

Mary E. Ford

"She hath done what she could"



Sincerely Yours
Mary C Ford

Dedicated

*This humble memorial volume
is dedicated to the people of her
native village of Sound Beach,
Connecticut, whom she so fondly
loved, and for whose spiritual
good she so energetically labored.*

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The Funeral in the Church

THE public obsequies were held in the church on the afternoon of Thursday. It was a remarkable funeral, just as in many respects Mary Ford had led a remarkable life. It is unusual for the body of a woman to lie in state in a church, and it was the first time that such an honor was paid to the memory of a woman in this church. Although unusual, it was most appropriate, for Sound Beach had been the better for having had the life of Mary Ford. All the families of the community were represented in the crowd that sat in the church for over two hours while the services were in progress.

All present had personally known her, and felt that they suffered a personal loss in her death.

Six clergymen took part in the impressive services. The principal address was made by the Rev. Walter M. Grafton, her pastor. The other ministers made brief addresses. All dwelt on her life and character, and paid personal tributes to

her sterling qualities. Mr. Grafton read her favorite passages of Scripture from her own beloved and well-thumbed Bible. Rev. D. C. Eggleston, pastor of the First Congregational Church, offered prayer. Rev. Matthew Patton, pastor of Stanwich church, Rev. A. Lincoln Shear of Calumet, Mich., Rev. E. R. Perry of Williamsbridge, all former pastors, spoke in turn very feelingly. Remarks were also made by Rev. Chas. A. Marks of Sound Beach. About the casket were grouped a number of chaste floral decorations.

The interment was made in the family burial lot in the old church cemetery directly opposite the "One Elm" home of the Fords, on the following day. The delay was in order that her sister—Mrs. Thomas A. Cumming—and family, who were on their way from their winter home in Florida, but were too late for the funeral, might have the privilege of looking upon the face of the dear sister as she lay sweetly "Asleep in Jesus."

Tribute From Dr. Grafton, Her Pastor

THE following is an abridged abstract of her pastor's address:

There is a time when speech is silver and silence is golden, and such a time is this, and yet I wish to bear tribute. Upon the grave of Miss Ford I would place one flower.

The service this afternoon will be somewhat less conventional, more informal, and we trust, filled with sunshine. We do not come to-day with our songs to the sanctuary to mourn or play a requiem, but rather to celebrate a triumphant entry of a spirit, bloodwashed, into the presence of the King. We do not come to weep with those that weep, so much as to rejoice with her that rejoices with joy unspeakable before the throne of the Lamb. While we are conducting this service this afternoon, we believe that heaven has an interest in the glorified dead, that the departed is in complete conscious union with her Christ and loved ones, yonder; that

she is using her marvellous activity this very moment in the praise of the Lamb; that she is conscious and hears the words of sincere praise and testimony from our lips who are unworthy of her, and that her influence will go on here, ever widening and deepening. While only the body of Miss Ford can perish, and her death is a deliverance from future ills, and her transition a step into a better and nobler life, we also wish to bear witness how, through the law of strife, through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, she moved up into the better things, and is now fragrantly embalmed in the memories of her friends and in the history of the saints of the church, uncanonized but immortal.

"She hath done what she could; she is come beforehand to anoint my body to the burying." Mark 14:8.

Several texts have been suggested to me by the intimate friends of the deceased, and by those who have been touched by the holiness and goodness of the departed. Some say: *"A Princess hath fallen in Israel."* others, *"Mary hath chosen that good*

part, that shall not be taken away from her."

I have chosen the words which I heard her say in a private conversation were the words she would be glad if people would say were true of her when she was gone: "*She hath done what she could.*" On the leaf of one of the Easter musical selections were found the suggestions and plans for that service, and after bravely working out these plans for six weeks, and carrying them through to perfection, which was characteristic of her, she had written at the bottom, "*She hath done what she could.*"

It does not altogether describe Mary Ford to say she was a contemplative believer, but she was also an active believer. She had an experience of the deep things of God, but she is one of the most conspicuous examples of applied Christianity that I have ever known. She not only sat at her Master's feet and heard His word, but she spent her life in self-sacrifice for her Master. The flower of a beautiful Christian experience, like the bloom of the grape, or the gold of the

cornfield, was consummated in a life of noble fruit-bearing. If she knew she was bought with a price, her life also testified that she glorified God in her body and in her spirit.

Her life in this community will be a continual inspiration to you all to do what you can. She was larger than the church. The neighborhood and the community at large claimed her.

What Miss Ford did I believe she did for Christ. Jesus had come into her life before she was left an orphan with a large family to look after, and to be a mother to. O! what sacrifices in her own life she made! What ambitions she put on the altar! But He had saved her soul, and saved her family, one by one, committed providentially to her care, and she felt that she could not do too much for Him. And in the rearing of this family of Christian workers, what was she doing but taking a box of alabaster, very costly, breaking the box, even her own body, like a costly vase, and pouring out the precious life as a costly fragrance upon the head of her Lord. Of course she loved her family, the large and increasingly large

circle of friends, and the church of which she was so conspicuous a part, and the poor of the neighborhood, but first of all, and last of all, she loved her Lord. I believe that she seldom thought of herself, but when she saw by faith that blessed Head crowned with thorns, and those blessed feet that were pierced with nails, and the fifth wound in His side, she thought, How I would like to anoint Him with the precious odor of a life of sacrifice! She could not reach in life His blessed head, nor anoint His holy feet, but she did, with hundreds of others at her side, fall down at His footstool and pour out her affection to Him. Not a little bit anointment does the King of Glory care for, but the odor of a Godly life, the sweet sacrifice of the heart, the praise of a redeemed spirit, the tears and groans of a broken heart, the breaking of a box to all the room and the neighborhood with the odor of praise.

