

MEMOIR

OF

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, BART.,

M.D., D.C.L., &c., &c.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

FUNERAL AND THE FUNERAL SERMONS.

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MEMOIR.

From Daily Review of 7th May, 1870.

A VERY great man and a very noble man has passed away from among us before the usually allotted time of years. Sir James Simpson is dead. He has followed his Divine Master so long, so diligently, and so fearlessly, that it seems quite natural that his Master should have said, "Arise and follow me;" and also "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet to us, who are left, there is only mourning. There is no class in the whole community of whom it may not be said, "And they wept, knowing that they should see his face no more."

A figure will be missed from the streets of Edinburgh such as has not appeared in it since the remarkable one of Professor Wilson. In the most crowded thoroughfares, at the most busy time of the day, an idler would suddenly become aware of a presence, and looking up would see a short, thick-set man, whose eye he was forced to meet. A stranger figure than that of Sir James Simpson is not met twice in a man's lifetime: once seen he was never forgotten: one would have thought that the vigorous vitality of that frame would have carried him at least to threescore and ten; alas! Sir James Simpson has halted and gone to sleep twelve years short of the allotted period of man. He was born in 1811. He came to Edinburgh as a poor and nearly friendless student from his native town, Bathgate, giving one more of those noble examples of poverty and diligence which we were used to in the Middle Ages, but which seem now only seen in Scotland and in America.

He applied for a situation as village surgeon at Inverkip on the Clyde. His local influence not being sufficient, fortunately for science, he lost the appointment, and, according to his own

account, felt a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than he ever experienced at any other period of his life.

Aided by his elder brother, and by having gained the Macpherson Bursary, he was able to go on with his University studies, and take his degree. Shortly after graduation, he was elected President of the Royal Medical Society of this city, indicating even then the high estimate that had been formed of him by his contemporaries, the junior members of his profession. His graduation thesis had been sent to Professor Thomson, the famous pathologist, for examination, and he was so well pleased with it that he engaged Dr Simpson as his assistant. Eight years afterwards, he was elected Professor of Midwifery in the University. The Dean of Guild, Mr Law—now Lord Provost—and Mr M'Laren, M.P., helped him to win the election. It was objected by one of the patrons of the University that his election would be prejudicial to the interests of hotel-keepers and other city tradesmen, for it was not likely many strangers would be induced to visit Edinburgh for the purpose of getting his professional advice. In those days the fate of science was often swayed by such trivial considerations as the interests of hotel-keepers who might have influence with the Town Council, but, fortunately for the world, on that occasion these supposed interests did not prevail. In this case, the gloomy prediction of the civic prophet was singularly falsified by subsequent events. Probably no man ever attracted so many visitors to Edinburgh as Sir James Simpson. Invalids, of course, came in shoals. But the people who came to Edinburgh, attracted by the fame of Simpson, were not invalids alone. His house was the centre of attraction for men of science and letters from all parts of the world. Physicians, naturalists, antiquarians, and literati of all sorts and from all countries were to be met with daily at his table. His hospitality was simply princely—the poorest and humblest student of medicine and the titled and decorated savant, with whose praises Europe and America might be ringing, if they were lucky enough to have a letter of introduction, were sure of an invitation from the great Edinburgh physician, and might be seen sitting side by side at his hospitable board. Amidst the crowds of patients and visitors with which his house overflowed, Simpson moved with unaffected ease and gaiety. He knew

everything, and could talk about everything, from the last new novel to the last new discovery in any of the most severe of the severer sciences. No one ever complained of being neglected by him. How he managed it nobody ever could tell, but he had a word for every one, a jest for every one, a suggestion for every one—and the value of the suggestions of a man of such a restless, inventive, ingenious intellect as Simpson's was simply priceless. We say he never neglected any one, not even the stupidest, for, like most men of genius, he had the magic power of turning the merest intellectual dross into treasure of the most priceless value. He never talked to a fool even without getting something out of him; and the way he could extract a man's best ideas and most ingenious thoughts from him—the way in which he stored them up, and, perhaps, after long years, found use for them in a way the possessor of them never contemplated, was, as nearly as possible, miraculous. How he carried on his gigantic practice—his splendid and unaccountable scientific investigations—his antiquarian and literary studies and labours—how he kept up his professional, scientific, literary, and political reading—how he worked, wrote, and spoke, and took part in every philanthropic and public movement that tended to advance and elevate humanity—has been a mystery to everybody. Perhaps it was because he never spent an absolutely idle moment in his life. If he had even five minutes to spare, he utilised it in some way or other. We have heard of a man who wrote a book in the intervals of time spent in waiting upon people. With Simpson this was literally the case. During the long and weary night watches, whilst waiting on the termination of some tedious case—long dreary hours of wasted time, of which every obstetrician has had ample and sad experience—Simpson was as busy as the busiest of his busy contemporaries during the day. In an adjoining room to that in which the suffering patient lay—often by her bedside, with her cries and groans ringing in his ears—he might be seen poring over a book; or, with pen in hand, composing one of his most famous medical, scientific, or literary essays. “Many of my most brilliant papers,” he once said to his students, “were composed at the bedside of my patients.” Yet he never neglected them. No matter how abstruse his studies might be, he was always on

the alert, and up in a moment on the advent of any trying emergency. Simpson had fewer failures and made fewer mistakes than most men, notwithstanding the distracting calls on his attention and his time. Simpson was a physician, so we need hardly say that his skill and his time and service were freely bestowed upon the poorest as well as the richest of his fellow-creatures. Though he could coin minutes into guineas, he had no hesitation in attending the very poorest patients.

This is not the place nor the time to present the public with an estimate of Simpson's position in the noble profession of which he was one of the noblest leaders. Long years hence, we believe, four great names will be remembered as those of the very *greatest* men who have ever devoted themselves to the practice of that mystic art, the high aim of which is to eradicate pain and suffering—cut short the course of disease, and lengthen life to its utmost limits. We believe these four names will be those of Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, and Simpson. Of Simpson's labours in investigating the diseases of women, we regret we are unable, in a daily newspaper, to give our readers any adequate idea. Comparing the subject as Simpson found it with what it became after he had worked at it, is like comparing a block of rough-hewn marble with the almost completely chiselled statue. The simplicity of his new methods of treating intractable diseases—the grand and sweeping generalisations at which his keen and rapid intellect would unexpectedly arrive—the fidelity with which he applied rigid scientific methods of research in trying to find out improvements in medical practice—the persevering way in which he strove to grope his way to new physiological or pathological laws, if he found existing ones too narrow to admit of his ideas, will ever make his works and his essays invaluable to the young savant ambitious of distinguishing himself in original research, as examples of the conscientious and careful, and profound yet simple, faithful way in which one of the most indefatigable and successful workers of the nineteenth century went about his great and arduous work. His are among the few modern works which are comparable to those of Hunter and the old masters of the art who lived and flourished in times long gone by—in the days when men put both body and soul, and life itself into their books. Simpson's method of discovering new remedies and new treat-

ments was always, in the first place, to ask himself, What does nature do in the rare cases when she herself effects a cure? Having found this out, he imitated nature as closely as possible. For instance, a certain most distressing and incurable symptom he succeeded in tracing to deficient uterine development. Nature, he argued, causes uterine development whenever she lodges a foreign body—the ovum—in that cavity. Let me, he said, lodge a foreign body in it, such as a metallic rod, and development will go on, and the incurable symptom will pass away. He did so, and was successful in this instance, as in a hundred others, by simply having first rigorously interrogated nature as to what the morbid state he had to relieve was; secondly, how nature would succeed in relieving herself; and then, thirdly, by imitating her processes. In this department of medicine and surgery Simpson did, perhaps, more good lasting work than has been, or is likely to be, done by any two or three of the greatest living obstetricians put together. Not that Simpson was a *specialist*—he was too great a man for that. He scorned the narrow-minded prejudice that would insist on a medical man who happens to have fallen into much surgical practice practising nothing but surgery, or an obstetrician practising nothing but obstetrics. Like Brodie, Hunter, and many others of the great chiefs of medicine, the ability, sense, shrewdness, and physiological learning that enabled him to achieve such renown as a specialist, marked him as a man whose opinion upon any disease whatever—or upon anything where physiological or pathological learning was of use—was sure to be of the very highest value. Perhaps, with the exception of Henderson, his old antagonist, there were few men so quick and accurate as Simpson in “Diagnosis,” or in finding out what was the matter with his patients. Certainly nobody ever excelled him in the ingenuity and simplicity and originality of his treatment, and no one surpassed him in the possession of that “swift competency” in sudden emergencies when the physician or surgeon has literally the issues of life and death depending on his skill, and would shrink pale and trembling from the thought of doing and daring what, under such circumstances, the terrible presence of swift approaching danger compels him both to do and dare. Simpson was a man who always held his head on—he was never put out. No matter

