MEMOIRS

OF

DR. JOHN EDGAR

BY

HIS SISTER MINNA

Author of "MEMOIRS OF AUNT SARAH."

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CHERISHED PROMISES

(Isa. 58 : 11 ; 51 : 3 ; 27 : 3. Hosea 14 : 5)

Though sterile as a desert
My heritage hath lain,
A silent desolation
Of marshland, hill, and plain ;
Now mine, through faith surrendered,
Submitted to my care,
Transformed, shall bloom an Eden,
With flowers and fruitage rare.

Lest any hurt my vineyard,
I'll keep it night and day,
Lest summer heat and sunshine
Should wither and decay.
I'll water it and tend it
Each moment of each hour,
By evening mist and dew-cloud,
And rain's refreshing shower.

* * *

These promises, dear Father,
Lie cherished in my heart,
I, panting, crave the wat'ring
Thou only canst impart.
Come, make my soul Thy garden,
Spread flowers of grace around,
Let lily of the valley
And Sharon's rose abound.

Convert my barren waste-land
To pleasant fruitful field,
And cause my rocky upland
Its verdant praise to yield.
Change dreary swamp to fountains
All rippling with delight,
Proclaiming loud Thy mercy,
Exulting in Thy might.

Rank weeds of self uprooted
Abhorred and flung aside,
Each sprout of pride detected,
Though secretly it hide.
Vain Nature's thorns and briers
To ashes burn away,
Let naught retard the increase
Of love's productive sway.

* * *

All Thine the Garden's flowers,
All Thine the Vineyard's fruit,
Beloved, Thou hast planted
And watered seed and root.
Possess and keep me, Father,
Extend Thy quick'ning power—
Till all my being praise Thee
Each moment of each hour.

MINNA EDGAR.



PREFACE.

"PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." This beautiful text was greatly impressed upon my mind when my beloved brother, John, entered into his rest. His had been a busy and useful life, wholly devoted in late years to the service of God. For the Lord's sake he had counted not his life dear unto him; and now he had triumphantly finished his course.

I felt assured that the heavenly Father would use His faithful servant's dying testimony; and the thought was suggested that a brief Memoir might prove, in the Lord's hands, a means to this end. I besought the Lord in earnest prayer that I might know His will in this matter; and "watching unto prayer" He in various ways graciously indicated His approval.

At that time I contemplated issuing duplicated typewritten notes; but it soon became evident from the numerous interested enquiries I constantly received, that only by the printed page could I hope to supply the demand for these Memoirs.

Many dear friends had written expressing deep sympathy in our loss, and, in a general letter of acknowledgment, I hastened to convey to them our brother's parting exhortation. Pastor Russell kindly published this letter in the "Watch Tower" of 15th July, 1910, and the Lord thus enabled many thousands of like precious faith to receive the benefit of John's last testimony. Communications from far and near soon came, telling of great blessings received through the message.

A little later Dr. Jones, of Chicago, requested my brother Morton to send "something more concerning the doctor.

on the lines of the 'family letter,'" that it might be inserted in the forthcoming U.S.A. Convention Report. He responded by forwarding some brief notes which I had compiled, and these duly appeared in the Report.

I have since heard of many who, through reading my brother's dying testimony, have been quickened to greater earnestness in service, and to more fervent love and zeal. It gives me special joy and cause for thanksgiving to learn that the faith of some fellow-pilgrims, while on their death-beds, was fanned to a "pure and steady ray" through the knowledge of John's experience, and that the dark valley of death was illuminated with the joyful assurance that the blessed Saviour, who "helped dear Brother Edgar" to rejoice even amidst his sufferings, would also strengthen them to witness a good confession to the mighty power of God to keep His own.

In sending forth these Memoirs I am, therefore, encouraged to hope that they will be used and blessed of the Lord. They have been written in much weakness and with many tears; yet the labour of love, undertaken and completed in entire dependence upon God, has been very sweet.

MINNA EDGAR

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF DR. JOHN EDGAR.

From "Glasgow Herald," Friday, 10th June, 1910.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. John Edgar, of Clairmont Gardens, Glasgow, which took place yesterday evening in a nursing home. Dr. Edgar became suddenly ill toward the end of last week, and on Monday it was found necessary to perform an operation which unfortunately proved unavailing. Dr. Edgar, who was a son of the late Mr. John Edgar of Mansewood, Pollokshaws, was well known in professional circles as an outstanding specialist in the departments of obstetrics and gynæcology. He was born in Glasgow 48 years ago, and was educated in the University of Glasgow in arts, science, and medicine, taking degrees in all three faculties. After qualifying in medicine, he took special post-graduate courses abroad, and on his return to Glasgow at once commenced special studies in the hospitals in the departments in which he has since distinguished himself. In 1896 he was appointed one of the surgeons to the Royal Samaritan Hospital for Women, a position which, till the time of his death, he occupied with much acceptance. He was also, on the retirement of Dr. W. L. Reid from Anderson's College Medical School, appointed to succeed him as a teacher of midwifery and gynæcology, where his teaching was highly

appreciated by the students. Dr. Edgar took much interest in the work of the Glasgow medical societies, at which he was a frequent attender, and in two of which he reached the position of vice-president. He was author of many important contributions to the proceedings of these societies and to the medical periodicals. For many years he has had a large consulting practice in Glasgow and neighbourhood. He was a great favourite with his professional brethren, who regarded him as a man of considerable talent, and his untimely death, at an early age, is a matter for very deep regret.

In recent years Dr. Edgar had gained considerable popularity as a speaker on religious subjects, having travelled in connection with this work over nearly all the populous centres in Great Britain and many parts of the Continent. His lecture, "Where are the Dead?" has reached a circulation of 40,000. Last year, accompanied by his brother Morton, he visited Palestine, delivering lectures in Jerusalem. They also visited the Great Pyramid in Egypt, spending some time in exploring and measuring its internal passages. A volume is at present in the press detailing their scientific symbolism, and pointing out many significant parallels in Scripture chronology and time prophecy.

MEMOIRS OF DR. JOHN EDGAR.

I.

How he came into the Light.

MY dear brother John came gradually into the light now due to the household of faith, for there were many obstacles in the way. It was difficult for him to find the necessary leisure sufficient to duly consider spiritual things; his professional work and studies fully occupied his time, and were very dear to his heart. Past successes quickened his hopes for still greater achievements, and there was every prospect that his ambitions would be attained. He was highly esteemed, both for his personal qualities and his skill as a surgeon. Enjoying vigorous health, a happy home, and many loving friends, this life held much to satisfy his bright, affectionate disposition.

Although such earthly acquisitions tended to hinder his spiritual advancement, my brother had nevertheless certain Christian advantages. Our parents had trained him to reverence God and the Bible, and also to regard Christ as his personal Saviour. Possessed of a humble spirit, his mind was open to accept of truth, even though unpopular. His standard of authority was the Word of God. Any teaching that appeared reasonable and in harmony therewith, he carefully searched till satisfied of its soundness or otherwise; and whenever a truth became a matter of conviction, his life and conduct were brought into conformity with it regardless of all consequences, immediate or remote, even should these prove to be the loss of every cherished friend and the frustration of his dearest earthly hopes. Thus humbly walking in the light, he continued to be taught of the Lord; for "the meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way"—Psa. xxv. 9.

Brought as he was in the course of his professional work

into close touch with much pain and sorrow, and being of a very sympathetic nature, John keenly felt the need for the world's deliverance. He had himself experienced deep grief in our losing by death, after protracted suffering, four members of our family, in the short space of two and a half years. The ploughshare of sorrow had thus done its part in helping to prepare his heart to receive gladly the seed of the Word—the "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people"—Luke ii. 10.

Our father, whom we all dearly loved, and our sister Eva, in addition to myself, were the first to read and appreciate "The Divine Plan of the Ages," by Charles T. Russell.

This book was drawn to our attention at the right time by a friend, Miss Ferrie. We were greatly depressed by the sufferings and death of our dear ones, though assured that they had died trusting in Jesus. Despite the teaching of the Church, as expressed in the Shorter Catechism, that "the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory," much mystery beclouded our minds and augmented our sorrow.

These bereavements were used by God to impress upon us how terrible an enemy is death, and led us to see that the question "Where are the Dead?" is not satisfactorily answered by the creeds of Christendom. Brought up in the Presbyterian faith, we held as truth the commonly accepted doctrines of eternal torment, the immortality of the soul, free grace, and the Calvinistic view of election, etc. Greatly did these doctrines trouble me, especially during the last nine months of our brother James's most distressing illness.

James never professed being a Christian, and generally avoided conversation on religious subjects. He would not permit me to pray with him, and would wearily turn away as he noted my sadness at his refusal. He had been what the world calls "a good fellow," an honest, moral-living man; but God alone knows what bitter tears I shed as I

agonised in prayer that he might be saved from the horrible fate which my creed taught awaits all who do not confess Christ. How fervently I urged my simple faith to "claim" my brother's salvation on the strength of the promise in John xvi. 23—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you!" I clung to that word "whatsoever," and implored the Almighty to grant me my brother's salvation.

On the day James died, when I realised that he was so soon to pass away, my prayers grew more passionate in my fast-ebbing hope. Had my faith proved too weak to win my brother's soul? Was he to be forever lost because a child of God in her weakness proved unavailing in prayer? I was bewildered and distressed, but still sought to lay hold of the promise of God's own Word, and resolved that once again I would speak to my brother. I did so, asking him most tenderly if he would like me "to say a wee prayer with him"; but, with closed eyes, he murmured, "Oh, no." Overwhelmed with grief, I sought the quiet of my room to pour out in prayer my deep anguish before the Lord.

Later, when in the library, dear father questioned me as to the cause of my bitter weeping. I told him, between my sobs, of the dreadful fears which filled my mind. I think father must surely have been finding consolation in thoughts of the mercy of the Lord, which, as the Scriptures say, "endureth for ever," for he did not appear to be much perturbed on James's account, though he showed concern at my grief. He went to the sick room, and before long returned, saying in his kindly tones, "Well, my dear lassie, you need never distress yourself any more about James. I asked him just now if he was trusting in Jesus, and he answered, 'Oh yes, father.'" Words cannot express my unbounded gratitude to God who had thus so graciously comforted me. Indeed, was it not just like His loving tenderness so to soothe the grief of His ignorant child!