Miss Ford did what she could by living a holy life, not of a theological type, but a New Testament standard. Her spirit, like one perfumed with myrrh and frank-

incense, had a pervading essence about it that filled the room with its richness and rarity. There is something about the holiness of a believer that escapes from him unconsciously like the fragrance that comes from roses that are carried through the room. You felt that invisible something, a precious perfume of a sweet character, because this woman of God, going through the world, was filled with the Spirit, and the fragrance of the commonest ministrations have often felt, "'Tis as if an angel shook his wings."

The scent of the rose followed her footsteps to the casket; the ointment of her secret soul betrayed itself.

Then too, Miss Ford sought the salvation of others. She was thoroughly possessed with that master passion. Her great object in life, perhaps some would say hobby, was to save souls. Everywhere and always this ingatherer of souls was teaching that we must be born again, cleansed of the iniquity of our past lives, and be built up in holiness. While she believed that, if sinners were not saved, God is dishonored, one's life in this world would be one of misery and she saw vividly

the terrible future of impenitent souls that went out into a Christless darkness awaiting a Christless resurrection, yet she was so filled with the love of God that her appeal started Heaven in the soul while we are yet here on this earth.

There was only one MARY FORD, and there will never be another, who would give a clear, fresh testimony every time the opportunity offered as to the grace of God in saving a soul, offer a fervent prayer to the Searcher of Hearts to reveal the Saviour to dying men and women, and, with a sympathy that was next to being Divine, become all things to all classes and conditions that she might win men and women to her Lord.

How many neighbors on the broad road to ruin has she warned! How many Sabbath-breakers has she tried to lead to the house of God! How many children has she led into the Sunday School! How many hearts has she stamped with her indelible stamp of Christian worth! How my heart has been touched as she developed the individual gifts of each Junior or member of the Christian Endeavor Society! Never once to please or collect a crowd,

but to save a soul, was her high ambition. Like the great evangelist who has passed away who was the inspiration of her life, she acted out what she felt: *"He that winneth souls is wise and shall shine as the stars forever and forever."*

Then, too, Mary Ford was constantly feeding Christ's poor. She felt specially near to Christ's poor, for they were her brothers and sisters. People who knew her ministrations, going around like an angel of light on her bicycle, into the haunts of the poor, one day in the Italian quarters of the city, furnishing coal and bread in the midst of winter, in scores of cases mending and buying garments for the poor, another day distributing the flowers from the church to the "shut-in" of all classes; at one time when night had thrown a mantle over Sound Beach and the stars had come out, you could have seen that frail figure on the way to some home of sickness or sorrow, to lend a hand, to breathe a prayer, and give succor wherever needed; at another time on her way to some distant town, where she was sent for by the people who once lived here to help them bear a sorrow, or stand in some pe-

cular relation to them, gifted as she was of God for this angel mercy.

Her work was done. She lived, in her beautiful life, all too short, what most would not accomplish in two hundred years. She will always be known as the woman who *did* things. What was roseate in the potency of promise she made as good as a banker's note in the deed of performance. She did the *hardest* things. What others would *not* do, she *did*. What others would not even attempt, she took up bravely as a task and carried it through triumphantly. These things were a constant drain upon her energies. She valued the minutes. She believed, "we live in deeds, not years; in feelings, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." She lived her life quickly and passed up to her reward.

I desire to say she was the most indefatigable worker for Christ that I have ever met. Where is there a Christian who never misses a morning church service, teaches a Bible class in the Sunday School, leads the Juniors in the afternoon, testifies

at every Christian Endeavor meeting, and never misses a church service in the evening, while the other days of the week are as full of good deeds for her Christ, not for a little spell, but continuously for twenty years or more?

Then Miss Ford was possessed of the most buoyant spirit that I ever met. Sometimes bruised, but never broken, she toiled upward in the night, heroically overcoming every barrier in her way. I said to her one day:

"Do you never get weary? I do not see how you endure so much."

"Well," she replied, "they mocked at Mary of Bethany when she brought the alabaster box of ointment and spilled it on the Master's head. They called it waste and extravagance and yet Christ said, 'Well done,' and complimented her. Expect criticism. Do what you think is right, and criticism will spend its force or rebound. Do what you can and you will be criticised, but I would not care for that, for you will have the smile of Christ. They mocked at Christ and said He was full of zeal and had a devil, and was mad. They mocked at Paul, and said he was mad, and

Paul has been the inspiration of my life. If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

Then Miss Ford did what she could in preparation for death. In her sickness I sent her this message: "The religion of Jesus Christ is the best thing on earth." I wish that one sentence would be remembered this day, if all else is forgotten. That is not original with me. That was the crystallized sentiment of the life here in the casket. A hundred times it fell from her lips as her choicest treasure. At her bedside, when the footfall of luminous angels could almost be distinctly heard, she said: "If the Lord wants me to go, I am ready."

When the church bell was ringing for the morning service, the birds were singing so sweetly on the trees outside. Her attention was called to them. "Oh," said she, "it is not the birds I hear, but music so sweet and far away."



The birth place of the Ford sisters. The only home of Mary Ford; where she was born, lived and died, hallowed by all the cherished associations of her beautiful life.

Sketch of Mary Ford's Life

by Her Sister, Lottie Ford

Mary Cordelia Ford was born April 2, 1861, in the Ford Homestead, or "One Elm," in the town of Old Greenwich, now Sound Beach, Connecticut.

43 yrs.

