

Monthly Messenger.

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OBITUARY.

It is with deepest regret that we record the death of the Rev. George Harrington, Congregational missionary in Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, on the 10th July last, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and in the eighth of his missionary labours in this colony. He was a native of County Clare, Ireland. He leaves no near relatives, but an attached congregation to mourn their loss. His death was sudden, and quite unexpected to all his friends. But he was prepared.

The writer made his acquaintance in Dublin in 1866. He was then superintendent city missionary, and displayed the same zeal and energy in his Master's work which characterised him while in this country. He wished to engage in missionary labours abroad, and when the Newfoundland Congregational Home Missionary Society was formed, he volunteered to be the pioneer missionary. After making a tour of Bonavista and Trinity Bays, he decided upon the latter, as his field. Random Island and the adjacent settlements were then wholly neglected by other societies. Here he opened his commission, and with wonderful energy followed up his work for seven years. He found the place a wilderness, and left it a garden. There were no roads, postal communication, schools, churches, nor ministers, when he arrived; now there are these. Like all reformers, he had to encounter much opposition, and to endure persecution; but nothing daunted, he pursued his object, and accomplished his work. He was not a brilliant speaker, but simple and earnest. He had but one theme, "Christ, and Him crucified." He was an old-school theologian, and had little sympathy with the new-lightism of the present day. He found that the old Gospel preached in the old way was still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Living among a people many of whom had not intelligence enough to appreciate what he was doing for them, yet he lived among them, prayed for them, preached to them, begged for them, bore with them patiently; divided at times with the poor his small income, and was deaf to invitations to return to his native land, where he might have occupied a position of compara-

tive ease and respectability. He said, "I will die here and here will I be buried."

On the day of his death he said to the medical attendant, "My work is done. I am going home to my Master and my reward." Death had no terrors for him. He knew Him in whom he had believed. On the Lord's Day before his death (which took place on a Wednesday night), he preached twice, and would have preached a third time, only the sea was too rough for a small boat to venture across to Burgoyne Cove.

In his last sermon in his chapel-school in Kendel Harbour, he told his people they would soon be carrying his body to the cemetery near by, and then with great energy and feeling he urged them to repent, just there and then. About the same hour on next Lord's Day he was carried in a corpse, and his attached people laid him in his narrow coffin. He only complained for a couple of days, and though he knew his end was near, he was spared the pain of dying. Adjusting the bed-clothes with his own hands, he said, "It is all over," and so it was, for the next moment he had ceased to breathe. The news of his death was telegraphed to Saint John's from Trinity on Thursday morning, and two gentlemen volunteered to proceed at once to attend his funeral. The Rev. Mr. Hatcher, Methodist minister, read the service, and preached an impressive sermon.

The children of the Sunday-school walked in procession at the funeral, the little girls in front, and the boys as pall-bearers and chief mourners. It is the writer's intention to place a suitable monument over his lonely grave.

OUR MEETINGS.

No. VIII.—THE SICK LENDING SOCIETY.

This is another of the societies which originated with the secretary of the Infants' Friend Society, who when forming her Blanket and Sheet Society, proposed to her valuable coadjutor that some of the blankets should be set aside for lending to the aged sick and dying, whose relatives and friends—from death and other circumstances—are frequently so far removed from them that in their old days they are left alone, and often very destitute of comforts. It was felt also