I thought this dying expression of trust was all that was required to deliver my brother from an eternity of woe.

Before long, however, perplexing questions presented themselves to my mind. Had I the right to hope that James was now in Heaven with all those faithful followers of the Lord, who had devoted their lives to His service and suffered, maybe, even martyrdom for His sake? Was my brother's spirit undergoing a purifying process which would ultimately make him a copy of Christ? What of those who have no one to pray for them—would they perish on that account? For these and similar difficulties, Presbyterianism has no solution. Our prayers for more light, however, were answered by the Lord in due time, and in His own way.

As we read "The Divine Plan of the Ages," proving its every statement in the Scriptures, we found our questions and difficulties thoroughly cleared up. Our heavenly Father's love shone out most brilliantly from His own Holy Word. We became convinced that this book was indeed a help to the understanding of the Bible, and we often spoke to the doctor of the marvellous unfolding which we had received through its aid, and we constantly sought to arouse his interest in it. For fully a year, however, there was little response. He and the other members of the family feared that their father and two sisters were becoming fanatical, and they disliked the publicity caused by the "propagandist work" and separation from the United Presbyterian Church. Nevertheless, our brother acknowledged later that our enthusiasm and zeal had influenced him favourably.

Our home was opened freely in the service of the Truth, and it was our joy and privilege to entertain many of the Lord's children and messengers. John, who was a frequent visitor, was brought into contact with many of these friends, including Brother Hemery and Sister Sarah Ferrie, whom we then, with loving familiarity, began to

know as "Aunt Sarah." These two earnest followers of the Lord were used of Him to help break down any prejudice and indifference which the doctor may have had.

It was in the autumn of 1899 that John began a thorough investigation of the "new beliefs." Shortly after a little convention at which he and his wife were present, they desired us to spend an evening with them, before Brothers Hemery and Houston left the city for their homes; and as they gave us liberty to invite as many as we pleased of the brethren and enquiring friends, their large drawing room was well filled. We had a most delightful time discussing the various points of the Truth and explaining certain difficult questions. I saw that the Lord's blessing was certainly with us, and towards the close I whispered to my brother that, even as in days of old the house which held the Ark of the Covenant received earthly blessings, so now those who entertained the Lord's messengers would surely receive spiritual blessings, and that he and Grace should therefore be expectant.

Shortly after this helpful gathering, John was called to a consultation in the far North of Scotland. As the journey was to be long, he thought it an excellent opportunity to read the book which we had so often earnestly urged him to study—"The Divine Plan of the Ages." That day of travel was the most momentous in his life. His mind had now become receptive to the Truth, and he read on, hour after hour, as one enrapt. The train stopped at the various stations on the route, and the passengers came and went as usual; but so engrossed was he in his reading, he was oblivious of all else. He afterwards said that at one station several rough-speaking youths entered the compartment, and for a time he heard their voices; but very soon his book again absorbed his attention, and by and by he found himself alone, with no recollection as to when or where his fellow-travellers had left. He was amused at his own concentration of thought.

The plan of God opened up to him in all its grandeur and brought conviction of its truth to his mind. It was too glorious in its manifestations of love and wisdom to be of man. It bore unmistakably the impress of the Divine. He realised, as never before, that the best evidence of the truth and inspiration of the Bible comes from within itself. He saw that the golden thread of God's plan of salvation for mankind runs through it from Genesis to Revelation. From that day forward the doctor made rapid progress in grace and knowledge. He manifested keen appreciation of the high calling, and considered it but a small sacrifice to surrender "mere earthly things" for the hope of gaining joint-heirship with Christ. His was a thorough and whole-hearted consecration to the Lord.

One evening, some months after his journey to the North, John, in company with a few others, symbolised his sacrifice and baptism into the death of Christ by water immersion. We had engaged one of the Glasgow public baths, and our little baptismal ceremony, though conducted with great simplicity, was most impressive. We felt as if we were indeed shut in with the Lord so that we might have impressed upon our minds the solemnity of the obligation we had entered upon. The lights from the suspended lamps were reflected in the still water, and shone upon the upturned faces, aglow with the holy resolve to be true to their covenant of sacrifice. The brief exhortation, the prayers, the singing, all came from hearts filled with the realisation of the presence of God.

The water burial spoke of humiliation, suffering, sacrifice, death, but to our dear brother these were "light afflictions" compared to the "eternal weight of glory" revealed to the eyes of his faith. Tears blurred our vision, but they were the outcome of joy, not of sadness. We knew John deeply appreciated the great privilege of being accepted as a probationary member of Christ's Body, and that, though conscious of his own weakness, he rested in

the glad assurance that all his imperfections were covered by the merit of Christ, whose precious blood cleansed him from all sin. His confidence of final victory lay not in himself but in God. Relying by faith on the mighty power of the heavenly Father, he joyfully laid hold of the glorious hope of the high calling of God in Christ.

John became most diligent in the study of the Bible, taking as his text-books the various volumes of "Scripture Studies," which he marked and annotated profusely. As an example of "redeeming the time," he was an inspiration to us all, for every moment he spent in travelling in tram-cars, etc., was occupied in either reading or writing. "This one thing I do" was the motto which he often expressed, and which seemed to dominate his mind. Frequently one heard the remark: "I saw the doctor in the car this morning, busy studying as usual." "The hand of the diligent maketh rich" was exemplified in his case, for the wealth of his knowledge was gained by much perseverance.

Not only did he believe in his heart the truth which he had received, but he gladly confessed it with his mouth. Very soon all who knew him became aware that Dr. Edgar's desires, hopes, and ambitions were no longer centred round his professional career, but were set in Heaven. All with whom he came into contact found him more eager to speak to them of God's glorious plan than of any other subject; and he always carried in a pocket, specially made for the purpose, a Bible and a copy of "The Divine Plan of the Ages" in readiness to give or lend to any who should evince an interest in the Word of God. He preferred to give the volume rather than tracts, because he held that the book led the inquirer into the light of the Truth step by step, and was therefore less likely to awaken prejudice.

Not long after his consecration he offered his largest room for our meetings; and we met there every Sunday

until, at the end of a year, our increasing numbers made it necessary to seek larger premises. A "born teacher," John could make the Truth so simple and clear that even the slowest could understand. He was one of the first elders to be elected by the Church, and he held that office till his death. He was indeed an "elder brother" to every member; his advice and help were often asked and readily obtained by many in their times of difficulty, spiritual or otherwise. His influence and talents, money and home, were freely used in the interests of the brethren everywhere; and in this stewardship he had the loving co-operation of his wife, who early followed his example in consecration. Truly, he did not seek to save his life, but spent it in the service of the Master.

In June, 1903, our beloved father died. John and he had been much alike in mind and disposition, and the bond between them was very close and tender. Each admired as well as loved the other, and constantly sought the other's opinion and counsel. John felt that the earthly father's love enabled him the better to comprehend the great love of God, the heavenly Father. He endeavoured, therefore, to be to his own sons what his father had been to him. As an illustration of this parental care, I remember, when I was standing alone by father's coffin, the door of the room opened softly, and John entered leading his two little boys by the hand. They gazed solemnly up into his face as he spoke to them of their dear grandfather's death, and tried to impress some helpful lessons upon their young minds in the time of sorrow. He told them that Jesus died for all, that there might be a glorious resurrection of the dead. He reminded them of how kind and loving their grandfather had always been to them, and to all around him, and said he wanted them to grow up to be like him. He then spoke of the love of God, and of how much greater that love was than the love any human being could have for them. We all knelt beside the coffin

as he engaged in prayer, worded in simple language so that the little lads could easily follow. Surely that is one of the prayers recorded in Heaven. Later, during the funeral service, his personal grief came over him like a great wave. He hurriedly withdrew from his position among the mourners, who were being addressed by Brother Hemery, and, entering a room and closing the door, he rushed to the farthest corner, leaned his head upon his arms and sobbed bitterly as if his heart would break. He was unaware of his sister Eva's presence; she let him weep undisturbed, fearing to intrude upon such sacred sorrow.

Laying aside all thoughts of self, John filled our father's place as head of the family, and willingly bore the burden of all our affairs. He became guardian to the children of our two deceased sisters, so that, combined with his professional duties, which were heavy, he had now many family concerns to attend to, besides his numerous engagements in the work of the Lord's Harvest. We often wondered, and still wonder, how he was able to do so much.

Though we had to endure many difficulties and trials after our father's decease, the Lord, ever gracious and loving, had in reserve for us a great joy. Seven months later our youngest brother, Morton, came into the light of present Truth. Various disappointments had helped to dissipate his worldly hopes, and after a certain earnest talk he yielded himself to God. He then began to read prayerfully "The Divine Plan of the Ages." The first meeting he attended was held in the home of one of the brethren, where John gave a discourse, illustrated by a chart, on the plan of God. Words cannot express the doctor's joy in noticing how eagerly his brother followed every word, drinking in the Truth. Once started, Morton made rapid progress. He showed particular aptitude in the study of Chronology and Time-prophecy, and before long the brothers were working together with mutual benefit.

II.

His Public Testimony.

THE first public discourse the doctor delivered was in his own city. The subject was "The Resurrection of the Dead." Many expressed satisfaction with his exposition, and thankfulness that the Lord, the Chief Reaper, had sent forth this labourer into the harvest field.

His popularity as a public lecturer rapidly increased, and his services were in constant demand both at home and abroad. This work cost him much nervous strain, and he suffered from headaches and sleeplessness both before and after addressing a large meeting. God greatly honoured him, and many hundreds can testify to blessings received through his ministry. He visited Germany on more than one occasion, and, being proficient in the language, delivered several lectures to the dear friends in that country. He also made an extensive tour in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, where, however, he required the services of an interpreter—a grand lesson in patience, he once remarked when recounting his experiences; for he required to halt at the end of every few sentences, and listen to what always seemed a very lengthy translation of the little he had said.

