

In Memoriam.

Sarah Britnell

Beloved Wife

of

John Britnell.

HER FAVORITE HYMN.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy Sovereign will denies ;
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart
From every murmur free,
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sure trust that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



SARAH BRITNELL

Happiness, contentment and kindness. Appreciation
of goodness, and a generous character.

WE PASS THROUGH NATURE TO ETERNITY

Sarah Britnell

Born December 18th, 1847

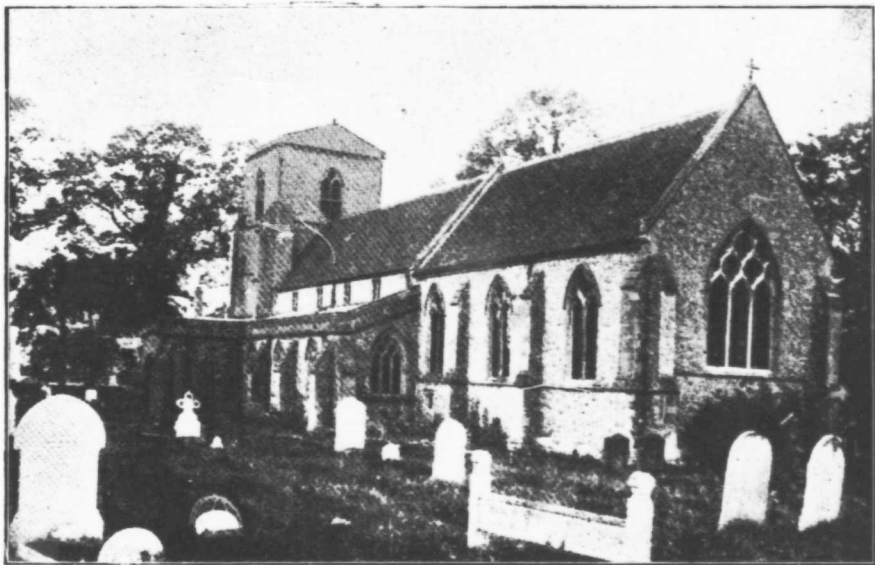
at Chinnor, Oxfordshire, Eng.

Entered into Rest February 17th, 1904

at Toronto, Canada.

"For so He giveth His beloved rest."

For a season called to part,
Let us now our souls commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.



CHINNOR CHURCH, OXON.

A LOVING HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE

MY Own Dear Sarah :—It was on the sixteenth of July, 1869, my twentieth birthday, that you presented me with a pocket Bible in which you wrote :

“ While in this world we yet remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach that blissful shore,
There we shall meet to part no more.”

Gentle, loving Sarah, the Bible is before me, and the first two lines are fulfilled. I await with patience the realization of the last two. Many and varied have been the changes we have experienced—hopes disappointed, and anticipations and wishes often frustrated. It was the earthen pitchers that were being broken ; and we drank deeper from the pure streams of full salvation, supported by abundant grace. Your gentle, Christian life has been the light of our home, and my own burdens have been removed by your own supplications, when alone with Jesus. We have deposited the earthen shell to be mixed with its own. The jewel it contained, freed from the incidents of time, has joined that glorious company, innumerable



WESTERN ROAD LOOKING TOWARDS THE HILLS—CHINNOR.

and blessed. You have renewed your acquaintance with friends we have mourned, who may have drawn aside the veil and given you the first introduction to Him who sitteth upon the Throne. Your earthly pilgrimage is ended, but your real life has only just begun—end of care, beginning of bliss.

“For so He giveth His beloved sleep.”





HIGH STREET, CHINNOR—LOOKING TOWARDS LONDON.
On this spot, 17th June, 1643, the troops under Reysert killed at least fifty, and dragged away one hundred and twenty other inhabitants, leaving the village in flames.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF AN
AFFECTIONATE WIFE AND DEVOTED
MOTHER

"And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, . . . For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."—*Marked verses in her Bible.*

SARAH BISHOP was the youngest daughter of devoted Christian parents, and was born December 18th, 1847. Our native village of Chinnor, in Oxfordshire, England, is a place of considerable historic interest. It is situated close to the Roman Consular or Pretorian Way, otherwise Ikneld Street, and within a short distance of Chalgrove Field, the town of Thame, the Chalfonts, and of William Penn. It is also connected with many historic events of the Civil Wars. It was in this village we both learned to lisp the name of Jesus while attending the Sabbath School of the Independent Chapel.