how unexpected or uncommon might be the complication of circumstances under which he was called to act, his unrivalled fertility of resource, his quick inventive and adaptive mind, enabled him to pull himself and his patient successfully through the most dangerous and appalling perils. We have spoken of his gigantic practice, and the indomitable energy with which he carried it on. We might allude to the fact that literally from the first moment of his life he was an obstetrician. The surgeon-accoucheur, who was to have been in attendance on the night Simpson was born, has marked in his case-book that on *that* occasion he "arrived too late." In recording our opinion of Simpson as a professional man, there are four great subjects with which his name will ever be identified—these are, the introduction of chloroform, the stamping out of zymotic disease, the introduction of acupressure, and hospital reform.

As to the introduction of anæsthetics into surgery and midwifery, many attempts have been made to deprive Simpson of his laurels as a discoverer. People even now say the idea is not a new one—that Simpson is not the originator of it. They are partly right. There is no new thing under the sun; and no great discovery ever *is* altogether new. Its roots lie deeply buried in the heaps of centuries of accumulated learning and observation. The idea of the possibility of temporarily annihilating pain was not Simpson's own. It is as old as science itself. Pain has so long been looked on by the world as something inevitable, that amidst all races of men, savage and civilized, the surgeon's knife was held to be the symbol of torture, and parturition the carrying out of a Divinely-inflicted curse. But great spirits always regard with doubt the gloomier destinies of humanity. Even in the earliest times physicians here and there arose who believed that they would yet be able to wrest from nature the priceless secret of controlling pain. Thousands of years before Simpson's days the Greek and Roman physicians used anæsthetic agents, the best of which was mandragora steeped in wine. Woa-thoo, a Chinese physician of the Wei dynasty, used Indian hemp as an anæsthetic in surgical operations so long ago as 230 years B.C. Baptista Porta, in the eighth book of his "Natural Magic," gives a receipt for a Pomum Somniferum of mandragora and opium, the smelling of which bound the eyes with the deepest sleep.

Why, even one of our own old poets, Middleton, in his tragedy of “Women beware Women” (1657), says—

“I’ll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who ere they show their art
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.”

But it was not till 1800 that the idea of producing anæsthesia by inhalation of an invisible vapour was first started by Davy. “Nitrous oxide” (or laughing gas), said he, “seems capable of destroying physical pain, and may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations.” The next great step to the grand discovery was when Dr Morton, a dentist in Boston, used æther as an anæsthetic. The Americans are fond of trying to prove that Simpson stole his great discovery of chloroform from them, and, as we are afraid the truth on this point is not so generally known as it ought to be, we must be permitted to state the real facts of the case. Æther is not chloroform, and for the introduction of æther Americans are fairly entitled to some credit. Morton tried to keep his discovery secret, and met with a just retribution. His attempt was unsuccessful, his patent was soon rendered useless by the discovery of chloroform, and like many another more honest inventor, he died in poverty, and without getting credit for his discovery. On the 8th of March 1847, Flourens read to the French Academy the results of his experiments on animals with chloroform, but said he did not think it could be used with safety in medical practice. The share Simpson had in the work will now appear. Mr Waldie, of the Liverpool Apothecaries’ Society, recommended chloric æther (a solution of chloroform in alcohol) to him. His words are:—“When in October last Dr Simpson introduced the subject to me, inquiring if I knew anything likely to answer, chloric æther was mentioned during conversation, and being well acquainted with the composition, volability, agreeable flavour, and medicinal properties of the chloroform, I recommended him *to try it*. He procured chloroform undiluted, *discovered* the effects of its vapour, and thus bound his name indissolubly with one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon man.” Aided by Dr Keith and Dr Duncan of this city, Simpson satisfied himself of the safety of using chloroform in medical practice by first personally experi-

menting themselves with it. The experiments were made on 28th November 1847. Drs Simpson, Keith, and Duncan sat each with a tumbler in hand, and in the tumbler a napkin. Chloroform was poured upon each napkin, and inhaled. Simpson, after a while, drowsy as he was, was roused by Dr Duncan snoring, and by Dr Keith kicking about in a far from graceful manner. He at once saw he must have been sent to sleep by the chloroform. He saw his friends still under its effects. In a word, he saw that the great discovery had been made, and that his labours had at last come to a successful end. With what contemptuous astonishment would any one ignorant of the mighty issues involved in the experiment have looked on the scene! How little would he have thought that at that moment one of the grandest of human discoveries had been made—one so far-reaching in its benefits and results that we hardly wonder at the physician who, when asked how chloroform was discovered, said it must have been by inspiration. Soon after it was used with complete success in annulling the pains of labour. On that day the labours of 2000 years of investigation culminated in Simpson's having the good fortune to demonstrate the possibility of banishing pain, and subjecting it to human control. A new era was inaugurated for woman, and science had at last succeeded in absolving her from the curse which was pronounced upon Eve—this indeed was the great objection raised to its use at the time. Some of the clergy rose in wrath, and denounced Simpson for interfering with the decrees of Providence with a virulence to us in these latter days utterly incomprehensible. But it is always so. Years before, Dr Rowley said "small-pox was heaven ordained," and cow-pox "a daring and profane violation of our holy religion." Winnowing machines were objected to because "winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind by efforts of his own." These men forgot that the first surgical operation on record was painless. It was performed on Adam, but not till the Lord had caused a deep sleep to fall upon him. Our own Chalmers had too much sense not to use his great influence in silencing this clamour. Pay no heed to the "small theologians," said he, when asked what reply should be given to the biblical objections to chloroform. Of its benefits, were we to speak of them, we might be suspected of partiality. Listen to the words

of a foreigner and an American—"In the hospitals of London and Edinburgh, 1400 serious operations are annually performed; add to these the operations that take place elsewhere, and the spirits sink beneath the weight of the mass of accumulated misery. Then draw the pen, as of the absolving angel, through the horrible total, and feel the world lighten as with the consciousness that as completely as you have cancelled the figures on your paper is the great and terrible fact erased from the Book of Life and the lot of mankind." What an amount of anguish has disappeared under its silent influence! The 1200 million human beings that inhabit this earth have each, on their entrance into the world, caused hours on hours of maternal anguish. The accumulated suffering this represents is of such magnitude that no human mind can realise its extent. It is this that is destined to pass away as the use of chloroform becomes general, and this seems likely soon to be the case. In Britain there are now a great many manufactories of chloroform. In Edinburgh alone there is one which makes two or three million doses a year—evidence, as Simpson said, of the "great extent to which practice is now carried of wrapping men and women and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence, and especially when our frail brother man is laid upon the operating table and subjected to the torture of the surgeon's knives and scalpels, his saws, and his cauteries."

As to acupressure, it has spread over the surgical world to a greater extent in ten years than did its predecessor, the ligature, in two centuries. The idea of stopping blood from cut arteries, by thrusting metallic needles under them, and compressing them against surrounding tissue or bone, was a brilliant one. It was much more easily and rapidly applied than the ligature. It did not cause so much local irritation. It did not strangle and kill the coats of the bleeding arteries, it rarely caused suppuration, and was never followed by surgical fever. The introduction of this method of restraining hæmorrhage would of itself have entitled Simpson to enrol his name beside those of the greatest surgeons who have ever lived.

It is some time since Simpson proposed to stamp out that class of diseases represented by measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, &c. They attack people only once. They are communicated

by direct or indirect contact with the sick or their surroundings. They are no more likely to rise *de novo* than a hawthorn or a pear tree. If we could once get rid of them, we would be rid of them for ever. As the poleaxe stamped out rinderpest, so absolute isolation of the sick, the surrounding them by attendants who were themselves non-conductors of the contagion, and the careful disinfection of their clothes and excretions would, in the opinion of Simpson, rid us of a class of diseases that cut off 60,000 people in these islands during the ten years from 1856 to 1866.

