

Thou Art
With Me



"Thou Art With Me"

I have eagerly seized on *this*; for out of all the terrors which gather themselves in the name of death, one has stood forth as a champion fear to terrify and daunt me. It is the loneliness of death. 'I die alone.'

W. C. E. NEWBOLT

IN MEMORY OF

Martha Alice Mc Donnell.

Compiled by Fred W. Church

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Thou Art With Me

The Lord Is My Shepherd;

I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in Green Pastures;
He leadeth me beside the Still Waters.
He restoreth my Soul:
He leadeth me in the Paths of Righteousness, for His
Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of
Death
I will fear no evil; for THOU ART WITH ME.
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a Table before me in the presence of mine
enemies;
Thou anointest my Head with Oil;
My Cup runneth over!

Surely, Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the Days
of my Life;
And I shall dwell in the House of the LORD forever.

The Twenty-third Psalm

In a certain lake in Munster, it is said, there are two islands; into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness, and the weariness of life and the paroxysms of fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work until the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as upon a haven of repose. They launched their barks into its gloomy waters; they touched its shore; and they were at rest.

W. E. H. Lecky

Thou Art With Me

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more. O Love! O Affliction! Ye are the guides that show us the way through the great airy space where our loved ones walked; and as hounds easily follow the scent before the dew is risen, so God teaches, while yet our sorrow is wet, to follow on and find our loved ones in heaven.

Henry Ward Beecher

The life which we are living now is more aware than we know, of the life which is to come. Death which separates the two is not, as it has been so often painted, like a great thick wall. It is rather like a soft and yielding curtain through which we cannot see, but which is always waving and trembling with the impulses that come out of the life which lies upon the other side of it.

Phillips Brooks

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from their wounded parts,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

—Thomas Moore.

Resignation

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Thou Art With Me

What is it that a mother's love with its infinite tenderness and ministry should welcome us into the world; what is it that friendship and love should gladden life through all its days; if when we pass away from the earth there be but an awful solitude, a horror of great darkness, where no hand grasps ours, and no voice cheers us? What is it that the sun should shine, or that the earth should yield ten thousand things to meet my commonest needs, if these higher and deeper wants within me be all unmet, and I go forth perishing with hunger? If in what is there be any prophecy of what shall be, if the beneficence of the presence is any promise and pledge of the future, surely it must be that love shall not fail us then—then when we need it most. All hope, all need, all the goodness and promise of every day do find their fulness in the words of our Lord: "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."

Mark Guy Pearce

When engineers would bridge a stream they carry over at first but a single cord; with that met they stretch a wire across. Then strand on strand is added until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footing and walks to the other side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure and stretches it hence unto heaven. Then he takes a child and then a friend. Thus he bridges death and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find they may pass hither and thither between the shores.

Henry Ward Beecher

Thou Art With Me

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 to prepare a Place for you,
I will come again, and receive you unto Myself;
That where I am there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
No man cometh unto the FATHER but by ME.

If ye love ME, keep MY commandments.
And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter,
That He may abide with you for ever.
I will not leave you comfortless,
I will come to you.

The Gospel of St. John, the Fourteenth Chapter

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out against the Heavens.
Who knows but that darkness is in man?
The doors of Night may be the gates of Light;
For wert thou born blind or deaf, and then
Suddenly heal'd, how would'st thou glory in all
The splendors and the voices of the world!
And we, poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

Alfred Tennyson

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. * * * And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty, and the lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any things that defleth, neither whatsoever worketh abominations, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

The Revelation of St. John

The Twenty-first Chapter

So not alone we stand upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before:
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below.
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

Tabur

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no mourning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

The Funeral

Conducted by R. F. Purdue

At The Home

Text 1 Samuel 20: 3

Scripture Eccel 12. ch.

Hymns

"Hearer My God to Thee."
"Asleep in Jesus"

Organist

THE CHOIR

Mrs. Hush
Eora, Mosely
E. E. Casley
R. F. Purdue

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

PALL BEARERS

Clarence. Poppe
Leslie. Moseley
Charley. Wilkens
Dose. Evans
Oscar Poppe
Bunnis. Travis

FLORAL OFFERINGS BY

Carl and Jessie
Eph and Grace
Uncle Andy and Family
Father and Mother

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark!

Obituary

Martha Alice Bugg was born at Vainbridge, Indiana, Nov. 29, 1884. Departed this life Jan. 7, 1928 age 27 years 1 month, and 9 days.

She was united in Holy Matrimony with Charley A. McDowell July 17, 1900. To this union was born six children four sons, and two daughters all of which survive her in death, she leaves to mourn her loss, a husband six children, two grandchildren, Father, Mother four brothers, and one sister

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

a host of other relatives and friends. She united with the Christian Church of Glenwood at the age of thirteen years, under the ministry of Rev. Jos. Whitaker, of Noble. Of this Church she still remains a member.

" Her suffering ended with the day:
God lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

And when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate
And walks in paradise,"

Thou Art With Me

Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our
Father,
Which hath Loved us, and hath given us Everlasting
Consolation.