Her early instructions were received in the little village school here under the tutorship of Miss Kate Quintard. After a few years she entered a private school where better and broader educational advantages were given. This school was conducted for many years by Mrs. H. F. Quintard and here she remained until at the age of fourteen she entered the second grade of the High School in Stamford, preparatory for teaching, which was her highest ambition. After studying three years in this school, walking back and forth a distance of three miles, (for there were no accommodations by rail or trolley at that time) facing all conditions of weather—when about to close her senior year with

brightest anticipations and high honors—the sudden death of her mother brought upon her the care of four younger children, blighted her cherished hopes, and was the beginning of a new career in her young life, for as she stood by the bedside of that dear one and watched the life go out from that home, she said: “God helping me, I will try to be a Christian and care for you all.” And Oh! how beautifully this promise was fulfilled. For help came through a series of revival meetings through the efforts of an earnest young man, Rev. Frank S. Child, who was pastor of the only church here at that time, and who is now pastor of the 1st Church of Christ at Fairfield. It was a joyous season when many were converted and joined the church and among them was “Sister” Mary. Having always attended the Baptist Sunday School in Stamford from childhood—she was Baptist in Spirit and preferred the form of immersion. This was performed in the waters of Long Island Sound, March 3rd, 1879, amid a throng of people who sang praises on the shore. She was in delicate health at the time, having had a fever which left her with a cough that



First Congregational Church as it was in 1870, where “Sister Mary” was converted and received into its membership.

seemed to threaten a physical break down—but strange as it may seem—her cough left her from that hour and from that day forward she was in the best of health and full of vigor and zeal for the Lord's work and the task of training the younger sisters and brothers that were left to her care and she but seventeen years old. Uniting with the First Congregational church (in 1879) then a little old wooden structure in the upper part of the village, she was one of its strongest and most faithful members until the year 1893 when another glad season more joyous than that of '79 came to our people under the pastorate of Rev. A. Lincoln Shear. Men, women and children were converted and sang praises to God. Every home in the community was blessed with the presence of the Holy Spirit and aged men who were ungodly and would not attend the revival services for fear they might be brought to Christ were converted in their homes. It was a glorious season to those who had the love of the Master's work at heart and delighted to see His Kingdom increase. Those who remember that first communion service in

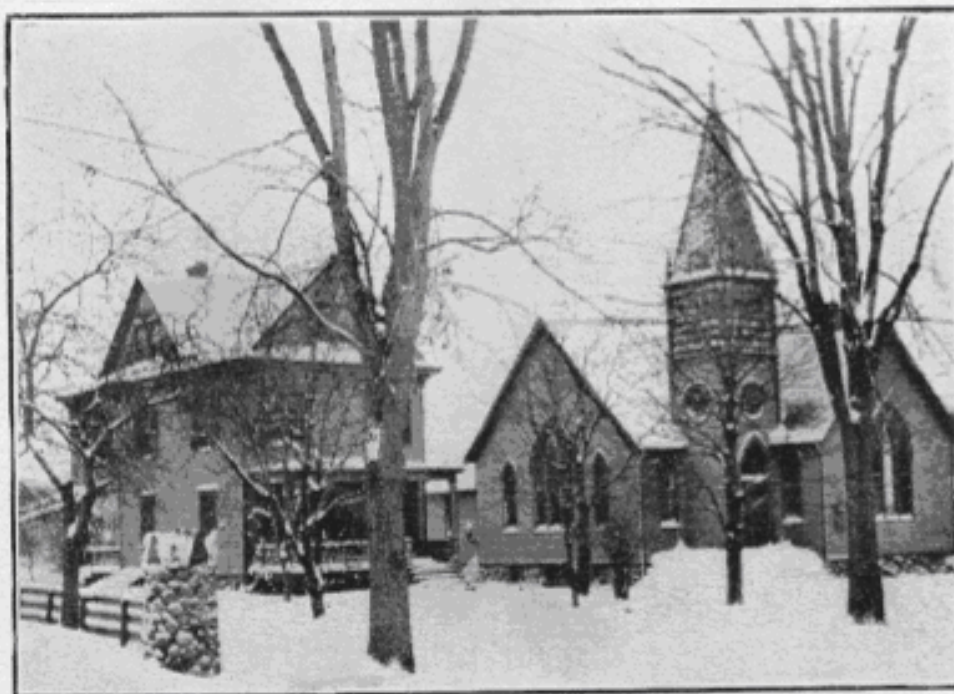
the Old Church with fathers, mothers, whole families in some cases, aged people passed their allotted time, young people and those in the prime of life, to the number of over sixty—all about the altar receiving a blessing with true Christian fellowship from the hand of their beloved pastor—will never forget the scene and the joy that comes from an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The new life thus awakened brought with it a desire for larger and better accommodations, so a church building fund was started.

Differences of opinion arising concerning the site of the proposed new edifice and the financial management, fifty members of the church withdrew, June 3rd, 1893, and organized the "Pilgrim Congregational Church," but without an Ecclesiastical Society attached.

They took the pastor of the First Church with them, who became the first pastor of the new church, and who saw them well established before he left them for another pastorate.

Property was purchased nearer the



A view of the First Presbyterian Church and Parsonage: the organization and building of which, Miss Ford was one of the leading promoters, by prayer, by faith, by courage, by labors, by counsel. The scene of her efficient public labors, in song and prayer and outspoken testimony.

Beach on the main avenue. The new edifice was erected and dedicated one year later. The work went steadily forward for four years when, on account of the place growing rapidly with new families and visitors of other denominations, after careful and prayerful consideration, the Pastor and church unanimously voted to change the denomination to Presbyterian in the year 1899. The church continued in prosperity and power under its new system, and notwithstanding the difficult problems which must necessarily come to every working church, the result on the whole has been God-ward, and a warm Christian fellowship prevails. Sister Mary's labors in this church were ardent and wholly one of love. She saw many brought to Christ and into membership through her efforts, but her work was not confined to her church alone, for she was in the hearts and homes of all who knew her. Sister Mary was one of the foremost to favor and promote and establish this new church organization and building.