The last great public movement with which Simpson was connected was Hospital Reform. He argued that whilst only 1 in 180 patients who had even an arm amputated died in the country or in their homes, 1 in 30 died in hospitals. Further, the larger the hospital the greater the fatality of operations. Simpson's idea was, that the unit of a hospital was not the ward but the bed, and the ideal hospital would have every patient absolutely shut off from every other, so that the excretions, &c., of the unhealthy could not pollute or injure the healthy. The objection to the cottage system, which he advocated, was difficulty and expense in its administration; but his last suggestions, namely, that the staircases, &c., should all be *outside* the building, and that no one ward should have even the smallest chink of communication with another, are of the highest practical value, and if carried out will, it is expected, greatly mitigate the evil of hospitalism, and reduce the death-rate of those fatal palaces we call hospitals.

As an antiquarian and archæologist, Simpson held a high rank. During a severe illness he wrote his splendid work on the "Sculptured Stones of Scotland." His paper on the "Medical Officers of the Roman Army," his notices of "Old Leper Hospitals in Scotland;" "Ancient Roman Medical Stamps;" his notice of the "Cat Stane of Edinburgh;" his notes on "Magical Charm Stones and Cave Sculpturings in Fife," all exhibit the profoundest acquaintance with this fascinating subject, and a depth of scholarship and research for which few would have given him credit.

The grandeur of Simpson's life and labours, the incalculable loss we have suffered by his death, has almost made us forget to record the facts which mark the progress of his scientific career. The worldly honours attained by a great man shrink into insignificance when we are filled with lamentation for his

death. Simpson was more fortunate than most scientific men in not having the results of his work allowed to go unrewarded. In 1849 he was elected to the high office of President of the College of Physicians, and in 1852 President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh. In 1853 a higher honour than any he had yet received was conferred on him when he was made a Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Medicine. In 1856 the French Academy of Sciences awarded him the Montyon Prize of 2000 francs for introducing chloroform into medical practice. King Oscar, of Sweden, conferred upon him the knighthood of the Royal Order of St Olaf. In January 1866 he was created a baronet, and we well remember how soon the congratulations that then flowed in upon him were turned into condolence. The death of his son, Dr David Simpson, whose brilliant career was so lamentably cut short, cast a dark shadow over the lustre of the coronet he had won so hardly and deserved so well. The freedom of the city was presented to him on the 26th October 1869. He was a member of a host of learned societies, the names of which alone would tire us to repeat. Of one, the Antiquarian, he was president; and his inaugural address on his election to office will be remembered as one of the happiest and most eloquent of his efforts. These were his earthly honours; but their splendour pales when we think that, on whatever spot on earth a human being suffers, and is released from anguish by the application of those discoveries his genius has revealed to mankind, his name is remembered with gratitude, and associated with the noblest and greatest of those who, in all ages of the world, have devoted their lives and their genius to lightening and brightening the lot of humanity.

So we have given, to the best of our ability, the account of the great scientific work of this very great man. We now come to a phase of his life which must be deeply interesting to all people professing religion.

The career of Sir James Simpson furnished another illustration of the frequent combination of high intellectual and scientific eminence with sincere and devout piety. Our readers will recollect how beautifully Sir James described this twofold aspect of the character of the late Sir David Brewster; it was not less conspicuous in his own case. An erroneous impression

has prevailed in Edinburgh society as to the period when religious principle became the ruling power of his life. For many years before he became prominent as a Christian man at meetings of an evangelistic and devotional character, he had been a true disciple of Christ, but he refrained from speaking freely of his own spiritual experience until he had something of that assured faith which enabled him to testify of that which he thoroughly knew and felt. As soon as his religious life reached this stage, all reserve was at an end. He was not ashamed of the Gospel nor the cross of Christ. On all fitting occasions, he was ready to give a reason of the hope that was in him, and to commend to others, in public and in private, the salvation which was his own solace for life and for death. His religious addresses were remarkable for their freshness, directness, and fervour. Some of them were published by the London Religious Tract Society and otherwise, and have met with a large circulation. They could hardly be called prepared addresses; it was out of the abundance of his heart that his mouth spoke, and some of his finest utterances were given forth on the spur of the moment. Our readers, we believe, will be pleased to have a specimen of these extemporaneous addresses, which we are enabled to give from the notes taken by a hearer. When presiding at the last of the special religious services held in Queen Street Hall in the winter of 1861-62, he spoke as follows:—

“Perhaps Edinburgh is distinguished for few things more than for the number of its life assurance societies. We rejoice to see men in their worldly wisdom, not only in our city but throughout our country, every year, in larger and larger numbers, thus assuring their lives. But while we find this kind of sagacity and worldly wisdom carried out to a greater and greater extent, year after year, among the population, for the purpose of securing that when this body shall die their nearest relatives shall have a sum of money provided for them, why is it that so few ever dream of assuring their souls, though they have the conviction that these souls are as surely immortal as their bodies are mortal? They seem to have faith enough in their fellow-men to believe that the money for which they have insured shall be paid after their death. But, alas! many by their behaviour show that whilst they have faith in the words and promises of their fellow-men, they have apparently no faith in the words and promises of God their Creator, by taking no care or anxiety to assure their souls. Yet

even in point of worldly reward the world-wise would perhaps find that from this assurance priceless bonuses were given off in this life, in the mere peace and comfort of believing, while the certainty of salvation for ever, to those who thus laid up their treasures in heaven, was a result so wondrous that our sinful nature could never have dreamed of, and certainly never have attained it, but for Christ acting as our security and substitute. And the whole scheme is the more wondrous, seeing that no price requires to be paid by us for this soul assurance—for Christ paid fully and actually the whole premium for us upwards of 1800 years ago. Yes, Jesus died, and paid it all long, long ago. All we are asked for is—to believe in this transaction as stated to us in God's Word, and every man who does not thus believe God 'hath made Him a liar.'”

It would be a very great mistake, however, to suppose that the religious life of Sir James Simpson was of that kind which only appears in public or in society. This is not the place to tell what he was in his confidential intercourse with Christian friends. We can only say that his faith was of that simple, child-like, and cheerful kind, which is the best evidence, as it is the brightest ornament, of the Christian character. He delighted in the interchange of religious sentiment and experience with those whom he could admit to his confidence. His first thought, when he became conscious that his illness was unto death, was to send for his pastor, Mr Philip, of Free St John's, with whom he had much sweet and familiar converse upon subjects suggested by his critical situation. During the severe attack which preceded his last illness, he remarked that, in all his extensive intercourse with scientific men of all shades of religious belief and of none, he had never felt that anything they had to say could for a moment shake his simple faith in Christ. He was even then aware that his recovery was doubtful, and, in speaking of a possibly fatal issue, his principal reason for desiring life was that he had hoped, if it were God's will, that he might have been spared to do a little more service in the cause of hospital reform; all his plans and prospects were limited by this reference to the Divine will. On another occasion, in reply to a friend, he said—“If God takes me to-night, I feel I am resting on Christ with the simple faith of a child.” Even during the acute pain which accompanied his final illness at the first attack, he was not only resigned and

calm, but cheerful. Among his last utterances was in reply to a remark of his minister, who expressed the hope that he held a firm hold of Christ. "I am afraid," said Sir James, "that I cannot say that, but I think that I can touch the hem of His garment." We cannot better close what we have said about the religious character of Sir James Simpson than by quoting a few lines he wrote at Geneva three years ago, which will be read with interest at the present moment, as his own exhibition of the hopes which animated him in life and comforted him in the prospect of death:—

"Oft 'mid this world's ceaseless strife,
 When flesh and spirit fail me,
 I stop and think of another life,
 Where ills can ne'er assail me,—
 Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
 My heart shall cease its sorrow,
 And this dark night change for the light
 Of an everlasting morrow.

On earth below there's nought but woe,
 E'en mirth is gilded sadness;
 But in heaven above there's nought but love,
 With all its raptured gladness;
 There—till I come—waits me a home,
 All human dreams excelling,
 In which at last, when life is past,
 I'll find a regal dwelling.

