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highest type of Christian morality, must have felt that he contributed his full share to the causes that were so dear to his heart.

So life went on for six years more, but it was evident that his physical strength was lessening and that the effort required was greater. But while his bodily strength was growing less, his spiritual power and sweetness were increasing. The final break-down was precipitated by extra effort during the days succeeding the great fire in Baltimore, in Second month, 1904. Few public conveyances were running and Dr. Thomas, in the performance of his duties, walked too much. His heart which had been diseased for twenty-four years gave way and he was soon attacked by endocarditis, which confined him to bed for seven months of illness, borne with constant patience.

At first, recovery was anticipated, but gradually it became apparent that his strength was slowly ebbing away, and that even a return to invalid life could not be expected. In the early part of his illness his thoughts were much turned to the Heavenly City and he longed to go, feeling as if the burden of life was too great to be taken up again, but later on he felt that he would like, if it were the Lord's will, to resume active service, even though he saw clearly that his limitations would be greater than ever before. Once he said, "I do not see living, and I do not see dying, but I want the Lord's will to be done."

In Sixth month, 1904, he was moved to Coombe Edge, near Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., and two months later he remarked, "This has been a delightful summer. The beautiful scenery, the songs of the birds, which you thought I did not notice, . . . and all around me the river of God's love flowing. If I should get better, I think I should forget all but the pleasant things."

He loved to have hymns sung to him. Among those he specially asked for was the one beginning, "When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died," as sung with the chorus:

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"The cross, the cross, the precious cross,
The wondrous cross of Jesus,
From all our sin, its guilt and power,
And every stain it frees us.
Yes, I'm clinging to the cross."

Once he asked for "Jerusalem the golden," but checked himself, saying "No! there is not enough about Christ in it."

The night before he was brought back to Baltimore he offered a touching prayer asking that the journey, which was felt to be one of great risk to him in his weak condition, might be safely accomplished; that all might be kept in peace, that the Lord's will might be done in him and in all those he loved, and that the Lord's work might go forward. The journey to the city was accomplished safely and he seemed none the worse for it, but a week later he passed suddenly and peacefully away, on Tenth month 3d, 1904.

The emphatic lesson of such a life seems to be that a heart perfectly yielded to Him who has saved us is not daunted or overcome by difficulties or hindrances, but by divine grace these can be used as stepping stones to further knowledge of the power and grace of Christ Jesus our Lord and to greater ability to fulfill His service. The promises are to "Him that overcometh," and the assurance that the apostle Paul gives us, that in all kinds of difficult environment we shall be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us," was abundantly realized in the life and work of our dear friend.

*Meeting then concluded
Howard M. Hyde Clerk*