All of these lecturing tours John greatly enjoyed; everywhere he noticed the same spirit manifested by the brethren, which demonstrated that all were following the one Lord and Master. He realised that they were indeed all "one in Christ Jesus."

In the summer of 1906, our brother, his wife, and I visited many of the principal cities in the United States of America and Canada. This tour was like a royal procession, the dear friends everywhere were so loving and attentive. On our arrival at railway depots we were generally met by several of the brethren, who hospitably entertained us. We received great blessing from the sweet

fellowship which we were privileged to enjoy with hundreds of those of like precious faith, and the two large conventions at Asbury Park and St. Paul's were most inspiring. We were the guests of Brother Russell for a week in the headquarters of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society (then in Alleghany, Pa.). As we journeyed from place to place, the doctor delivered many lectures, principally on the Time-prophecies and the symbolisms of the Great Pyramid, using numerous large diagrams previously prepared for the purpose by Morton. This ministry was much appreciated, and, but for his characteristic humility, the love and honour he everywhere received might have been to his spiritual disadvantage.

In 1907 his lecture, "Where are the Dead?" was delivered several times throughout Glasgow and neighbourhood to crowded audiences. On one of these occasions this question was brought into marked prominence by special circumstances. In a large seaside holiday resort, while the posters were on the hoardings announcing the lecture, a most distressing boating accident occurred off the coast, by which several lives were lost. The importance of the question, "Where are the Dead?" was thus brought forcibly before the minds of the people, and the coming lecture was talked about. The result was a most impressive meeting, the large pavilion being filled to overflowing with a deeply sympathetic and attentive audience. Surely many hearts were comforted by the message of peace and love.

Toward the close of the year it was arranged that a public meeting should be addressed by the doctor in the Public Hall, Pollokshields. The choice of the subject was left to his own decision. He mentioned to me that he was wondering what lecture to give, and on my suggesting "Where are the Dead?" exclaimed laughingly, "Oh dear no! I have given that so often. Why, people will begin to think I have nothing else to give! A one-lecture

man, eh?" I answered, "It is just because you have already given it so often that I recommend you to repeat it." "Explain yourself," he demanded. "God has blessed that lecture again and again, and the very fact that so many come to hear indicates that the public are not tired of it. Besides, you know it is a question all thinking people ask themselves. John, give it again," I urged. I was glad when he decided to do so, and knew that in making this decision he was overcoming his natural inclination.

The hall was crowded half-an-hour before the advertised time! Hundreds failed to get even standing room inside the hall, ante-room, or passages. The chairman, who had a fine stentorian voice, stood at the entrance and announced to the crowd gathered round the hall door that the same lecture would be delivered a fortnight hence in the Langside Public Hall. A loud voice from the rear of the crowd replied: "The Langside Hall will never hold the people; engage St. Andrew's Hall." The suggestion then made was recognised to be wise, for though the Langside Hall is much larger than the Burgh Hall, it also was densely packed, and hundreds were again turned away unable to gain entrance.

Accordingly, John was asked to give his lecture in the largest auditorium in the city, St. Andrew's Grand Hall, and after a little hesitancy he consented. The Hall, which has a seating capacity of 4,500, was hired for the 29th of March, 1908. By this means we trusted that a more public witness for the Truth would be given in Glasgow than had previously been attempted.

Even this large hall, however, proved too small for the crowds who desired to gain admittance, and not a little consternation was caused among the officials in attendance by the determined manner in which the people pressed into the corridors and passage-ways. The overflow meeting, which was immediately arranged for, and addressed

by Brother William W. Johnston (now in charge of the African Branch of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society), was also soon overcrowded, and still the people continued to come in great numbers. We had the satisfaction, however, of supplying the lecture in pamphlet form to those who were unable to hear, many of whom had come long distances.

So great a multitude of people coming to hear God's glorious Plan of the Ages naturally filled us with praise and thanksgiving. We recalled to mind, as we beheld that crowded building, a long-cherished and often-expressed desire of our dear sister in the Lord, Aunt Sarah, that this large hall should one day be filled with people eager to hear the glad message of God's love as we understood it. In the old days our little class of about a dozen met in her "wee back shop" in the Cowcaddens; and when we had an "extra large" meeting of two or three dozen, Aunt Sarah would make us smile as she would enthusiastically exclaim: "We'll have St. Andrew's Hall filled yet!" Noting our incredulous smiles, she would continue—"Does not the Lord say, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart'? Well, the Lord will yet let me see St. Andrew's Hall filled with folk listening to the good tidings of great joy, for I am delighting myself in Him, and that is one of the desires of my heart. Just you wait and *you'll* see!" And we did see! But none of us had ever thought the prophecy would be so amply fulfilled. Truly, Ephesians iii. 20 was exemplified here, for the Lord had certainly granted Aunt Sarah's desire "exceeding abundantly above all" that she had asked or thought!

As might be expected, great blessing flowed from this meeting; through it the Truth was brought into much prominence. The lecture was freely discussed in many of the large workshops and warehouses in the city. The booklet was taken up by many booksellers, who frequently

asked for further copies. The first edition of twenty thousand was sold out within ten weeks; but the orders accumulated to such an extent that when the second edition was ready we had to request the postal authorities to send a van to collect them from our house. When the last of the mail-bags had been carried out and the bustle was over, we were impressed with the thought that in this again the Lord had answered our prayer far beyond what we had asked or thought. We recalled the mingled feelings of hope and trepidation with which we awaited the night of the momentous meeting, and the nervousness and fearfulness of our dear brother John, as the time drew near. His wife tells that, when he and she knelt together in prayer before leaving their home for the hall, the doctor was almost overcome with the feeling of his own weakness and insufficiency, and asked her to voice their petition to the Lord that grace and strength might be granted to enable him to deliver His message. Their request was honoured, for the doctor never spoke better than he did then.

Besides delivering "Where are the Dead?" to crowded audiences in many of the cities throughout Scandinavia, the doctor had the great privilege of delivering his famous lecture (so much was his name identified with it) in the Holy City itself! I well remember the thrill of pleasure with which I read the announcement of this meeting in the handbill and in the letters the doctor sent home. It was surely an honour to be permitted to proclaim the present Truth in Jerusalem, where Jesus, who spake as never man spake, had given forth His Father's Words of Life!

Others of John's lectures have appeared from time to time in the printed reports of the General Conventions held in this country and in America. Of these, possibly the most helpful are—"Socialism and the Bible," "The Preservation of Identity in the Resurrection," "A Tree

Planted by the Rivers of Water," and "Rest and Restitution." *

Throughout all his public ministry, the doctor's principal aim was to induce others to study for themselves the writings of Pastor Russell; but to those who had already gained a knowledge of the Plan of God, and were walking the narrow way of consecration, he was a constant stimulus by example and precept. His very presence was helpful. The sight of his bright, loving face as he entered the room had a beneficial influence. As one of his patients remarked, "The doctor comes like a ray of sunshine to us sick folks." But many felt they did not require to be sick to feel the warmth and glow. The zeal and enthusiasm engendered by his love for the Truth were "catching," and his firm assurance that we are living in the closing years of the Gospel Dispensation, together with his ability in presenting the proofs which formed the foundation of his faith, tended greatly to disarm criticism and opposition.

He was thoroughly convinced of the importance of the time-features of God's plan. Bitter experience of others, as well as his own, taught him the opprobrium that rested on all attempts to interpret the time-prophecies of the Bible, and he often referred to the lack of logic evidenced in the objections offered to the study of Biblical dates. Because, he would say, some have failed to interpret properly the obscure prophecies of the Scriptures in the past, it does not follow that these prophecies will never be understood. Men do not use such an argument in connection with any of the sciences, and why therefore should they use it in connection with the time-features or other prophecies of the Scriptures? The real fact is that men refrain from believing the Bible, for belief in the Word of God brings responsibility. Our brother believed that, even as Martin Luther had been chosen as a fitting instrument by God to unfold truths then due to be known

* The first three of these helpful addresses can now be procured in booklet form, uniform in size with this brochure.

by the household of faith, so now further unfoldings are due; and it was his conviction that to Charles T. Russell, a wise and faithful servant of the Lord, had been entrusted the honour of shedding light upon hitherto obscure passages of the Scriptures.

The doctor was not afraid to acknowledge his firm belief that we are living "in the days of the Son of Man," when a great dispensational change is due to take place, and that the Lord's faithful are now experiencing the "blessedness" which Daniel the prophet foretold for those living at the end of the "thousand, three hundred and five and thirty days" of waiting. To him it was the greatest privilege to serve as one of the messengers sent forth in this harvest-time, the consummation of the Age (Matt. xiii. 39, R.V.), to separate the wheat from the tares. He saw from the Scriptures that many wonderful events are due to take place during this period, the most important being the gathering together of the Lord's saints who had "made a covenant with Him by sacrifice"—Psalm l. 5. He believed that the "First Resurrection" is in progress; that all the members of the Body of Christ who had "fallen asleep" in death waiting for the "last trump," the "trump of God," are now with the Lord, glorious spirit beings, and consequently those who are "alive and remain" do not "sleep" in death as did those who died previous to this harvest-time (and as all do who are not members of the Body of Christ). Now, when the saints die they are "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," to their glorious spirit condition.*—1 Thess. iv. 16; 1 Cor. xv. 52.

*It will be noticed in this connection that there is no contradiction between this belief and the teaching set forth in "Where are the Dead?" as some correspondents to the newspapers have claimed. The discourse on "Where are the Dead?" does not deal with "times and seasons" nor with the special features of the few closing years of this Gospel Dispensation, but is an elucidation of a great general truth, viz., that the dead are asleep, waiting till the resurrection morning.

Those who desire a clear exposition of the times and seasons are referred to the second and third volumes of "Studies in the Scriptures," by the late C. T. Russell.

