

Chapter Six

"The New Work"

Apart from John Murray himself, no one else in Philadelphia considered that the termination of his work at Westminster Seminary was desirable in 1964. It was true he had reached sixty-five, yet such was his health and sharpness of judgment that his friends could only think of him as being in full maturity. But the fact is that he had looked forward to retirement in that year on account of considerations different from those which commonly influence men at this stage in life. It was not that the work of teaching had become a burden, nor that he wished for some repose in the evening of life. It was, primarily, the anticipation he had long entertained of being more fully engaged in preaching and pastoral labor. That, after all, was his first love, and with the passing years his enjoyment of those labors increased rather than diminished.

At first his thought had been that he might be able to serve one of the Canadian churches before ultimately returning to the United Kingdom. There was, however, a second consideration which now influenced him. In the years after the death of his parents, the family circle at Badbea had been made up of his bachelor brother, William, and his two sisters, Johan and Christina. William died in 1963, and it was clear that maintaining the croft would soon be too much for the sisters to whom John was so closely attached. His duty lay at home, and the pull to return and to remain without further delay was compelling.

In was early in 1964 that he brought to a conclusion the arduous commitments of many years, his commentary on Romans. Much of his work on the commentary was done on a great table set aside for him in the Montgomery Library of the Seminary. Here, where he could refer easily to other works, he had worked "in season and out of season" for longer than any student of that generation could remember. The table was now relieved of its accustomed load. In a letter of March 3rd, 1964, he wrote:

All my time, apart from lectures and other indispensable commitments, is being devoted to Romans IX-XVI. I have finished the commentary and I have now the introduction and a few appendixes to write. I would like to finish these by the end of March.

Though this goal was reached, it was apparent that for another reason the year 1964 could not see the end of his work at Westminster. It had proved impossible to make suitable arrangements to fill the gap which his absence would cause. The death of his friend Dr. Ned Stonehouse in 1962 had been a blow to the Seminary, and for the faculty to lose another of its senior members so shortly after was clearly not in the best interests of the work. These considerations were strong enough to lead Professor Murray to agree to the postponement of his retirement. Accordingly, after three months in the United Kingdom in the summer of 1964, he returned to Westminster in the Fall of 1964. It was agreed that he should have seven months' leave of absence in 1965 -- for an extended period in the United Kingdom -- and that the year 1966 would be his last at the Seminary. When that year came there were not a few in the United States who found the thought of his retirement hard to believe. His old colleague R. B. Kuiper wrote to him on February 23rd, 1966:

Dear John,

It was most kind of you to have your publisher send me a complimentary copy of the second volume of your commentary on Romans. I consider the two volumes a masterpiece of believing scholarship.

What do I hear, John? Are you actually going to retire in the near future? But a grandson of mine, a son of Ed and Marietta, will, the Lord willing, be ready to enrol in a seminary in the autumn of 1967, and he is thinking seriously of entering Westminster. What will the poor boy do without you?

Whatever your plans, may God bless you and continue to make you a blessing.

Let me say again what I have said many a time -- the best thing I ever did for Westminster was to step aside in 1930, thus making room for John Murray.

Mrs. Kuiper sends kindest greetings, as do I.

Cordially yours,

R.B.

A similar note from Dr. Roger Nicole of Gordon Divinity School elicited these paragraphs in Murray's reply:

Yes, I plan to retire from my work at Westminster at the end of December. I really wanted to do this two years sooner. But the proper arrangements could not be made at Westminster.

I plan to return to Scotland. As long as health permits, I expect unlimited opportunities in preaching and lecturing. These I wished to take advantage of years ago. Now I feel I can leave Westminster without any qualms.

Although the actual date from which his retirement was to be effective was January 1st, 1967, his departure was to be on December 15th. As the day drew near there were many sad hearts among the student body. Donald McLure, for example, was just in his first year at the Seminary. His first memory of Professor Murray stemmed from his childhood when, in William Matheson's congregation at Chesley, to which his parents belonged, the professor from Westminster had conducted a baptismal service during a lightning storm after the electricity supply had failed! As a child McLure preferred Murray's preaching to Matheson's because it was shorter! At sixteen he first talked to Professor Murray about the call to the ministry; but though the latter encouraged him, it was not until he was thirty-three that he came to Westminster. Like other first-year students in 1966, he wished that he had arrived sooner!

