

Monthly Messenger.

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TAKEN FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

Most of our city readers will miss the familiar face of the dear boy who gratuitously distributed this magazine for the past three years. All who knew dear Kenneth Knight loved him very much. He was only thirteen years of age, but in experience and manliness he was in advance of many twice that age. We had the pleasure of knowing him well, from when he was four years old. We have climbed the hills, and sailed over the ponds and the harbours together in Green Bay years ago; even then he was interesting, and quite a little man; and better still, so long ago, or so early in his life, his heart became the Saviour's, and up till his dying hour he loved and served Him. The Sabbath-school and the House of God were the places he loved most. The Bible and good books were his constant companions. Boys of his own age had no attractions for him; they were too rough. His playmates were little boys very much younger than himself.

But with his dear mother he seemed to have the greatest pleasure. He would ask no greater favour than to be allowed to remain with her. She had never to correct him for an act of disobedience. His teachers had never once to find fault with him on any account. It is seldom we have known one so young, so wise and pure.

We asked him some months since, coming out of a meeting of young Christians, if he loved Jesus. We well remember his happy face as he looked up and said, "Yes, I do." His last sickness was quite unexpected, and of short continuance, and it was of such a nature as precluded the possibility of much conversation. But when he had intervals of rest, his hands were folded, and his heart and voice were lifted up in prayer to God. He seemed to know that his end was near. "Is this the last?" he asked; and then taking his paralysed hand, he said, "This is only clay—only clay." Almost his last prayer was for his darling mother. He fell asleep on the morning of April 13, and was interred on the evening of the 15th. His funeral was attended by almost the entire Sabbath-school, and many of the congregation.

His death was improved before a large congregation in the lecture-room of Queen's-road Chapel, on Friday

evening, April 20, from the text, "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down" (Job xiv. 2).

OBITUARY.

Mr. Richard Matthews, aged 62, was called home on February 22 last. He was for many years an attendant in the Queen's-road Chapel, and for a short time before his last sickness he was a member of the church. His faith was feeble, but months of confinement, through illness, gave him time to consider his ways and meditate on the goodness and love of God in Christ Jesus. Before the end, all doubts were removed, and he longed and prayed to be taken to the better land. He had a kind heart, a simple mind, and an earnest desire to do right.

Mrs. Thomas Burrigge fell asleep in Jesus on the night of April 3.

Her maiden name was Newhook. She was a native of Trinity, and while very young became a member of the English church in that place. She was for many years a devoted Sabbath-school teacher, and a most exemplary Christian. Her greatest joy was to be alone with her Bible and her Saviour. She has often told me that she could not remember a time when she did not love the Lord Jesus.

For a great many years she had been connected with the Congregational Church in this place. She was very attentive to all the service, both on week nights and Lord's Days.

Her last painful illness was of long duration, and of such a nature, as to deprive us of all opportunities of Christian fellowship; but the great question of her acceptance was settled long ago; and when the messenger came to lead her into the presence of the King, she had only to lay aside the garments of mortality, and go up to be clothed upon with the house which is from heaven.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

There have been several sudden and unexpected deaths of late in St. John's. But to most people the awful event is both sudden and unexpected. The true Christian is not surprised by the approach of the King of Terrors. But how dreadful to the unprepared soul is the announcement, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The warning voice of Providence is unheeded by the majority. May it not be the case with any of our readers? To one and all we would sound forth the word of the Lord, "Prepare to meet thy God." Make no excuse, and no delay. In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.