S. B. P. L.

THE above letters are the mystic initials which stand for "SOUND BEACH PROTECTIVE LEAGUE," which was organized in 1884, in connection with the old First Church, and for the following winter exercised a wholesome influence on temperance. It was during the pastorate of Rev. H. Martin Kellogg, who was elected Chaplain of the League. Nathaniel B. Ferris was president, and Chas. T. Peck, secretary. It held regular monthly meetings, and had *several hundred* signers of its total abstinence pledge. It rescued quite a number of drinkers and partial drunkards, and greatly raised public sentiment in the community on the great issue of temperance. The Ford Sisters were among its most indefatigable and earnest workers. Mary specially showed her colors ardently and heroically.

The following was the poem printed on the last page of a four-page booklet which were scattered throughout the place to advertise the League and explain its purposes.

Sound Beach Protective League.
Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.
Let the doctors go,
Do not have them handy;
Let alone the gin,
The whiskey and the brandy.
Exercise your limbs,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no doubt of conscience
Make you ever fearful.
Take the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold *water*,
Then you will do well,
Or at least you ought to!

Secretary of Connecticut Temperance Union

Clipping from a Hartford Daily

KENSINGTON, CONN.,
January 22, 1904.

My dear Miss Ford:

I thought you might be interested to see this—as I was—

“At one point in the proceedings of a meeting of the Sound Beach school district in Greenwich the other night Miss Mary Ford arose in the rear of the hall. She made her way to the front, remarking: “I like to speak in front of people, because I have cultivated that habit, and I can’t speak behind people’s backs very well.” We feel very much like ko-to wing to this Lovey Mary.—*Hartford Post, Jan. 19th, 1904.*

Regards to all of the family,

Sincerely,

H. H. SPOONER.

Her Parentage and Revolutionary Ancestry

HER father was CORNELIUS FORD, who was born August 4th, 1807, in Old Greenwich, now Sound Beach, in the old homestead which was located in front of where “One Elm” now stands. He died January 5th, 1870.

Her mother was Sarah Jane Rockefeller, who was born April 14th, 1839, in German-town, on the Hudson. She was a near relative of John D. and William R. Rockefeller, of Dutch origin. She died Dec. 3rd, 1879.

Her great-grandfather was Capt. Samuel Lockwood, who was born Nov. 20, 1737, in Old Greenwich. He was of English parentage. He figured conspicuously in the Revolution, as Captain of a naval squadron, and also as Commander of land forces. He was in Gen. Montgomery’s army, and was the hero in the storming of Quebec, Dec. 13th, 1775.

The "New York Gazette" said of him. "The firmness of the indefatigable Capt. Samuel Lockwood has not only crowned the army with honor as soldiers, but entitled them to the applause of their bleeding country. By his vigilance both by day and night, with forty men and a twelve pounder in a gondola, eleven armed vessels with Gen. Prescott and over one hundred and thirty officers and seamen were taken."

He died Aug. 20th, 1807, highly honored.

The old sword with which he fought so valiently is still preserved as an heir-loom for his noble deeds, and in revered memory. It was always regarded with laudable pride by Sister Mary, and adorned the walls of the guest room in her home-
stead, the 'One Elm.'

Incidents of Her Career and Character

SHE was saved from drowning, when bathing in the waters of the Sound, in her early girlhood. The rescuer, who was a few years her senior and cousin—brave lad that he was—saw the danger from the shore, when without a moment's delay, he sprang into the water and swam to the spot just in season to save her when she was going under for the last time. In after years when she became so earnest in the Lord's work in rescuing souls, she never forgot the brave act of her cousin, and helped him in many ways until he found Christ, and then was a constant sister and friend in helping him by prayer and counsel over the rough places and into the narrow way which leads heavenward.

I remember on one occasion of a young couple just beginning life in a neat little cottage, when suddenly the father was taken ill with pneumonia and died after two weeks illness, leaving a widow with

a small child, depending entirely on his daily efforts. There was destitution shown plainly and sister was a constant attendant upon them throughout the illness and bereavement. Then she was instrumental in getting a consecrated man of wealth in the community to visit the home and through his open heartedness and Christ-like spirit, his charity went out for this poor widow and child. She was a bright woman and capable and willing to work; so this gentleman and his companion saw that she was given a business course in stenography, where she advanced rapidly, they caring for the family. It was not long before she filled a very responsible position and secured a salary sufficiently large to buy a neat little apartment home in Brooklyn, her mother taking charge while she continued her business career.

Another incident in her experience is pleasant to recall where a poor family was in want and where death claimed an infant. Mary was a constant helper there; doctor, housekeeper and friend, and the church being without a minister at the time and in winter, she conducted a service over the remains of the little one and com-

forted the few who were present. A beautiful experience, but which few count it worth while in the hurry of this world's gain to perform.

At the foot of our garden rested a little cottage, the use of which was given to an old man and his invalid son. For twelve years they lived there, the old man doing farming and daily chores about the neighborhood, and the son keeping house for him. Both were happy in their humble surroundings. The passing years brought to the invalid added weakness and notwithstanding all that had been done to promote vitality, it was found necessary to take this only son away from the old Father who had been a companion to him for so many years. I recall the day when Sister Mary made the necessary preparations for poor James' departure, how she shopped for his comfort and cared for him as though he were a brother and then even drove with him to the Town Farm and saw that every care was made for his comfort. In due time he passed to his reward and his father having the Catholic faith, the remains were taken to the Cathedral and the only two present beside the

priest were the aged father and "Sister Mary." She said afterwards in speaking of it, "That it was a blessed experience and hour which gave rise to the thought that the Lord is with the humble follower, and heaven is open abundantly to them who faithfully live for others."

