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MY DAY IN NEW YORK is Thursday  
Place, Astor House. Time, 12 to 4.

### WARD CHENEY.

[Continued from page 221.]

ment in his growing manhood of that fair boyhood's promise, have had ever new reason to do so. How sure I am that every one whose knowledge of Ward Cheney came of personal nearness to him would in like manner testify that with admiration of him went, from first to last, increasing measures of love and of respect. All manly nobilities, all graces of truth, loyalty, kindness, honor, that lead the affections captive were assembled in him and shone out of him.

If I do not go on further to speak his eulogy, it is because I know it is being spoken in your thoughts as no language of mine can reproduce it. But singular for its depth and strength was the attachment he ever inspired. Wherever he went, with whomsoever he was associated in whatsoever relation, the same thing always followed; everybody loved him dearly, young and old, high and low alike. It was so to the last. The soldiers of his command, the latest friends he made, were ready to give their lives for him and are as broken hearted as any of us at losing him. One of them, a sergeant of his company, who was close by him when he fell, wrote to his mother (not Ward's mother, but his own mother in Kentucky): "I saw him stagger and fall forward. I ran to him and caught him in my arms and carried him about a hundred yards, he all the time telling me to care for another who was wounded and that he was all right. I remonstrated with him, telling him that he was badly in need of assistance, and bound up his wounds and did all that could be done. He said to me, 'You have the nerve I love,' and that I was so kind and thoughtful." The same Ward still, you see, that we knew. How like him that was. The sergeant goes on pouring out the tumult of his grief in simple unaffected words moving to read: "Lieutenant Cheney was as brave as a lion and just as good and generous as he was brave. You could go to him for anything and he would take as much interest in it as though it was his own personal affair. I am afraid we will not get another company commander as good as he. I know none will ever be as generally loved as he was by all his company, in fact by all who knew him. Where he would lead you could be assured his command would follow, and he never would order any man to go where he would not. I feel I have lost a personal friend that would be hard to be replaced." How

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well we understand the poor fellow's distress.

I add a passage from another letter written at Imus the evening of that fatal 7th day of January, by a fellow officer of Ward's, who is also his near kinsman.

"This evening (he says) the first sergeant of 'C' company (not the sergeant who wrote the letter, but another) came round and asked to speak to me. I went outside. 'Lieutenant,' he said, 'I came around to see you, sir, on behalf of the men of 'C' company to tell you how the men—then he stuck, his voice choked and he couldn't say anything more.' I feel like the sergeant."

The same Ward you see, to his last breath; making, by just being his own true self, complete conquest of all who came into touch with his great, affectionate, royal, brotherly heart. And this it is that gives heaviness to the burden of our present sorrow. Great sorrow it is.

Precious for its comfort as is that faith of an immortal hope, the balm of which is not wanting here; confident though we are that as for Ward, he is safe home in his Heavenly Father's house; it must needs be that thinking we shall never again, while time with us lasts, see his face, nor hear his voice, nor clasp his hand, we feel that for us a light has forever gone out of the world. We cannot help that feeling. Cruel are the wounds inflicted by death; nor can the anguish of them by any means be taken away. Death provides that there shall be sorrow—that it shall be a feature of our human experience. All that we can say of it is that, under God, it is of the ordained discipline of mortality. Yet, while of necessity we are penetrated with the sense of the bereavement that has now befallen us in the quenching of a life so dear, of the sad, and to our feelings long, separation involved in it, it is given us under the shadow of our grief to turn for its alleviation to thoughts that along with those ministered by our Christian faith which are our first resource, may signify to us that this life, though in one way quenched, is not lost, nor ever can be.

There is an old word of Holy Writ which says: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, . . . for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Ward Cheney has passed from us in the springtime and flower of his youth, but not, oh, not till he had done a work that will follow him, in the fruit of which he will have a living survival among us, most real, most enduring.

The value to the cause of humanity of his sacrifice as a soldier falling on the field, may not be now computed. The future will bring that to light. But whatever in the historic unfolding of events it may prove to have been, he will in all time to come be reckoned one who reaching man's estate had it in him to offer his life to be a sacrifice should it be required, on the altar of his country's service. And as such a one, having perished, as men say perish, in his manhood's morning, his name and memory are henceforth exalted to be an undying inspiration to the sublime sentiment of patriotism—and all the more because he was so young.

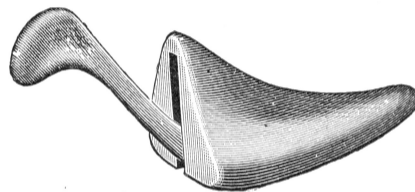
There are those present to whom this occasion is a pathetic reminder of many a like occasion in a past that is now growing distant. You, my comrades, like myself, are thinking of others who a generation ago laid their young heads down in soldiers' grave, for whom we wept, whom we never can forget. They too died while their blood was leaping in the pulses of their prime. And how their work has followed them! What power unto the quickening of the patriot spirit in our nation resides forever in their sleeping dust! He whose body lies here before us felt it, responded to it, and it helped to make him the hero that he was. We, comrades, are coming to be old men now, but to us those for whom in that bygone our tears were shed are always young and always will be. How beautiful they are to us! And now this soldier of a later day, having likewise in the dew of his youth under the same flag that was theirs given the last full measure of devotion, takes his place among them. I feel like congratulating him upon it.

What life, had his years been prolonged, would have brought him we cannot tell. High hopes were cherished for him, and they were warranted. But as it is, since he is gone, since those hopes were not to be realized, since his story was to be that of a young man

only, must we not say, is it not true, that his life was as nearly perfect as a life may be? As those I have spoken of, to us who have left our youth behind, remain forever young, so to you who have been Ward's friends and companions of his own age, will he forever remain. You will go on; time and care will write their signature upon you; your heads by and by will whiten, all the changes that life brings will come upon you; but he will be unchanged to you, will be the same Ward Cheney looking down out of the past upon you in the undimmed brightness and freshness of a perennial youth. As his dear shade ever and anon in the years to come visits you, the face will to the end be the same young face that smiled on you the last time you bade him good bye. May I have leave to say to you whom he loved so well, though I know it is in your thoughts, that to you—especially to you—he has bequeathed more than the public example and record that crown his brief career. He was Christ's good soldier before he was the soldier of his country. The best thing he achieved in life was his pure, earnest, dutiful Christian manhood. That he has left you as the peculiar treasure of your memory of him, and by it he being dead yet speaks to you, and will speak. By the blessing of God may that work follow him. May it be to every one of you by whom he was beloved and who was beloved by him in the happy fellowship of youth, the enduring source of an admonition, incentive, encouragement in all the way of life hence onward and till you meet him again, to be worthy of such a friend.

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