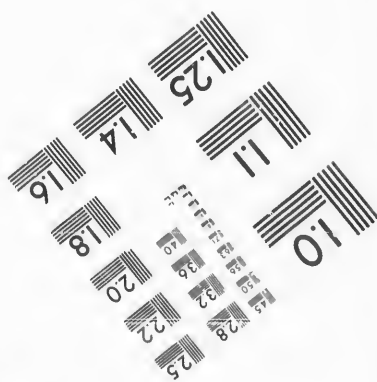
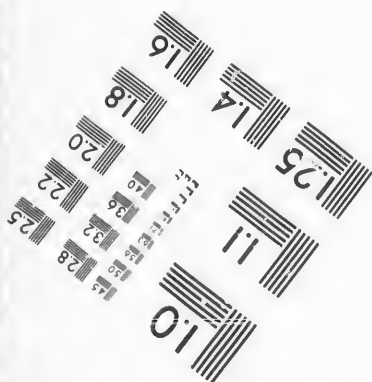
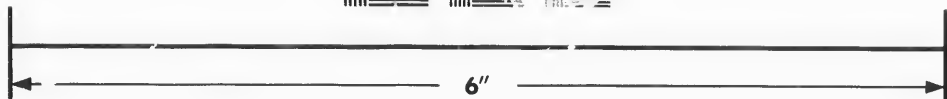
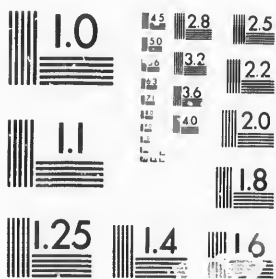


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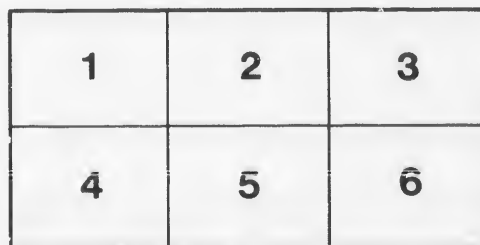
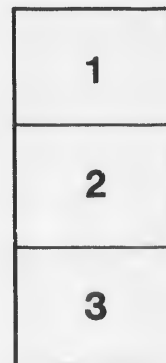
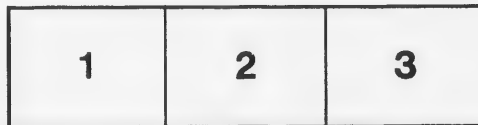
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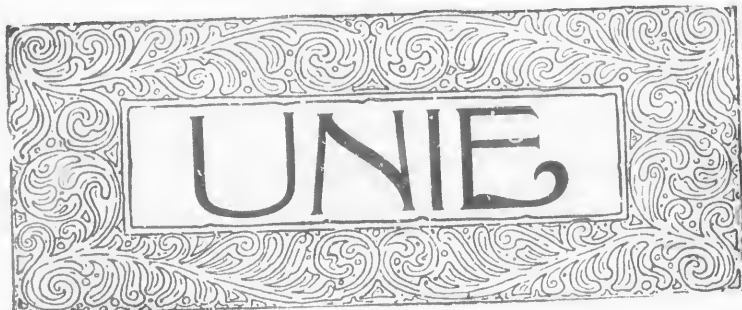
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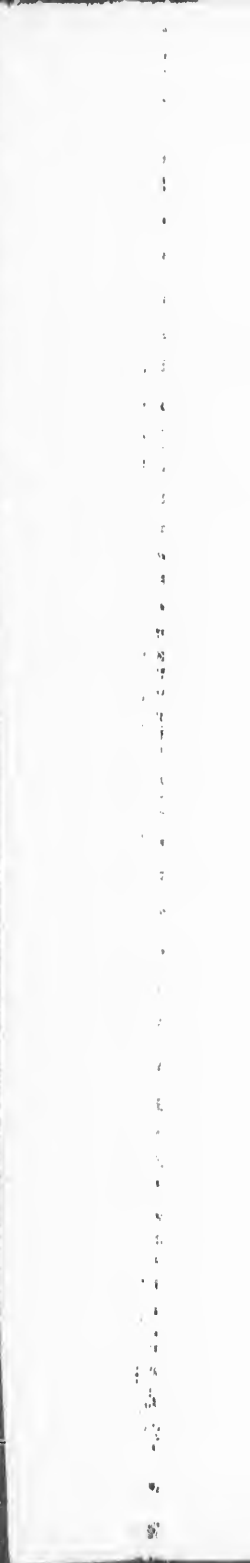
OR THE . . .
STORY OF A

*Useful and . . .
Beautiful Life*

“ Lives nobly lived make the twilights long,
And keep in tune God's nightingales of song.”