Then shall be mine, through grace Divine,
 A rest that knows no ending,
 Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
 Though still with clay 'tis blending.
 And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
 Where a Father's love has found me,
 Oh! let me feel, through woe and weal,
 Thy guardian arm around me."

And so Sir James Simpson is dead, leaving a reputation behind him which will die when the heart of the nation is dead, and not before. To quote our own words, written in another place four years ago—"He is one who should make the most diligent of us blush for our idleness; the most correct of us for our untruthfulness; the most religious of us for our carelessness." He sought Christ, and he found Him. He lived with Him, and he sleeps with Him.

THE FUNERAL.

From the Daily Review of May 14, 1870.

YESTERDAY we laid in the grave the mortal remains of the most illustrious citizen of Edinburgh who has died within the last quarter of a century. As might be expected, the funeral was a public one. It could not well be otherwise in the case of one whose services to humanity made him a personal benefactor to every man, woman, and child amongst us. The general feeling was how little we could do to testify our profound respect for a man of such far-reaching genius as Sir James Simpson, or adequately express our sorrow for his death. The little we *could* do we did yesterday, when thousands and tens of thousands of us turned out to follow his coffin to the grave. The funeral procession, considered as a spectacle, was probably without a parallel in the world, because Edinburgh is perhaps the only city in the world where such a spectacle was possible. The concentration of her population on the ridge which was the key to Scotland in a military sense in old historical times, has gathered up the people into a small compass. This is the reason why the people of Edinburgh are more familiar and neighbourly with their great men—why they feel the death of one of their illustrious fellow-citizens much more in the light of a personal loss than do the more scattered inhabitants of other cities. Yesterday all, or almost all, that population turned out to follow to his grave the man who for nearly a quarter of a century has been the most conspicuous and best known of all our great men in Edinburgh, and whose genius and splendid services to science and to mankind have shed upon our city the lustre of undying renown. From Queen Street to Warriston Cemetery, the whole of the magnificent domestic architecture of Edinburgh was covered with

faces earnestly and eagerly watching the great procession. From the highest to the lowest—from the youngest to the oldest—everybody turned out to pay the last tribute of respect to Sir James Simpson. From first to last the proceedings were conducted in a most orderly and splendid manner. The people of London, having read their Sir Walter Scott, talk to us about the “Edinburgh mob,” as though they were still the same set of bloodthirsty savages that hounded down the wretched Porteus to his not altogether ill-merited doom. They should see the Edinburgh mob on a great occasion such as yesterday, when the stormier passions of our nature are kept at rest by the overawing influence of a great solemnity such as the death and burial of a man like Simpson. If they did, they would talk differently. Yesterday the populace of Edinburgh behaved in a way simply magnificent to behold. From one end of the long procession to the other, not one of those (and they numbered thousands) who marched after the Great Dead—not one face in the procession—not one face amongst those of the on-lookers—showed signs of unbecoming or irreverent levity. We must emphatically say, the behaviour of the Edinburgh populace is more gentle, more dignified, more kindly, than that of any crowd of people we have ever seen in any city in Europe.

Never since the day that saw Dr Chalmers laid in the grave has there been anything approaching to the spectacle of yesterday. The funeral of Sir James Simpson had excited an interest that brought people from all parts of the country—from as far north as Aberdeen and Inverness shires to the southernmost counties of Scotland, and several of the northern counties of England—to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased baronet. The interest the citizens of Edinburgh took in the mournful ceremony was apparent for hours before the time fixed for the removal of the body. Shortly after mid-day, from all parts of the city and from many places beyond it, people of all ages and positions in life flocked in the direction of Queen Street, in order either to join or witness the funeral procession. By one o'clock the crowd in Queen Street and the vicinity was fast increasing; the deputations from the various bodies to be represented in the procession came in gradually, and by half-past one o'clock the western portion of Queen Street had become

all but impassable. The police arrangements, which were of the most effective description, prevented anything like confusion; and as each representative body made its appearance, and naturally pressed its way as near as possible to the residence of the deceased, it was immediately taken in charge of and put into its proper position.

Free St Luke's Church was made the meeting-place of the general public—that is, those not connected with any of the bodies represented, or who had not received special invitations. By half-past one o'clock the church was densely crowded, the lower portion being filled by gentlemen dressed for the funeral, while the galleries were occupied by ladies and by gentlemen who were not to take part in the procession. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, who appeared in their official robes, took up their position around the pulpit. The Rev. Mr Moody-Stuart, who officiated, read a portion of Scripture, and afterwards offered up prayer, which concluded the service. In the Hall of the Royal College of Physicians, in which the members had assembled, divine service was conducted by the Rev. Thomas Main, of Free St Mary's Church. Before these services had concluded, the relatives and friends of the late baronet had assembled at the family residence. Many of the leading gentlemen of the city, who had been invited, were unable to be present, having joined the deputations representing the bodies to which they belonged; but amongst those who gathered in the house were Lord Binning, the Hon. Waldegrave Leslie, Sir George Warrender, Rev. Professor Stevenson, Rev. Professor Duns, Rev. Dr Hanna, Rev. Mr Philip (Free St John's), Rev. Mr Morgan (Fountainbridge), Rev. Mr Fairbairn (Newhaven), Rev. Mr Stewart (Killin), Rev. Mr Cazenove, Rev. Mr Faithfull, Professor Allen Thomson, Professor Laycock, Professor Pirrie, Dr Warburton Begbie, Dr Charles Bell, Dr George Bell, Mr Benjamin Bell, Dr A. Montgomerie Bell, Dr Priestly (London), Dr J. Watt Black, Dr Skinner (Liverpool), Dr Petrie (Liverpool), Dr Carmichael, Dr James Carmichael, Dr Munro, Mr Lawson Tait, Dr Cheine, Dr A. Miller, Dr Bryce, Dr Sanderson (Musselburgh), Dr Pattison, Dr Keiller, Dr Coghill, Dr George Keith, Dr Scott (Dumfries), Dr Arthur Mitchell, Dr Skae, Dr Lyell (Newburgh), Dr Handyside, Dr Sidey, Dr P. Young, Sheriff Campbell, Sheriff Cleghorn, Mr

John Steell, R.S.A., Mr Drummond, R.S.A., Mr Brodie, R.S.A., Archibald H. Bryce, LL.D., Mr Flockhart, Mr John Blyth, Mr Brown Douglas, Mr James Grant, Mr Alexander Rogers, Mr William Dickson, Mr William Chambers (Glenormiston), Mr Jenkinson, Mr M. Montgomerie Bell, W.S., Mr Thomas Stone, Mr Clark (Lochmaben), Mr Anderson (Glasgow), &c. In the drawing-room, the services were conducted by the Rev. Dr Hanna and by the Rev. Mr Philip of Free St John's; while in the saloon, Professor Stevenson and the Rev. Mr Fairbairn, Newhaven, officiated.

Before the hour appointed for the starting of the procession, the funeral car, a novelty in its way in Scotland, was drawn up in front of the house. The car, which had been designed and specially constructed for the occasion, was one after the French style, was about twelve feet long and six and a-half feet broad, and its floor, on which the coffin was placed, was four and a-half feet from the ground, and height, including the plumes, being about fifteen feet. From corners of the floor rose black ornamental pillars supporting a canopy hung with drapery and tassels. The drapery had the appearance of three separate panels at either side and one at either end. The interior of the canopy was of dome shape, and it was surmounted by fifteen splendid plumes, furnished, we believe, at a cost of about £200. The lower portion of the car surrounding the floor was also hung in drapery of rich black cloth, with tassels also representing panels. The car—which, taken altogether, was of the most superb description—differed greatly from the hearses generally in use, inasmuch as it was a great improvement in point of style, and gave a full view of the coffin to the spectators along the route. The car was drawn by six black Belgian horses from Mr Croall's establishment. The postilions who mounted them wore the regular funeral costume of white riding breeches, with black caps and jackets. At the side of each horse was a baton man in mourning dress, wearing black silk sashes, and each of them carried a gilded baton.

