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MEMORIALS OF THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

I.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now."

A COMRADE in the march with us this side Jordan, a rear-guard, we rest by the camp-fires in the valley at the close of the day, would revive for a little the sweet memories of our fellow-pilgrim and soldier just passed through the divided floods and up the banks to the plains of light and peace in the heavenly Canaan. Bereft, we call ourselves, and sit in silence, or bow our heads in tears; but we forget we are a militant host sweeping through the gateway of the separated waters into the land of the covenant and the kingdom of the conquerors.

"And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die."

We forget in our sadness that the battle yet rages around us; that enemies gather from all sides; that walls and ramparts lift their horrid front to oppose us, and that high battlements and towers frown upon us as from the very heavens. Perhaps more thoughtful of our own grief and loss than of our companion's bliss and Canaan's gains, we forget for a moment we are the heirs of the promises; that walls and battlements and towers