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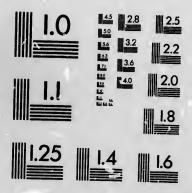
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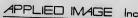
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# PIETY PORTRAYED,

IN THE

### LIVES AND DEATHS

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Burpee,

Sheffield, New Brunswick.

ROBERT WILSON.

Wesleyan Minister.

St. John, N. B. PRINTED BY H. CHUBB & Co., 1870.

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### PIETY PORTRAYED.

The progress of a human being in his passage through time to eternity, only requires to be exhibited with fidelity, in order to become an interesting object to a contemplative mind, whatever may have been his moral or intellectual Conquest achieved or object attained, conscience cowering under the tyranny of the passions, or asserting her dignity by subjecting them to her sway, are equally instinctive, provided we are informed by what steps virtuous or vicious habits were superinduced; by what stratagems temptation prevailed; or by what efforts and expedients evil was vanquished and good obtained. The moral warfare in which each has to engage, is pregnant with consequences which reach to eternity, and possesses an intrinsic and essential importance, totally independent of the peculiar errcumstances with which it may be surrounded. The history of the humblest and least eventful life, which faithfully revealed the secret causes that contributed to form and determine the character, might be studied with profit by the great and the noble. Whatever tends to enlarge our acquaintance with any of our race, is an accession to the most valuable part of our knowledge; and although to know ourselves has ever been deemed of the very utmost consequence, perhaps the power of self-examination is never executed with so much vigour, as when it is called into action by the exhibition of individual character. The improvement derived from narrative in this view, will be proportioned to the degree in which the objects described, the scenes delineated, and the incidents related, bear a resemblance to those with which the reader is conversant.

For this reason the biography of ordinary individuals, though less dazzling is more instructive to the majority of readers than that of such as are distinguished by the elevation of their rank, or the splendour of their achievements. Few require to be taught the arts by which power may be obtained or position won, and few need to be warned against the mistakes and errors by which battles have been lost or speculations frustrated. Such events, however brilliant upon the historic page, afford but little useful instruction to the great bulk of mankind. But when a character, selected from the common walks of life, is faithfully and minutely delineated, no effort is required to enable us to place ourselves in the same situation; we accompany the subject of the narrative with an interest undiminished by distance, unimpaired by dissimilarity of circumstances, and from his example we derive the most useful practical lessons. Such being the case, we deem no apology necessary for laying before the numerous friends of the late Mr. and Mrs. Burpee, a brief account of their exemplary lives and their eminently peaceful deaths.

Mr. Isaac Burpee was born in Sheffield, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, on the 10th of December, A. D. 1793. He was the eldest son of the late Jeremiah and Elizabeth Burpee. His parents emigrated to this country from Massachusetts, over a century ago, and were among the earlier inhabitants of this the oldest settlement in the Province. New Brunswick, at that time, presented a rather uninviting appearance to the stranger, and it required considerable nerve to brave the difficulties and dangers of pioneer life. The rich alluvial lands on the Saint John were uncultivated, and the waters of the lovely river were unrippled by aught but the birchen canoe of the red man. Nature's wealth was unappropriated, and the blessings of civilization were unknown.

Many an anecdote might be related, illustrative of the

dangers, the difficulties, and the hardships of pioneer life, did we deem it necessary. But they were not the kind of persons to be easily discouraged, and making the best of their circumstances, they worked with a will and energy, before which everything gave way. The wilderness was converted into a fruitful field, indigence was succeeded by independence, and from this small beginning has grown a settlement second to none in the Province, for intelligence, wealth, and the comforts of life. And now as the tourist passes up or down the magnificent Saint John, with no place is he better pleased than the beautiful little neighborhood of Sheffield.