At two o'clock the difficult task of arranging the funeral procession had not been completed, but through the energy and good management of Mr Marwick, the city clerk, whose efforts were ably seconded by Mr Linton, the superintendent, Inspector Sharp, and the other chief officers of police, the

representative bodies were soon afterwards placed in the order of the programme previously issued, and drawn up in position. The first who took up their position in front of the car were the Senatus and office-bearers of the University, headed by Principal Sir Alex. Grant, all of them wearing their academic costume. They were soon joined by the members of the Royal College of Physicians, similarly attired, and the members of the Royal College of Surgeons. The High Constables mustered strongly on the occasion, numbering about 110, under the direction of the Moderator, Mr Andrew Robertson. The Free Presbytery of Edinburgh was largely represented, there being upwards of 50 of the members present, and the front rank included Dr Begg, Mr Moody-Stuart, and Colonel Davidson. Forty gentlemen belonging to the kirk-session and deacons' court of Free St John's, of which Sir James was a member, attended. A special feature in the proceedings at the assembling of the procession was the appearance of the United Presbyterian Synod, which, suspending business for the time, presented itself in a body, numbering no fewer than 210. The Granton Literary Association, of which Sir James was President, sent 32 members, and the general public who joined the procession numbered 256. The only body that seemed to have broken through the original programme was the University students, of whom 168 were present. They did not seem to care about being placed in the very front of the procession—though certainly no slight could thereby have been meant by the gentlemen who arranged the programme; and therefore, as we understand, they resolved amongst themselves to demand a better position. The result was that, instead of being placed between the "police" and the "public," they obtained a position between the Obstetrical Society and the gentlemen representing the College of Surgeons. The procession, as finally arranged, and as it started from the residence of the deceased, was as follows:—

Police.

The Public

(who assembled in Mr Moody-Stuart's Church).

Granton Literary Association.

Philosophical Institution.

The Chamber of Commerce.

The Merchant Company.

Solicitors before the Supreme Courts.

Writers to the Signet.

Advocates.

Kirk-Session and Deacons of Free St John's Church.

United Presbyterian Synod.

Free Church Presbytery.

Established Presbytery.

Rector and Masters of High School.

Principal and Professors of Veterinary College.

Edinburgh Geological Society.

Botanical Society.

Society of Arts.

Society of Antiquaries.

Royal Scottish Academy.

Royal Society.

Royal Medical Society.

Pharmaceutical Society.

Medico-Chirurgical Society.

Obstetrical Society.

Students.

College of Surgeons.

College of Physicians.

Senatus and Office-Bearers of the University

The Funeral Car.

The Deceased's Carriage.

Relatives and Friends.

Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council.

Office-Bearers of High Constables.

Town Council of Leith.

Town Council of Portobello.

Town Council of Bathgate.

The General Body of High Constables.

Directors of Briton Medical Assurance Society.

Mourning Coaches and Private Carriages.

The total number in the procession was nearly 1700, and though it was scarcely possible to ascertain accurately the numbers representing the various bodies; and so far as we have learned we may give the following as nearly correct:—The public, 256; Granton Literary Association, 32; Philosophical Institution, 24; Chamber of Commerce, 50; Merchant Company, 76; Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, 36; Writers to the Signet, 28; Advocates, 20; Kirk-Session and Deacons of Free St John's Church, 40; United Presbyterian Synod, 210; Free Church Presbytery, 52; Established Presbytery, 24; Edinburgh Geological Society, 16; Society of Arts, 36;

Society of Antiquaries, 28; Royal Scottish Academy, 20; Royal Society, 20; Students, 168; College of Surgeons, 32; College of Physicians, 36; Senatus and Officers of University, 25; Relatives and Friends of the Deceased, 80; Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, 40; Town Councils of Leith, Portobello, and Bathgate, 40; and the General Body of High Constables, 110.

About a quarter to three o'clock, and fully half-an-hour after the coffin had been placed on the funeral car, the arrangements were thoroughly completed, and on a given signal the large procession was put in motion. Before the car, which was placed about the middle of the long procession, had left the deceased's house in Queen Street the front part of the *cortege* had entered Dundas Street. All along the route from Queen Street to the road leading to the cemetery there was an immense concourse of spectators, such as has certainly never before been seen on a similar occasion in Scotland. In Queen Street the crowd was such that there was scarcely room left for the procession to pass along, and at every point where a view of the *cortege* was likely to be obtained there hundreds massed together, eager to obtain a glimpse, and awaited it with quiet and eager anxiety. Perhaps the best view that could be obtained was that from the bottom of Pitt Street, as nearly the whole procession, as it wended its way down the steep incline, lined on either side by a dense crowd of spectators, was seen to the greatest advantage. The weather, which was warm and bright, had, of course, a great effect in inducing many to come out on the occasion; but an observing eye could not fail to discover that there were many hundreds amongst the onlookers who would not have been there but for the respect they cherished for the memory of Simpson. An experienced medical practitioner was able to recognise in some of the groups that were congregated at street corners many grateful patients of the now deceased physician; and there were cases in which aged and feeble people, who in years past had benefited by his skill, came out to lift their hats as the *cortege* passed, and pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. As the procession passed along, it was witnessed by groups that filled almost every window and balcony on either side of the streets, and, in many cases, where no spectators occupied the windows the blinds

were closely drawn. At the junctions of other streets with Dundas and Pitt Streets, there were scores of cabs, omnibuses, &c., crowded with spectators, and even on the housetops many persons had taken their places, that they might obtain a good view of the funeral. At Brandon Street, the children of the Original Ragged School and the Dean Bank Institution were drawn up in front of the spectators. Along Inverleith Row the crowd was less dense, but one side was almost entirely lined with cabs and private carriages, and almost every dwelling-house window had its occupants. From the road leading from Inverleith Row to the cemetery the crowd was excluded. On reaching the cemetery gate the front part of the procession opened up, occupying each side of the road for a considerable distance from the entrance. The Senatus and the members of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons preceded the funeral car into the cemetery. The pall-bearers, who had been selected from amongst the most intimate friends of deceased, were Mr Pender, of Minard, Dr John Moir, Mr Jas. Drummond, R.S.A., and Dr Andrew Wood. After entering by the north gate and turning to the left the procession soon reached the family burying-ground, which lies on a slope immediately south of the terrace on which the chapel is situated. The coffin was lifted from the car by eight workmen, and placed on the rests over the grave. Before the great body of the procession had time to enter the cemetery the last part of the solemn ceremonial had taken place. The coffin was lowered into the grave by the following relatives:—Sir Walter G. Simpson, Mr William Simpson, and Mr Alexander M. R. Simpson, sons of the deceased; Mr Alexander Simpson, brother; Mr David Simpson, Dr Alexander R. Simpson, Mr John Simpson, and Mr Robert R. Simpson, W.S., nephews. During the lowering of the coffin, the various deputations took up the stations allotted to them. The spectacle was one of the most solemn and impressive description.

The body was enclosed in two coffins, the inner one being of lead, the interior being furnished with hair mattress, pillow, and cushions, covered with white silk tufted. The outer coffin, of extra strong wood, was covered with black French silk velvet, edged with conical nails, and the panels, of which there were three on each side and one on each end, were formed of French gilt nails. In the centre of each panel were gilt plates, with

brass plate handles, and black silk ropes and tassels. On the coffin lid was a massive solid brass plate, on which was engraved the following:—"Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart. Died May 6, 1870, aged 58 years." The name of the deceased was in old English letter. On the lid was a wreath of immortelles.

After the lowering of the coffin into the grave, a mattress was placed on the top of it. The grave was then filled up, after which the crowd slowly dispersed. Immediately afterwards, a number of ladies, who had witnessed the ceremony, cast wreaths of flowers upon the grave.

The spot in which the remains of the late Sir James Simpson have been deposited is marked by a monument erected to the memory of Maggie Grindlay Simpson, Mary Catherine Simpson, James Simpson, David James Simpson, and Jessie Simpson, children of the late Sir James. It is worthy of note, that notwithstanding the great concourse of spectators, the number being calculated at from 80,000 to 100,000, the utmost order and decorum were observed, a quiet solemnity pervading the whole proceedings. An idea of the length of the procession may be gathered from the fact that, although it consisted of persons in ranks four deep, who closely followed each other, it took upwards of 33 minutes for it to pass a certain point. There was not throughout the whole of the arrangements the slightest hitch, and this reflected the utmost credit upon Mr Scrymgeour, of George Street, the undertaker, and on Mr Croall, by whom the mourning coaches were supplied, and who assisted in superintending the proceedings.

