

**BROTHER RUSSELL'S SERVICE TO HUMANITY**  
**Discourse by Brother George Kendall**

**T**HIS is a blessed hour, and what joy it gives me to speak upon the memory of love and service of our beloved Pastor Charles T. Russell. More than 30 years ago I was baptized under this very platform and more than 33 years ago I came in at that door (pointing) and saw for the first time a stately man with black hair. Upon this very platform he addressed a well filled house, and that one was Pastor Russell.

Some of the friends object apparently to speaking as we are here, to recall the love and devotion of this man of God, but I wish to remind them that they are very narrow, for the Lord Himself placed a stamp of approval upon the memory of good deeds of His servants.

In Mark, 14<sup>th</sup> chapter and 9<sup>th</sup> verse, when He rebuked one of the Apostles who was objecting at that time over events, and followed by saying: "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a **memorial of MARY.**" "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, in that you have ministered unto the saints, and do minister."—Heb. 6:10.

The honor that God hath given the prophets and apostles with their deeds of love, in placing them in print for all who follow after stops every mouth before **Him.**

How singular that Brother Hoskins and myself should at this time, in this city, be chosen by the Lord to speak of the memory of this "Man of God." Just 13 years ago, in this city, we were called upon to make a prayer, to close the funeral service at the Carnegie Library, and the other to offer the prayer at the cemetery.

"**Honor to whom honor is due,**" said Paul. Words fail as I seek to tell the story of a life that has gone and yet a spirit which lives in our midst; a man whose whole thought, word and deed were only for one purpose, and that was to glorify **Jehovah God**; a man whose radiant face, gentle smile and loving heart were as balm to the weary of earth, and who of all that we have known or seen, lived in the likeness of Christ on earth.

I am reminded of an incident in Winnipeg, Canada, where Pastor Russell was advertised to speak. His opponents, as usual, were seeking to detract from the meeting by a pulpit abuse on his person, and the reverend gentleman who was to cut the cake for the occasion happened to ride in on a street car and upon this same car sat Brother Russell. The man gazed at him as he sat and left the car not knowing that the man was Brother Russell. Later, beginning his tirade, he was heard to say that coming down on the morning car he had seen a man who was so extraordinary and more like his Savior than any man he had seen on earth, and he knew that that man lived very close to his God. Little did he dream it was the very Pastor Russell he was to vilify. How true (1 Sam. 2:30) "Them that honor Me I will honor."

The years of association with Brother Russell are now pleasant memories of joys. To know him later was to love and esteem him more. His untiring zeal, indomitable courage under all circumstances and his invincible stand for the right first, last, and all the time was a living epistle known and read of all those that knew him.

My subject chosen for the occasion—

**“Pastor Russell’s Service to Humanity”**

First of all he was the people’s friend, like the Nazarene of old; they never came too high, nor too lowly; too rich or too poor; too great or too small; they all alike received the same kind words and gentle smile, and were received with the grasp of his hand. He never was too busy to lend a hand or help to encourage the one in trial or difficulty.

He gave the poor and oppressed of earth a vision, a Utopia; he tore from them the dismal prison of doubt and confusion of creeds, and the narrowness of ignorance and superstition by false systems and their leaders. He gave them a glimpse, in his own sweet words, of a land of sunshine, with every man under vine and fig tree in freedom of life and happiness. He pointed them, as no one since the Christ of God and the Apostles, to the dawn of the kingdom of our prayer, which shall surely come, the Kingdom of Christ on this very earth, a reality of all realities. Whoever since the early church has been heard to say, “Close your eyes for a moment and behold all the sorrow, sickness, misery, suffering, and death in all the earth, for such is the present life. Close them again to behold the picture of the promised Kingdom. No more sorrow, no sighing, no sickness, no suffering, no death, all tears wiped away, rejoicing and joy in every heart and finding a response in every other heart; for such is the Kingdom of God; glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.”

And on the other hand he compelled the hellites of the devil’s stronghold to take shelter; he broke the shackles from their hands; he exposed the fallacies of preachers in hoodwinking the people in the error of eternal torment. For they themselves admitted that he had turned on the hose of hell and put out the fire.

On one occasion, where he was lecturing to a crowded theater, he was emphasizing one of the reasons why the ministers opposed him, and in the middle of his wonderful discourse he spoke of the matter and for emphasis repeated three times. Quoting from his words: “I am opposed by the ministers because they claim I knocked (pause), I knocked (pause), I knocked (pause).” An old Brother right under him was taking it all so serious and when Brother Russell made three attempts and paused the old Brother thought he forgot what to say and on the spur of the moment shouted, “Knocked the bottom out of hell!” The crowded house with one accord literally came down. They clapped, shouted and cheered and as soon as Brother Russell could get his breath he, too, shouted, **“That is it, Brother, that’s it.”**

**THE PLAN OF THE AGES**

The Plan of the Ages was the masterpiece of his efforts and work. It placed in systematic order the Bible and made it plain as the noonday sun. As Tyndale said, when translating the Bible from dead languages into English, exclaimed that he would make the English plowboy know more about the Bible than the Pope of Rome.

The Plan of the Ages did still more. It made the Bible as an open book. The world’s hope by restitution and restoration of the lost paradise and the opening of the mystery of God to the saints by interpreting the Tabernacle into modern speech has been the basis of all the truths of this period. All else are merely the framing of the pictures and all the books written since are weak repetitions of the glorious truths in the most simple manner.

Not since the days of the Apostles has the Church enjoyed such faith and hopes,

clearly seeing the glories of the Divine nature, what immortality really means and joint heir-ship with Christ in His Kingdom. It's no wonder that Love flowed freely and these higher hopes, in the exceeding great and precious promises, brought that ineffable joy down from above, which gave power in purifying the minds and hearts of the saints. Holiness was known then, but only a myth now.

He laid down his life for his friends; he never grew weary in assisting the friends. I have been an eye witness many times to his love and sacrifice in the interest of the friends. On one occasion in his declining years, after around the states tour, day after day, night after night, nearly exhausted, so tired he could hardly finish his lecture, he sat on the edge of the stage at Frisco while 3,000 friends passed by and shook his hand. Weary in mind and body and under the sweltering heat he wiped his brow continually as they passed by. One Brother after another came to take him away but he simply said, "No, I only live to serve the friends and anything I might do or say for their encouragement I want to do."

Let us at this Convention begin anew to revive that which is decaying and ready to die—the spirit of the movement and brotherly love; let us bind again to the Lord by vow anew to live for Him and His cause and His brethren and shut out the warring factions of carnality from our lives; grasp the hands of all who trust in the precious blood and who are consecrated to His service. We thank God for that faithful servant who blazed the way which led us from darkness into light, and may this hallowed light go with us on through this gloom of night, until the morn; and in the words of that sacred Hymn saying: "And with the morn those angel faces smile that I have loved long since and lost awhile."

God bless you. Amen.