In the bringing about of this delightful change, the deceased played no unimportant part. A sober, steady, and industrious man, he laboured diligently and perseveringly to improve his temporal circumstances, and to provide for himself and for those who were dependent upon him, whatever might contribute to their comfort. Early and late, beneath the summer's heat or the winter's cold, on the farm or otherwise, we find him labouring with unremitting effort. "Make the best of both worlds," is good advice, and well would it be for individuals and for society were it more generally attended to.

Such was the opinion of Mr. Burpee, as practically expressed in his life, and he was glad to know that his well directed efforts in this respect were eminently successful. The later years of his life were comparatively easy and free from toil, and in the various comforts with which he was surrounded, he felt amply repaid for all his previous labours. In his children's welfare he was deeply interested, gave them a good education, and lent them such assistance as he deemed best calculated to ensure their success in life. And it must have been very gratifying to a father's heart to see his children so comfortably situated.

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Considerably more than half a century has elapsed since Mr. Burpee experienced the renewing power of Divine grace. When his mind was first led to a consideration of sacred things is not known, but he made a public profession of religion, and united with the Congregational Church, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Dunbar. The time was one of general awakening, and both churches—the Congregational and the Methodist, the latter then under Rev. Mr. Birt's superintendence—received large accessions. He had borne the burden of sin, felt the pangs of a guilty conscience, shed the tears of penitence, and renouncing every other ground of dependence, thrown himself by faith on the merits of Christ's atonement.

From that time he became decidedly pious, and manifested the reality of the change by all those scriptural marks which show the regeneration of our corrupted nature. He soon took an active part in the various services of the sanctuary, and evinced a sincere desire to persuade others to flee from the wrath to come. In the house of mourning, and at the bedside of the dying, he was ever a welcome visitor, and his earnest pleadings at the throne of grace, rendered such scenes much less sad than they otherwise would have been. By thus employing his talents his own soul was greatly blessed, and he felt a longing desire to be wholly devoted to the work of the ministry. He had, indeed, at one time, decided to do so, and had started for Europe to secure a theological education, when circumstances, the particulars of which we are not acquainted with, led to his abandonment of the idea. Doubtless, in this, he followed the indications of Providence; the Church here had need of him, and subsequent events clearly proved that this was his allotted sphere of action. Shortly after this he married Miss Coburn, in whom he found a real helpmate, and with whom he spent nearly fifty years of happy wedded life.

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In the relations of husband and parent, his piety was strikingly exhibited. Whilst the kindness which disposed him to the most affectionate communications with them was a prominent feature in his character, this was so tempered by prudence and judgment, that he always retained their grateful confidence. There was no ostentation in his piety, he said but little to them on the subject of personal religion, but he wielded over them a powerful influence, by his blameless consistency of conduct. The language of his every-day life seemed to say, "Be ye followers of me even as I am of Christ"; and whilst he thus kept them back from evil, he preserved not only their respect, but also their affection. About him there was nothing harsh, nothing austere, and in his presence they felt perfectly easy, and free to engage in any kind of innocent amusement. Whenever he read before them the sacred volume, they could discern in its precepts the directory of his own conduct: and in those trials which are almost necessarily connected with the transaction of business, or from those which will sometimes arise even from Christian friends, such was his demeanour that it was not necessary to tell them that he was a Christian. He was a plain, unpretending man, free from form and ceremony, never speaking in debasing terms of himself, nor exaggerating his own imperfections in order to obtain commendations from others. Humility with him was real, not affected; and its genuineness was exhibited in his appearance, manners, and conversation. From such a husband, from such a parent, it might be expected there would be a return of no common degree of affection; and this was indeed exemplified; for perhaps there scarcely ever was a more happy, a more united family. And this was particularly shown in his long and distressing illness, when all its members, who were within reach, seemed so anxious to devise some means of lessening his sufferings.