BY D. O. PARKER.

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TRIBUTE

To the Memory of
UNITY A. CHIPMAN,

WIFE OF

G. W. EATON, Esq.

BY

REV. D. O. PARKER, M. A.



*"She hath done what she could and it shall be spoken
of for a memorial of her."*

*"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil
the law of Christ."*



ST. JOHN, N. B. :
PRINTED BY E. J. ARMSTRONG,
1895.

C

INSCRIPTION.



As a small mark of my admiration and esteem for Unie, I inscribe these pages to all who now miss her genial presence, her kindly words, her friendly letters and devoted ministry in the hours of affliction ; with the prayer that they may comfort the sorrowing, help the weary, and be a cherished memento of the precious friendships of the past, and an inspiration to emulate her example in every good word and work.

D. O. PARKER.

WOLFVILLE, March, 1895.

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UNIE.

" Beautiful faces are they that wear,
The light of a pleasant spirit there.
Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good and true.
Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe."



Unity A. Chipman,

Beloved Wife of

G. W. EATON, ESQ.

Born in Pleasant Valley, 7th Nov. 1844.

Baptized the 4th of May, 1856.

Married the 24th of Feb. 1890.

Departed this life in Berwick, Dec. 23rd, 1894.



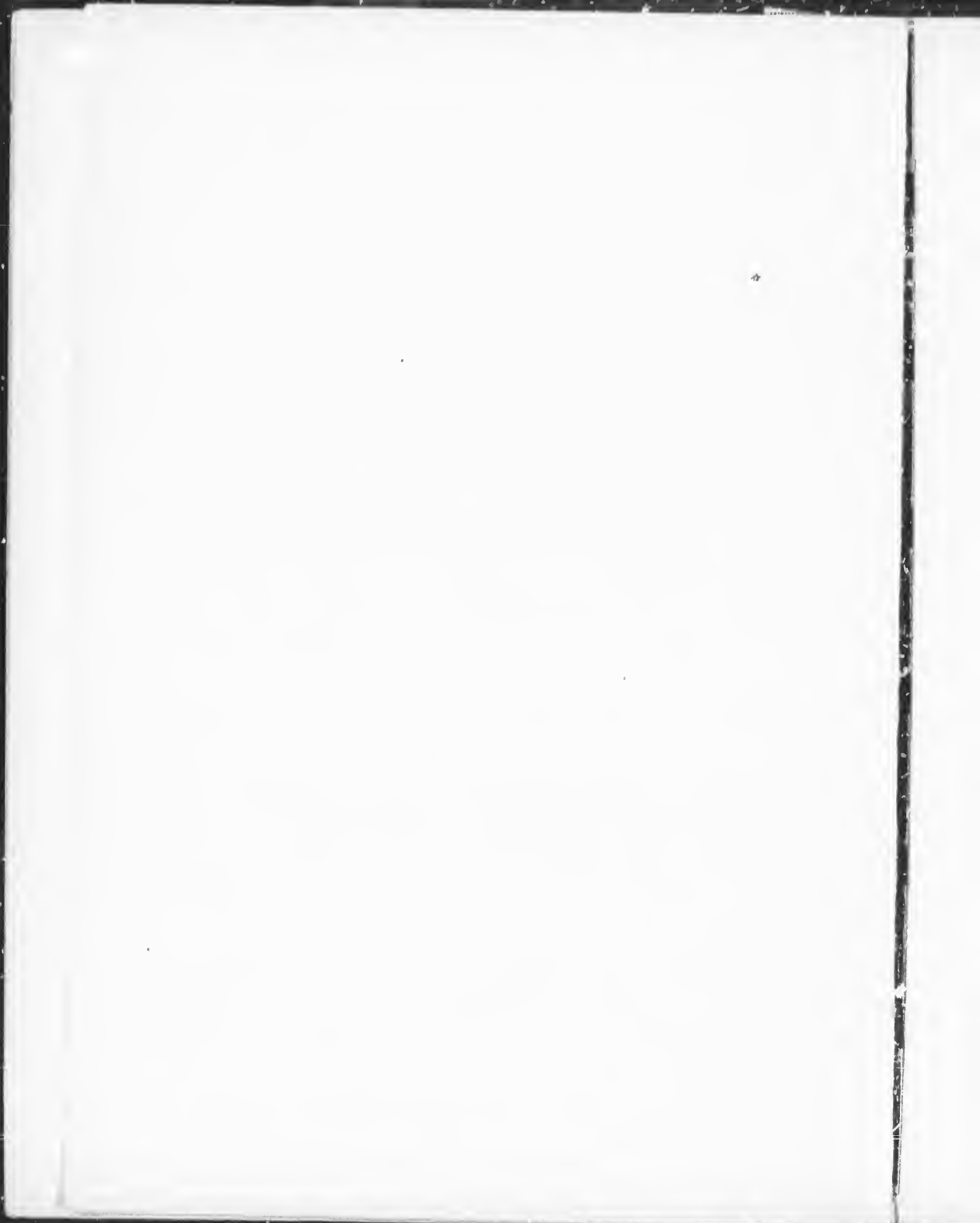
Devoted and kind as a daughter; affectionate and loving as a sister; thoughtful, prudent, and helpful as a wife; constant and generous as a friend; exemplary and active as a christian; a ministering angel to the sick, and a benediction to the dying.



