

CONSIGNED TO EARTH.

THE MORTAL REMAINS OF SENATOR E. M. WORD.

Impressive Exercises in the Presbyterian Church—A Large Procession, Governor Gordon, President Davidson, Members of the Legislature and Others Present.

On receipt of the telegram from Governor Gordon, Hon. John S. Davidson, President of the Senate, sent the following telegram to Decatur, Ga :

To the Family of Senator E. M. Word:

I beg to express my deep sympathy with you in your sudden and overwhelming loss. The State had no more devoted son than Senator E. M. Word, and his associates will sincerely mourn the death of one whose future promised so much for Georgia.

JOHN S. DAVIDSON,
President Senate of Georgia.

President Davidson appointed the following as a committee from the Senate to attend the funeral, and telegraphed each the fact, viz: Senators S. C. Lamkin, W. L. Peek, Young A. Daniel, Lewis A. Davis, J. S. James M. W. Lewis and J. J. Northcutt.

At nine o'clock this morning quite a large number left Atlanta for Decatur to attend the funeral. Among the number were Governor Gordon, Secretary J. W. Warren, Hon. P. L. Mynatt, Dr. Thomas S. Powell, Hon. H. H. Cabiness and others.

At the residence of Dr. R. C. Word a number of friends were gathered, and many gazed on the placid features of the dead Senator in mute sorrow. His features gave no token of the fierce struggle and bitter agony through which he had passed, as his soul winged its flight into the Eternal Realm.

Governor John B. Gordon and President John S. Davidson acted as escort, and Senator S. C. Lamkin, Representative G. W. Johnson, Hon. H. H. Cabanis, N. P. Pratt, J. A. Samms and Dr. W. S. Elkin as pall bearers as the coffin was placed in the hearse and conveyed to the Presbyterian church.

A long line of carriages, containing mourning friends, and a long procession on foot accompanied the hearse to the church.

The church was well filled, many of the country people who loved the dead Senator being present and evidencing by their saddened countenances their sorrow at his loss.

The pulpit was appropriately draped. As the pall bearers came up the aisle with the coffin, the choir sang with deep solemnity and great impressiveness:

"We are going down the deep, dark valley."

Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., pastor of the church, read an appropriate selection from the Scriptures, and the choir sang "The beautiful home of the soul."

The prayer of Rev. J. H. Alexander, of West End, was tender, touching and consolatory, falling with soothing effect upon the congregation.

Rev. D. Frazer, D.D., selected as the basis of his funeral discourse this sentence from the fourth verse of the thirty-ninth psalm, "Lord, make me to know my end and the measure of my days, and what it is, that I may know how frail I am."

David, a man of great physical strength, makes a confession of frailty. Frailty is an established fact. Man is mortal and his days are measured, and man should know how frail he is. This life beareth an important relation to eternity.

Senator Word was a member of the Decatur Presbyterian church. A short while before he died, as his mother bent over him, a tear dropped down on his face. "Mother," said he, "don't shed those tears for me. I expect to share the same hope that you do." He was a man of marked individuality, who had no sham, cant or hypocrisy in his make-up, and he hated and abhorred them. Rev. Dr. Fraser emphasized the sudden death of one so vigorous and promising as Senator Word as teaching all how frail humanity was, and the necessity in this life of preparing for a life above—

"Unmeasured by the flight of Time,
And all that life is Love."

After singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the remains were conveyed to the cemetery near by, and deposited in the grave. The rain was falling heavily at the time. Senator Word, when he joined the Presbyterian church, was baptized by Rev. John Jones, the venerable Chaplain of the Senate.