For several years the doctor was specially interested in the symbolisms of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, in Egypt. When he read for the first time (in 1900) Pastor Russell's article on the Great Pyramid in the third volume of "Studies in the Scriptures," he did not fully appreciate it. The theory that the system of passages and chambers in that building is intended by God to symbolise His plan of salvation appeared too fanciful. Subsequent study of the Divine Plan itself, however, had so prepared his mind that when, six years later, in spring of 1906, he and his brother Morton began a systematic study of the subject, he became thoroughly convinced that this was indeed God's "Stone Witness." Continuing their search for the treasures of truth which they believed still lay hidden in this wonderful edifice, they were rewarded by the discovery of many additional corroborations. The brothers derived much blessing from this work, and often expressed gratitude to their heavenly Father for these further confirmations to their faith. To quote the doctor's own words: "In our study of the Pyramid our love for God grows deeper, because we see in it His loving favour for us and for the world in general; and at the same time our awe of Him increases as we perceive His power and wisdom."

In the summer of 1906 the doctor delivered a series of lectures on the Pyramid in America and Great Britain, setting forth the additional corroborations which had been found; and the same year a brochure containing a synopsis of the discoveries was published. The entire edition of this publication was soon exhausted; but, ever mindful of the interests of the Truth, the brothers began the preparation of a fuller and more detailed work.

As they progressed, still further beauties were revealed, and before bringing out their joint-publication they decided to make a personal visit to the Great Pyramid, that they might speak more confidently of its wonderful symbolisms. Accordingly, in the summer of 1909, accompanied by Mrs

Edgar and her two sons, the brothers visited Egypt and Palestine. For many weeks they encamped in tents close to the Great Pyramid. Morton preceded the others in order to make necessary preliminary arrangements, and to complete preparations for taking exact measurements of the internal passages, etc. A very full account of their operations at the Pyramid is given in the first volume of "Great Pyramid Passages." The second volume of this work enters fully into all the Pyramid-inch time-measurements, of which there are about fifty; and also explains the wonderful time-parallels of the Scriptures.

During their stay in the East, we were kept well advised of their impressions and movements. The brethren in Glasgow took an intense interest in their operations, and eagerly perused long letters sent home from time to time. We were not without anxiety on their account, for many dangers attended their enterprise. These will be readily understood when it is stated that, in addition to measuring accurately the exceedingly steep and slippery passages, they closely examined the Well-shaft, which is almost perpendicular, and about 200 feet in depth! This work was rendered more easily possible by being performed during the "off" season, when the ordinary tourists and curiosity-hunters had left the country; but, on the other hand, they were exposed to the excessive heat which prevails at that time, and is a frequent cause of serious illness to those accustomed to a northern climate. Indeed, while in Jerusalem, the doctor and his younger boy, Stanley, were very ill with dysentery; and when we received news of their sickness we were filled with apprehensions. We doubly rejoiced, therefore, and rendered to God our heart-felt thanks when in due time they returned safe and well.

III.

The Last Days.

OUR dear brother was privileged to labour in the public service of the Master right up to the last week of his life on earth. On 15th May he addressed a large gathering at the London Convention, held in Whitefield's Old Tabernacle, on "Our Oneness in Christ" (since published in the 1910 American Convention Report). It is interesting to know that, on this occasion, he occupied the identical old-fashioned high pulpit from which Whitefield preached. (The old pulpit, in a state of good preservation, was transferred to the present building, which was erected on the exact site of the original Whitefield Tabernacle.)

Later, on the same evening, he was chairman at the second of the three large "May Meetings" addressed by Pastor Russell in the London Royal Albert Hall; and two days after, on the 17th May, he again officiated as the pastor's chairman at the public meeting held in the Glasgow City Hall. Many remarked then on the doctor's bright, happy expression as he sat facing the large audience. It was always a joy to him to be with Brother Russell, and especially on such an occasion as this, when his beloved pastor was so ably delivering the Lord's glorious message to a great congregation of attentive listeners.

In Edinburgh, on Thursday, 19th May, three weeks before his death, John gave a most helpful discourse on "The Sin-Offering." During this interval he accompanied Pastor Russell to Dundee. On the 21st he lectured in Ayr, and on the 28th returned to Dundee, addressing a

large meeting on "Why God permitted Evil." On 1st June he spoke at a farewell gathering held by the Church at Glasgow on the eve of the departure of Brothers Johnston and Crawford for other fields of service. His warm, loving words of God-speed and encouragement, together with the bright and humorous, yet tender, account which he gave of the growth of the class at Glasgow, will long live in the memory of those who heard him. Though he appeared tired, he was cheerful and happy, and exerted himself to assist all to look at the bright side of this parting scene. None imagined that it was *his* farewell also, in a very special sense, to the brethren whom he so dearly loved.

The next day was a general holiday in Glasgow, and our brother and his wife, in company with other friends, visited Lochranza, where a dear brother and sister in the Lord were temporarily residing. We afterwards learned that during the day, as opportunity offered, he wrote on pictorial cards a large number of messages of loving remembrance to invalided, aged, or isolated brethren. His thoughtfulness in these little attentions has often proved a helpful lesson to others. On the same evening he joined a large company of friends at the Central Station to say "Goodbye" to Brother Johnston, who was now leaving for London, *en route* for Africa.

The following night the doctor felt indisposed, but on Saturday morning, though still very unwell, he attended to some of his most urgent medical cases, besides performing an important surgical operation, and in the afternoon retired to bed.

On Sunday, during the usual morning Bible study, we were informed that he was still very unwell, and at the close of the meeting I hastened to visit him. I found that he was suffering from headache; but he had his Bible in his hand, and was going over the passage which we had been considering at our morning class. After a little talk about his illness, he began to speak of our lesson—Heb. ii.

11-14. He wondered why Isaiah viii. 18 should have been quoted here by the writer, and offered various explanations; but I insisted that he must not talk. Before I left he requested me to convey several messages, and gave directions by which a certain brother, who required spiritual assistance, might be brought into touch with one able to help him.

That afternoon Stanley brought me a little note from his father, in which he had tabulated in his usual methodical way the different items he wished me to attend to. I smiled as I saw the list, thinking, "How like John this is," but nevertheless regretting that I had not assured him more definitely that I would remember. Then I noticed some writing in small characters along the edge to the effect that the physician had again examined him, and thought he might have sub-acute appendicitis. The news naturally caused me anxiety, and I decided that the Church must know of this development. In the evening, therefore (on the 5th June—the seventh anniversary of our father's death), the Church received the message that the doctor's illness was more than mere indisposition. We remembered him in prayer, and though we felt a little alarmed at the thought of the possible dangerous malady, we hoped that all would yet be well.

I saw him once more that evening, and again found him reading his Bible. I gently took the book from him, saying that I knew too much about sickness to allow him to read any more. I lingered with him a little, and then, as he hoped he might settle to sleep, I left for home, feeling very anxious, though somewhat assured by a message which the physician had telephoned to Mrs. Edgar.

During the night he suffered from severe pain and sickness, but, wishing not to disturb his physician's rest, he waited till morning before sending a message to him to come and bring with him a surgeon. The examination took place at 8.45 a.m., and the symptoms which indicated

to the surgeon the seriousness of our brother's condition revealed it to the patient himself. The surgeon told me later that, while he was engaged percussing he noticed my brother listening intently, and on their both hearing certain ominous sounds their eyes met. Both knew it to be very doubtful if life could be saved. Our brother himself seemed quite assured that he was face to face with death. There was, however, a slender hope that an immediate operation might lead to recovery.

We were all quickly summoned to his bedside before the ambulance should convey him to a private nursing-home near by, where he had himself attended many patients. We found our dear one in great agony, and much exhausted by his long night of suffering. A groan would seldom escape him. His dear wife and I did all we could to relieve his pain. At times he felt icy cold, and then would burn with fever.

Our sister Annie said to him as she sat beside him, "Surely, John, it is not you who is to be the first to go! I am the eldest, and have expected to be taken before you."

"Yes, I am going to the Father," he replied, "to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, "we cannot do without you. You are the head, you know, of the family; we cannot spare you yet." But he answered, "God will care for you all. Cast all your care upon Him, and He will look after you far better than I could do!"

He stretched out his arms for us, and drawing us one by one to himself, kissed us most tenderly. Mentioning each of us by name, he said, "Good-bye; God bless you." Now and then one of us would burst into tears, and these he would reprove gently by saying, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go to the Father." We assured him that we did rejoice for his sake, but mourned for our own.

We know that God heard the many prayers that ascended

on our behalf, for surely special grace was given us to bear our sudden trial calmly.

Occasionally dear John would murmur, "Oh, I am so tired;" and Annie would pat him soothingly and say, "Poor son!" ("Son" is a term of comforting endearment often used in Scotland by an elder to a younger relative.) Our dear sister Grace was wonderfully upheld, though her heart was anguished at the sight of her beloved husband's sufferings. Time and again he held her face to his own, fervently kissing her, and seeking to comfort her by reminding her of God's almighty power and love.

At last the ambulance arrived, and after some more farewells he was conveyed to the nursing home. We were not altogether devoid of hope, for we knew he was in the hands of a clever surgeon; and we trusted that the Master might still have work for him on this side of the veil.

After the operation, the surgeon came to the side-room where I was waiting, and very gravely said, "I am sorry that I cannot give you hope for your brother. If he should linger for 24 hours, then we might *begin* to have a glimmer of hope." I felt that surely it must be somebody else's brother he was speaking of! Yet, though numb and dazed, I knew that God was about to let the greatest sorrow fall upon us, and my heart cried out to Him for grace and strength to enable us all to bear it. It was hard to go home to the anxious ones with such news. Though all were stunned by this sudden blow, we never at any time felt a trace of rebellion in our hearts. We desired most fervently that God's will should be done.