*She died in the meridian of life, missed,
lamented, esteemed and loved.*



"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."





“ Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her
own works praise her in the gates.”



GOING HOME.

THE harvest and fruitage of Autumn are gathered. The leaves are faded and fallen. The fields and orchards have yielded their increase and are at rest. The birds and flowers have left the trees and gardens. The flocks are home from the pastures. The sun travels low in his circuit, and there are long nights of repose. The hallowed season of family reunions and joyous greetings is near. Christmas with its merry salutations, laden with the tokens of love is at the door. The sad and the sombre mingle with the gay and gladsome. It is a sad and yet a beautiful season in which to die. It is sad to leave sorrowing hearts behind, and a shadow on the festivities of the season ; nevertheless, it is sweet to go home amid the jubilee of millions on earth and the rejoicing of myriads in the skies. It was then, Unie,—the name by which she was intimately and familiarly known—said, “Sister, how glad I am you are here. You have always been *so good* to me, just like a mother. What could I do without you now? I am glad I am going home, Jesus help me.” And then breathing her last good-bye, looked lovingly heavenward and closed her eyes, leaving an ineffable sweetness on her marbled brow :—

" And every feature was composed,
 As with a placid smile they closed
 On those who stood around,
 Who felt it was a sin to weep
 O'er such a smile and such a sleep,
 So peaceful, so profound ;
 And though they wept, their tears expressed
 Joy for her pain-worn frame at rest,
 Her soul with mercy crowned."

THE LIGHT WENT OUT.

Thus, while to her devoted husband and sister, tenderly watching at her bedside, the night hung long and heavy, and while their eyes rested with fond sadness upon her fading features and her sister's hand rested like an angel's touch upon her brow, here in her room—the ante-chamber of Heaven, literally fragrant with flowers, and hung round with the cherished gifts of friendship, the light of that sweet life went out. But it was only transition ;

" On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Awake and radiant on the Other Side, glorified and at home in the house not made with hands she celebrates her first Christmas in the Golden City with her Saviour, where weariness, and sorrow and death are unknown, and farewells are never spoken.

" For humble faith with steadfast eye,
 Points to a brighter world on high,
 Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,
 May meet to part no more."

SWEETLY SLEEPING.

In the casket prepared for the grave, Unie did not look like one in the cold embrace of death, but as very sweetly sleeping. On it as a tribute of fraternal regard and affection was a magnificent wreath of flowers, laid there by her brother, the Honorable Judge Chipman, of Kentville. Other flowers given by her brother Andrew's family, and intended for a Christmas present, were made a part of her burial robe, and in the darkness of the grave are shedding their fragrance about her.

Her burial was on the 26th of Dec. The funeral solemnities were conducted by Rev. E. O. Read, and assisted by Rev. J. Craig and Rev. A. S. Tuttle, Wesleyan clergymen. Her remains were followed to the Berwick Cemetery by a long procession of mourners and friends.

PARENTAL INHERITANCE.

