

[Chase, Amos W.]

Death of Mr. Amos W. Chase

COHOCTON, N. Y., OCT. 15th, 1860

BR. AUSTIN: I write in sorrow. Death has come to our village and Society in an unexpected season, and called away from earth and its transitory scenes a kind and faithful husband, an affectionate parent, a worthy citizen, a true, generous and valued friend, while not only a family, but a neighborhood, mourns the loss.

AMOS W. CHASE, the subject of this sketch, departed this life on the 5th inst. after a short illness, aged 38. The funeral was attended here on the following Sabbath. Rev. E. M. Whitney of Howard, preached the funeral discourse from the passage—"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?"—Job xiv.10. The discourse was an impressive one, and was listened to by nearly a thousand people. The burial was in the Masonic order, of which the deceased was a worthy member. The form that lately belonged to our departed friend, now rests in peace in the house of the silent sleepers [in Maplevue Cemetery] but a few rods from the place of his birth and the scenes of an active and well spent life. All who knew him bear witness to the remark, that he was an active, industrious and enterprising member of society. He was charitable and kind to the poor, liberal in society, and believed in the final salvation of an entire world. He was one of the Trustees of the Universalist Society here, and looked forward with pleasing contemplation to the time when the church edifice would be finished and dedicated. Little did he then think that before this time should come his lifeless remains would be borne along its aisles, clad in the habiliments of the grave, followed by mourning friends—little did he think the third discourse delivered in that unfinished house would be his funeral sermon.

Br. Austin, you will remember that on the 26th day of Aug. last, you preached in the same house. Our departed friend and fellow-citizen was then your hearer, in good health, and looked forward with as high hopes of the future as any of us; not once thinking that your discourses were the last to which he would listen this side of the spirit land, or that six weeks from that Sabbath morning, his friends would assemble there to pay the last tribute of respect to his departed worth. But alas, so it is. Man, the crowning workmanship of an Almighty hand, must die. The king and the subject, the high and low, the rich and poor, are alike the marks of death's unerring arrow, and find one common level at the grave. "As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not." After hearing the discourse to which I have alluded, our

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deceased friend remarked to me, that he had claimed to be a Universalist, but felt condemned in the light in which they exhibited christian character.

In the death of our neighbor, an aged mother has lost a dutiful son, a wife [Phebe] a kind and affectionate husband, while three orphan children [Melinda, Phebe and Nettie] mourn the loss of an indulgent parent. But this wife, now in mourning and in sorrow at the loss of her companion of her youth, and her adviser in mature years, has the comforting reflection that she has a faith that never wavers. She knows "her Redeemer liveth," and that not a "sparrow falls to the ground without the notice" of her Heavenly father. She has a faith that assures her that the time will come when she will meet her husband, together with a redeemed world, in that land of pure delight, where sorrow never enters, but where peace and progression run parallel with God. She knows the parting will be short, and the reunion peace everlasting.

A. M. [Adin Maynard] Spooner

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[a Universalist newspaper]

Transcribed on 22 Feb 2013 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY