Fifth. *Because "to die is gain" to the saint.*

The Apostle, as he stood in the true dignity of a Christian and contemplated in calmness the changing billows of life's stormy ocean, exclaimed, "For me to live is Christ"—to obey, to honor, and to serve Him. It is blessedness intense. But as in rapid vision he transported himself to the margin of the tomb, and there glanced over the "swellings of Jordan" and saw the pinnacles of the New Jerusalem bathed in the golden light of the Lamb, without one lingering regret at the things which were left behind, and as the triumphant expression of a saving faith, he added, "and to die is gain"—eternal gain. On earth he was a missionary subject to stormy scenes and trials—a soldier of the Cross, an intrepid hero, battling with the terrible powers of darkness, and wrestling in fearful conflict with the enraged principalities of hell ; but in heaven he knew by faith he would be a conqueror over death and hell—a king crowned with a royal coronet. He would "gain" in dying a victory over death. Look ! Christian, what you gain—a victory ! a crown ! a home ! Emancipated from the bondage of earth, he is clothed in the white robe of perpetual liberty. Taken from this vale of tears, where the night-winds of sorrow swept mournfully o'er his bleeding heart, he now strikes his golden harp in notes of gladness, and shouts his rapturous song of re-

demption in full through a Redeemer's blood. Oh ! how wonderful ! how vast the gain ! Numbers cannot count it ; ages cannot reveal it. We poor mortals, left on earth by those whose radiant wings have borne them thither—we cannot approximate it. We soar and soar, but cannot reach the vast conception. And then, as if with wearied wing, we pause upon some pinnacle of glory, forever shouting as we rise, "To die is gain ! to die is gain !" And in the upward flight we feel that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God has prepared for them that love Him." This much we know : "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ the Lord." Eternal life, the secured portion, the clear "gain" of the Christian. Life in its highest, noblest form and manifestation. Life robbed of its sins and all of its trials and sorrows. Life pure and unalloyed, bursting with benedictions, thrilling with ecstasies, and pouring forth incessantly its rapturous joys. *We cannot calculate the magnificent exchange of the righteous dying ; but we know, because we saw it in yon chamber, and by the bedside of that loved one, that when the Christian dies it is gain, unspeakable gain.* Even the Apostle failed to grasp it in his vast conception. He said "To live is Christ" ; then added, to die is far better—it is "gain" ; and left the infinite comparison to be completed when he reached the promised land. Then, added to this inconceivable gain of eternal life with its manifold benedictions, the Christian feels like the Apostle, when "absent from the body he is present with the Lord." What greater pleasure can we have than to be with Jesus and lean upon the bosom of the lovely "Lamb"—joint-heir with Him of the blessed inheritance ? No wonder, when we look to see this peerless picture of a ransomed sinner walking with his God, our pinions falter in the flight, imagination droops her wing, and all the tongue can tell is that it is "*far better—far better.*" And then not only shall the saint see the Saviour ; but he shall be "changed into the same

image from glory to glory." He shall be "*satisfied*" when he awakes in Christ's likeness." "To die is gain"—unspeakable, eternal. It is far better to be with Christ.

Sixth. *Because of their future and perpetual glory.*

"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves until the resurrection." In this union to Christ, the identity of soul and body shall be preserved. They shall meet again and be reunited, spiritualised and glorified. The soul goes before and is at once prepared and made perfect. The body goes to the grave to undergo its needful preparation of dying in order that it may be quickened. But its identity is not lost. God watches over the smouldering dust with as much care as He does over the ransomed spirit. Though it be scattered to the four winds, all of its particles shall be recalled and re-collected in the same identical, but now purified and glorified, body. It dies, but death does not suspend its union with Christ. The body "sleeps in Jesus," and is "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body." The very bodies that we now occupy shall be raised, incorruptible, reconstructed, reorganised, and divested of sin and infirmity, to be the temples in which these souls shall live. How grand will be the meeting! Nicely adjusted and prepared, they will go on together drinking from the infinite depths of knowledge and delight. A soul which, like a flaming seraph, burning with intense adoration to the "King eternal, immortal," and now made visible; and a body thoroughly purged and adapted to its spiritual condition, willingly obedient to every nobler impulse of the renovated spirit. And there, bathing itself in the splendors of infinite and unutterable glory, each etherealised sense shall be an avenue for the reception of exhaustless wisdom and delight, and an instrument for the ceaseless proclamation of adoring tributes of praise. Eternity can never exhaust the ecstatic rapture of a redeemed saint. Every faculty of