The beginning of Nonconformity in Chinnor may be traced to the labors of JOHN CENNICK, who was born December 12th, 1718, at Reading, whose paternal

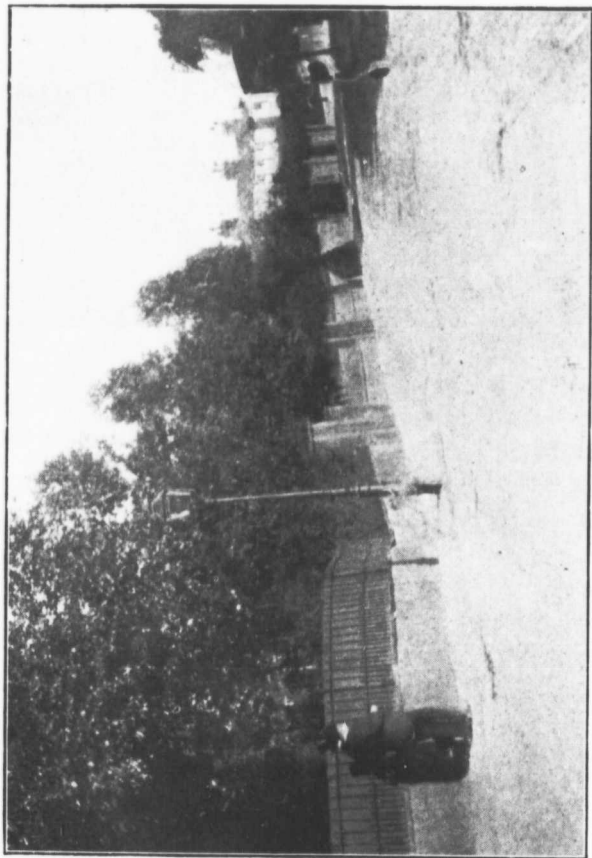


HIGH STREET, CHINNOR—LOOKING TOWARDS OXFORD.

grandparents had become disciples of George Fox. In his earlier years, Cennick had given himself up to all manner of worldly pleasures, but at length, through the labors of Mr. KINCHIN, of the "Holy Club" at Oxford, he became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley, and he became assistant to George Whitefield on that worthy's return from America. Cennick was greatly beloved by each of those well-known preachers, and it was Charles Wesley who corrected the proofs of Cennick's well-known "Hymns for the Children of God." Mr. Cennick was rather below the average stature, was of fair countenance, but a fairer mind, a good understanding, an even temper, and a tender heart. He was distinguished by unaffected humility, deadness to the world, a life of communion with God, and a cheerful reliance on a crucified Saviour. He died in London, July 4th, 1755, in his thirty-seventh year. It was this young man, second only to Whitefield as a preacher, who some years previously stood near or on the spot where Chinnor Chapel now stands, and preached the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

In this chapel, as stated, we learned of a Saviour's love, and the way was paved for acceptance of His grace in after years.

Very early in life, we were both despatched to the great metropolis, London—Sarah under the guardian-

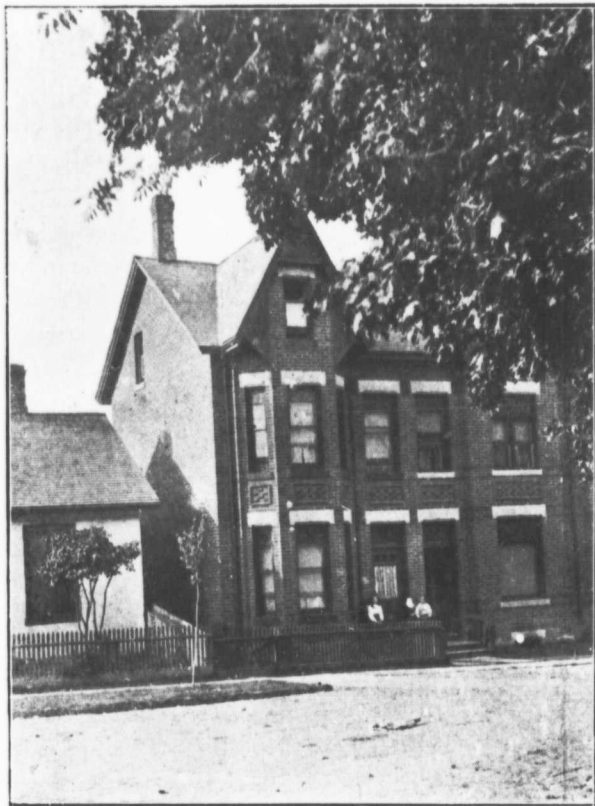


PARK VILLAGE, EAST LONDON, N.W.

ship of elder sisters, and myself to make friends and secure a home among strangers. Sarah received lasting benefit from devoted Sunday School teachers, and was early converted under the ministrations of Dr. James Spence of the Poultry Chapel (now perpetuated by the City Temple), from the text "And the two disciples heard Him speak, and they followed Jesus," John 1: 37. My own conversion followed shortly after, and accidentally, as some might say, but providentially, as we know, our acquaintance was renewed, and ripened into the highest friendship, which, hallowed by prayer and loving Christian communion, was followed by our marriage in London on December 25th, 1871.

After considerable business success, accompanied by continued spiritual blessing, we transferred our business and our family to Toronto in August, 1890. Six years later, in 1896, and again in 1900, my beloved wife, with other members of our family, was enabled to visit her early home and renew her friendships, but also to miss some loved faces, for her elder sister, Rachel, who had been connected with the Poultry Chapel for over fifty years, had entered unto rest. (Her sister Jane, a few years the senior of Sarah, however, still survives).