Sister Grace and I visited John that afternoon, and found him very exhausted but quite collected. He sought to comfort his wife by assuring her that God would be her helper and strength, and very tenderly he commended us both to His keeping. In the evening, when we again visited him, he was bathed in perspiration, so that even the pillow under his head was wet. The surgeon remarked

that such sweating was quite *phenomenal*, and our hope sprang up afresh. We thought, "Maybe God is working the miracle that alone can save him! Our God can do wonderful things, and it might be that His glory will be best served by sparing this useful life yet a little longer!" All Monday night he suffered acutely and was most restless; but twenty-four hours slipped past and still he lingered. Nevertheless the surgeon denied us all hope.

The news of the doctor's very serious condition was quickly circulated among the anxious brethren, and, as all loved him very dearly, much sorrow and grief were awakened.

Tuesday was a long day of waiting and pain. Sister Grace and I now and then saw him, but as he exhausted himself in seeking to manifest his love for us, and especially for his dear wife, by giving us parting exhortations to trust in God, and comfort our hearts in the knowledge that we must soon meet again, we felt it necessary to leave him in quietness. To witness his distress of body was exceedingly painful. The upturned appealing glance, the sudden helpless movement of his hands, betokened that his sufferings were great, and told that in the midst of them his soul made supplication to its God. We prayed without ceasing.

In the evening we were greatly relieved on learning that morphia was to be injected; we hoped he would now get sleep.

That night his sons, Jack and Stanley, knelt in prayer with their mother and myself. Our hearts rejoiced to hear the lads pray aloud. The elder (17 years of age) told the Lord that he knew his father did not desire "earthly blessings," and he would not ask for his life to be spared, but besought God to alleviate the pain as far as possible, that "father might get some sleep." He ended with the pathetic appeal that his mother might be strengthened to bear up, "because you know, Father, if

mother were also to be taken away it might be more than Stanley and I could bear."

On Wednesday morning I suggested to sister Grace to go alone to see her dear one. She did so, and, while I waited for her in another room, she told him of the boys' prayers the night before, knowing that it would be a comfort to him and would gladden him to hear that the Lord was working in their hearts. It was now approaching forty-eight hours since the operation, and though no authoritative hope was given us our spirits rose a little. On leaving the nursing home to join those who usually congregated a short distance away, anxiously awaiting the latest report, we found Brother Hemery coming over to meet us. He had travelled from London during the night, for he desired greatly to see his dear brother John once more in the flesh, should the Lord grant him that privilege.

In the early afternoon a message came from the nursing home that John desired to see his wife and boys. Jack and Stanley were much affected by the interview. The former told his father that on the previous night he had knelt down when alone in his bedroom, and earnestly prayed to God for the light. Both the lads told their father that they intended to consecrate themselves to the Lord. They wept as he commended them to the heavenly Father. He advised and encouraged them, assuring them of God's love and care for them. Assured that Brother Russell would continue faithful to the end, he urged them to keep close to him. He was frequently interrupted in his remarks by spasms of sickness; but his fatherly care constrained him to sacrifice himself that he might exhort and help them. He spoke to them of the joy he was so soon to experience in being raised with Christ, and reminded them of the shortness of the time. When told of Brother Hemery's arrival, he expressed appreciation of the love and kindness shown, and said he would send for him if he

felt at all able for an interview. Before the lads left, they knelt with their mother at their father's bedside, and presented themselves to God.

About 4 p.m. a message came from John that he would like Brother Hemery and one of his sisters to come to him. It was arranged that I should go. To witness the greeting of these two brothers in the Lord was most touching. John asked Brother Hemery to give him "a long kiss," and the tears sprang to Brother Hemery's eyes as he caught hold of the doctor's hand, and exclaimed, "My dearest brother! You *know* you are my *dearest* brother!" John smiled and replied, "You know I love you, though I may not always have manifested it as much as I should have done—Scotch fashion, you know, which I am trying to overcome." Referring to the joy the Lord had granted him in the knowledge that his two sons had now consecrated themselves, he desired Brother Hemery to take special interest in their welfare, and to aid them spiritually.

Haltingly he spoke, sickness frequently disturbing him, but with determination he continued till he had said all he wanted to say. He described his symptoms, and showed very clearly the slender thread on which his life hung. He apparently wanted us to know exactly how things stood with him. We saw he had little hope of his recovery, but bravely submitted to all that was being done for him. We were filled with wonderment at the orderly, methodical way in which he diagnosed his own case—for the time being he was the professor instructing his students. He dismissed the subject, saying with that deliberation which betrayed the effort it was for him to speak, "I am co-operating with the nurses, with the doctor, *and* with GOD!"

Then he sought to lift us up to the height of his own joyful anticipation of so soon seeing Him who is our Lord and Head, and quoted the text, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." He urged us to lay firm hold of our glorious

hope. He also referred to Brother Russell as being the servant of the Lord, and of how he desired us always to co-operate with him. He spoke of the book on the Great Pyramid, and of his wish that the second volume should be gone on with, and requested us to encourage Brother Morton in his work upon it. He remarked that when he had spoken to Brother Russell on the corroborations of the time-features which he and Morton had found in the Great Pyramid, his eyes had lighted up with pleasure.

Late in the evening Sister Grace visited John alone. She met the surgeon, who told her that he expected her husband would hardly live out the night, and certainly not through the next day. The slender thread had broken! She came to us in tears to say that all hope of his life being spared was now utterly gone, and to convey to us our brother's message that we were to go to him in turns to have a last interview. Now that John had the surgeon's assurance that death was imminent, he determined to use all his remaining strength to witness for the Truth, so that maybe some might be persuaded to start in the race for the high calling, while others might be helped in their endeavours to make their calling and election sure.

So sudden was his fatal illness, it seemed as if my beloved brother were being cut off while yet in the full strength of a vigorous manhood. Nevertheless, by God's grace, his mind was free from all fear and dread. He could calmly think of the near approach of death, and testify that it had no terrors for him. No dismay, alarm, nor dark forebodings, but restful assurance and glad anticipations filled his mind; for, while dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, he had learned to confront "the last enemy" with the glorious song of triumphant faith ringing in his heart, and making melody in the ears of the Lord upon whom he had so faithfully "set his love."

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and fortress: my God; . . . He covers me with His feathers, and under His wings do I trust: His truth is my shield and buckler . . . He will deliver me and set me on high, because I have known His name . . . He will honour me. With long life [immortality] will He satisfy me, and show me His salvation."

Those who have watched by many death-beds will be surprised to learn that, in addition to the last farewell, when eight of us were gathered together around his bed just prior to the end, he had separate interviews with no less than twenty-three relatives and friends. A solemn hush lay upon all as they emerged from the sick room, and each realised that the interview would be a treasured and ever-stimulating memory. They felt that they had been brought into the presence of the Unseen, and had been privileged to stand on holy ground! His expression was so joyful, loving, and tender! There was not a trace of doubt in his mind, nor, indeed, in the minds of any of us, that he was now waiting on the very threshold, ready to be ushered into the glory beyond. Indeed, the reflection of the glory already shone in his face and beamed from his eyes.

The doctor's first interview was with his boys. During the long hours that had elapsed since they last saw their father, they had developed spiritually. We had looked on in glad wonderment at their growth. They were growing like "calves of the stall"—Mal. iii. 2. The joy of the Lord had come into their hearts like a flood. But for a time after their presentation of themselves to God, at their father's bedside, they had been much depressed, Not only did their beloved father's suffering and serious condition fill their minds with sadness, but the sense of their own weakness and insufficiency to faithfully keep the vow they had made weighed heavily upon them. The dear Lord who gathers the lambs with His arm, and

carries them in His bosom, provided for them the spiritual help they required. While Stanley was being cheered and counselled by his mother and a loving sister in the Lord, Jack confided in me how discouraged and perplexed he felt. He had entered the "strait gate" of consecration, by surrendering himself to God, but now he was puzzled as to how to progress along the "narrow way." He had been instructed in the Truth from a child, but he instinctively felt that more than knowledge was necessary to make him a winner in the race. The fear of failure brought tears to his eyes. I used the simple illustration of "a new boy at school" to help him realise that now, having enrolled himself as a pupil in the school of Christ, he must place implicit confidence in his Great Teacher's willingness and ability to give him all needed instruction and discipline.

"You know, Jack," I said, "it is not left to a new scholar to find out for himself what lessons are best suited for him. How hopeless his case would be were it so! It is the teacher who arranges what must first be learned. So Christ appoints us the right lessons, and assists us as we seek to learn them. Just as the diligent pupil is led step by step from the lowest to the highest class, so little by little the heavenly scholars are taught. The tasks are never too difficult nor too many."

I specially emphasised the comforting thought that Christ is an almighty Teacher and able to impart of His own Spirit of wisdom and power to His pupils, enabling them to understand the deep things of God, and to obey His every command. A dull scholar could never receive of an earthly teacher's intelligence to render him capable of comprehension, but we are "quickened" by the Holy Spirit and so gain new energy of feeling, thought, and action. This, I showed, is something more than mere knowledge; it is the mighty power of God working in us to will and do of His good pleasure. I reminded him of many precious promises, no doubt long familiar to his ear, but now preg-

nant with fresh meaning as he listened. "If God be for for us, who can be against us?" I urged him to rest in faith that the Almighty God who had given His dear Son to die for him would surely give him all things needful for his perfecting, and that, as the Father had begun the good work in him, he must expect it to be continued till by and by it would be completed. "How you are to overcome, dear Jack, is stated by the Apostle: 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' You will find, as many have done, that one of the most comforting passages in the Bible is that spoken by our dear Lord Himself: 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'" Jack looked puzzled, but soon saw that it was indeed a comfort to have the Lord's own assurance that He knows our weakness, while yet accepting us as branches in the vine to bear fruit through the power of His Spirit in us, to the glory of God the Father.

In the late afternoon their Aunt Annie found Jack and Stanley alone in the dining-room, both weeping. Her motherly compassion was aroused. She naturally concluded they had heard bad news of their father's condition, and anxiously enquired; but Jack replied, between his sobs, "It is not about father we are crying, Aunt Annie. We have given ourselves to God, and are crying for joy!"

In the evening both lads told their companions of their decision to follow Christ, and we learned that they followed up the announcement by exhorting them also to surrender themselves to God. They continually reminded their mother and myself of the shortness of the time, and, whenever one of us began to break down, they would remonstrate with us, saying, "You know it won't be long till we see him again." We remarked, smiling with joy in the midst of our tears, "Why, you boys won't let us weep at all!"

When they entered their father's presence, his quick eyes of love soon perceived the change in the lads. It

was hardly necessary for Jack to tell him, as he did, of their joy and peace in the knowledge that they had consecrated themselves to God. Their father, clasping their hands in his own, exclaimed, "Now, see! a rejoicing father, and two rejoicing sons!"

Jack brokenly expressed his regret that he had not long ago given himself to the Lord; and that it should have needed all this great suffering of his father to turn his heart to God. "Why, Jack," came the answer, with a radiant look of love, "I would gladly at any time have died for you. It would be joy for me to give my life for you both."

Before my sister Annie went in to say "good-bye" to our brother, we urged three of his near relatives to have a farewell interview with him, as we felt assured that John would not only desire, but would expect them to do so. Each shrank from what they feared might prove a trying "scene," and requested that another might convey their parting message. When Annie entered his room, John asked why her husband was not with her. She explained that he would have liked to come, but felt it would be too trying to witness his sufferings. "Ah," John replied, rather wistfully, "that is the weakness of the flesh! But tell him," he added, in a hearty tone, "I shall take the will for the deed." He then mentioned the others by name, and, on learning that they also shrank from an interview, remarked with his characteristic generosity of heart, "Oh, well, I shall take the will for the deed in their case too!" Dear Annie had a strong desire that the three should see John, for she felt convinced that if only they could behold him so calm, bright, and "like himself," all their shrinking would vanish. In her unselfish eagerness to give them this opportunity of saying farewell to John before it was too late, she made her own interview very short.

On bidding him good-bye, she remarked almost regret-

fully, "I never thought, John, that you would be taken before me. I always believed that I, being the eldest of the family, would be *sure* to go first." He smiled, and looking at her archly, said with a little shake of his head, "Ay! Don't you just wish it was you!"

When Annie regained the group of relatives and friends her earnest assurances of "how nice he looked, how calm and composed," and "how brightly he talked," and "how desirous he was of seeing them all," etc., overcame the timidity of those who had refrained, and so each in turn made his way to the sick-room.

I met them as they were returning homewards. Each expressed his satisfaction that he had taken advantage of the privilege granted him, and remarked that it was simply wonderful to see him "like that." The radiant joy manifest in John's face had evidently made a deep impression on their minds. So precious to me were my dear brother's last words, that I, perhaps unwisely, eagerly questioned one of them, "What did John say to you?" The answer came, slowly and haltingly, "He said he was very happy—never was so happy before in his life—and asked me to kiss him." I felt I must enquire no further.

Brother Alex. Tait (one of the three elders to be first elected by the Church at Glasgow) has kindly written out a brief summary of our brother's last words with him:

"When I entered the room he extended his arms as if to embrace me, and asked me to give him a kiss. 'What fine times we have had together,' he said. 'My trial is past, but you have to fight for a while longer. I shall soon be with Him. Oh, it is grand! In His presence is fulness of joy.' When I suggested how glorious it would be to see the Lord, and meet the friends who had gone before, his face beamed with light. He seemed as if he were already in the Divine Presence. He invariably wore a smile; but now his countenance manifested an inner

rapture which I never before witnessed. One could not help being uplifted and sharing it with him.

"Referring to a remark Brother Johnston had made before sailing for Africa, about his being as near to the Kingdom in Nyassaland as in Glasgow, the doctor said 'I have stolen a march on Brother Johnston. I will be in the Kingdom before him. Oh, it is grand!'

"He spoke of how Brothers Johnston, Crawford, himself, and I had been so long elders together, and that now I was to be left alone. Brothers Johnston and Crawford had left the city, and he was going beyond the veil. He seemed to have loving compassion for me, but assured me that he would be better able to help me from the other side, and the Lord would be with me. At this point he said some things I could not well make out, but I understood him to be expressing his loving consideration for the interest of the work in Glasgow.

"When I told him how his example had been a great help and stimulus to me, because he had had so much more to sacrifice than I had, he replied that he never knew he was sacrificing anything.

"He frequently repeated the words, 'In His presence is fulness of joy. Oh, it is grand!' He sent messages of love to all the elders, and commented briefly on the qualities of mind most prominent in each. He expressed sorrow that my wife had not come with me, and asked me to convey a message of love and farewell to her, her sisters at Eston, and her brother's family in London.

"When I was leaving, he again said, 'Give me a kiss—a long one; none of your Scotch ones,' and we had a loving farewell embrace. At his request I engaged with him in prayer: he responded with a solemn 'Amen' at the close.

"That is all I can remember of the words spoken; but there were impressions left upon my mind which cannot be put into language. These I will never forget

He seemed to take me with him into the Holy, and filled my mind and heart with the rapture he himself had entered into."

Before Brother Tait had gone, Brother Captain Warden, who was one of those brought into the light of Truth through hearing our brother's lecture, "Where are the Dead?" at the crowded meeting in St. Andrew's Grand Hall, came softly into the room and approached the bed. I was standing close by and said, "Brother Warden," to call John's attention to him. The doctor turned, and, when his eyes fell on Brother Warden's face, he exclaimed, "A brother I have loved ever since I knew him, over two years ago!" He beckoned him to come near, and motioned him to a chair by his bed. Brother Warden was overcome, but John reprovingly said, "Do not weep, brother!" Then sickness came on. He seemed to be struggling to overcome the spasm, and I said, "Now, dear, don't distress yourself. Brother Warden is in no hurry; he can wait." But even amid his suffering, as at all times, mindful of the comfort of others, he replied, "But his car! Will he not be too late to get a car home?" I answered, "Do not trouble about that, John, Brother Warden will not mind though he has to walk home every inch of the way."

Then, as Brother Warden was trying to overcome his emotion, the doctor said, "Weep not for me"—For a moment he tried in vain to express himself; but, knowing that he wanted to repeat the text, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go to the Father," I voiced it for him. He showed great satisfaction that I had understood his mind, and said, "Yes, that's the text!" Then, gaining a little strength, he said with great tenderness, "Brother, kiss me." As Brother Warden on reseating himself still kept looking downwards, seeking to control his feelings, my brother in most loving tones of command said brightly, "Brother, look at me," and when Brother

Warden looked up he saw before him such a radiant, smiling face, with fervent love beaming from his eyes, that the sight banished all his tears. The doctor went on to speak of the glory and exultation awaiting the overcomers, and of his expectancy of soon being with the Lord, and of his hope that Brother Warden would join him before long. Brother Warden spoke of the blessing and help he had received through the doctor, and of the stimulus he had gained in noting with what fixity of purpose the doctor had carried out his vow of consecration. "And, besides, dear brother," he continued, "you have had so much more to sacrifice in the way of honours, position, and influence than most of us." But John shook his head, and replied, "I have had *so little* to sacrifice; it seems to me I have had such trifling honours to give up compared to all the Lord has given me in return."

He exhorted the captain to preserve his meek, teachable disposition, and spoke of how the humble were exalted, and the meek were loved and taught of the Lord. On receiving the loving message sent by Sister Warden—"Only 'Good-night,' beloved, not 'Farewell,' we love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best"—he expressed his appreciation of it, and rejoiced with Brother Warden in her spiritual progress. He asked the Lord to abundantly bless them both.

Then, changing the subject, he said, "Brother, you have a most fatherly disposition, and I want you to look after my boys." I had mentioned to him Brother Warden's willingness to become a trustee, and he thanked him warmly for it. He spoke of the joy he had in his sons giving themselves to the Lord, and said, "They are but little seedlings that require to be watered with the Truth." He described in a word or two the growth of the tiny plant, using his hands to illustrate how the little stem forced its way upwards, and the root its way down-

wards, as the seedling developed. We were forcibly reminded of his lecture on "A tree planted by the rivers of water."

His niece, Mrs. Browning, when she learned of her uncle's critical condition, expressed great regret that she had never told him "just how much she loved and admired him." She was greatly affected. He had been not only a kind, loving uncle to her, but also her sympathetic and skilful medical adviser. She and her husband were granted an interview. I was present, and shall never forget the touching scene. She sought to pour forth expressions of her love. The emotion in her face told more than her broken words. Her uncle cheerily let her know he quite understood her affection, and sought to soothe her grief. Then he gently drew her attention to herself. First, he advised her as her physician, taking great pains to impress upon her all he wanted her to guard against; then, with great tenderness and longing in his face and voice, he urged her to seek the highest things, and asked her to read "The Divine Plan of the Ages." She promised that she would do so, and assured him that she intended to give herself to God. He exhorted her and her husband not to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Though the time was short, yet she would get a full opportunity to complete the race.

After these and other interviews were over, his wife and I thought to sit up all night with him, but this he would not allow. About 1.30 a.m. he urged us to use the spirit of a sound mind, and seek some sleep. "Grace, you know, did not get sleeping last night, and I hear, Minna, you are still coughing. You must take care." He felt assured he would not die for many hours yet; his pulse was still strong. "In fact," he said, "my pulse is so good, I would not be surprised if I live on for a day or two; besides, if I do not, you will both have so much to do, you will require all your strength."

As we still lingered, loath to leave him, he gave us many instructions regarding his earthly affairs, and asked me to send messages of love to all the churches, and his special love to "Dear Brother Russell, who has always been so loving and mindful of me." He mentioned by name the various representatives of the Continental branches of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, and also of many brothers and sisters in the Lord, and finally bade us convey his love to everyone he knew, "without *one* exception."

Referring to the American tour which he had intended sharing with Brother Hemery, and for which all arrangements, even to the engaging of his berth on board the steamer, had been made, he remarked, with a smile, "I shall be in America after all, this year. Travelling will be no weariness to a spirit being!" He also told me to write announcing his decease to the various medical associations with which he was connected, and to several of his professional friends, to thank them all for their kind and generous aid to him in his work. He spoke of the various positions he held as "the trifling honours of the world, which so many covet and work so hard to obtain. I leave them all behind. They are ***nothing*** compared to the glory in store for me. How foolish are men to grasp after these and neglect the important things of eternity."

He even gave instructions regarding his funeral, and calmly spoke of how soon his coffin would require to be sealed. Remembering that on Saturday the majority of the brethren cease early from work, he requested that he should, if possible, be buried on that day. "Perhaps you had better say 'No flowers,'" he said. His wife suggested that very probably some would find a measure of satisfaction and comfort in manifesting their love in such offerings. His desire had been to spare others the expense of floral tributes, but his wife's words shed another light on the subject. A tender look came over his face,

as he remarked softly, "I had not thought of it in that way. Quite true, some may *want* to send them. Yes yes, certainly, let them express their love as they please."

While I was assisting his nurse, under his direction, to fasten some of his bandages, he remarked, "I am leaving my body all scarred, like the Master's, Minna." He expressed grateful thanks for every little attention received, and praised his nurses: "Excellent nurses! But I am afraid, nurses, I gave you a lot of trouble when I was so restless the first two days." But he reminded them that the heavenly Father would reward them for all their kindnesses to him. His bearing all through his illness made a great impression on both nurses and doctors. One surgeon remarked that our brother had faced the operation "like one of the grand old Christians we read about."

Sister Grace and I were with him early on Thursday morning. He seemed as if he might fall asleep. Morphia had been administered, and we sat, one on each side of the bed, waiting for it to take effect. All at once the silence was broken by his asking, "Who is the cupbearer?" I thought he was talking in his sleep, and did not reply. After a moment he spoke again, almost reprovingly, as if surprised at our silence, much as a teacher might who had expected his pupil to answer immediately and correctly, "Why, *Christ!* Christ is the cupbearer." "Then who has filled up the cup?" he further inquired. "The Father," he answered himself, and then lapsed back into silence. My sister-in-law and I exchanged glances. We felt our dear one's heart was saying, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"—John xviii. 11.

The time wore slowly on. Several who had been unable to see him on the previous night had short interviews with him in the forenoon.

At times he would revive a little and speak of the loved ones who had passed away, some from our own family,

and others from the wider circle of our brethren in Christ. What a joy it will be to meet with those who proved faithful even unto death! On one occasion I remarked, "I wonder, John, if you will find our father among the overcomers. I often wish I could be quite sure of that." He answered, "Ay, poor father had much to contend with in his long illness." Then he added, with great earnestness, and in a deep tone of satisfaction, "Ah, but my father had a grand spirit, a grand spirit!" It was so sweet to be thus reminded that God judges us not by the number and greatness of our works and service, but according as we in our hearts have become conformed to the image of Christ.

We talked of the glorious prospect of sharing, as part of the great seed of Abraham, in the work of blessing not only our own, but all the families of the earth. I recalled to memory how our brother James had remarked, after weary months of lonely suffering had taught him to realise the emptiness of the world's friendship: "If I had my life to live over again, I would do differently." At that time I thought he had learned the lesson too late to profit by it; but now John and I could rejoice in the gracious provision our loving God had made, whereby the sad and painful experiences of this life would result in blessing for all who, in the coming Age, obey the rule of righteousness and love, administered by Christ and His Bride, the Church. How comforting to think James would indeed live again and under more favourable auspices! What happiness is in store for the poor groaning creation in that day when Christ, the Great Deliverer, will break the bonds of sin, and set death's captives free! What rapture to share with Him in that glorious work of restitution, which has been foretold by the mouth of all the prophets since the world began!

But what of the work that awaits the faithful who at death now pass beyond the veil to be with their Lord, to

be "like Him," and "see Him as He is"?—1 John iii. 2. The marriage of the Lamb must necessarily be delayed till all of the Bride-class has been selected. When speaking of this I reminded John of how dear Brother Ford had written to me shortly before his death, that when he entered into glory he would endeavour, should the Lord grant him that privilege, to help me and mine, who were so dear to him, to fight the good fight of faith, and win the prize of the high calling in Christ. "I have often felt it a comfort, John," I said, "to think of his love being still active on our behalf; and now you are going away too, and you will also . . . ." I could not continue for the choking in my throat; but he understood all I would have said, and assured me so brightly that when he was risen with the dear Lord he would be more able to help us than if he were left on earth beside us. He greatly rejoiced to know that we are now in the time when Rev. xiv. 13 applies:—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours for their works follow with them"—R.V. He did not, therefore, expect to fall asleep and so cease for a time his efforts to serve the Lord and His brethren. Even as the Head of the Church uses His members on earth to help and comfort one another, so surely He will permit those who are now freed from the limitations of the flesh to continue their ministry of love where service can bring no weariness. The love of the Lord became more intimately sweet as we felt how close is the union between Himself and those whom He accepts as members of His Body.

I cannot hope to describe the cheerful satisfaction he showed when we did anything for his comfort. He would make short humorous remarks, and sought to brighten our spirits by showing his appreciation of our efforts to relieve him. He preserved his professional instincts up to the last. It was he who directed us how to alter his position

in bed, with the least possible exertion to himself and us. After every attack of sickness, even though exhausted, he was most particular to undergo a rather fatiguing process of mouth-washing, etc. We are confident that this was for the sake of others, so that nothing about him might offend the most delicate sense.

A few hours before his death, he asked the nurse to inject morphia, and held his arm ready for her. She obeyed, while his head was turned the other way. A little later he remarked, "Come, nurse, I am ready." She replied, "I have already injected the morphia, doctor." "Oh, I never felt it! Why, nurse, you will be getting quite proud of yourself!" he said, complimenting her on her skilful injection of the drug. She answered, with a thrill of pleasure in her voice, "Well, doctor, it was you yourself who taught me!"

A little over an hour before the end came, he realised the close approach of death, and asked me to turn him round on his back, and prop him up with pillows. Except for the nurse, Grace, Annie, and I were alone with him. "Tell them all to come," he said, "I want them all here." Sister Annie went out quickly to call the others. She had a walk of about five minutes to the house. The moments dragged while we waited. We feared they might be too late. He looked around with deep longing in his eyes. "I want them all with me," he murmured; "but it is all right," he added, as if quite submissive, should the Father so will it, to have his desire ungratified. He then requested the nurse to inject a solution of strychnine and morphia. The nurse remarked to us that the morphia appeared to have no effect on him—his brain was so active. She was filled with wonderment, and stated afterwards that she had never before witnessed such a deathbed.

In a few moments my brother looked up and said, "Minna, read the 91st Psalm." I found the place and tremblingly commenced. With my beloved brother dying,

it was no easy task to control my voice to read aloud. God heard the earnest cry of my heart for grace, though now and then a sob choked my utterance. As I continued, the beautiful Psalm appealed to me as never before. Verses 14, 15, and 16 were read almost triumphantly, for I realised how fitly they applied as a message from the Lord to our dear one in his last hour. "With long life will I satisfy him," I faltered, but my brother added as if in response, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness." "And show him My salvation," I finished. In the midst of our grief we yet exulted in the assurance that our dear one was so soon to experience the grandeur of the "Great Salvation." Then he asked me to read the last few verses of the second and third chapters of Revelation.

While I was reading, the others came softly one by one into the room. A look of relief and thankfulness came over his face. He reached out his left hand to his wife, as she stood beside him, and beckoned with the other to his boys to come near. He grasped a hand of each in his right. Then he said, "Now, Minna, read the 91st Psalm over again, and explain it." He spoke with great distinctness. In my helplessness I again prayed for strength. I knew he asked the explanation for the sake of his sons and niece. I fear the comments were very brief—a broken sentence here and there. Sometimes my feelings overcame me, but his quiet, "Yes, continue," or "Well, read on," caused me to resume. I grudged every minute my eyes were averted from his face, and so, when I had finished reading, I put down the Bible and quoted from memory many of the texts I felt he might desire.

The 17th of John was one of his favourite chapters, and as I recited verse 4—"I have glorified Thee on earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," we all realised with deep joy that these words of our blessed Head may appropriately be spoken by all the members of His Body, when they complete their course.

Many precious promises were quoted, such as Isaiah xliii. 2, 3—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." And John xiv. 1-3—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," etc. But there was no trace of trouble on his face; it seemed out of place to bid his heart not be troubled; rather did the exhortation apply to ourselves.

His eyes shone with brilliancy, like stars of blue, as, gathering together all his failing energies he began to address us. We soon recognised that he spoke to us as representatives of the entire Church, for he commenced by saying: "My dear brothers and sisters in the Lord: Daily renew your covenant of sacrifice to the Lord, and daily seek to carry it out. Rely on God to strengthen you, and He will help you to fulfil your vow!" Faintness came on; his eyes closed a while, and he breathed heavily. In a little he whispered, "Surely God will strengthen me to say a word"; and the dear Lord did.

With an effort he began again, enunciating his words with remarkable clearness and precision. He sought to show us the steps by which we enter into closest relationship with God, and spoke of the privilege the Father bestowed upon us in granting us the right to a crown of life, that we in faith may lay it down and be planted in the likeness of Christ's death; and of the promise that, if faithful, a more glorious crown of life shall be given us in the first resurrection. Sickness recurred constantly, but after each attack passed he began again. He always commenced with the same exhortation, "My dear brothers and sisters in the Lord: Daily renew your covenant of

sacrifice, and daily seek to carry it out." Once he surprised us with the vigour of his action in clenching his fist, and making a sudden, quick, determined movement as he urged us to "*Do*, as well as *vow*."

He impressed upon us the comforting thought that the mighty power of God would ever be exerted on our behalf, and searched his memory for a passage of Scripture to enforce his remarks. I suggested Eph. i. 17-19, and he nodded. "Yes, that's it," and then added, "for the Church."

Realising that he was not to be long with us, that his strength was ebbing fast, he bade farewell to us individually, and one by one he held us by the hand and kissed us warmly, addressing each by name as he did so. But the end was not yet.

Once more he rallied, and once more his voice sounded out solemnly, "My dear brothers and sisters in the Lord: Daily renew your vow of sacrifice to the Lord, and *daily* seek to fulfil it. No matter if you are tired, weary, go on! Every talent—all your influence, money, time, strength—all you have, use for the Lord, devote it to Him." In our love for him we could hardly bear to see him expend as he was doing his little remnant of strength. We felt that the mighty effort he was making to leave with us that which would help us to complete our sacrifice, as he had consummated his, was costing him too much suffering. I gently said, "John, dear, you have given us your message, rest now." But he replied, "It is a *very* little life I have to lay down now; a very *little* life. Let me expend it."

He repeated slowly with emphasis 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43—"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." Again and again he quoted the text—"In Thy presence is fulness of joy! At Thy right hand there are

pleasures for evermore!" Now and then he sought to cheer us by reminding us that, when raised in power, he would be much better able to help us win in the race than if he had continued to be with us in the weakness of the flesh. Our John would still be the "same John," even though hidden from our mortal eyes, and changed to a glorious spirit being like his Master. He remarked that surely he would ever have a special interest in the Church at Glasgow, though, of course, he would rejoice to aid any of the Lord's own, no matter where.

He assured his sons and niece that, though they were only commencing the race, when it was so near the time for the completion of the Bride, they would, nevertheless, be enabled to finish their course, if they continued to faithfully follow the Lord; and he encouraged us, who had already been walking so many years in the narrow way, by speaking of how soon the sacrifice of the entire Church must be consummated. "Before many months are over some of you may hear the Master say to you, as He is about to say to me, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'" With a radiant look on his face he exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious day is this for me, so soon to see my dear Lord face to face, and our dear God! So soon to enter into my reward!" Then looking at us earnestly, he bade us "press on." I recited, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Never did these words speak more to our hearts than then. Jesus uttered them just before His final conflict and conquest, and they revealed His trust in "the Father, who was with Him," to keep Him faithful to His covenant till it was fulfilled on the cross. We saw this same confidence manifested in our dear one, and realised that the same mighty power of God upheld him in his dying hour. We beheld Christ suffering and triumphing in one of His members, and the sight filled us with holy awe. We felt

we were learning *how* to die. It seemed as if the Master said, "Be of good cheer, fear no tribulation or anguish; for see how My grace is sufficient for him in *his* hour of extremity. It will be sufficient for *you*, and for *all* who will follow Me faithfully even unto death. You have the 'same Jesus,' the same Lord, and his Father is your Father, and his God is your God."

On one occasion after an attack of nausea, when he was patiently enduring some physical distress, Brother Morton said to him, "Dear John, you have now developed the new mind, and the Lord is about to give you a glorious spirit-body in keeping with your new mind. This old body will soon be left behind." He replied falteringly, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." Then, rallying, he looked earnestly from one to the other of us, and said in an awe-struck tone, "Is it not wonderful to think that *to-day* I shall see my Lord, and enter into His glory!"

The true spirit of the "Elder Brother" energised and dominated his mind to the last. Though he was about to leave the world, his dear ones were still to be left to continue the fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and in the yearning of his heart over us he sought to exhort us to the end. He seemed to have something to say that he could not express—the thought apparently eluded him as he tried to put it into words. "I had a message," he murmured, "but I cannot give it." However, the Father knew that the best message to impart through His dear servant was the one main thought of the *daily* lifting up of the cross, and, in the strength of the Lord, *daily* following in the Master's footsteps even unto death.

As younger students value the oft-repeated advice of an honoured graduate, so we treasure the method which, by constant reiteration, he impressed upon us, and which we are assured he had proved in his own experience to be the best to pursue while endeavouring to qualify for the royal degree in the School of Christ.

As the shadows of the dark valley deepened upon him, our loved one again and again addressed us: "My dear brothers and sisters in the Lord: Daily renew your covenant of sacrifice to the Lord, and daily seek to fulfil it. God will help you. God will be with you." His voice began to falter as the muscles failed to fully respond. The words were easily recognised; but we realised with a pang of sorrow that we had heard the familiar and well-loved tones for the last time on earth. It seemed as if another voice than his was now speaking to us. "My beloved brothers and sisters in Christ: Daily renew your covenant of sacrifice, and daily seek to perform it." The words issued more and more slowly, and the voice became more gutteral as, with his dying breath, he still kept urging us to daily renew our vow of sacrifice to the Lord, and daily seek to fulfil it. It was awe-inspiring to hear him, haltingly, brokenly, yet so earnestly, tell us from the very jaws of death how to overcome. Never can we, who heard that most solemn exhortation, forget it. God forbid that we should!

He paused as the last struggle was about to begin; his breath came and went very slowly; his powers of speech were almost gone; the hues of death were gathering over his face. But once again the undaunted spirit controlled the mortal flesh. As if to remind us of the glory awaiting him beyond the veil, now ready to descend and hide him from our human sight, he uttered his last farewell in the inspiring words—"Sown in weakness, raised in POWER!"

A few minutes later, as he lay with closed eyes, he whispered, "Sing"; and we, who stood or knelt around his bed, softly sang two verses of "God be with you till we meet again." We felt that this was the expression of his desire for us.

Then, as he himself had warned us on the night before that the end might prove distressing, we sent away his two boys with Morton and his niece, while his dear wife

and Annie, Eva and myself remained with him till all was over. Before leaving, Morton stooped down and twice fervently kissed John's hand, now growing cold in death; and each as they left the room did the same. For the last fifteen minutes our dear one was speechless and in much bodily distress. Dear Grace and Eva began to weep bitterly. A violent fit of sickness came on. We longed for God to release him. After the spasm had passed, his eyes became almost unearthly in their brightness, and, although still preserving their look of intelligence, became fixed in their gaze. Sister Annie called him by many endearing names, with sobs bursting from her now and then. He looked straight at her, and love enabled her to meet that brilliant gaze till at last it drooped in death.

We turned to go, knowing we were parting only from the body of weakness which the glorious New Creature had left behind. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," his change had come: for the *Seventh*, the *Last*, and *Great Trump of God* is sounding! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord *from henceforth*: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow with them."—Rev. xiv. 13, R.V.

That evening, as his open coffin lay on trestles in the drawing-room at Clairmont Gardens, many who loved him came to look for the last time on his face. One by one they slowly filed past, lingering a while as if loath to turn away from his dear form. Affixed on the coffin-lid was a large brass plate bearing this inscription—

JOHN EDGAR,

AGED 48 YEARS.

"Sown in weakness,

Raised in power."

June 9, 1910.

The words helped to lift the thoughts from the seen to the unseen, so that tears of grief ceased to flow as the eyes of faith saw him risen more than conqueror, through Him that loved him and gave Himself for him.

By Saturday morning the beautiful flowers sent as tributes of love and esteem by many almost hid the casket from view, and were piled up over the trestles below, and covered several yards of the carpet beneath. They spoke more eloquently than words, not only of the wealth of love he had won from friends, patients, professional co-workers, and brethren in the Lord, but also of the glory which he now enjoyed in the midst of the paradise of God. One large cross of scarlet, entwined by a golden crown, which a sister in the Lord had skilfully constructed from hundreds of small red and yellow "everlasting" flowers, reminded us that if we "always bear about in the body the dying of the Lord," then "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Brother Hemery conducted the funeral service, both in the house and at the graveside. He sought to use the occasion to speak of the grandeur of the hope that had influenced our brother's life for nearly eleven years. We trust that some were helped who had previously not given much consideration to spiritual matters.

Many hundreds were gathered at the cemetery; and God's sunshine streamed down upon all. Some had travelled far to be present. One dear brother in the Lord, in response to a few words of appreciation of the love that had prompted him to journey from South Wales, remarked in earnest tones, "Sister, I came, for I realised a Prince in Israel had fallen!"

Many wept as the coffin was lowered into the grave, but most loved him so well that in the midst of their grief they could nevertheless rejoice for his sake, because he had gone to be with the Father. A stranger who was present remarked that this was his ideal of what a Christian funeral should be. Though he had attended many funerals, he had never before seen such real rejoicing in the Lord as he had witnessed in the doctor's house. There the bereaved sorrowed not as those who had no hope. As one saw the sweet smile on the widow's face, one felt assured she realised the everlasting arms of love around her: her whole bearing was an evidence of God's power to lift the heart that trusted in Him, far above all earthly sorrow.

Praise the Lord for His wonderful work of love.

HIS LAST LESSON

How glorious is this day for me;
  Heaven's joys begin, earth's sorrows end!
Weep not, beloved, but rejoice,
  For to my Father I ascend.
My God, yea, our God calleth me
  To my eternal home above;
With tender kiss and fond farewell
  I leave you sheltered by His love.

While yet my failing pulses beat,
  A lesson I would fain impart,
That oft, by love recalled, will speak
  As God's own whisper to your heart.
Seek not to spare my feeble strength,
  But let me, though with falt'ring breath,
The counsel of my soul express
  E'er silent close my lips in death.

Beloved friends, each day renew
  Your covenant of sacrifice ;
And all day long your vows fulfil
  In strength that grace alone supplies.
Deem present time a precious boon,
  The race to run, the prize secure ;
Who daily does the will of God
  Will find at length his crown made sure.

Unnumbered blessings hidden lie
  Within the precincts of a day,
And possibilities untold
  Attend the consecrated way ;
Obedient hearts with rapture find
  Their path traced clear in Love's design,
And prove God daily loadeth them
  With varied benefits benign.

Then closer bind your sacrifice
  Upon the altar Christ provides,
Whose merit sanctifies the gift,
  And sin's defiling blemish hides.
In faith and prayer yield every day
  Your offering pure to God anew,
Shrink not from toil, reproach, and pain ;
  For oh, your days on earth are few.

The altar fire burns clear and strong
  When constant faith upon it blows ;
And flames of zeal your life consume
  While hope with heavenly fervour glows.
But 'tis when love's red embers shine
  With ruddy glow of furnace heat
That then your sacrifice ascends
  To God, a savour rich and sweet.

MINNA EDGAR.

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