body and mind shall thrill forever with new recurring manifestations of glory, drawn from the amazing "depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." The grandeur of the saints' inheritance is too high to attain unto, too deep to fathom, too long to measure, too broad to grasp by finite intellect. But sitting like little children at the feet of the omniscient Teacher, we shall "go on to know the Lord" until we shall be changed into the same image from glory unto glory. And knowing as we shall be known, the old familiar faces of the homestead, once desolated by death, shall reappear and be recognised. Oh the rapturous delight! the transporting joy! the thrilling ecstasy!

My kindred!—there they are, clothed in royal robes, and waiting to receive me at the gate! And then! and then!—but no! I sink, oppressed with the vastness of unutterable glories. The ear is more than filled with the melody of eternal music. The eye is more than satisfied with boundless and magnificent prospects. "Eye hath not seen; nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man" the thing which God has prepared for His saints. Precious is the death of God's saints because of the untold, unheard-of glories that follow. But if these things be true; if these are the results of death; if death is but the daybreak to eternity, I look with sacred joy to his speedy coming. Thou terrible monster! I meet thee now as a conquered foe; I hail thee as a great deliverer. And thy fatal blow that seals my lips in silence, guided by the hand of wisdom, shall be the friendly act that frees me from this body of sin. And thou grave! I court thy narrow house; for there my sorrows end, and there my grief is stilled. "There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor."

"There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
And hail Him in triumph, descending the skies."

And now brethren and friends, we come, in the providence of God, to pay our last tribute of respect to one of whom we doubtless all feel that he was "called and chosen of God," and that he is now translated from his earthly home to his heavenly inheritance,—transferred from his post as a *watchman* on the outer walls of Zion to be an invited *guest* at the "marriage-supper," safely encompassed within the gates of the New Jerusalem, and promoted from the ranks of soldierly endurance here to be a crowned conqueror at his Lord's right hand. *My* friend and brother, *your* husband, father, friend, and pastor, the venerable WM. HENRY FOOTÉ has entered into the "joy of his Lord." His long life of active labor in the vineyard of his Lord has passed away in the heat and burden of the day; and in the evening-time of Monday, November, 22d, at 20 minutes before 6 o'clock, the Master came and gently called to him, "Friend, come up higher," then loosed the "silver cord" that bound him to the body, and the spirit went to the God who gave it.

We gather around his body now, in this place where for so many years he has preached in faithfulness to you, the people of his flock, the Gospel of the Son of God. What more appropriate tribute of your grateful remembrance than that you should thus assemble in this house of God and shed your tears of sorrow, then sadly and in silence bear the body of your shepherd to its final resting-place?

The impulses of kindly affection would lead me to recall the memories of a pleasant friendship existing from the time when in my younger days he took me by the hand and bade me God-speed, and encouraged me through succeeding days of darkness and conflict, down to the present moment of bereavement. But I must not trespass here. Long and intimate acquaintance with the views of this honored father in Christ convince me, in consonance with those views, that this is not the time to give expression to personal convictions of his exalted worth in all the varied associations of domestic life, of private friendship, and of

laborious usefulness in the cause and Church of Jesus Christ. I know that with much of the spirit with which Paul gave advice to Timothy and Titus, he would rather I should speak a word of comfort, encouragement, instruction, or warning to the living, than to rehearse the many virtues of the dead. Nevertheless, brethren, "He being dead, yet speaketh." And though those pallid lips move not, he has left us an example that we should follow his steps in many things, as he followed Christ. While therefore carefully endeavoring to avoid intrusion upon the sanctities of private and domestic life, let us briefly look at one or two of the more prominent features of his character, from which we, the living, may profit.

1st. Perhaps one of the first of these that would occur to all who knew him would be his *decision* of character. The Apostle James says, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." And the divine commendation of the fifty thousand warriors of Zebulun was, that they were not "double-minded." With intellect illumined and mind made up, they were willing to march over mountains of trouble to assume the post of duty. In this particular we feel that it is not trespassing to say that our beloved brother, when in the performance of duty convinced that God was working in him to will and to do of His good pleasure, was willing to "endure hardness," to suffer any form of self-denial, to make any sacrifice by which he might glorify God, whose temple he was, either in his body or his spirit. He realised and often expressed the Apostle's declaration that he was "not his own." And hence, without waywardness or double-mindedness, and often with seeming forgetfulness of self, he threw his whole body, soul and spirit into the laborious and trying execution of his settled convictions of duty: The storms of winter, the fierce howling blasts of his mountain home, the indifference or the objections of men, the weariness and painfulness of body, did not stop his progress; but trusting in God, he wrapped his storm-cloak around him, and

like a bold warrior he rode confidently to do what God in His providence called him to do. This *promptness* and *decision* of character naturally led to that *firmness* that invariably marked the performance of every undertaking. With a judgment settled, and position taken and entrenched with sufficient reasons, no assault could shake him; his heart was fixed; trusting in the Lord, he would fear no evil. His heart was established. The Apostle says, "It is a good thing that the heart be *established* with grace." And it was this grace that was the ground-work on which the firmness of purpose of our brother was based, and that enabled him to "hold on his way," and like all the righteous "to wax stronger and stronger." The same principle of firmness that sustained Daniel in the lions' den, and Stephen in his martyrdom, was wrought by divine grace in him when in the perilous breach of an assaulted faith, and made him steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, well assured in the darkest day that his "labor was not in vain in the Lord." With this decision of character and firmness of purpose for good, based upon careful examination and thoughtful review of surrounding and accompanying circumstances, he was an "example to the believer."

2nd. His earnest devotion to the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

His decision and firmness were herein largely and principally displayed. He recognised Christ as the Head, the Church as the Body, and himself as a member in particular of that mystical body; and with this view he felt that he had a particular work to do. His calling was of God; and being a member in particular in spiritual as well as organic union with the body, the Church; and deriving a vitalising energy from Christ the head, he realised experimentally that he was a "living branch" of the living "vine," and was a subject of Christ's declaration, "Because I live, ye shall live also." The love of Christ so "constrained him that he judged that henceforth he was not to live unto

himself, but unto Him who died for him and rose again"; and by an inwrought experience by the Holy Spirit, the outward expression of his devotion to the kingdom of Christ was like that of Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." With these views he consecrated himself wholly to the Lord, body, soul, and spirit, to be spent in His service; and his uniform petition at the throne of grace was, "Thy will be done." With God working in him, "whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with all his might." The grace reigning within, and these spiritual views of Christ's kingdom, were the energising power within him that moved the activity of his nature and made him "careful to maintain good works" and to "work while it was called to-day."

Like the Master, he "went about doing good." Not an exclusive in religion, he yet loved the Church of his choice with a devotion, and labored for her with a zeal and ardor, that time could not abate nor "labors abundant" exhaust; and as an evidence of his devotion to her faith, it is an instance worthy of record that the last sermon which God permitted him to deliver to you, the people of his charge, was the same in substance as that which he preached as his trial for licensure just fifty years before, from the same glorious text, "By grace are ye saved." He loved his own better than all; yet he ever wore the badge of a true discipleship—"Love to all the brethren." In this let us follow him as he followed Christ.

3rd. His *long* and *careful* preparation for death.

In this he was possessor of a wisdom more priceless than rubies or diamonds. Like the patriarch-pilgrim, "he looked for a city that hath foundations." God so taught him to "number his days that he might apply his heart unto wisdom." And therefore he did not *leave* it to his dying hour to prepare for eternity. He looked death in the face, and though he recognised in the "King of Terrors"

man's bitter and avenging foe, yet he knew by grace abounding that he should meet him as a foe, already conquered by Him "who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." It is the testimony of one who knew him intimately and well for more than thirty years, that through all this lengthened period, this work of personal preparation for death had been going on. And by the frequent conversations it was my privilege to have with him, I personally know that for a long time past he has been setting his house in order. His views of life, death, and eternity; his faith in the Son of God, and the great doctrines of grace, were settled at an early day. The keynote which he struck in the lovely Valley of Virginia, when he first stood forth as a herald of the Cross, and preached his sermon for licensure, was the last *public* testimony which he bore in his last proclamation from this pulpit, and under the shadow of his own beautiful mountain. And feeling that the doctrines of grace were as immutable as is their great Author, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," he fearlessly declared *first* and *last*, "By grace are ye saved, through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." He was ready, "with his lamp trimmed and burning." He waited patiently but not inactively for the coming of his Lord. With a steady faith therefore, "rooted, grounded, settled," and with a heart like David's "fixed and trusting in the Lord," we would not expect to find him "fearing evil" when the messenger came, or sleeping through heaviness. Nor on the other hand would we expect visions of ecstasy, or the fitful raptures of a new-wrought experience. But we *would* expect just what we saw, the pleasant and quiet death of one who had long been at peace with God; of one who had "sought the Lord" and found Him; and of one who had been for many years "laying up treasure in heaven."

We mourn, therefore, not without hope, but *with* a hope expanding into joy, and with some realisation of the preciousness of the death of a saint in the sight of the Lord.

The race has been run; and "looking unto Jesus," our beloved father "has finished his course with joy," and doubtless wears the crown with which "the Lord, the righteous judge," wreathes all those who "love His appearing."

The "good soldier" has fought his last battle, and with the shout of a completed victory the angels have opened the pearly gates and let the conqueror in. This day, we trust, through grace he is with Christ in Paradise.

Let us follow his example, and prepare to meet our God. "Be ye also ready."

With these imperfect suggestions we must leave this theme. We fear to venture on any extended notice of his long and useful life. Doubtless some older and abler hand will kindly pen a full memorial of that life which is so full of interest and so replete with usefulness. All we can do is to bow with reverence to the stroke of Him who does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

May God sanctify this sore bereavement to the family from whom He has now removed the earthly head, and be to them their "all in all," their special help in this day of trouble.

May God sanctify to this congregation the death of their honored pastor. And now that He has taken the under-shepherd away, may the "Good Shepherd" lead them along the green pastures and beside the still waters.

May God sanctify to his Church the loss of this standard-bearer in Israel, and lead His watchmen on Zion's walls to greater diligence in their holy calling.

May we all learn lessons of comfort and encouragement from the life and the death of him to whom we now bid a final farewell on earth. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his."

After the sermon the congregation sang the pastor's favorite hymn, "Awake my soul in joyful lays." The Rev. JOHN A. SCOTT then remarked:—

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—

There is some propriety that I should say a few things to add to the sweet, sad, solemn interest of this occasion, and to commemorate the life and services of the venerable man of God whose mortal remains lie before us. I do so not only for the intrinsic propriety of making my tribute to his worth as a valuable and useful servant of our Divine Master, but also because he was the coadjutor and companion-in-arms of my own beloved and sainted father. They were indeed the two "Apostles," "once-sent," who came to this bold and beautiful region of the mountains of Virginia, and who, amid perils and labors as yet unrecounted and with faith and zeal unexcelled, by the blessing of God built up the great interests of Christ's kingdom among all this people of the South Branch and of the mountains around.

And let me own it here and now: I owe it, under the blessing of God, to my recollection of their conjoint labors, and to the dear associations of them in the bright morning of my life, that I had my thoughts directed early to Christ as my Saviour, and to the holy ministry as my calling and business in life. But forgetting, and if I can disassociating, my own father from the memory of this good man, my object is to say a few words in commemoration of *his* life and death.

This occasion means more than the mere funeral forms of respect and reverence. It is an exhibition of the hearts of the ministry of the Presbytery and of the people of this flock, irresistibly bowed down here under a felt sense of bereavement. The father of Winchester Presbytery has again, died; the shepherd of this people is taken away, and we all seem to be pall-bearers and mourners. Such a tribute as this is a beautiful reward for a well-spent life. But then more than this, we are here to meditate not simply on death and the grave; but by recalling his life and labors, to learn the truth of God, the sufficiency of Christ, as avouched and established unto us by this testimony of His aged and venerable servant. *That testimony!* how marked and decided, how consistent, how long con-

tinued, and how complete! His ministry began, as you have just heard, with that beautiful text, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," and by a singular coincidence it ended with the same text. Thus completing the circuit of his ministry, he ended where he began! Yes! *Christ, His Cross, and His Crown*—these were the exalted themes of his ministry. His was the ministry of the Gospel unto you; and it was blessed to your fathers who have gone, and it was blessed unto you in large measure. But alas! some of you who have both heard and seen this remarkable testimony of your venerable pastor are even to-day "without God and without hope." And I, in the name of God, lay it upon your reason and upon your conscience this day. Oh! I entreat you to-day hear the last testimony of your pastor and *prepare to meet your God*, and may your sou's shine in his crown of rejoicing.