Perhaps the only benefit which came to the students through John Murray's retirement was a gift from his library. Many volumes were numbered, pieces of paper bearing these numbers were placed in a hat, and the treasures were bestowed upon the eager recipients according to the number they drew out. The cream of his books, however, went back to Scotland, being done up in eleven-pound parcels with student help. The parcelling of these books does not seem to have been the most proficient of Professor's Murray's undertakings, for despite such exclamations as "That's

a reef-knot, that won't slip!" the books did not complete their journey in the best of shape.

On one of the last occasions when Murray spoke to the students at the Dining Club, he encouraged them to consider the possibility of a particular time in the day being used for prayer for one another, scattered as they soon would be in different parts of the world.

It was not, however, the students who felt his departure most keenly. For his friends on the faculty, with whom he had been so closely united since the 1930's, the emotion was profound. On the day of parting, Paul Woolley chose to express his thoughts and feelings in a letter which he sent on to Scotland to be read a week later:

Westminster Theological Seminary.

December 15, 1966.

Dear John,

Today is one of the saddest days I have experienced in my life. The thought that you will not be a regular and constant part of the Seminary life from now on almost overwhelms me. We have worked together for so many years in a cause that we both love that it brings tears to my eyes to think that you will not be here.

The many years that we worked together as editors of the *Journal* were among the happiest in my life. It was an intense pleasure to work with someone who valued style and taste and accuracy, and thought that God's service deserved time and careful attention. You have never been satisfied with second-rate accomplishment in the cause of God's kingdom.

It was a good thing that we did not have an opportunity to say a formal good-bye for it would have been too painful for me. I am not very skilled, as you know, in expressing my thoughts and feelings in speech, and I could not have said what I wanted to. So it is better to remember all the glorious years we have had together and rest in these until God gives us another opportunity to be together either here or in heaven.

I hope the new work you are going to do will be a joy and a delight. It almost seems as though you had accomplished enough for one lifetime, but I know you will never be content not to be about the business of the King of kings. Your commentary on Romans is one of the great works of scholarship of all the Christian period.

Send us good advice from time to time and come back to see us as soon as you possibly can.

Affectionately,
Paul.

John Murray left the United States by Cunard line from New York -- the port he had first seen forty-three years before. It was to be his last view of the Manhattan skyline, for on his next and final visit to the States, in 1969, the journey was made by air. Far more important to him -- though

he did not know it at the time -- the moments before sailing were the last spent with Edward J. Young, who was only to live another fourteen months. In a letter to his older friend on February 18th, 1967, Dr. Young wrote:

Dear John,

It is now just over two months ago that we said "good-bye" to you on the ship at New York. We have had two months of wintry weather with several heavy snow storms. It was snowing heavily this morning, but the sun came out and the day has been quite lovely.

We do miss you here, John. I want to take this means to tell you how grateful I am to you for all that you have done for me. It is difficult to believe that an association of thirty years is now at an end, and I know that I shall greatly miss your help and wisdom.

I am particularly grateful that you have instilled in me a love for the Scriptures and an understanding of the importance of Systematic Theology. I remember that when I was a student and you had lectured on Romans 5:12-19 I was so moved by the content of those verses that I took a long walk that afternoon just to think about them. It is going to be difficult carrying on without you.

Thank you, John, for all you have done. I realize how inadequate words are, but I do want to assure you of my gratitude and appreciation. May God give you many more fruitful years for His service, if it be His will.

Please don't bother to answer this note. We all miss you but will keep you in our prayers that God will keep you in good health and continue to use you.

Sincerely,
Joe.

P.S. And thank you too for conducting the course in Old Testament Biblical Theology.

