

parted to a multitude of Christians (many of them unconsciously influenced) a habit of habitual and reverent examination of the truth of God, and this in people throughout all the denominations. No true lover of his Bible will undervalue, and none ought to ignore, the blessing which has come to the Church in these days through the ofttimes despised and misunderstood Plymouth Brethren.

On January 12th, at Mildmay, in the north of London, there entered into rest, in her seventy-fifth year, the beloved lady whose name I have placed at the head of this notice. 'Tis twenty years since her revered and honored and saintly husband, William Pennefather, went in to see the King after a life of singular beauty and devotion unreservedly given to Christ, to His Church below, and to the poor and needy of this earth. His father was one of Her Majesty's judges in Ireland, and in that country he commenced his ministry as a clergyman of the Established Church, but transferred his labors to three other spheres on English soil. What stands out prominently in his life as an originator was his conception, when at Barnet, in 1855, to gather together in a conference for worship and mutual edification brethren and sisters from various branches of the Church of Christ. With us to-day, when the idea has long been a *fait accompli*, it is difficult to conceive of the dissuasions and alarm with which the proposal was first entertained even among godly and earnest men. But the invited guests came; "the number of names together were about one hundred and twenty" (as at the commencement of the Church, Acts 1:15); a sweet Christian harmony pervaded all the meetings, and their repetition was eagerly hailed. Since then, first at Barnet and subsequently in the iron room transferred to London, and since 1870 in the noble Mildmay Conference Hall there have been held meetings full of interest, oftentimes full of power, wherein believers have been edified and multiplied, new methods of Christian enterprise have been planned, many wearied workers and foreign missionaries have been refreshed and sent forth again to labor more assiduously among Jews and Gentiles.

Fit companion and true helper in all this labor of love was Catherine Pennefather, one of the noble women of our time, who sought no earthly fame or prominence, but could not be hid. On her mother's side she was granddaughter of a former archbishop of Dublin (Cleaver); her father was the Hon. James King, son of the Earl of Kingston. He was an admiral in the English Navy and an intimate of William IV., who also was an English admiral; they were used to address each other familiarly as "King." The monarch sometimes gave it as his opinion that his successor, the Princess Victoria, would be the last sovereign of England. It was he too who, driving through the streets of London about the year 1830, and noticing placards headed "Reform Bill!" (probably the announcement of a public meeting), soliloquized thus: "Reform Bill, reform Bill; ah! that means me, I suppose." Mrs. Pennefather was gifted with a noble presence and with a clear and penetrating mind. A London