

FROM HARBORNE TO HEAVEN.

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THE past month has been a sorrowful one for our comrade, Superintendent Wass, of Harborne, Birmingham. As he tearfully watched beside her bed on Sunday afternoon, the 3rd ult., his beloved wife, unexpectedly, but with a great peace in her heart, passed away to be with Jesus. Thus closed to earth a useful life, that for many years had been devoted to God and service in the Salvation Army.

"Unexpected" to her husband; but it would seem that Mrs. Wass had a premonition of her end, and, with wonderful calmness and collectiveness, prepared the following beautiful letter, to be read at the grave-side. Our space is limited, but we feel we must devote the most of it to a reproduction of this message, believing it will appeal to many hearts as from the Unseen World, and have a far-reaching effect for good.

"To be Read at my Funeral.

"A. Wass.

"I feel, I long to be able to look over the battlements of Glory and see somebody, yea, many, coming out from their sin and giving themselves up to God.

"Doubtless there are many here to-day that have come out of curiosity to see what an Army funeral is like, and perhaps as you are listening to my comrades urging upon you to prepare to meet God, you feel you ought to do so. Just now, perhaps, you feel you must, and yet there are many things coming into your mind which keep you back, and you think: 'Oh, well, I shall be all right when I get home. It is only seeing this one put under the clods that makes me feel thus.' Oh, my precious friends, how much longer do you intend trifling with the Spirit of God? As you hear 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' repeated over my body, you feel a shudder come over you, and you know the very words will one day, perhaps very soon, be read over you, but where will that price-less soul be? Will you be walking the streets of the New Jerusalem, as I am now? Will you be free from pain and care, as I am now? Will you be looking into the face of that dear, dear Saviour Who died for us, as I am now?

"Do not think, when you look down into this grave, that Mrs. Wass is there. No, no, look up; I am beyond the reach of death. You are only looking upon that poor earthly house which could no longer hold the happy spirit. Now I am just waiting with my redeemed comrades, up here, to

send up a shout that shall make heaven ring. Behold he, or she, prays.'

"Many of you standing here to-day will remember this time of your life. I know God speaking to you now. What is it keeps you back? Oh, give way. When you are in the grave it will be too late to pray. Pray now, just here, round my hand on the other side of the River. When your feet are dipping in the River of Death, I will want Jesus to cling to, and you shall have Him if you will only give Him your heart. Oh, let go, and take Jesus to-day.

"Now, my dear, dear comrades in the Army, my brothers and sisters outside the ranks, just a word with you. I want you to hold on to God. All you profess to be; not only public, but behind the scenes, I so as to keep the smile of God. I will give you the grace to live hour by hour to please Him. (Don't let the world look upon you as a sham, but let them see and know you are not only a professor (when the world is tired of), but in real a child of God.

"I am just waiting to give you a welcome home.

"ONE OF THE BLOOD-WASHERS
THROUGH."

This letter was read by the bereaved husband to the great crowd around the grave, a callous indeed must have been

the heart unmoved, unresponsive.

According to her wish, Brigadier Marshall, the Head Office Manager of the Life Assurance Society, conducted the funeral, and amongst the followers were a number of the Staff and Field Officers, Assistant-Superintendents, and Agents of the Birmingham Division, and about one hundred soldiers of the Birmingham and Harbor Corps, by whom she was esteemed and loved.

Mrs. Wass, together with her husband, became associated with the Salvation Army at Harwic in 1883, and they together became officers in 1885. Many hundreds, in various countries throughout the country, will remember and promote comrade with soul-gratitude. Numerous are the testimonies to her consistent and useful life, but the following from a minister whom she often assisted must suffice: "I shall always count it a great privilege to have known your dear wife. Hers was a beautiful character—so Christ-like. There are scores who will bless God through all eternity that they know her."



MRS. WASS.