Could I begin to trace on paper the many instances of loving service which she rendered to the poor and sin sick souls, volumes could be written. Suffice it to say her Christian life was well lived, because no one but those who were closely associated with her knew of the countless deeds and labors of love which she put into her daily walk. The reality of training three younger sisters and in after years to look to the training of a young brother and give him a start in life, denying self and a home in which she could have reigned supreme—without this care—but rather to choose the harder service because she felt it to be God's will—surely words are cold in trying to express to the world the sincere love and gratitude which we owe to the beautiful life so well spent in the Master's service, for it is to her careful religious training, her cheerful disposition and



The above is a view of the well and orchard in rear of "One Elm," a favorite walk and sequestered nook in summer days for Mary and her sisters.

ready wit in the home, yet firmness in principal and constant prayer that we owe whatever is noblest and best in our character. Sister Mary is not dead, but lives among us, is a constant helper. If our spiritual eyes were but opened to behold her and the community and religious world is richer by far in character for her short life—and just as the autumn sun reflects its most gorgeous coloring over the distant lake or river that nestles so quietly among the hills, so her quiet life lived, filled with humble deeds for the Master will reflect its rays more brightly from year to year until it shall reach the hearts of those whom she earnestly strived to win for His Kingdom while with us, and then we shall all be united in one great family, rejoicing in one hope and the meeting of the one who has gone before.

L. F.

"The Sound Beach Beacon"

WAS a paper published every summer by the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church, in the interests of the religion, the sociability and the finances of the church. The editor-in-chief of this unique and prosperous paper was Miss Ford up to her death. In the issue of Aug. 1, 1903, we find the following, appended to a humorous portrait of the Editor:

"In the picture above will at once be recognized the genial face of our editor, and indeed the pleasant smile has no uncertain sound, for it is not only worn on the face but in the life and daily walk. The tender and kindly feeling which she has for all indicates a life brim full of happy Christian experiences. She rejoices with those who rejoice, is at the bedside of the sick, comforts those who are in sorrow, and is a true and devoted friend to the fatherless and the widow.

Her work has been so efficient in the

Church that for some years she has been known as a leader in Church work. We place her picture among those of the children because of her love for them. Although her extreme modesty would not permit of this bit of honest praise, still we are delighted to offer this little surprise, feeling that it is small indeed to offer for such far-reaching service as hers."

ONE WHO KNOWS HER.

In a number of the Beacon published in the summer of 1904, we find the following tribute to her memory:

"Since the publication of the last issue of the Beacon, our church and community have sustained in the death of Miss Mary Ford, a great loss, a loss which is felt more and more, as the days go by, and the duties and tasks which she performed, and which no one thought much about because she did them so naturally and so quietly, must be taken up by inexperienced hands. From its first issue, the Beacon has been Miss Ford's especial charge, and she made it in every way a success. In the preparation for the annual Lawn Party of the church, she has been the leading spirit, planning, advising, directing and suggest-

ing as well as accomplishing a vast amount of actual work, so at this time, she is specially missed. And it is the same in all departments of the church, there is the feeling of loss, her presence, her voice, her pleasant smile, cheery greeting and cordial hand clasp; all are deeply missed, and not only that, "she was larger than the church; the neighborhood and the community claimed her." She was everybody's friend, young and old, rich and poor, near and far; she never forgot or overlooked or slighted any. Her's was the "heart of leisure from itself" to rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep, ever ready with sympathy and help. But while she is missed and long will be, for what she did and for what she was, how can she be mourned?

Death was for her but entering a richer, fuller, more blessed life. She has "passed through Glory's morning gate, and walks in Paradise."

Letter from Rev. F. S. Child.

A former Pastor, who is mentioned in Miss Lettie Ford's life sketch of "Sister Mary."

SHERMAN PARSONAGE,
FAIRFIELD, CONN., April, 14, 1904.
My dear Mr. Frost:

I received the sad news of Miss Ford's death in the evening, but I was not able to attend the service on account of illness. I have recently returned from the South and am obliged to take every care. I remember with singular pleasure the early devotion and loyalty of our departed friend. She has put her life into incessant service of the Master and the reward will surely come to her. Extend my sympathy to all the family. Her example of fidelity is for our emulation.

Cordially yours,
F. S. CHILD.

Resolutions From the Sound Beach Club

WHEREAS: Almighty God in His supreme wisdom has seen fit to remove Mary C. Ford from this life, it is with a deep sense of our loss and the loss to the community that we hereby

RESOLVE: To tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family in this their great bereavement.

It is further resolved that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the Club, tendered to the family and published in the daily press.

W. J. GUEBELLE, *President*.
April 11th, 1904.

Letter From President of Stamford Christian Endeavor Union

STAMFORD, CONN., April 21st, 1904.

My dear Miss Ford:

The officers and members of the Stamford C. E. Union join me in extending to you and yours our heartfelt sympathy in this time of sorrow in the loss of your sister. This is a loss that extends far beyond the home circle, and our Union will feel it greatly. Hers was a part of our work that we knew would be well looked after, because of her interest in it, and it will be hard to find someone to take her place. We must submit to God's ways, for they are best, even though they may seem to be mysterious. We can rejoice to know and feel that she has entered upon a much brighter life, and though she may be gone from us her life will be felt through her works for many years.

Sincerely yours in sympathy,
CHAS. F. OLMSTED.

Tribute by Session of First Presbyterian Church

THE First Presbyterian Church of Sound Beach has much to remember in the strong personality of Miss Mary C. Ford, who was a member from its organization until called home on April 11, 1904. That memory includes her private and personal activities, which were controlled by an intelligent purpose. She delighted in doing spiritual work that others so often find difficult to do without being officiously officious. She left the impression that her service was a pleasure more than a duty. She had a mothering heart that found scope and field in the church life of the place. In her more public service it was felt that her purpose was always lifted above personal feeling and partisanship. We can recall no time when her espousal or her opposition to any plan covered personal ambitions. She was of a positive and aggressive temperament. She had submitted it to the control of the Spirit in far larger measure than we could see when she was with us.

To-day the vitality of the church to en-

sure strain and stress is to a large degree the result of her abounding conviction that the Lord had a work for this church to do.

Her interest in the concerns of the Kingdom kept her from seeking merely the success of her own church. She did a man's work in a woman's way. She looked up but kept in touch with the hourly details of church life. The fact that we hold most dear is her unfaltering faith in a prayer hearing God. No hour was so dark but that she could light it with that confident approach to our Father. She has left her mark on the church and community in that particular more than in any other. She never measured her service with others, nor drew attention to it; but always endeavored to use her time and talents for the advancement of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For such is the law of the Kingdom that because she demanded little of us and asked much of the Great Head of the church, she could not help but be a leader. We are glad to make this tribute to our sister whose life was wrapped up in our church.

She greatly cheered others and helped to make their lives and love a tribute to

the One whom she loved; and while the generation who were associated with her in the organization of this church shall remain they cannot forget her.

By vote of the Session of the First Presbyterian church, Sound Beach, Conn.

M. K. PALMER,
C. T. PECK,
WM. W. SCOFIELD,
L. FINCH.

Voted by the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Sound Beach, Conn., March 17th, 1907, that the above tribute be sent to the Editor of the Memorial to Miss Mary C. Ford.

Tribute by Rev. H. L. Shear

WHEN the soul of Mary C. Ford returned to the God that gave it, the earth was much the poorer, and Heaven the richer. She was a rare being. To those who knew her best, and who entered into her joys and sorrows, her consecration and her life work, she appeared as one of God's chosen ones for the sweetening and purifying of the world.

I count it a joy and great privilege to have known Mary—to have labored with her in her work for God and humanity, and to have known much of her inner life of communion with her Master. Her influence upon my own life and work will always be felt. She lived in another world than this; her eyes saw other things than the natural eye beholds. She saw and knew God, with an intimacy born of communion with Him. She dwelt in the "secret place of the Most High." And this gave her love for humanity, whom she was continually endeavoring to bring to God had put in harmony with His will.

Well do I call to mind, as I review our

work as pastor and co-laborer, the great faith of sister Mary; her unswerving loyalty to the things of right and God's kingdom; her power in prayer; her direct testimony; her communion with the Master; her growth in God; and the heartening certainty of her words and actions, always cheering others on to more loyal and valient service. And all this casting a bright and cheerful influence upon those with whom she came in contact. Who can forget her bright and cheery face, that smile which was ever brightening the world in which she lived?

The earth owes much to Mary Ford for her life and work, and the community in which her years were spent was made much the better by her presence, while many hearts are the happier and richer for the influence she brought to bear upon them. And the Church, so dear to her heart, will always have occasion to remember her unselfish consecration to the things of God. For the Church she lived and toiled, while not forgetting the loved ones of her home.

Sometimes I get a vision of the future, and in that glimpse I see Mary among the

white-robed throng, in that home prepared for all who love God,—and in her crown I see many stars. And I see her waiting for those she left upon earth. Then I say, "We shall meet again," and again I take up my life work with new joy and energy, with the old incentive freshened and strengthened.

PARSONAGE, CONG'L CHURCH,
SYDNEY, N. Y.

Tribute by Rev. Matthew Patton

"She Hath Done What She Could."

AS we look back over the life and work of Miss Mary C. Ford, it makes the choice of the above words by Dr. Grafton at her funeral seem very appropriate. But who would think one could accomplish so much! The secret of all this achievement was that Sister Mary was a co-worker with God.

As pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church (now the First Presbyterian Church) of Sound Beach from the Spring of 1895 for over four years, I found her a true pastor's helper. She was one to depend upon to be at her place in all meetings no matter what the weather. With heart and voice she entered heartily into the spirit of worship and service. It is a joy to think that the praise and meditation of the Sabbath morning services may have been some of the few times of rest and soul refreshment which this restless worker allowed to herself. At Sunday School and Endeavor meeting she was at work, watching for any opportunity for helping Christian or non-professor. And

opportunities appeared to her where others seemed blind. She was very successful in getting others to come to the meetings and in not a few cases to give their heart to the Lord. It was hard to resist her appeal, especially for the women, whom she approached with a sisterly kiss. "When she put her arm around me," said one applicant for admission to the church, "it broke me down and I had to come."

Her religion did not end with anxiety over the spiritual welfare of others. She attended to the needs of the body in many cases of sickness, casualty and poverty. When a man attempted suicide and there was nothing in the house, she was prompt in rendering aid. In several cases of lingering illness she was not weary in well-doing. The community owes her much for bringing the dire necessities of many a poor family to the attention of the wealthier residents. It was no wonder that the church was filled with sincere mourners when the last words were said over her silent form. Perhaps in the buoyancy of her spirit and in her optimistic enthusiasm she made mistakes—and perhaps others were mistaken and she was right—but I

think I hear One say, "Let her alone. She hath done what she could." Let us try to carry on her good work and be helpers of others who like her are doing what they can.

PARSONAGE, CONG'L CHURCH,
STANWICH, CONN.

Tribute of Rev. H. Martin Kellogg

IN the autumn of 1882 I began my pastorate with the old First Congregational Church of Greenwich, located at Sound Beach Depot. Among the many young people of the parish who gave me the right hand of fellowship, there were none more hearty than the Ford sisters, and none more responsive to my pastoral wishes and suggestions.

Miss Mary Ford, and an older married sister, Mrs. George Morgan, were already members of the church, most earnest and faithful and consecrated. The others soon gave ample testimony of conversion and joined the church.

The scene of the baptism by immersion in the waters of the Sound of Miss Lettie Ford was memorable. It was most solemn and impressive. It seemed as if the very heavens were opened, and that all mundane scales dimming our mortal eyes had fallen, so that with opened eyes of faith we could discern more than the heav-

only dove of peace and purity coming down to sanctify the spiritualized spectacle. There was a large crowd present, the majority of whom were far from being Christians, attracted thither out of mere curiosity and merriment. But a most solemn and subdued spell seemed to rest upon all, who were most decorous and reverential in demeanor.

