

appeared in the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT, and other papers. His amiable wife and eight children survive him. One, a daughter by a former wife in England, seven sons in America, all followers of Christ. Two sons are in the ministry. Rev. Richard Burgess of Alba, Michigan, and Edmund before mentioned in charge of his father's church and that of Tilbury Centre. He passed away quietly and painlessly, surrounded by most of his family, and was buried near the little church he himself had erected. Rev. W. H. Allworth of St. Thomas preached a funeral sermon from Job 5. 26 to a large gathering of friends and neighbors, to whom he had for so many years ministered.

So ended a humble, useful life on earth, to begin in a brighter, better world above. W. H. A.

Fell asleep in Christ on the 3rd of April, 1886, MRS. PARKER, widow of the late Rev. Armin Parker, who was so long and favorably known as pastor of the Congregational church in Danville, P. Q.

Mrs. Parker was a native of the United States, and was married to Mr. Parker about the year 1830, when she accompanied him to Danville, where he had already began his life work of preaching the gospel. She was one of the original members of the Danville Congregational church organized in the year 1832, there being but one now living of the twenty-three who that day gave themselves publicly to the Lord's service. She was fitted by education and nature's gifts, as well as by grace, to be a true helpmeet to her husband in all his labours; and well she did her part, sharing in his work, being interested in all his plans, and assisting him by wise and loving counsels in all those ways in which it is possible for a true woman to help. For forty years she taught in the Sabbath school, being rarely absent, and much of the seed she was permitted to sow sprang up, and is still bearing fruit. But not only in the Sabbath school did she seek to do the Master's work, it can certainly be said of her *I was sick and ye visited me*. She had a large family with many home cares, but was always one of the first to call upon the suffering, and to wait upon them by night as well as by day, seeking to relieve pain, to help in distress, to comfort in trouble, and to direct the mind to Him "*who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows*."

Hers was a life of much self-denial. The comforts of cultivated life were left behind for a home in the then backwoods, but not for gain as the world calls gain. The question was not what can this people do for me? but what can I do for them? Such labors, in such a spirit, were not without many tokens of the Divine favor.

She was spared to a good old age, being over 83 years of age, with her faculties clear and unclouded; interested to the last in the church of her and her husband's labours, and praying for the cause of Christ at home and abroad. She passed away quietly, peacefully, sweetly, without much pain. It was a falling asleep. Among those left behind it is well to note that one son is a minister of the Gospel in the United States, one daughter a wife of a missionary in Mexico, whilst another daughter is a wife of one of our ministers in Canada.

"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

The Family Circle.

JIMMY'S PROMISE.

BY JAMES OTIS.

"His mother says he's all right, an' he says he's all right; but you see, Tommy, he can't walk very much without crutches."

"But he kin after he gets used to it."

"No he can't. You see one of his legs is drawed up as much as four inches shorter'n the other, an' it won't ever come straight. When the horses knocked him down they broke his leg in one place, an' then the wheels broke it in another, an' perhaps some of the pieces got lost, or somethin' like that, so that's what makes it short now its well."

"But, Bob, what's he goin' to do?"

"That's jest what I don't know, Tommy."

"When are they goin' to let him out?"

"Ter-morrer."

Seated on their blacking boxes, each with his chin in his hands, Tommy and Bob were on the curb-stone, trying to devise some plan by which they could aid Jimmy Downs, who was to be released from the hospital next day, after having been there nearly six months with a compound fracture of the leg.

Jimmy, Tommy and Bob had been partners in the boot blacking business at the time of the accident, when Jimmy had been run over by a market wagon; and now that he was as nearly well as he ever would be again, his partners were sadly at a loss to know how he could earn his daily bread.

Jimmy lived with his widowed mother, and the money he had earned at his business had gone very far towards paying the modest expenses of this household, which was contained in one small room. It was necessary, therefore, that he should do something towards the support of himself and mother; but just what his partners were trying to decide.

"We might get a stand for him, an' let him sell newspapers," said Bob, after some study. "We could get 'em fur him every mornin', an' then he wouldn't have to run round very much."

"But how are we goin' to get the money to do that?"

"That's what I dunno. How much have you got?"

"Forty cents," said Tommy, after considerable labor, in the way of counting his capital.

"An' I've got five cents more'n you have. Now let's find a good place for a stand, an' then see ef we can't borror enough from some of the other fellers."

"But then we won't have anything left for ourselves," said Tommy, as if he was just a trifle doubtful as to whether he ought to engage in this charity.

"What of that?" asked Bob, quickly. "Hain't Jimmy been sick? Hain't he comin' out of the hospital without a cent? An' han't we got to help him?"

"I s'pose we have," said Tommy, with a sigh, as he looked again at his capital, and then handed it to his partner.

Bob believed it to be their duty to help their former partner, at least, until he was in a condition to help himself, and during the remainder of that day he neglected his own business in order to find such a place for the proposed newspaper stand as