Her father was the late Rev. Wm. Chipman, and her mother's maiden name was Eliza Ann Chipman, daughter of Deacon Homes Chipman of Cornwallis. Over a large district their memory is still fragrant with pleasant reminiscences. In a large measure Unie inherited their distinguishing practical, social and Christian graces, particularly those of her sainted mother. On the 128th page of the printed Memoir of her mother is this tribute, every sentiment of which is true of Unie. It is an extract of a letter written in Tennessee by Dr. Van Buren, who was baptized by Mr. Chipman, and for many years was her family physician. On learning of her death he wrote to a friend :—

“She was indeed and in truth a most estimable woman. As a Christian, most exemplary ; as a wife, affectionate and kind ; as a mother, indefatigable in contributing to the comfort and happiness of her children, imparting christian instruction and all other

necessary information in regard to social and domestic habits ; as a friend, she was warm and sincere, never losing sight of her professions, attachments, or predilections ; as a member of society she was absolutely a pattern to all who felt inclined to act consistently. And what shall I say more ?—unless it shall be that we shall never look upon her like again.”

Her mother died when she was about nine years old ; and the cares of the family were transferred to an older, and now only surviving sister. They lived and were happy in each others affections more like mother and daughter than sisters.

A VACANT CHAIR.

Her sickness was caused by *La Grippe* ; and at times she experienced intense suffering, which she bore with remarkable fortitude, resignation and composure, and assiduously labored to conceal so as not to pain the hearts of those around her. When on the borders of the Better Land, and for herself she would gladly hasten over and exchange her sufferings for immeasurable blessedness, she remembered the happy reunions that come with the holidays, and repeatedly expressed a desire to remain here till after Christmas, that she might not sadden the festivities of that happy day. But the heavenly mansion was ready and she could not tarry. On the Sabbath morning, two days before Christmas, she triumphantly entered into rest ; and now her chair is vacant ; her queenly presence no longer presides at the family board, and in many homes and hearts there is a vacant room that no earthly friend can fill. Her life was not long when measured by years, but in works of love and self-sacrificing devotion, she lived many years, and was fully ripe to be gathered home to mingle with the multitude of loved ones gone before, to many of whom when here in their afflictions, she had been a ministering spirit. Always cheerful, and with ready hands, and encouraging words, beyond

her strength, she was a ministering angel to the needy, the troubled, the sick and the dying ; and her presence was lovingly sought as sunshine for the chamber of sickness, and as a benediction for the dying. In one of her memorandum books she wrote this extract, and of no one was it ever more true :—

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts not breaths,
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most : feels the noblest, acts the best.”

Almost from her childhood she was sought, irrespective of rank or sect, to minister in the chambers of sickness and death. Unmindful of her own strength, she exhausted herself in the benevolent care of others, and too soon sank beneath the constant pressure. As an illustration characteristic of her work and disposition, I will transcribe a single entry from her diary. It was her birthday, Nov. 7th, 1887 : “ R—— J—— came for me early in the morning to go to W. W——’s, to stay with Mrs. W——, who was very low with consumption. I found her suffering more than words can tell, and she only lived till the afternoon. I was so glad I could be with the dear woman, and do all in my power for her during her last hours on earth, but it was a hard strain upon my nerves, and I shall not soon forget that birthday when I prepared her for the grave. I remained till after the funeral. When I came home I found dear little Lizzie Read very sick and anxious to have me with her. I sat up with her Wednesday and Thursday nights, and was with her some during the days. She only lived till Monday evening, and then very suddenly passed away. Oh what a stricken household ! I remained with them most of the time till after the funeral and came home all tired out.” Such was the routine of her life year after year. During the season that diphtheria was prevalent in Berwick and vicinity she assisted in preparing twenty for their burial who had died from that disease.

In the home circle, the church, the Sabbath School and mission work, "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 did not eat the bread of idleness."

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

In her last sickness she was so patient, cheerful, hopeful and heavenly that her nearest friends could not realize she was so soon to leave them. She was conscious and happy to the last, and experienced no hard struggle in passing through the cold waters to the other side. Jesus said, "Peace, be still, and there was a calm." In her life she was lovely and in her death she was beautiful. Never did a child go to sleep in a mother's arms more sweetly than she fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, with none present to disturb the silent sanctity of the hour but her devoted husband, her sister and a loving friend, who in view of her protracted sufferings and the crown awaiting her, could say, "To die is gain."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

In small memorandum books she has written many beautiful extracts, all gems of thought, expressive of, and responsive to her own true heart and life. Unie, though always so full of sunshine had hidden in her heart one deep wound which with a wonderful resignation she quietly concealed, a wound too sacred to be seen by others. And here she wrote : — "My Friend S. D. S. — died at sea on his way home from Nebraska on the 14th of May, 1871, and was buried beside his mother at Three Rivers, P. E. I." On the 14th of May, 1883 she again wrote ; "Just twelve years ago to-day *my dearest earthly friend* passed away to the Better Land. His memory is just as *sweet* and *precious* to me, but I do not

mourn as I have during some of the past *sad years*. I am so thankful the dear Lord is drawing me nearer to Himself and enabling me to say from my heart, 'Thy will be done.' When the sad tidings of his death came, she was living with us in Liverpool, and I well remember how it pierced like an arrow to her heart. After first making note of this sorrow she wrote :—

“ Weary, so weary of wishing
For a form that has gone from my sight,
For a voice that is hushed to me forever,
For eyes that to me were so bright.”

But I turn another tear-watered leaf and there read :—

“ There is in every heart a grave,
A secret holy spot,
Filled with memory of *one*,
This busy world knows naught.”

Yes, in her heart was the hidden sepulchre of *one* liberally educated and genial, who hopefully looked forward to an honorable place in the legal profession and the sunshine of domestic felicity, but was taken from her ere the first dreams of life were realized, and so her heart was filled “with memory of *one* this busy world knows naught,” and there was no room for others. As the years rolled by, one after another was captivated by the mild splendor of her outward, sympathetic and benevolent life, and would gladly have shared their affections and homes with her, but in her heart there was no room to reciprocate their addresses. It was only when long years had worn away, and her yearning heart longed for one dear spot that she might call her own “sweet home,” that she consented to reciprocate the affections and grace the home of another, as wife, in the immediate neighborhood of her early friends and relations. The years of her wedded life were comparatively few, and filled with labor, blessing, pain and pleasure. I pass on to another page and read :—

“ Bury thy sorrows, let them be blest,
Give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.”

Her whole subsequent life was the literal realization of this triplet. She consecrated her sorrows and found comfort and resignation in the radiance of the cross. Her life was like a refreshing Summer shower, with the rainbow on the cloud.

And again she wrote ; and then to her there must have been a deep and peculiar significance in it. It is the language of resignation and the experience of her own heart.

“ I hold it true what e'er befall,
I feel it when I *sorrow* most,
'Tis better to have loved and *lost*
Than never to have loved at all.”

I turn another leaf :—

“ The curtains of the dark
Are pierced with many a rent ;
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark
Trickles through night's torn tent.”

To Unie, every cloud had a silver lining, and it was never so dark, but it might be darker. I read on and find this question, and its beautiful answer ; “ How can one the light of whose life has gone out, find happiness again ? ” “ For the love of the Master, help some one on a piece who has a heavier load than you.” No doubt she wrote this because it found a response in her own heart. All along the path of life she was constantly meeting with those who labored and were heavy laden, and was ever buoyant in spirit and happy, though often weary, because “ For the love of the Master ” she bore the burdens of others, made their loads lighter, and helped them on the way. And further on is this :—

“ Sorrows humanize our race,
Tears are the showers that fertilize our world,
And memories of things precious keepeth warm
The hearts that once did hold them.”

Here are sorrows, and tears, and memories ; gems, treasured in the casket of the heart ;— sorrows, humanizing ; tears, fertilizing ; and memories keeping the hearts warm that hold them. These were her jewels. And so on page after page, but only one more here, in which is told the inspiration of her whole life's history.

“ I live for all who love me,
For all who know me true,
For the heaven that shines above me,
For the good that I can do.”

“ SAINT UNIE.”

While she lived and died a faithful and devoted member of the Baptist Church, her loving heart and ministering hands knew no sectarian distinctions. On the fly leaf of a beautiful volume, among her books, is this inscription :

“ A small token of regard for the ceaseless attentions paid during the Conference week of 1883, by Miss Chipman, to the comfort of

St. Stephen, N. B.
HENRY POPE,
CHARLES STEWART,
RICHARD W. WADDELL.”

And another book presented by its author is inscribed ;—
“ Miss Chipman, with kind regards of Wm. Sommerville, Reformed Presbyterian Minister, Cornwallis.”