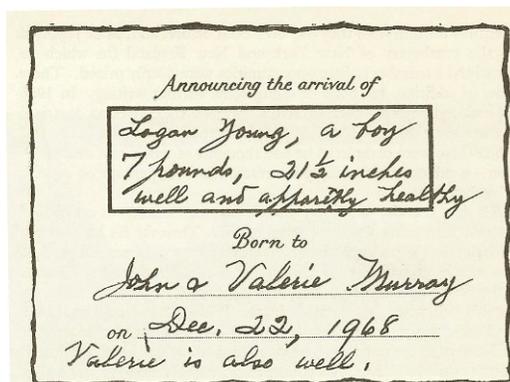
Quietness had fallen upon the home to which John Murray returned, for his sister Johan had died only the week before he left Westminster, and now only Christina remained. As he read the above letters from long-beloved colleagues in the solitude of the Scottish Highlands, we do not doubt that his customary composure was greatly strained. And it would be no less so in February, 1968, when a telegram bore the grievous news of Joe Young's heart attack and sudden death. Reflecting on the latter event, he was to write: "In the last few years before retirement from my work at the Seminary I was deeply impressed by the evidence my friend gave of the maturing fruit of the Spirit. But little did I think that he was being rapidly prepared for the immediate presence of the Saviour . . ."

When Paul Woolley spoke of John Murray's return to the United Kingdom as an entrance to "new work," he was undoubtedly reflecting his friend's own view. Others thought the same. In an editorial tribute entitled "Beloved Professor" in the December 1966 *Presbyterian Guardian*, Robert

E. Nicholas commented, "It would not surprise us too much should we hear ere long that he has become an undershepherd for some flock of the Lord's redeemed." In the seven months' leave in 1965, which had included visits to Holland and Northern Ireland, there had been almost as many preaching engagements offered to him in Scotland as he could undertake, and various parties in England were now also pressing for his help. Opportunities for serving the gospel in Britain were thus more plentiful for him than they had ever been before, and, as he reported to the presbytery of New York and New England (in which he remained a member), these opportunities were deeply prized. There was, in addition, his hope of doing some further writing. In 1966 he had undertaken a commitment to prepare six entries on doctrinal themes for the Zondervan *Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Bible*, and when these were completed he had thoughts of writing on sanctification -- a subject which deeply interested him -- or perhaps on aspects of eschatology.

To his friends, however, there was one matter of overriding interest respecting this new stage of life. Thus far he had been a bachelor, but it was questionable whether he would remain so. It was a subject which even children in Knox Presbyterian Church had probably considered with their parents after that aside on Jacob's age when he married, in the Bible Class lesson in 1944! And there was precedent far closer than Jacob's for a "late" marriage. "If I marry in the next year," he was heard to say on the Westminster Campus in 1966, "I will be younger than my grandfather was at his marriage!" If he was to be married, no one doubted with whom it was to be, for there had been long-standing friendship between him and Miss Valerie Y. Knowlton who had studied at Westminster in the mid 1950's. Originally of Augusta, Maine, Miss Knowlton was also a graduate of Smith College and the holder of a Harvard doctorate. She was Professor of Anatomy at The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. It was with much joy that it was heard in 1967 that the wedding was indeed to take place. The date was December 7th, and the place the old Free Church of Scotland in Creich. Still greater was the joy when, as 1968 ran its course, the news circulated that, after more than sixty years, a baby was again expected in Badbea!

About the time the birth was expected, John Murray had promised to preach in the Free Church congregation at Tain where the minister, the Rev. Clement Graham, was laid aside by illness. When the day came to fulfill the engagement -- Sunday, December 22nd -- Mrs. Murray was some forty miles away in hospital in Inverness. Returning to Mr. Graham's manse after the morning service, John Murray had commenced lunch with the family when a messenger arrived and he was summoned to the privacy of another room. In a few minutes he was back at the dinner table. With half a smile and a mannerism well-known to his acquaintances he informed the company, "Well -- you know -- I have a son!" The next day he carried out his first new duty and wrote the following:



Announcing the arrival of
Logan Young, a boy
7 pounds, 2 1/2 inches
well and apparently healthy
Born to
John & Valerie Murray
on Dec. 22, 1968
Valerie is also well.