It was a matter of great joy to "Mother Mary" as she was humorously called, to see and help the younger sisters come into the fold of Christ's Church.

We held many entertainments, lectures, suppers and lawn parties to raise money to repair the church edifice which was sadly needed. In all these matters which required hard toil, close calculation, resolute courage and ardent faith, Mary Ford was at the forefront. Modest and unassuming and never self-assertive or bold; yet her amiable disposition, cheering presence, buoyant temperament, persistent grip and push—never to say die or to give up—her persuasive voice; all conspired to make her a recognized leader in all affairs she engaged in.

Well do I remember when some oppo-

sition arose as to the planning of a lawn party which was already widely advertised and some whom we relied on the most, withdrew their aid and support, used their influence against it and prophesied entire failure. It did look dark, as if we must stop all proceedings. I went to Mary Ford and stated the conditions to her. Without hearing me through, she interrupted me by asking what I proposed to do; and then, in her peculiarly impetuous, or rather intensive manner, without waiting for my deliberate answer, she said:

"If you, our pastor, will go right ahead, you may depend on *me* and *my sisters*; we'll help you through."

And she did right royally and nobly. Against great odds, we pushed ahead, and that lawn party was declared to be financially and socially the greatest success of all such affairs for years.

Musically, also, she was a great help. Always in her place in the choir at all services, and delighting to have the choir meet one evening each week for training and practice. Her voice was sweet, pathetic and winning in sacred song, and of

natural compass and power it was far beyond the ordinary.

During the score of years that have elapsed since my delightful pastorate at Sound Beach closed, from time to time have I loved to visit there, and specially her home, whose latch-string always cordially hung out for her former pastors.

On one of these occasions, she asked me if I remembered preaching two sermons on Sabbath keeping and against riding for pleasure and visiting on Sunday, one Sunday at morning and evening services, when pastor there. I answered that I did remember it very well, and how that very afternoon I drove in my carriage down through the main street of the parish some distance to see a dying lad, and several seeing me thus riding out, picked it up against me, declaring that I didn't practice what I preached.

She then went on to say what I now divulge for the first time, and because it may be helpful to those and also because I think she would have me thus make it known; that those sermons on that Sunday marked a turning point of her life. A young gentleman, whom she knew well

and favorably, and who was evidently making unmistakable advances to her, had obtained her promise to take a pleasure ride that afternoon. Her conscience was already roused, and she was seriously debating the question herself whether it were best and consistent with her religious professions or not. Several whom she asked about it, condoned the matter, laughingly telling her to go and enjoy herself. Public sentiment was altogether in favor; many even of the church members generally rode and visited on Sunday afternoons. But my sermon disturbed her conscience to its depths, and plunged her into a great moral battle out of which she came victorious, chastened and happy for the right. She knew it meant the total relinquishing of that young man's friendship and possibly a great change in her life. When he came for her, she declined to go, and frankly gave her reasons. She then reconsecrated herself *absolutely* to the Master, resolved to keep the holy Sabbath henceforth most hallowedly and circumspectly, a determination she never deviated from.

I asked her if she ever regretted that day and its results. "Never," she said.

"It was a day of decision and a glorious victory for me. I'm thankful for it, and am thankful to you for your agency in the matter."

This is an illustration of how the bread, we preachers of the Gospel, cast wholesale upon the waste waters of humanity, return to us after many days with rich, compensating harvest fruitage.

On another visit, I humorously railed her on not getting married, and although I knew that she had had numerous brilliant "chances," I insinuated that it was too bad that she never had a proposal. After some laughable talk and witty repartee upon it, she suddenly sobered down and turned to me, and said: "That matter I settled years ago, and determined to claim Christ as my bridegroom, and to be married only and wholly to his church, which He called His Bride, and loved so fondly, and gave Himself up a voluntary sacrifice to save. No, Jesus Christ and His Church is my all in all."

Mary Ford also had a keen sense of the ludicrous, she relished innocent fun, she was bubbling over with hilarity, full of mirth, was a peculiarly quick mimic,

and could tell stories and crack jokes so as to keep a whole company in roars of laughter. She was not a Christian of the long faced, vinegary variety. It was seldom any one got the better of her, and many fell a victim before her shafts of wit, sobered, saddened, helplessly defeated. No one ever tried to measure such lances with her the second time.

In the great church controversy of Sound Beach, when the new Pilgrim Church seceded from the old historic First Church, Mary Ford calmly held her womanly equipoise of Christian character; prompt, decisive, energetic, doing what she felt was right and proper and for the Divine cause. However widely opinions may differ concerning the wisdom or policy of that church quarrel, and the new organization, all readily concede that Mary Ford acted up to her enlightened conscience, and as she felt she was led of the Holy Spirit, who only is infallible in all things.

Thus, as a former pastor who was greatly cheered and helped by her, and always entertained a profound respect and deep fraternal affection for her, I am glad to

give this pastoral appreciation and tribute to her memory and character.

I am also happy to be honored by the surviving sisters in being selected to edit this volume in memoriam of her. To me this is a labor of love, of cherished memory of the past, and in the assurance of hope of that glad time in eternity when "Sister Mary," with many others of Sound Beach, will welcome me when I reach the other shore.

Parsonage, Congregational Church,
Voluntown, Conn.,
March 1st, 1907.



The above is a view of the dining room and favorite living room in "One Elm." From this room the open door leads to Mary's "Den," where at her desk she spent many hours at her devotions, and planning out upon paper religious exercises and her charitable work.

A Sample Letter

MARY FORD'S letter, to an aged relative, Mrs. Isaac Ford, of Philadelphia. From that the following extracts are taken:

"ONE ELM, Nov. 24, 1903.

My dear Aunt Amanda:

As it draws near Thanksgiving time, and as I have not yet been able to get to see you as I had hoped to, I just thought I would write you a few lines.