At an unusually early time of life, he was chosen to fill the responsible position of deacon, the duties of which he continued to perform with credit to himself and advantage to the church for nearly fifty years. He always manifested the strongest desire to promote the best interests of the church, and his opinion upon all matters was ever received with deference. He was not a forward talker, but when the occasion required it, he would fearlessly declare his judgment, and this was sometimes decisive of the question at hand. He had an established reputation for wisdom and equity, he enjoyed the confidence of the public at large, and the Church had never cause to blush for any reproach brought by him for departing from the principles of honourable integrity. In life he was honoured, in death lamented, and like the righteous Abel, though dead, is yet speaking.

His last illness was long and painful, but he bore it with exemplary patience and resignation to the Divine will. In the moments of his greatest distress, he was cheered with the consciousness of the Master's presence, and was enabled to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." visits of Christian friends he highly valued, and when they prayed with him, he evidently took great pleasure therein and derived much profit therefrom. His natural reticence and the character of his disease rendered conversation often difficult, and sometimes impossible. said enough to assure all that the arm upon which he had leaned in life, was all-sufficient in death, and he went down to death and to the house appointed for all living, with the assured conviction that "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are

eternal." The day projous to his death he was visited by the resident Methodic. Minister, the Rev. Robert Wilson, who spent some time with him in conversation and prayer, and who was very much pleased with what he said on the occasion: "Do you think," said he, "we shall know each other in heaven?" Mr. Wilson replied that he did, and regarded it as clearly taught in numerous passages of Holy Scripture; and assured him that it was one of those doctrines that he would not willingly surrender his belief in. Such views harmonized with his own, and the thought that death was not a dissolution of friendship, but merely a temporary separation of friends, appeared to give him real pleasure. Doubtless, he was thinking of those so soon to be bereft of a husband and father, and was looking forward to the time of a blessed re-union in the land beyond the tide.

Several things contributed to render his departure very distressing. Most of his children were unavoidably absent, and his dear wife was too ill to leave her bed. It was hard to die without a parting word or a farewell kiss, but it was unmurmuringly acquiesced in, and the language of his heart was, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." His last words were, "From the Cross to the Crown," and about o'clock on the morning of the 8th of April, A. D. 1870, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

As the Congregational Church was at the time without a Minister, the funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Robert Wilson, before mentioned. The congregation was large and attentive, and much real sorrow was expressed. A sermon was preached from the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," at the close of which the minister read a short account of the life and death of the deceased. The body was then committed to the grave "in sure and

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are ich are certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life," and while the earth was thrown upon the coffin lid to the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," the feeling of every heart was the prayer of the prophet of Mesopatamia, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the closing eyes; How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore."

Phebe Elizabeth Burpee, his beloved wife, was born in Sheffield, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, on the 20th of September, A. D., 1797. She was the second daughter of Moses and Hannah Coburn, who come originally from Rawly, Massachusetts, and settled here about A. D. 1762. All that has been said in the previous sketch of the then state of the country, the character of the people, and the privations to which they were exposed, is as applicable to the family of Mrs. Burpee, as to that of her husband, and need not be repeated here. Like others they toiled, like others they triumphed, and their descendants reap the rewards to-day.

Her parents were members of the Methodist Church, and laboured to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

When Phebe was about seventeen years of age, she was brought to see and feel herself a sinner in the sight of God, and to seek forgiveness through the merits of the Crucified. In the revival of religion already alluded to, under the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Birt, she happily experienced

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the renewing grace of God, and was enabled to rejoice in a consciousness of the Divine favour. Her confidence in God was strong, her Joy deep and abundant, and the language of her heart was: "O, Lord, I will praise Thee, for though thou wast once angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and now Thou comfortedst me." She at once united with the Church, became a regular attendant at the private and social means of grace, and was thenceforward regarded as a decided follower of the Saviour. And long as life lasted she held fast the profession of her faith, wearied not in well doing, kept her eye fixed upon the recompense of the reward, walked in the light of God's countenance, and by a uniform Christian character, proved the reality of her conversion, and the genuineness of her piety.

