

OBITUARY -- READ AT FUNERAL

The death of William N. Card has removed from us a great and most useful life of Christian service, having been a minister in the Friends Church for more than thirty years.

He was born in Rush County Indiana, June 26th, 1840, and as the church bells were ringing on Sabbath morning May 8th, 1910 his spirit took its flight.

Had he lived until June 26th, 1910, he would have been seventy years of age.

His Father and Mother died when he was a small boy and he was taken by his Uncle Henry Henley, where he made his home for five years when he came to this neighborhood, where he has remained during his life time.

He was married to Mary Jane Barnett, July 31st, 1861, to this union nine children were born, seven of whom survive. He is also survived by three brothers, B. F. Card of Oklahoma City, Okla., James Card of Carthage, Indiana, and a twin brother, Phineas Card of Greenfield, Indiana.

He was ever found brave, fearless and energetic in the performance of his religious duties and his life of service will mean joy fulfilled. He made no compromise with wrong, right was right and wrong was wrong. He stood firm for what he believed was right.

A great deal of his life was spent in the Evangelistic

work and many hearts and homes have been made happy through his teachings. One of his most impressive features was his expression in song, and often during his last hours he was heard in song and words of praise, often saying, "My life has been nothing, and its only by the Grace of God that I am what I am, his blood cleanseth from all sin."

His closing hours in spite of much suffering were passed in supreme happiness and he talked of death in a calm and quiet manner, making arrangements for everything as nearly as he could.

He seemed to know and realize all, and said he used to fear death but it is all gone, I'm half way across. When bending over him to catch the words as he whispered we often found he was repeating the verse of some song or text of scripture.

One afternoon he had talked and sang for the ones at his bedside, he was asked if he wanted a drink of water. "Water, he said, why I have all the water I can drink, water that some don't know anything about, I am drinking at the fountain where I'll thirst no more."

He often called for Mother and asked her if she was tired and how she was holding up under the strain, and speaking words of comfort to her, telling her the Grace of God would be sufficient in such time of sorrow. Each of the children were remembered separately, and the urgent

message sent to all to "meet him in Heaven without fail!"

He was a man who lived for his family, and longed so to be spared to it, yet he was willing to go if it was the Masters will. He would say I am sorry to leave Mother and Mona, they will miss me most.

One day he said "When Arthur comes, I'm going home", so the morning Arthur arrived, after talking to him, he sang the last song we ever heard him sing, "I'm going home to die no more." In a few hours he crossed the great river, made wider by our affections and deepened by our tears.

The world is better for his having lived; heaven will be richer for his having died.

"Life changes all our thoughts of heaven
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear --
The glad home land not far away,

Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own,
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er."

Robert Browning.

Handwritten notes in the right margin:
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