During the afternoon the bells of several of the city churches were tolled, and in most of the public offices business was suspended. Most of the shops in the New and many in the Old Town were closed during the funeral.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

From Daily Review of May 16, 1870.

YESTERDAY, in several of the churches in the city special reference was made during the services to the late Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart. In Free St John's Church, of which the deceased baronet was a member, special funeral sermons were delivered—in the forenoon, by the Rev. Mr Philip, the pastor of the congregation; and in the afternoon, by the Rev. Dr Duns, an old and intimate friend of Sir James. On each occasion the church was crowded. The members of the kirk-session and of the deacons' court appeared in deep mourning, in token of their respect for the memory of their illustrious fellow-member. During the delivery of each discourse many members of the congregation—who entertained towards Sir James feelings of the most affectionate regard—were much affected.

The Rev. Mr PHILIP, who preached in the forenoon a sermon peculiarly impressive and suitable to the melancholy occasion, took for his text the passage in 1st Thessalonians iv., 13 to 18, the subject being—"The Present and Future State of the Blessed Dead." The conclusion of the discourse was as follows:—

"I need scarcely say that I have been led to direct attention to the subject before us through the loss which the city, the land, and the world have so recently sustained. But two days ago, tens of thousands, in honest and deep sympathetic demonstration, flocked together in our streets to witness a vast procession of mourners, slowly and silently wending its way to

bury, with royal honours, a man whose name will be held in everlasting remembrance. As Sir James Simpson has been for many years a member of this congregation, it is fitting that we should spread a few fragrant flowers on his honoured grave. It is not for me to refer at any length to the splendid genius which God originally kindled, and which an untiring energy—a sleepless industry—an indomitable persistence so nobly fed and fanned. With wondrous ease and swiftness he climbed the ladder of fame and honour, till it has become a difficult task even to count the golden steps. Had he achieved but one of several brilliant triumphs, it would have served to render his name immortal. It is the happy privilege of medical science directly to contribute to subdue the pain in which ‘the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now.’ Through his noble contribution, her conquests have been vastly extended, and the woes of suffering humanity immeasurably lightened. To a nature like his, success of this kind was peculiarly gratifying. Discoveries, however brilliant, if barren of beneficent results, would have wanted half their interest. ‘To do good and to communicate, he forgot not.’ It was his life work. Every discovery, therefore, which enlarged the field of benevolence, became invested to him with a special charm. The successes with which his labours were crowned served only to stir ambitious fires. Every new attainment became a loftier eminence, whence he could descry the ever-widening horizon of truth and love, and with wistful heart look out into the great eternity beyond, where to ransomed man ‘that which is perfect shall become, and that which is in part shall be done away’—where ‘there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away’ for ever. But the grandest of all his discoveries remains to be told. It was the discovery of the love of God to him in Christ Jesus. Taught and trained in the Father’s school of affliction, he was now ‘comprehending with all saints what is the breadth and length, the depth and height, and knowing the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.’ At the present day no testimony is more valuable than that which flows from the lips of princes in science to the necessity of personal conversion, and to the consciousness of its personal experience. On both these points

he uttered no uncertain sound. With much humility, but unhesitating confidence, in public and in private, his testimony was that of the apostle—‘I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.’ Amid the cares, anxieties, and troubles of an overdriven life, the reality of this testimony had been tried and tested. The time was approaching when it was to pass through the last and greatest ordeal. He who had so long spread the couch of rest for others must now himself encounter the King of Terrors. The thought of death was neither strange nor alarming. With what sad, yet joyful interest, one now reads the lines which I understand he wrote three years ago at Geneva! For some time the stalwart frame had been giving indications that the heavy and constant strain to which it was subjected was greater than it could bear. As he entered the dark valley he found that he was not alone. One was there—unseen, unheard—but of whose presence there was a deep consciousness—One who, through His own death has abolished death to them that believe in Him. Clinging to Him, he feared no evil,—‘His rod and His staff, they comforted him.’ At the first fatal onset I had the privilege of seeing him. He knew that death might come at any time. He spoke of it without fear. His countenance was radiant—his soul was in perfect peace. Not a word was uttered about what God had done by him in a long life of usefulness. All was for what God had done for him through Christ Jesus. Nothing struck me more than the child-like simplicity of his faith in Christ. No doubts as to his acceptance in the Beloved clouded his mind. Quoting the passage, ‘Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish,’ he twice repeated both the words, ‘Whosoever’ and ‘shall not perish,’ laying great emphasis on them. Some days after, when he recovered for a short time, he said to me that he believed his recovery was in answer to prayer, and spoke in the most decided way as to the power and prevalency of it. The relief was of short duration. The next time I saw him he was worse, but there was the same happy countenance, the same unclouded peace. His eye kindled as we spoke of ‘the body of our humiliation being fashioned like Christ’s body of glory.’ It was not long before unconsciousness supervened, and the spirit gently returned to God who gave it. He has passed away

in the bright afternoon of life. ‘Those that look out of the windows were not darkened, the daughters of music had not been brought low, the almond tree had not begun to flourish,’ when ‘the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the pitcher was broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern.’ But a moment remains to gather up the lessons which this illustrious life so impressively teaches. I glance at one. What is man at his best estate without Christ? There was genius, learning, industry, success, rank, influence, worth—a constellation of glories—and yet what would they all have come to apart from personal communion with the Lamb of God? Without that communion the most brilliant life is but a flaming meteor darting athwart the sky to lose itself in the blackness of darkness. With that communion established and maintained, the humblest life becomes sublime—the grandest life is clothed with immortality—funeral processions are turned into triumphal marches—and the emancipated spirit is an everlasting jewel in Christ’s resplendent diadem.”

Dr DUNS chose as his text Acts xvii. 18, “Jesus and the Resurrection,” from which he preached a sermon of a most touching description, which throughout was appropriate to the mournful occasion, and secured the breathless attention of his auditory, many of whom were visibly affected. In closing his discourse, the rev. doctor said,—

“These words, ‘Jesus and the Resurrection,’ the surface meaning of which I have tried to set in personal practical relations, form a fit heading to the brief notice of the spiritual life and work of him whose loss to earth, not Scotland only, but the civilised world mourns. It was with the greatest reluctance I yielded to earnest entreaties to take part in this day’s services. The difficulty of the occasion is deeply felt. When love fills the heart and guides the hand, it is not easy to avoid forms of expression which to some may seem exaggerated. While to keep back what ought to be spoken, or so to speak as to underrate great gifts and outstanding graces, is to refuse to acknowledge fully in these the grace, the truth, and the love of our Heavenly Father. I am alive also to the unseemliness of mere eulogy spoken from the pulpit, even were it spoken on the best and noblest of the sons of men. Here, in a deeper and more

tender sense than universal Lordship, Christ is all. Had Sir James Simpson lived till the 7th of next month, he would have been fifty-nine years of age. He has fallen in his prime. Yet what a vast amount of work was crowded into that short life! He lived in deeds, not years. The life of most of us has been idling compared with his.