At the age of twenty-three she entered the married state, and while she found in Mr. Burpee a faithful and affectionate husband, he found in her a kind, true, and loving wife. him she was a true help-meet, and well and faithfully did she discharge the varied duties of wife and mother. Believing it to be her duty to him and that the spiritual interests of themselves and family would be promoted thereby, she united with the Congregational Church, and by the members of which she was ever loved and held in the highest estima-The heart of her husband did safely trust in her, and she did him good and not evil all the days of her life. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. She was his companion in youth, his assistant in labour, a fellow-partaker in his joy, his friend in age, his solace in affliction, and his sympathizing partner when pining with sickness, or suffering with pain. And when the shadows of the grave were mantling around him, and the time of his departure draw-

ing near, she ministered to him in the double capacity of a nurse and physician, until she was herself prostrate with illness. "Her children have risen up to call her blessed, and her works praise her in the gates." She proved how anxious she was to do all that was possible to ensure the salvation of her family, and to leave no means untried to secure so desirable a result. This object was ever before her, and this thought pervaded all her correspondence with them. Solomon's description of a good wife, was strikingly applicable to her, for she was frugal, diligent and industrious. As there are offices which only a mother can perform, affections which only a mother can feel, and difficulties which only a mother can surmount, she felt that special grace was needed, to do her work well and wisely. She entered into their feelings, weaknesses, and necessities, and in the numberless and nameless anxieties of youth, she deeply sympathized. The value of such a mother cannot be estimated—her influence cannot be measured, and nothing perhaps is so powerful to restrain from wrong, or encourage to good, as a consideration of a mother's feelings, or the hopes of a mother's approbation. And as her children reflect upon how much they are indebted to her, may they not truly say with the poet:-

"That sainted mother new above,
I owe her much for her pure love,
In patient teaching,—thousand cares—
But O, how much for secret prayers.

She led me to the house of God, Her weary feet had often trod; I learned of dangers, of God's cares, The reasons for "my mother's prayers."

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When leaving home, how oft she said, With holy hands upon my head, "Though sin has many thousand snares, Pray, and remember mother's prayers." She won my love, my youthful heart, To God by her persuasive art; My chastened spirit never dares To sin against "my mother's prayers."

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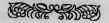
When heaven breaks upon my sight, And we shall meet where all is bright, I then shall know the end of cares, The worth of all "my mother's prayers."

Her last illness was of very brief duration. Worn with watching by the sick bed of her husband, she took to her bed a few days before his death, but nothing serious was apprehended until after that had taken place. When the melancholy intelligence was borne to her room that he had passed away, she sank beneath the blow, and all hope of her recovery was removed. She felt that her days were numbered, that the closing moment was at hand, and that she would soon be re-united to him in the happy home above. She gave the most satisfactory evidence that she was leaning on the arm of the Omnipotent, and the last words that trembled upon her dying lips were, "Rock of ages cleft for me. Let me hide myself in thee." She continued to sink very rapidly, and at an early hour of the morning of the 11th of April, A. D. 1870, she peacefully passed away without a struggle or a groan, in the seventy-second year of her age. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided."

Nearly all the family had got home in time for the funeral, a large concourse of friends and acquaintances assembled, and the Rev. Robert Wilson was again called upon to per form the last solemn ceremonies. He preached a sermon from the words, "Her sun is gone down," read a brief review of her life, and exhorted all to follow her as she had followed Christ. Much feeling was exhibited on the occasion, tears flowed freely, and the hymn commencing, "Sister, thou

wast mild and lovely," was with difficulty sung. And as the grave received the lifeless clay, we all felt that the Church had lost two of its most valued members, and the neighborhood two of its most worthy and saintliest characters.

This melanchely visitation has made a deep impression upon the public mind, and the hope is entertained that the influence wielded by them in life, will be increased by the circumstances connected with their death, and that all may be over-ruled for the good of souls and for the glory of God.



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