The names, apparently, were in fulfillment of a wish his mother had expressed many years before. As already indicated, Logan's birth was on a Sunday, and if Mr. Murray was to see his wife and child that day and take the evening service in Tain, it would mean a tiring drive to Inverness and back. Mr. Graham therefore pressed his visitor to allow someone else to take his place in the second service. The suggestion brought a swift and characteristic response: "No, it's on condition that I would be back here in time for the evening service that I agreed to go to the hospital. Nothing short of a breakdown in health would justify a man in breaking a commitment to preach!"

With Logan's arrival John Murray's work began to undergo something of a revolution. It was no longer possible for Mrs. Murray to accompany him away from home, as she did for three weeks in England in September 1968, and his presence was increasingly needed at Badbea. Their last period away was to be to the States with Logan late in 1969, when John Murray spoke at the Seminary for the last time. Before that visit Murray wrote to the clerk of the Orthodox Presbyterian Church presbytery of New York and New England regretting that he could not be present in time for their meeting on October 14th, and requesting leave to be permitted to labor outside the bounds of presbytery. In replying to him, the Presbytery Clerk confirmed that his request was granted and added: "We were pleased that if you could not attend Presbytery here in October, it was at least in part due to the "family responsibilities . . ." This gladness, it might be added, was universal among all who knew John and Valerie Murray.

There was, by 1969, another factor which was to limit Professor Murray's movements. His sister Christina was now suffering from a weakness which sometimes accompanies advancing years. Her mind, once bright and sharp, had grown weary, and though spiritual realities and the memories of earlier times remained undimmed she was losing contact with day-to-day responsibilities. The work she had once sweetly undertaken now stood still, and more serious, she could not be depended upon to take care of herself if left alone. The friends of recent years, including Valerie Murray, she scarcely knew at all, and it therefore fell to John to exercise a constant watchfulness.

For as long as he could, Professor Murray sought to maintain his wider speaking ministry along with these family duties. In particular it should be mentioned how often his help was sought by many of the Christian Unions in Scottish Universities of which even the nearest was a considerable journey from Badbea. The visits to Universities which he made at this period are well remembered today. One former Aberdeen theological student, now a Church of Scotland minister, expresses the opinion that "an unforgettable lecture on the 'Atonement' by Professor Murray was worth a term of the lectures we were accustomed to." On another occasion, at the Christian Union of the same University, "John Murray weaved his way, without note and with his Greek Testament closed, through Romans 5:12-21, parenthesis and all, in an amazing way!"

His last visit to the Leicester Conference came in 1971, although it involved some two days' traveling there and back, and he was only able to reach Leicester, in the English Midlands, on the day before the Conference ended. Immediately on arriving he gave an address on "the Sabbath" and, once more, he took the final session of the Conference, preaching from John 6:37. Such was his commitment to what the Leicester Conference stood for that he thought no effort too great if it would encourage the brethren.

Three months later the Murrays' second child, Anne-Margaret, was born safely on July 21st. From about this time Professor Murray found it impossible to be away from home overnight, and consequently the number of engagements which he could henceforth accept became restricted to

the comparatively few congregations which were to be found within thirty or forty miles of his home. The family was his care and delight, and everything necessary to the needs of an infant's world he was quick to learn. Logan, in particular, was a great deal in his father's presence, and their daily walk, with the help of a push-chair, became a part of life.

Apart from correspondence, little writing was now done, and Professor Murray's thought that he might rework some of his lectures for publication was not fulfilled. Had there been time for original writing, the following scrap found among his papers after his death suggests what new line he might have pursued!

1. Who made you? God.
2. What else did God make? God made all things.
3. Why did God make all things? For his own glory.
4. Will all things glorify him? Yes, all his works will praise him.
5. Who was the first man God made? Adam.
6. " " " " woman " " ? Eve.
7. Did Adam have a daddy? No, God made him from the dust of the ground and breathed life into him.
8. Did Eve have a daddy? No, God made her from one of Adam's ribs.
9. Were Adam and Eve good when God made them? Yes, very good.
10. Did they continue good? No.
11. Why not? They sinned by disobeying God.
12. What was this sin? They ate forbidden fruit.
- 13.

It troubled him that there was so little good literature suitable for children, and he could not accept the idea that with a modicum of Scripture a child's reading diet can be made up with fiction. He was equally troubled that in the Scottish Highlands, where Christian education had once been so universal, there appeared to be a general readiness to commit children from Christian homes to schools where the authority of the Biblical revelation is not recognized. On this subject he gave a masterly address in Dornoch in 1972 and another in Dingwall in 1973. One practical result of this concern was the starting of a small Christian primary school in Dornoch. It was here that Logan began his schooling, and until February of 1975 John Murray would daily drive his son into Dornoch where he waited to return with him at lunchtime.

There was one particular joy in John Murray's last years which must be mentioned. The hope which he and others had once entertained, that he might take a pastoral charge, could not be fulfilled after his return to Scotland. But in March, 1972, Clement Graham, on behalf of the Free

Church Presbytery of Tain, asked John Murray if he could undertake the week-by-week care of the Free Church at Ardgay, a congregation some two miles from Badbea and just south of Bonar Bridge. For many years this congregation had lacked a minister, although faithful missionaries had kept the work going. The last of these men had died suddenly in 1972 and the denomination was not in a position to replace him. John Murray responded immediately to Mr. Graham's invitation, and from that time forward -- except for the first Sabbath of the month when he supplied the Croick Free Church or for an occasional visit to another church -- he was virtually the pastor of the Ardgay congregation, preaching twice every Sunday to perhaps two dozen people and visiting amongst them during the week. This he enjoyed immensely; and it added to his happiness that Logan, too, with the interest of a child, began to look forward to the services at Ardgay.

He seemed, in his preaching at Ardgay, to return often to the vision of God the Father; and sometimes, as he sought to trace the entire work of salvation to this glorious source, he was wading in depths where he could not easily be followed. In the last few Sundays of his pulpit work, however, the sermons reverted to the simpler homily such as his father would have preached. Perhaps he was measuring the need of the people, or maybe he was too tired to prepare as formerly. At the end of the services on February 1st, 1975, he told his congregation that he would have to discontinue preaching for the present. Following a medical examination it was decided that he should enter the hospital at Golspie, Sutherland on February 10th. Before he did so, he sat once more with the Rev. Malcolm MacDonald in the Free Church Manse at Creich, and in the course of conversation he confided in his friend: "I am an old man and I have had many a good day. Such was the energy I used in former years that I did not expect to live to be old."

Even though he had visibly lost weight, it was not easy for his friends to think of him as old; until near the end of 1974 his vigor seemed undiminished, and they knew nothing of the pain and excessive weariness which had suddenly come upon him. Once in hospital it was confirmed that he was suffering from a terminal condition, that the end might be soon and that there was nothing more that medical science could do. When the present writer heard this news from the sufferer himself as he sat in his hospital bed, it scarcely seemed possible. His face was not then wasted by illness, and only a few weeks previously he had been writing letters to me in his usual firm hand respecting matters of mutual concern in the work of the Banner of Truth Trust. My mind was numbed and was upon his condition, but his was as alert as ever and he wished to speak about other matters to which I found it hard to give my attention. As we parted he expressed the hope that he might yet have a little strength given to him to lengthen his days. Though he did not say so, I knew he wished it for the sake of the three who had been God's gift to him in those relationships which are uniquely precious.

He returned home from hospital early in March and he had no thought of being confined to bed. He walked about freely, and his bearing gave friends who visited him the hope that they would hear him preach again. But secretly he suffered constant pain, at times intense, and this combined with an inability to eat was to bring all his native strength to an end. When too tired for company, he would go to his bedroom and there often repeat psalms to himself, or else he would sit on the steps of the bungalow looking out upon that scene which had not changed since he knew it as a child. Among the letters which came to him at this period was one from Cornelius Van Til:

March 6, 1975

Dear John,

Yesterday Paul Woolley called up to say that in a letter to him you said that you wished to be remembered to us. That did our hearts good.

We had already learned about your illness. So I was, in any case, going to write to you and tell you how much you have meant to me.

You will not remember, but when you were about to leave us and return to your home-land we shook hands. I turned away and wept.

Throughout the years of our association together you were to me (a) an example of godly living and (b) of utter devotion to your Lord.

It was obvious to all of us that you loved your Saviour passionately, that you sought to serve your Lord with utter sincerity and that your ambition was to point out to all men everywhere that only by the "good pleasure" of God can they be saved from the wrath of God.

Nothing has helped me more, John, than to hear you pour out your heart in prayer for the church of Jesus Christ as a whole and for individuals in particular.

Ed Clowney remarked to several of us in the faculty room, the other day, how his heart had been stirred when you led in prayer at the occasion of his mother's death.

I recall that my father remarked about the genuine communion of saints that he had experienced when, visiting with him, you had led him, together with yourself, to the throne of grace.

Many a time, in chapel, and in faculty meetings, I was personally brought closer to my Saviour by your prayer.

As I write I think of Dr. Machen, lying on his death-bed in Bismarck, North Dakota, sending you a telegram -- "How wonderful is the active obedience of Christ!" You had helped him see the significance of this aspect of his Saviour's work as he had never seen it before.

And then I think of one occasion when you rebuked me for some folly of mine. I fully deserved it but you alone had the courage to administer the admonishment of Christ to me.

But I shall not continue. Allow me only to mention your love for the Psalms of David. Rena and I were brought up on the psalms. We still sing them together. When she underwent surgery recently we sang them together in the hospital. She sang one of them as she came out of the state of unconsciousness . . .

And now, John, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, cause his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; may he lift up his countenance upon thee and give

thee peace.

Hattie de Waard.
Rena and Kees Van Til.

By early April John was so reduced that the thoughts of those around him turned more steadily to the surer expectation of a brighter world than this. Mrs. Elizabeth Tallach, whose parents had known and loved him in his youth, and whose own friendship with him went back over many years, writes of the last visit she paid to Badbea some four weeks before his death:

On arrival I was welcomed by Mrs. Murray and their two lovely children. Shortly afterwards Mr. Murray joined us. He looked very reduced and tired, but warmly welcoming. While Mrs. Murray prepared a cup of tea, I remarked to J.M. that in the morning I had been thinking of the words, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given." "Oh, yes," he said eagerly, "here you have the two natures of Christ, the Son from everlasting given, and the Child born in time. I also think that 'wonderful' should be an adjective, and that the passage should read, Wonderful Counsellor. But however it may be understood, He is the Counsellor, and He is wonderful." He went on to speak of the "everlasting Father" and how this title did not in any way interfere with the special relationship of the Father in the Godhead, but referred to Christ's kingly office, ruling over His kingdom. It would have been worth while to travel to Badbea, even to hear J.M.'s asking of a blessing on the tea now prepared, and his earnest pleading that fellowship in Christ and the Gospel be cemented more and more. After tea, he led in singing the first four verses of Psalm 40, in a clear voice and melodious, beginning,

I waited for the Lord my God
And patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

As I rose to go, J.M. said, "I often go back in thought to happy days I spent in "Timaru," Strathpeffer, with your father and mother and Uncle Donald and all of you. It was Bethel." I ventured to say that that fellowship would yet be resumed without interruption or end, and he smiled brightly. Most people who visited Professor Murray during his last, very testing illness were impressed by his calmness of spirit, and what appeared like complete absence of self-pity. "Strong in faith, giving glory to God."

On April 14th, as Malcolm MacDonald was leaving after a visit, John Murray spoke to him very deliberately about the possibility of his own early death and, requesting that the burial service be taken at the Creich church, he gave precise instruction on the funeral arrangements which he wished. Three days later David Freeman -- his early friend of Princeton days -- found him weak but as keen as ever in thought. Pulling out of his pocket a New Testament in the New International Version translation, he asked Freeman his opinion on it. "For use in worship," his friend replied, "it does not, in my view take precedence over the Authorised Version." John Murray expressed agreement and yet went on to say that he liked this version. The subsequent discussion revealed how closely he had read it. Among its defects, he noted the rendering "only

Son" for "only begotten Son" -- he was decisive that the latter was superior and that "only Son" takes away something. Again, he would not consent to "flesh" being rendered "sinful flesh." After their conversation David Freeman wondered, as he had done before, at John's comprehensive understanding of Scripture.

As April passed and May came, his sufferings were intense. Archibald Alexander of Princeton has wisely remarked on the reasons why as death approaches the conscious enjoyment of Christ may vary so greatly among Christians: "The difference between the comforts of dying saints may be attributed, first, to divine sovereignty, which distributes grace and consolation as sees good unto Him; secondly, to bodily temperament, some persons being more fearful than others, and more prone to suspect their own sincerity; and thirdly, to the nature of the disease by which the body is brought down to the grave . . ." ¹ In the case of this servant of Christ, the degree of pain was great. His experience was like that of a Puritan divine who exclaimed, "Hold-out faith and patience!" And like the Psalmist who cried, "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul."

After a long and sleepless night, he sat up in bed at 7 a.m. on the morning of May 8th and asked for his medicine. Then, with one sentence of prayer, he committed the family to the care of God, after which with that note of kindly authority which was with him to the end, he bade his wife, and his wife's sister who was present, to go and rest.

About an hour later he passed through his last conflict with pain, and in that conflict threw himself upon the petition to which many dying saints have had resort, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Thereafter he lapsed into a coma until about half-an-hour after twelve noon when he fell asleep in Jesus.

We do not know how many copies of the Greek New Testament John Murray wore out -- he left several in that condition among his books -- but in the last one which he used he had written inside the covers in the closing weeks of his life:

O Lord, all that I do desire
is still before thine eye,
And of my heart the secret groans
not hidden are from thee.

Now his desires were satisfied and his spirit was filled, as it could not be on earth, "with holy and adoring amazement at the condescensions of trinitarian love and grace."

The funeral, which took place on Tuesday, May 13th, is described by the Rev. Kenneth J. MacLeay of Beaulieu:

The Kyles of Sutherland were enveloped in mist, and the day damp and cold, as though in sympathy with the many mourners who gathered at Bonar Bridge from North, South, East and West, yea, and from across the Atlantic, to pay their last respects to the memory of Professor John Murray. Between four and five hundred people were congregated there in the historic Free Church, Creich, the Church of the revered Dr. Aird, for the funeral service of this saintly scholar.

¹ *Thoughts on Religious Experience*, 1967 reprint, 241.

The impressive silence which pervaded this large representative company of ministers from all denominations and people from all walks in life, indicated their consciousness that a Prince in Israel had fallen. The service was conducted by Rev. M. MacDonald, minister of the Creich congregation, assisted by Dr. Freeman, U.S.A., Rev. John MacSween, Point, Isle of Lewis, Rev. D. Lamont, Edinburgh, and Rev. Hector Cameron, Dornoch, the Praise being led by Mr. Hector MacLeon, Bonar Bridge. The dignity, coupled with the simplicity of this service, in true Reformation style, was just as John Murray would have desired. He had gone forth from this small scattered community to become one of the world's leading theologians. Both in America and this country he influenced many young ministers of the Gospel, confirming them in the faith of the Reformation. Having finished his course, having kept the faith, it now seemed fitting that the small cemetery on the shores of the Kyles of Sutherland should contain the remains of this worthy servant of Christ until the day break and the shadows flee away.

At the graveside the Rev. D. B. MacLeod, of Lairg, reminded us all of the truths that Professor Murray held so dear and which he so ably taught and preached; and warned us of our great responsibility with regard to them. He also urged sinners to flee from the wrath which is to come and to seek refuge in a crucified, risen and exalted Christ, while the day of mercy lasts.

"Chapter 6" from Iain Murray, *John Murray: of Badbea, and Westminster Seminary*, Philadelphia (Edinburgh: Banner of Truth Trust, 1975).