His fortitude and patience under his sufferings have been observed; and the calmness and *silence* of his death might surprise some. He did not intend to have a death-bed scene; he had long ago told his family as much. His life and labors were to be his testimony and his disclosure. When I saw him last he told me as much. "Ah! Scott, rolling along, rolling along. I don't care to wait till death to tell my story. I want my life to tell it. While I live, let me work; and when I die, I *die*. One thing at a time." When I remonstrated, he added, "Ah! Scott, when we are jogging along we can talk; but when we come to cross a great river, then we cease our talk, and address ourselves to the crossing. Not a word then. It is as much as any one can do to steady himself and bear up his horse against the flood and get over."

When he buried his old companion, my dear father, twelve years ago, I remember his saying, "I have consulted my physician on this question, How shall I conduct my life so as to accomplish the most work and yet not outlive my power to work—so that I shall die with my harness on." This seems to have been the long-cherished wish of his heart. In that last interview he said to me, "I shall, in the goodness of God, die at my post." We are all grateful to God that it was allowed that he should die at his post, and at his Master's work.

I have not the power nor the time to tell you of *his labors, his value, his usefulness*. You can see marks of this in almost every good thing which you see in this place, this

county, and all this mountain region around you. Yes! and you will miss him; his place will now be vacant; you will prize him more now that he has gone from among you. "And you shall surely know that a prophet of God was among you."

Yes! he is gone. We look there and see the tent taken down, but the Levite is gone! Gone to meet his congregation? Yes! he has gone to meet the General Assembly of the Church of God. This is a vast assembly crowded around his sad, cold dust; but he has joined that bright and happy multitude whose robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb, and who have gone before! We believe in that comfortable doctrine of our holy religion—the "heavenly recognition"—that the redeemed shall personally know and love each other in heaven. Oh! the sweet, the transporting joy of the faithful minister in Christ when he in heaven meets the people of his flock, and the saints he has known and loved! Now while we are weeping in our sadness here, our venerable father is rejoicing yonder with our fathers who have gone before. Then with a sweet solace to our hearts, we go in our tears to put away his mortal remains among the sleeping congregation of the dead.

The remarks of the Rev. DAVID H. RIDDLE, D.D., were as follows:—

I think I can say sincerely that I would rather be a silent mourner than a speaker at this time. Yes, "I am distressed for thee, my brother! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me." Sweet and sad memories crowd upon my heart, running far back in the past. Here lies the last of the old Presbytery of Winchester that laid hands on me at my ordination more than forty years ago. The last link is broken! Some of the sweetest times of my youthful ministry were enjoyed with him, here and in my own church in Winchester, where God wonderfully gave testimony of His presence and power in precious seasons never to be forgotten. And after our paths in life were separate, and we met once and again, how pleasant were our recollections of days gone by; on my return how hearty was his greeting, and how cheering the prospect of spending our last days

together; and how delightful to us both that under God he was mainly instrumental in putting me in my present position; how pleasant to hear a charge from the same lips, and in the same spirit as at first! Verily, I feel that his removal is a personal affliction, and that to-day I can "weep with those that weep," not in sympathy only.

This loss is felt to-day by those who are gathered from the hills of Hampshire, the old and young, devout men who are to carry him to his burial, these brethren of the Presbytery, and these colored friends whom he always so kindly cared for. Not only these make honorable lamentation, as over Stephen; but when the event is known, the same will be felt over the length and breadth of the old Synod of Virginia—which he so devotedly loved and prayed he might not live to see divided; and once by a burst of impassioned eloquence, yet remembered by some, saved from division! In many a place it will be said when the intelligence comes that Dr. Foote is dead, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day?" But his day of toil and warfare is over. The old warrior is at rest. He has fought the good fight. He rests peacefully from his labors. Our consolation is that now, with those who labored with him and went before him, whose lives he wrote, whose characters he portrayed, he sings "with rapture and surprise His loving-kindness in the skies." As we take him hence to the spot *he* chose for his own grave, we may cherish blessed hopes of the resurrection and our meeting again. May we who are growing old be stirred up to greater diligence in following his example of untiring activity to the end, and may his mantle fall on the more youthful to make full proof of their ministry.