“I wish at present to limit my remarks to the religious aspects of his character, touching on other features only as they give relief to these. What first struck those who knew him best was the completeness and rounded massiveness of his intellect—the most Shakspearian, as I might say, of any intellect in modern times. This was so early indicated that even when an undergraduate, his compeers—many of whom were then giving full promise of the high positions they were destined to fill—regarded him, not indeed as a dungeon of learning, but as a kind of walking cyclopædia, a living book of all kinds of exact and well-ordered knowledge, on whose stores they might draw at pleasure. When, after spending some time in France, he gave himself in earnest to his profession, he brought so many fresh treasures from literature and from related branches of science, to the exposition and illustration of its purely technical aspects, as soon to draw towards him the notice of the most eminent medical men of Europe. This completeness very soon became manifest in his religious character. By dealings of God with him, too tender to be more than hinted at here, and by leadings which bore marks at every step of the guiding care and love and sovereign grace of our Shepherd Lord, he came to have full experience of the power and preciousness of this word—‘As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe in His name, which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.’ His life was now hid with Christ in God, and the rapid development of that life, roundedly and massively, often made us wonder. As in his worldly knowledge you could take the two branches, medicine and archæology, in which he was minutely, broadly, and profoundly conversant, and group between these his varied scholarship, his love of art, his attainments in literature, his knowledge of politics, and his exact acquaintance in several branches of science; so now you

could take the words, 'Jesus and the Resurrection,' as indicating the prominent features of his religious knowledge, lying between which you saw child-like trust in the blood that cleanseth from all sin, in the righteousness which fits for fellowship with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and in the nearness of Christ to the Father for us, that we who had been put far off by our sins, might, in Him, be a people near to God. Experience was thus a kind of spiritual arch whose keystone is the person of Christ as veritable and essential God; the doctrine of Jesus or saviourship, suretyship, substitution, and sacrifice the one side of the arch, and the doctrine of the resurrection, or elevation to new hopes for the body as well as the soul, the consciousness of the indwelling Spirit leading into peace, begetting longings after purity, and making the heart at home with the reality of the unseen and eternal, formed the other side of the arch, and both rested in harmony on the keystone. The last time I saw Sir James, when he knew that he was dying, he said, 'It has happily come to this. I am a sinner needing a Saviour, and Jesus is the Saviour I need.' Then as to resurrection he referred to a passage in a book of mine. (Forgive this personal allusion.) A paragraph on the Creatorship of Christ concludes thus, in regard to the physical history of the world and the relations between animal life and vegetation—'These, all minutest and greatest, were the workmanship of Him whose hands on Calvary were nailed to the transom of the Roman cross.' 'This has been great strength and comfort to me,' said he. 'He will care for my poor body now, and when taken down He will raise it at the resurrection.' With this hope his body has been committed to the earth in a spot of great beauty. The city is full in view. Hoary St Giles, round which the noblest memories of Scotland linger, raises its tower to the sky. The Calton Hill, with its monuments to men, none greater or worthier than he, lies in sight. In the distance the Pentlands, and, nearer, Arthur Seat, all so intimately associated with Scottish science and Scottish thought. A place now for pilgrims.

"In speaking of his life as a witness for Christ, there is no attempt to set before you a faultless character. I have reason to know that his conversion was not of that sudden kind, for many of which the Church has recently had cause to thank

God, where you see one side of man's life marked by a line of deeply and sharply-defined moral darkness, and the other after the Spirit's work, lying in an unusually brilliant light. He had long been inquiring, and when he did, heart and soul, throw himself into the work of Christ, many of the elements which marked that twilight state clung to him still, as they do to all, and on these men of the world readily fastened. Now, why the ever-open fountain and the ever-present Spirit but because of these? They are not with him now; what he has taken with him is what we loved to dwell on while he was here.

‘For, of constraint,
Good, inasmuch as we perceive the good
Kindles our love; and in degree the more,
As it comprises more of goodness in't.’

During that twilight time of which I speak, he consented, at my earnest entreaty, to lay the foundation-stone of the Free Church at Armadale, a mining village near his birthplace. It appeared to me even then that he knew the truth. None who witnessed the scene, and listened to the impressive tones of that soft silvery voice, can ever forget the occasion. The marks of mining enterprise were all around him, under his eye hundreds of upturned, earnest faces of hard-working men; many tears on cheeks unwont to weep; and his native Bathgate Limestone Hills lying in rounded beauty in the distance,—as he talked of the hard but noble struggle which falls to the lot of working men, of their need of a Saviour free to each, and pointed with upturned finger to Heaven, the portion of all who love God.

“In every-day matters he could not help being a leader. Most men assigned him the place. Only in one instance some failed to see it; but what a comment on this was the mighty gathering forty-eight hours since,—Scotland mourning the loss of one of her greatest sons, Edinburgh one of her noblest citizens. The occasion of his self-dedication to the public work of Christ was of the most touching kind. The body of his name-son James was about to be carried to its last resting-place. The room in which it lay was half-darkened. I had the privilege of being present, and cannot forget the tones of the bereaved father's voice, as, kneeling by the coffin, he gave

himself up to the work of Christ. The child's favourite cry had been, 'How glorious to be allowed to work for Christ.' And his father's words were—'Yes, dear Jesus, Jamie's God and ours, we will speak for thee.'

'They kissed his hand once more, and the white blossom
That lay within it. Then prayed the father:
"We praise thee, Lord, for Jamie, safe arrived
Within the many mansions! May we all—
May parents, uncles, brothers, sisters, aunt,
And cousins, now met here, henceforward have
Dear Jamie's motto written on our hearts
By God's own finger—ne'er to be effaced,
And *speak for Jesus* wheresoe'er we go."'

The resolve wrapt in this strong utterance had a wide fulfilment. He had learned much in the darkness, and now he hastened to speak it in the light. You have in this incident the key to his after-life—a life of the most wonderful energy and activity as a true Christian man, and the foremost of scientific physicians. God had given him ten talents, but he used them with a promptness, energy, and humility, met with in those alone who believe they have only one. This energy and activity threw themselves into the use of all his gifts. Reference has been made to his child-like trust in Christ; but I might also very fully illustrate the deep interest he took in the leading questions of the day, especially such as bear on the leading relations of science to Christian thought, with his views of which I am most intimately acquainted. But this poor record must be brought to a close. No doubt, however, one more worthy of him and of his many-sided attainments and work will be prepared, that the generations to come may not only enjoy the fruits of his skill, but have a faithful portrait of him ever before them.

"We cannot hope to see his like again. He was a man of true genius, of great attainments in literature and science, and of most devoted and large-hearted philanthropy. He was fast in his friendships, chivalrous in his attachments, generous in controversy, in which he sought rather to convince than to confute, and ever a lover of good men. In that branch of a noble profession, in which even highest skill fails if it be not exercised along with gentleness, tact, taste, and moral sensi-

tiveness, he was distinguished by an almost maidenly delicacy, which drew to him the love and trust of the most refined. In fame world-wide, he was yet a humble Christian, who worked with unwearied zeal for his Master while in health; and who, when the shadows were lengthening, when the night was closing around him, and his day's work was done, fell gently asleep in Jesus, whom he loved and served, awakening amidst the unveiled truth and love and light and eternal beauty which lie on the other side of death and the grave. 'Whose faith follow, considering the end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'"

DR GRAY, of Lady Yester's, preached in the afternoon an eloquent discourse from 1st Cor. xiii. 12, on "Man's Intellectual Life in Heaven." Towards the close of his discourse, the Rev. Doctor said:—

"I have chosen this subject very much because of the death recently among us of a very remarkable man—I mean Sir James Simpson. Born in one of the quiet lanes of life, he pushed forward to its most fashionable squares. Doomed apparently to poverty, to ignorance, to obscurity, he rose to wealth, to wisdom, to fame. And how was this achieved? Partly by his natural genius and talents given to few, but partly also by his amazing energy, by his stubborn determination, by his indomitable will, by his far-reaching sagacity, by his persevering inquisitiveness, by his constant diligence. He gathered up the fragments of his time, so that while in his own profession he towered above all competitors, he plucked laurels also from other fields, and amazed his fellow-citizens and the world by the universality of his knowledge. How does this example rebuke our sloth? How should this example encourage every student to go forward perseveringly to whatsoever work is given him to do? But this intellectual greatness was not all that belonged to the distinguished man who has departed. He was benevolent, often to munificence. He was childlike and gentle, as many truly great men are. He was, as I know well, as ready to give his time and talent to the poorest who could offer nothing but their prayers and thanks in return as to the rich and noble who could give him hundreds of pounds for his fees. And though he was keen in con-