As I was thinking of our prayer meeting for to-morrow evening, with the subject, "*Thanksgiving*," I thought how *much* I ought to be thankful for. The Lord does so bless me with good health that I cannot help but be thankful. And how good He has been to you. He says, "With long life will I satisfy thee." True enough for all who put their trust in Him. So as we sit around the Thanksgiving table, I shall think of you with loving thoughts.

* * * *

If nothing happens, I shall walk in some day even if its only to stay a day or two.

We have had some work done on the homestead, and now it is very convenient

and pleasant. How I wish you might see the old place again. You would not know Sound Beach at all.

* * * *

Kind remembrance to all who know me.
May God's rich blessing be yours at this Thanksgiving season.

What a loving Saviour we have!

I am your loving niece,

MARY FORD.

She was never known to write a letter, however brief and business-wise, without its containing some sentiment to show her ardent Christian consecration.

Her Address on Temperance

Given at the Annual Meeting of the Stamford Christian Endeavor Union.

WHAT is our duty as young women in the temperance cause?

"In dealing with this great subject a two minute paper would not begin to touch upon what women have done or what they might do for this great cause.

Then for want of time we will just touch upon Temperance, not "the Temperance in all things," but the Temperance as regards abstinence from alcoholic beverages. People with whom one talks on this subject will say, "Yes, but there is intemperance in eating as well as drinking. Let us grant that this is true, yet there are more drinking men's families that are suffering from too much drink in the home rather than too much to eat. Surely the eating question in a rum pervaded home is a very serious matter. Then let us turn straight to the drink tonight and see what a young woman can do more in the tem-

perance cause than at any other period of her life. A *young* woman is placed in society, surrounded by a set of admirers both young men and young ladies.

First, then I believe she must be a total abstainer, for what influence can a person have in any sphere except they entered whole-hearted. How can a young woman say to a young man whom she loves and expects to go through life with: "I would rather you wouldn't touch it," when at a dinner party she laughs as she touches her glass of wine with him and they both drink. Mark this. Such a marriage, nine times out of ten, or a greater proportion, is misery. She might have had it different had she have been wise enough to reverse her glass, and then when she said: "I would rather you would not touch it," he would have known that she meant it, and had confidence in her high ideal. No one can be helped by another, unless they see in the other something worth looking up to.

If we say, don't do this or that for your own good, yet if we are doing the same thing how can we help the other?

A young woman of my acquaintance was in conversation with three young men. On

this very subject their conversation drifted and as one of them said that card-playing had made his brother a gambler, he would not touch cards. She tried to show them the harm she thought would result from the two courses, wine drinking and card playing. After making a beautiful plea for abstinence from these evils, one of those young men turned and said: "Do you ever drink wine? Do you ever play cards?" This was a stinging rebuke, for she was doing both, knowing the evil and yet not being strong enough to overcome. She took the rebuke as a step up rather than down, and ever after became a total abstainer from these evils.

A young lady of my acquaintance was at a dinner party. Her young husband was by her side; the wine was poured; they both drank, treating it as the thing to do. Today, that home which might have been a blessing is cursed by a drinking man. How easily could it have been otherwise, had that young woman held up a higher ideal. How much of misery it would have taken out of her life. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

I recall another young woman who is

engaged to be married to a young man upon whom she has never detected the odor of liquor; but those who knew best said: "He does drink," and after being satisfied that such was the truth, she said: "No! If he is this now, what will he be afterward?" This young woman had principle, she held up a high ideal. Alas! There are too many who do the opposite, saying: "I know John will reform when we are in our own home." But John don't reform when we are in our own home, and we don't have our own home long. Position in the shop gone, home broken up, and they both begin a miserable existence for the remainder of their lives.

Two young men are calling on two young ladies in another town. They have to pass a saloon. They have touched strong drinks, seldom if ever in their lives, but the temptation to enter that saloon is too great to resist. They went in. Both drank wine, and being unused to it, they were very much unbalanced by the time they reached the house. The evening passed as pleasantly as possible under the circumstances. The next day one of those young men received a letter which had fire in it.

That night's wine was the last drink he ever took. There is no reason to believe that with a wife of this sort a home would ever be otherwise than a temperance home.

These illustrations are enough to convince us that a young woman has a great responsibility in this matter. Do we realize how far-reaching our influence is for good or ill?

Don't be afraid to tell Mr. A. what you think of the drink habit. He'll more highly respect you if you are true to your convictions.

Do something in your community. Join the W. C. T. U. if there is one. If there is not, be a committee of *one*, backed by the strength of God's spirit, and do your part to keep your town clean from these things. Don't be afraid to speak against them. It's a trap for somebody's father, or somebody's brother, or somebody's son.

We would as young women try to remove a trap set for our horse or dog, surely much more for our own flesh and blood, a human soul.

Sign a temperance pledge, and be proud of it. Try to get the one next you to sign the pledge and keep it.

How much such work has done, and is doing for this cause! If you are a young Christian, there's no branch of Christian work, that I know of, that is such a help and strength to oneself as to help stop some one from drinking, or better yet, help some one never to begin.

There is so much misery in the drunkard's home that if there is but one spark of Christianity in us, that spark will kindle at the sight, and pity will be drawn out, and as we help to build up that home so we shall grow to greater usefulness.

Then let me say, in closing, total abstinence on your part forming a high ideal is a basis on which principles may be planted which will be of the greatest value in temperance work.

Her Parting Message

OH! How I love to live and grow,
Like those who trust, and fear no foe;
They walk with Jesus, hand in hand,
All through this wild and desert land.
Yes; I may be as happy as they;
If I His precepts do obey;
If I but trust, and to Him cling,
Others will be led to know their King.
When clouds hang heavy overhead,
The Christian's heart need not despair
Look up! between the riven clouds,
You'll see the face of Jesus there."—*M. F.*