And many are the books, booklets, etc., that came to her even up to the day of her departure, inscribed with the declarations of the tenderest regard. I notice here only two books, one

of them in most elegant binding, entitled, "Golden Truths and Birthday Note Book,"—is the gift of a new made friend, inscribed ;— "'To Dear Saint Unie,' in loving remembrance of the pleasant days at Digby, with loving wishes and many happy returns, from her new but true friend,

Nov. 7th, 1887.

M. de B. B."

The other represents the tribute of a whole family, part here and part in heaven, and no doubt was given in loving remembrance of her timely help and sympathy in the dark hours of affliction. It is a large and richly bound volume of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, "A gift to Unie from Mrs. J. P. and her children and two bright, happy angels in the Better Land."

But more, her life was often cheered and her path made smooth and easy by yet larger pledges of love. Some kindly spirit withholding his name, expressed his appreciation of her womanly and christian graces by constituting her a life member of the Women's Baptist Missionary Aid Society, in the payment of twenty-five dollars. The Certificate of Membership, with the picture of Maria H. Norris, who founded the Society in Aug., 1870, she had neatly framed, and always esteemed it as one of the most pleasing gifts that graced the walls of her private apartment. And the Christmas holidays often brought her generous remembrances in money from a very near and dear friend in Australia. And a venerable relative in Kentville, now in glory, left her a liberal gift as a pledge of his tenderest regard. And another in St. Stephen, N. B., to whom she most tenderly ministered, and dearly loved, at his death made her the recipient of a thousand dollars, which enabled her with characteristic generosity to shed sunshine more brightly on many dark places.

MISSED.

Since her death many letters of sympathy have been received by her relatives. Extracts from a few must suffice.—This from an Artist in St. Stephen, N. B., which was accompanied with a beautiful picture, richly framed, half life size.

“I cannot write you a letter of sympathy and express my feelings in words, and so I have put my sympathy in a picture of the dear friend who has gone home to rest. I can hardly realize that she has gone. Unie was my *best friend*. But her work was done, and the loving Father has taken her to himself to be happy forever.”

A lady in Amherst writes:—“My thoughts dwell much upon the dear sainted one, and it is so hard to know that we must give her up, and that, that bright kindiy spirit commingles no more with the friends here on earth.

“Never here:—Forever there
Where all sorrow, pain and care
And time and death shall disappear,—
Forever there, though never here.”

I shall never know a friend like her. She was a rare gift of kindness, cheerfulness and sympathy.”

Another writes from Canso:—“As chronicled in the Messenger and Visitor I saw to my surprise the notice of your dear sister Unie’s departure,—just two days before Christmas. It seems to me so sad, and so saddening to us who are left to remember her sprightly manners, her lovely voice, her beautiful eyes, her kindly ministrations, and her loving sympathy. How plainly I see her now as I saw her last, that morning, when I went with you to her home, looked at the pretty surroundings, went up to the church which was then being repaired and there said good-bye.”

And this from Bridgetown :—"Dear loving Unie has gone through the pearly gates into the 'Golden City,' and heard the welcome plaudit, 'Well done good and faithful servant enter into the joys prepared for the redeemed and faithful.' What a Christmas ! John on the Island of Patmos was allowed a vision, dear Unie has entered upon the reality, hers the joy, yours, the sorrow.—*Missed*, will be written in large characters in a multitude of households. I do not know any one who will or could be more sadly missed, she was so cheerful, so thoughtful of other's comfort and pleasure."

The same appreciative words come from Queens County.

A venerable Deacon and his wife write : "We have just heard of Dear Unie's death, and do sympathize with you, dear friends, for we did love her, she was so lovely and cheerful."

This from Melvern Square :—"It is an unspeakable loss to you, a great loss to all who knew her. So bright, so cheerful, so unselfish, so kind and thoughtful, it was an inspiration to know her and think of her."

And this from a lady in St. Stephen, N. B., in whose home of affluence, Unie once ministered to her now sainted husband. There, when his eyes were darkened to all the pleasing prospects of his happy home which by diligence in business, fervency in spirit and serving the Lord, he had reared in splendor about him ; she was eyes to the blind, and sunshine to his heart, "I know how you all feel to lose such a dear sister, she was so good and kind that everybody loved her."

And from far off Idaho, comes the like sympathetic and responsive language from the pen of the wife of a Methodist clergyman. "For once my pen is not that of a ready writer, for the reason that I take my place among the mourners. I would love to have had a message, but it was not really necessary, for the unchanging affection my true love felt for me through her whole life, was the same to the very end, and I do not need to be assur-

ed of it. The host of friends who sustain loss in your loss, I cannot begin to think of them: I presume our darling has gone to work to do something for somebody up yonder."