troversy, and even sometimes bitter in speech, he was never malignant or vindictive. One of the most touching incidents of his last illness was a message he sent to a brother professor, on whom also distress had laid his hand, whom he had offended by his bold freedom of speech, asking for forgiveness and friendliness of feeling. And I have reason to believe that the Christian and friendly tone of the answer that was sent him went to the dying professor's heart. Sir James Simpson was great, because he was not only wise but good. It is not for us here to dissect his inner or even his family life. But those who knew him best loved him most, and believed most firmly in his sincere piety, his affectionate nature, his unobtrusive goodness. I should have blamed myself, therefore, if I had not referred to him to-day—not only because the University, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, is situated in our parish, and some of his students worship with us here—but because of his great kindness to me and mine. As soon as he knew we meant to go to Rome, he asked us to his house to meet some friends who had been there, and to give us introductions to some who would be there. He had promised to come to our last annual soiree, but when it was held he was unable to attend. He was lying then, though he and we knew it not, on his death-bed. And all these obligations he conferred—were given graciously—as if in receiving them we had been conferring obligations upon him. He has been taken from among us before his time. Where is he now? Is his intellectual life at an end? Is he lying in the cemetery knowing not anything—all incapable of thought, feeling, and action? Or, knowing in part before he died, does he know more fully now? Is that which is in part done away? Is that which is perfect come? I believe it is so. Life is now to him a higher boon. The spirit light shines more brightly. Where he is there is scope for all his energies, wisdom for him to gain, and work for him to do. His faculties are enlarged. His sources of knowledge are increased. He has wakened from the sleep and dream of earth, and is greater and wiser, and better in death than he was in life. This is my sincere belief. Mysteries enough, even with the faith of immortality, there are within us and around us; but if we are only creatures of a day, if thought and feeling are but accidents of brain and spine,

if spirit is but matter in motion, and ceases to exist when the body ceases to move, then are we encompassed with a deeper than Egyptian gloom, victims of a worse than temporal death. But we believe in Jesus, the Divine Son of God. Therefore we know that though our earthly house, which is a tabernacle, were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Sir James was worthy of all honour, and we honoured him worthily after he was dead. I could not help thinking on his funeral day of the late Prince Consort—carped at in life, honoured in death. Ah! why this want of generous appreciation—this depreciating of living worth—this want of sympathy with greatness and success? Why will dear friends who are willing to sympathise with us in sorrow not heartily rejoice with us in joy? Let our's be the spirit of John the Baptist, as individuals, as a congregation, as members of the Church of Scotland. The Jews came to excite his jealousy against Jesus, saying, 'All men go to Him.' Ponder the reply,—'A man can receive nothing except it be given him from above. He must increase, I must decrease. This my joy, therefore, is fulfilled.' Let us acknowledge the existence of great gifts though they are not ours, and Heavenly graces though they do not belong to our personal friends, or ecclesiastical denomination, and let us acknowledge them before death steps in to take their possessor away. Kindly epithets to the living are worth more than flattering epitaphs to the dead."

An unusual amount of interest was exhibited in the services in the new Assembly Hall, in the conducting of which Sir James Simpson occasionally took a prominent part. For fully a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the opening of the service, the hall was densely crowded in every part; and many hundreds more were unable to obtain admittance. Dr Moir presided on the occasion. The Rev. Mr Morgan, Fountainbridge, officiated, and gave an address appropriate to the circumstances in which they had assembled. He said,—

"It is with extreme reluctance that I have consented to occupy this prominent position to-night. The solemn event is too recent, and the impression it has made on us all is too deep, to admit of calm and fully-weighed remarks. And yet,

it would be strange, indeed, if we did not try in some way to turn the solemn occasion to account. Our deepest, truest feelings have been moved, and a grand opportunity shall have been missed, if we fail to take advantage of the profound emotion that prevails. And especially, I think it is becoming, that in this place, and in connection with this work, some reference be made to one who had such deep interest in, and thorough sympathy with, the evangelistic efforts carried on here. Some such reference is necessary in vindication both of the work and the man. You all know that in his later years Sir James Simpson assumed a prominent place on the side of religion, and particularly that he identified himself with the work of awakening and reclaiming the heedless. It was into this line of things that his great generous nature instinctively impelled him. Frank and fearless, he yielded to this impulse, and at once lent the weight of his influence to the cause of Christ. It must have at times cost him much. Yet the ardour and enthusiasm that characterised him carried him past all that hindered. Considering the great value of his time, it was fine to see him presiding at meetings such as these. Those who heard his earnest words cannot easily forget that sweet beautiful voice. He ever continued to cherish the same interest in the work of God. He gave largely in support of it, and that often in the most unostentatious way. He was always interested—had always a word of counsel and cheer, and wished the work and the worker God-speed.

“He never regretted or repented the stand he had made. At the very close he regretted not having done more. As a true friend of the work of God, we must deeply mourn his loss, and yet must thank God for his decided testimony for Christ.

“Of his Christian life it becomes me to speak with reverence and reserve. My associations with him belong mostly to the last few weeks he lived; and there is something peculiarly sacred about a deathbed scene. There is much you cannot tell; and even when you may speak of it, you cannot convey to others an adequate impression of its solemnities. Still, there are some things which it is due to the great man’s memory should be recorded, as tending to bring to light the reality of his religion, and which may be memorable and salutary to us who are left behind him.

“The thing which impressed me most of all about him was his utter *frankness*. There was at the beginning of his illness much hesitation and unrest. When he came to feel that death was near, he went back over all the past. He got leisure—a new thing to him—to review a life-time, and, like many humble believers, he was not satisfied. The first day I visited him, he said—‘I am troubled—you know my life has been a very busy one, and I feel I might have done more for Christ. I wish now I had done more for Him.’ I reminded him that he must get away behind that aspect of it, and repose on the finished work of Christ for comfort. ‘Yes,’ he eagerly replied, ‘it just comes to that.’ And then, lifting his hand and pointing to a text on the wall of his room, he said—‘Look, it is all there—Believe . . . and thou *shalt, shalt*, be saved.’ I prayed with him, and was led to ask that he might be able to recline his weary head and full heart on Christ’s bosom, where John was wont to lean. He was greatly affected, and said, ‘Yes; I must try and remember that; I will try and lay my head where John put his—on His breast.’ When I saw him again, he said, ‘I have not been able to lay my head on His bosom—I feel myself too unworthy for that—I’ve been too great a sinner, but I think He is letting me touch the hem of His garment.’ Another day he had been much interested in a sermon by Mr Spurgeon, from the text, ‘Jesus only;’ and he asked if I could tell him the very simplest possible form or expression of a sinner’s creed. ‘I find,’ said he, ‘as if my memory would fail, and my mind grow weak, and I am not so able as I once was to think. I want the very shortest and simplest—will this do, ‘Jesus only?’ I do like it—‘Jesus only!’ And when the end of all drew near—the last night he lived—in reply to the question, if he were reposing on the Saviour? there came the one last word, faint, indeed, and seemingly far off, but sure—‘Yes,’—a word spoken back to us from almost the eternal shore, an echo from the other side of death’s valley, telling us that in the darkness and mystery of that hour, when consciousness was fast failing, Christ was near, and the great and good man was passing away in peace and hope.”

SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, BART.

BORN 1811. DIED 6th May 1870.

From the Daily Review of 14th May, 1870.

BEAR him aloft with banners proud,
 And let the plumes wave stately o'er him ;
 A hero rests in that coffin'd shroud,
 And ah ! how deep our hearts deplore him.

No statesman he, nor warrior bold,
 From fields of carnage, home returning,
 Besmear'd with blood, and rich in gold,
 From conquer'd cities sack'd and burning.

More glorious he in his funeral car
 Than Cæsar in his triumph swelling ;
 Since Peace is greater far than War,
 And Love than Hatred more excelling.

Then march him to his honour'd home,
 Through streets and squares and gardens wending,
 Give him a triumph as at Rome,
 With all the citizens attending.

He fought with foes of every form,
 Where poor men lie, and groan, and languish ;
 And took Death's citadel by storm,
 Subduing Fear and Pain and Anguish.

His life, as pure in deed as thought,
 To sleepless, studious toil was given,
 For others' good he hourly wrought ;
 And now he takes his rest in Heaven.

Of humble mind and lowly state,
Still with a grandeur all his own,
That never quail'd before the great,
Yet ever loyal to the throne.

Beneath yon Abbey's fretted aisle,
Where England's honour'd dead repose,
He well might rest from earthly toil ;
But claims of kindred interpose.

Then slowly, gently lay him down,
Till Mother Earth close softly round him.
Go : cease to weep ; the martyr's crown,
Above the immortal bays, has bound him.

A nobler spirit never fled
From earth : to know him was to love him ;
We leave him with his kindred dead,
And May shall dress the sod above him.

No sculptured stone need tell his fame,
Telling his short, impressive story ;
From heart to lip springs Simpson's name,
Whene'er we speak of Scotland's glory.

M.