Shortly after coming to Toronto, Sarah connected herself with the Birch Avenue Baptist Mission, founded



OUR HOME, 93 SUMMERHILL AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA.
From which the spirit of the departed took its flight.

by Professor Campbell of McMaster University, and she became a foundation member of the New Century Church, into which the Mission had grown. In this membership she was joined by four of our dear children, Alice, Sarah, Minnie and Albert (our sons John and William not being members of that denomination).

We had, during our married life, enjoyed fairly good health, until February, 1904, when the whole family, except the mother, were laid aside, one by one. The burden of care, no light one, fell upon the devoted mother, who, with affection and unwearied attention, cared for the sick ones. At length she, too, was stricken down, and, needless to say, loving hands tenderly ministered to her wants, but loving attentions, with the best of medical skill, were of no avail, and, after seven days of patient suffering, she exchanged the uncertain friendships and failing garments of mortality for the permanent realities of those who, "having washed their robes" on earth, had joined the glorious society, the centre of whose joy is "Our Lord, Jesus Christ."

"So He gave His beloved sleep."

EXTRACTS FROM SOME FRIENDLY LETTERS OF SYMPATHY

Rev. C. A. Eaton (formerly Pastor Bloor St. Baptist Church, Toronto, now of Euclid Ave. Church, Cleveland, O.) writes: "I was greatly grieved to hear of the death of your dear wife. She was one of the most beautiful Christian characters I have ever known; sweet and gentle, always the same, and always faithful. I have a sense of personal loss in her going away, and I can form some slight idea of what it must be to you, and to your family. She is with the Lord, which is far better for her, but it is hard for those who are left behind. Please accept my sincere love and sympathy for yourself and for the children, to whom she has left the priceless heritage of her example."

Dr. J. E. Midgeley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "We grieve for you exceedingly. 'I asked the gardener who plucked the flower, and he said, The Master, and I answered not a word.'"

John Anderson, of New York, writes: "I know by experience what it means. I sometimes feel that a large portion of my real self lies buried in the grave. God bless and sustain you."

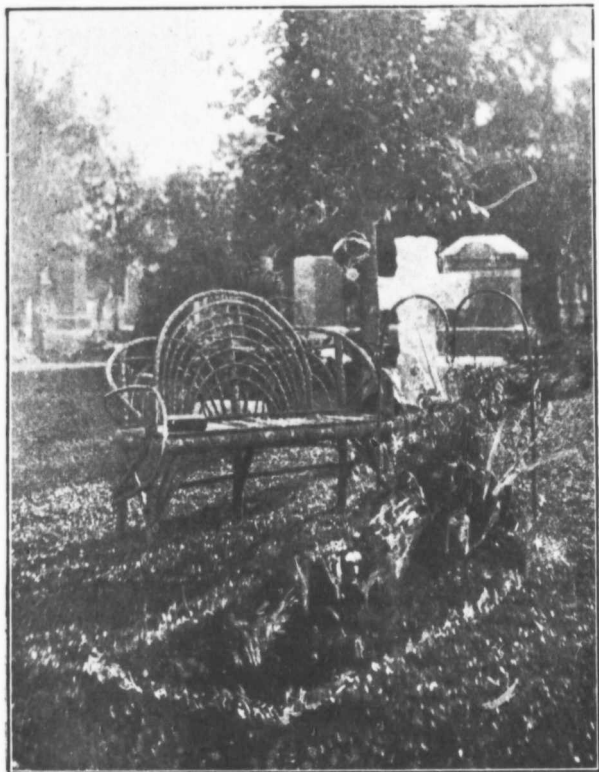
Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, of Notre Dame, Ind., writes: "You have my heartfelt sympathy."

Prof. P. R. Ehler, of Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md., says: "I, myself, lost a precious wife some twelve years since, and have passed through deep sorrow. Let me pray that Our Father in Heaven will bear you up in this great affliction and give you peace."

A Friend in the Congressional Library, Washington: "You have my entire sympathy in your great loss. My own wife died several years ago, after a very happy but short life together, and I miss her every day."

Other kind words of cheer and comfort came from Washington, New York, Boston, Cleveland, St. Paul, Oyster Bay, Cedarton, St. Louis, Hendricks, Pittsburg, Niagara Falls, Victoria, B.C., Montreal, Quebec, Hamilton, etc., etc.

THE departed one had so won the regard of friends by her gentle Christian character that her funeral was attended by upward of two hundred persons who paid this, their last tribute of respect, at the family home, where services were conducted by Pastor Schutt, opened by myself reading the well-known hymn, "We Speak of the Realms of the Blest." After the service the remains of the beloved one were laid in the family plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.



THE FAMILY PLOT IN MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.
(L., Section 43, Lot 5.)

Where lie the remains of our beloved, awaiting the "Resurrection
of the Just."