And good Hope through Grace, Comfort your hearts.
St. Paul's Second Letter to the Thessalonians,
The Second Chapter.

Sin hath told lies of thee, fair angel Death,
Hath hung a dark veil o'er thy seraph face,
And scared us babes with tales of how, beneath,
Were features like her own. But I, through grace
Of the dear God by whom I live and move,
Have seen that gloomy shroud asunder rent,
And in thine eyes, lustrous with sweet intent,
Have read that thou none other wast but Love.

Thou art the beauteous keeper of that gate
Which leadeth to the soul's desired home,
And I would live as one who seems to wait
Until thine eyes shall say, "My brother, come!"

And haste forward with such gladsome pace
As one who sees a welcoming, sweet face;
For thou dost give us what the soul loves best—
In the eternal soul a resting place,
And thy still grave in the unpilfered nest
Of Truth, Love, Peace, and Duty's perfect rest.

James Russell Lowell

For a small moment have I forsaken thee;
But with great mercies will I gather thee.
In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment;
But with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on
thee,
Saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

The Prophecy of Isaiah
The Fifty-fourth Chapter.

Thou Art With Me

(In a scourge of scarlet fever Archbishop Tait lost his six daughters, within one month of time. Nearly a month afterward the following entry appeared in his diary.)

I have not had the heart to make any entry in my journal now for above nine weeks. When last I wrote I had six daughters on earth; now I have one, an infant. O God, Thou hast dealt very mysteriously with us. We have been passing through the deep waters: our feet are well nigh gone. But though Thou slay us, yet will we trust in Thee. * * * They are gone from us, all but my beloved Craufurd and the babe. Thou hast reclaimed the lent jewels. Yet, O Lord, shall I not thank Thee now? I will thank Thee not only for the children Thou hast left us, but for those Thou hast reclaimed. I thank Thee for the blessing of the last ten years, and for all the sweet memories of their little lives—memories how fragrant with every blissful and happy thought. I thank Thee for the full assurance that each has gone to the arms of the Good Shepherd, whom each loved according to the capacity of her years. I thank Thee for the bright hopes of a happy reunion when we shall meet to part no more. O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake, comfort our desolate hearts. May we be a united family still in heart through the communion of saints—through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Life of Bishop Tait

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed a noble faith succeeds,
And life by trials furrowed bears the fruit of loving deeds.
How rich, how sweet, how full of strength, our human
spirits are,

Baptized into the sanctities of suffering and of prayer.

J. G. Binney

Thou Art With Me

Lord, Thou hast been our Dwelling place
In all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

For a thousand years in Thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is passed,
And as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a
sleep:

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down and withereth.

So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!
Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants,
And Thy glory unto their children.
And let the Beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;
And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it!

The Ninetieth Psalm

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! Where is thy victory?
O Death! Where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope

For our light affliction which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of
glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but
at the things which are not seen: for the things which
are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen
are eternal.

St. Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians,
The Fourth Chapter

Thou Art With Me

These stones that make the meadow brooklet murmur
Are keys on which it plays
O'er every shelving rock its touch grows firmer,
Resounding notes to raise.

If all the course were smooth by which it passes
Adown the pastures fall,
Then those who wander through its flowers and grasses
Would hear no music there.

These troubles sore and griefs, and hard conditions,
Through which I pass along,
When going forth to keep my Lord's commissions,
May all be turned to song.

What are they but sweet harp strings for the spirit
Boldly to play upon?
If all the lot where pleasant I inherit,
These harmonies were gone!

If every path o'er which my footsteps wander,
Were smooth as ocean strand,
There were no theme for gratitude and wonder
At God's delivering hand.

All this will plain appear when ends life's story,
Where rivers meet the tide
That stills their murmurs in a sea of glory,
Where peace and rest abide.

W. E. Winks

And we know that all things work together for good
to them that love God, to them who are called according
to his purpose.

St. Paul's Letter to the Romans
The Eighth Chapter

Suffering borne in the Christian temper has often incidental effects upon the character. For it induces tenderness and strength, and spirituality of life. The man who has suffered much has a keener insight into the suffering of others, and therefore a more appreciative sympathy for them. His very voice and glance and touch gain a magnetic power from his pain. Nor is this tenderness purchased at the cost of weakness, for suffering indurates and strengthens the entire person. Under all his apparent weakness, the man of sorrows is strong. And thus his own sorrow helps him to alleviate the sorrow of the world; while, beside thus enhancing his social efficiency, suffering refines and purifies the inner man, as a necessary consequence of the closer communion with the spiritual world to which it calls him.

J. R. Illingworth

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

St. Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians,
The First Chapter

Thou Art With Me

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.
The Thirtieth Psalm

Behold, I go forward, but He is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive Him;
On the left hand where He doth work, but I cannot behold
Him;
He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him.

But He knoweth the way that I take;
When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.
The Book of Job,
The Twenty-third Chapter.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.
Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me;
For I am meek and lowly in heart:
And ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For My yoke is easy,
And My burden is light.

The Gospel of St. Matthew,
The Eleventh Chapter

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of the shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant