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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Biographical.

For the Christian Messenger.

### A PORTRAITURE of a Christian, lately departed.

The subject of this paper was born in London, June 18, 1794. Her parents were persons of eminent piety, held in high esteem by all with whom they were associated. They were members of the Baptist church then meeting in Carter Lane, Southwark, of which the Rev. Dr. Rippon was pastor, and which is now under the charge of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Her father was one of the deacons of the church. He was also for many years London Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society.\*

I do not know the exact date of her conversion to God, but am disposed to think that it took place at least forty-five years ago. She was baptized by Dr. Rippon, and joined the church in Carter Lane. My acquaintance with her commenced in 1824. We were married Feb. 1, 1826. Since that time I have had, of course, full opportunity of observing and knowing her "manner of life." We have travelled together in sunshine and storm; we have climbed the hills and descended into the valleys; we have tasted of the "cup of salvation," and we have drunk some bitter draughts; joy and grief; hope and disappointment, with other contraries, have fallen to our lot;—and now, "one is taken and the other left." The survivor is called on to discharge the last office of friendship and love.

From the baptismal vow to the departure heavenward, christian uniformity of demeanour was observable in the lamented deceased. It was a quiet walk with God, a well-sustained endeavour to exhibit, in temper and conduct, the influence of the gospel. Her gentleness of spirit and retiring disposition shrunk from the whirl and bustle in which some find themselves at home, and christian graces shone in a limited sphere, yet not less brightly. When she entered into the marriage relation wider scope for the manifestations of love and zeal were furnished, bringing into operation powers and qualities which had not been before developed. By the grace of God she proved equal to every demand, and filled with credit the various stations of trust and responsibility—public and private—in England, in Canada, and in Nova Scotia—in which she was placed.

Such a life as hers, however, was of necessity barren of incidents. It presented to view an unbroken line of duty, faithfully discharged, but was undiversified by extraordinary changes, or events of any thrilling interest. It will be advisable, therefore, to attempt a general sketch, without descending to minuteness of detail.

My departed wife cherished the most profound reverence and ardent love for God's holy word. It was her constant companion. Whatever engagements required attention, whatever other books were read, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily study of heavenly truth. The bible lay on her table, ready to be consulted on all emergencies, and was truly "a lamp unto her feet and a light unto her path," Psalm cxix. 105. Thence her soul derived strength and comfort. So familiar was she with its contents that apt quotations were always at command, for direction, consolation, or warning. In her straits and sorrows she solaced herself with her Heavenly Father's words, and relied on them with filial affection and confidence. She had no doubt of their truth; she felt it. Earthly hopes might fail, and men might deceive, but she knew that

"His promise is yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet."

Many passages in her bible have a pencil mark in the margin, shewing that they were peculiarly precious to her. Among them are the following:—Psalm xxvii. 13, 14: xxxi. 19-21: lv. 22. Prov. iii. 5, 6: xviii. 10. Isa. xxv. 4-9: xxvii. 3: xl. 27-31: xlix. 14-16. Mat. vi. 25. Rom. viii. 28, 32. Ephes. vi. 11-18. Phil. iii. 8. 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. 2 Tim. ii. 19. Heb. vii. 25. 1 Pet. i. 4: ii. 9. 2 Pet. iii. 9. I may add, that she was accustomed to read daily Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises, and found them very profitable.

Nearness to God was habitual; Her times of retire-

\*William Burls Esq., of 56, Lothbury, London, and afterwards of Lower Edmonton, died June 26, 1837, aged 74. "An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."  
Mary Burls, a fit "help meet" for that excellent man, died Feb. 8, 1849, aged 87.

ment for meditation and prayer were sacredly observed. They were hallowed seasons. She came forth from her chamber refreshed, and prepared for labour or conflict. How she was occupied while there;—what divine communings she enjoyed;—how closely and impartially she examined herself, in regard to principles, feelings, aims, and motives;—and with what earnest pleadings she sought God's blessing, especially on her children, cannot be told; but enough is known to warrant the conclusion that the hours of her withdrawal from society were spent in heavenly exercises, the effects of which were seen in the whole course of her life.

These habits were conjoined with maturity of character, to which, indeed, they largely contributed. Her piety was at once intelligent and warm-hearted. Unlike many christian professors, who satisfy themselves with the mere rudiments of religion, and are therefore ever at uncertainty respecting their state, she desired to "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that she might be filled with all the fulness of God." Her religion was neither speculative nor vapourish. It was experience, founded on truth well understood, and issuing in consistent practice. She "knew whom she had believed," and christian temper and conduct were the fruits, not of fitful, changeable impulses, but of established principles. She loved the grand truths of the gospel, the sublimities of the faith; and when they were set forth in the services of the church her soul drank in the word with holy avidity, and she "rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of her salvation." Hence her christian career was steady. She neither halted nor hurried. It was not assurance one day, and doubt and despondency the next—a summer, all fragrant with perfume, followed by winter's chilling blast; but rather resembled the "path of the just," which "is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. iv. 18. Or, if that may be thought too flattering a representation, it was just going on in God's ways, and exemplifying, in the various relationships of life, a deep consciousness of obligation to divine grace, in harmony with Romans xii. 1, 2.

Her native good sense, strengthened and sanctified by religion, admirably qualified her for a counsellor. She possessed a keen perception of propriety. She could not endure the least swerving from integrity and straightforwardness in the conduct of affairs. She seemed to discern intuitively the pathway of prudence. She was a model of discretion. I never repented of following her advice; it was always safe to give good heed to her admonitions and cautions. "She opened her mouth with wisdom," Prov. xxxi. 26.

Distinguished as she was for the manifestation of that "meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price," (1 Pet. iii. 4) and disinclined to exact rigorously even what might be regarded as rightful claims, she knew how to draw the line between abjectness and proud assumptions. She was gentle and yielding, and "in her tongue was the law of kindness";—but on fitting occasions, when it was needful to protest against wrong-doing or repel insult, she could be firm as a rock.

She enjoyed in a high degree the pleasures of benevolence, esteeming it an essential part of the christian's calling to tread in the steps of Him who "went about doing good." Her whole training, in the family and in the church, tended to this result. She had seen bountifulness at home, in manifold forms, and her conduct proved that she had learned the lesson well. Our denominational objects were dear to her heart, especially the foreign mission, with which she felt particularly identified, having had frequent opportunities of forming acquaintance with missionaries when they were sojourning for a while under her father's hospitable roof. Her co-operation was frequently sought and cheerfully given in connection with the multifarious plans of usefulness in which christian females take delight. The poor experienced her kindest sympathies, and no small amount of relief was afforded to them, both from the purse and from the "basket and store."

Afflictions, many and various, were endured. Children were taken away, and near relations removed, by death. Sickness—losses—disappointed hopes, contributed to swell the list of her sorrows, and sometimes the "waves and billows" followed each other in rapid succession. She bore all with submissive patience. Some persons' griefs are always heard and seen;—the whole extent of their suffering is known;—they mourn

in public. It was not so with her. She suffered in silence, and her anguish was far more acute than observers imagined. But though she revealed it not to her fellow-creatures, she poured out her soul before the Lord, and He comforted her. She was enabled to repress emotion, and to evince a dignified composure, under which lay concealed deep and sorrowful experience. Perhaps the pain would have been less piercing if the outward expression had been more indulged. The tearless eye and the torn heart are often connected in the same person. "Deep streams are silent."

That such a one as my late dear wife would be respected and loved by those who knew her, and the more in proportion to the completeness of their knowledge, might have been anticipated. And so it was. There were no attractions of genius—no brilliant talents—nothing of a striking kind, so to speak; but there was a combination of good qualities,—a moral symmetry—and unobtrusive excellence—a general loveliness—that deserved esteem, and secured it.

Yet let it not be supposed that the design is to draw the picture of a perfect being, or to insinuate that the subject of this paper was without faults. Most painfully conscious was she of innumerable failings, as before God; and any attempt to magnify her excellences at the expense of truth and soberness would have been sternly reprobated and abhorred. The words of two saints, one of the Old Testament, the other of the New, may be taken as expressing her views, as well as those of all well-informed christians, in this respect:—"If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me; if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Job. ix. 20. 1 John i. 8. But I do not feel myself called on to point out instances of imperfection or blame-worthiness. It is rather my object to "glorify God in her," and to display the power of his grace. There was a remarkable manifestation of that grace during her last illness. After severe and protracted suffering she "slept in Jesus," July 26, 1862.

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises," Heb. vi. 12. J. M. C.

### "To die is gain."

1. In the glory land there will be no sorrow—no afflictions—no death.
2. In heaven there is neither privation nor want. There will be none poor—none hungry—none naked.
3. In the holy city there will be no evil power—no temptation—no sin—nothing impure.
4. In the better land there will be none ignorant—no darkness—no gloom—nothing obscure—nothing difficult; but all serene—all clear—all calm—all bright—all glorious.
5. In the happy home there will be no farewells—no partings; but a joyful meeting with friends and angels and the Crucified, forever and ever.
6. Over on the shining shore there is a heavenly inheritance, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," reserved for the finally faithful.—*Christian Advocate.*

### Well speaking.

A pastor was making a call upon a parishioner, an old lady, who had made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely, that she always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added:

"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of every body, that I believe that if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him."

Of course, this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied:

"Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

If the spirit, and example, and precepts of Jesus Christ have not taught us to love our fellow-creatures, we have no title whatever to the name and hope of Christians.