A barrister in California, after nearly thirteen years absence from the land of his birth, writes: "Faces and scenes are as vivid and familiar as of yesterday, and how intense is my recollection of Aunt Unie, so extremely thoughtful of others, so sympathetic and kind, meeting her was always a blessing. I shall never forget her as I used to know her in her cheerfulness of character, her kindly interest in, and deep solicitude for all."

Mrs. L. Morse, under date Feb. 2nd, writes from Bimlipatam, India:—

"The last home mail brought the news of dear Unie's death. I know what a sad loss it is to you, but O, how blessed for her. What a friend she was to any who were in distress and suffering? Who can take her place by the death-bed or in the house of mourning? I have thought much about her lately. She was one of the friends who came to the station to bid us good-bye, the day we left for India."

A young woman in Mass., writing from the chamber of death, where she had been tenderly ministering: "Shedding soft drops of pity," says: "How often my mind goes back to dear Unie's life of such ministry; surely a corner of her mantle has fallen on me; God be praised for such lives of loving service, and O, may her example ever be a help toward a fuller outpouring of the Spirit of Him whose life was so full of comfort and help to those who sorrowed." In her childhood she sat as a learner at Unie's feet, and her heart was warmed and charmed with the glory of her mantle, and now far away she claims a corner of it, and with that as the badge of her ministry, she ennobles life and strives to emulate her example.

Professor E. M. Keirstead, who had the privilege of bowing in prayer at her bed-side during her last illness, and gave her

great comfort by his tender and comforting words, says :—"I had great satisfaction in my acquaintance with your sister. I remember well her tender, earnest ministry at Rev. E. O. Read's, when their daughter was buried, and as I met her afterwards I admired her spirit and the clearness of her views, her intelligence and devotion. When last in Berwick, I had a very sweet interview with her and heard her talk so freely, clearly and truthfully of the things to come, now for her in the past. There will not be found many who combine intelligence and faith so strongly. Such rare persons do much to make us believe in the dear Master whom they represent in spirit during their life, and their deaths are precious in His sight. It is a privilege to know them."

"SINCERELY BELOVED."

Very few were better acquainted with Unie than the editor of the *Messenger and Visitor*, as she was one of his most devoted workers in his first pastorate in Berwick. I transcribe a few words from his obituary notice of her as published in his paper at the time of her death. "She was a devoted christian woman, greatly beloved of her friends. Her cheerful spirit, her pleasant voice, her sympathy and loving ministry in times of sickness and sorrow brought cheer and help to many in their need. Perhaps no woman in the western part of the province was more widely known and more sincerely beloved. She was to her pastor always a most kind and faithful friend. Those who will feel a sense of personal bereavement in her death, are many."

And what an inspiring and ennobling tribute is this from Mrs. J. W. Manning, of St. John!

"ONE OF US."

DEAR MR. PARKER,—I am very glad to add my testimony to the many who called dear Unie, friend. To me she was more like a sister. No person outside my own family ever entered more closely into the charmed circle of our home and became one of us. Her joyous, happy disposition made her a charming companion in youth. In riper years the chords of our love seemed to strengthen and bind us together more closely as one by one the links on earth were loosed, for us both, and joined in Heaven.

Having felt the touch of sorrow in early life, she understood the secret of ministering to the stricken heart, and no words of human sympathy could be more tender or soothing than those coming from her lips and pen. She fulfilled more than any one I ever knew, the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Chris." She received the blessed reward that comes to all those who "suffer with Him," in the universal love and respect of her friends. In the sick room she was at her very best, always gentle and kind, her touch was restful, smoothing the pillows, cheering the drooping spirits by some bit of news or amusing anecdote; reading some choice poem, or a letter just received from a mutual friend, she always left the patients feeling so much better than she found them.

She not only bore the burdens of others, but was always anxious to share her joys with them. She never despised the *little things*; but made the most of every opportunity, be it ever so small, a tiny gift selected with great care, a bouquet of flowers, a dainty dish, a paper or book to read, the thousand trifles that others less thoughtful would pass by unnoticed; she stooped to perform and lo, they made her life the useful, fragrant thing it was, and its influence will continue to follow and abide with many who delight to call her friend. She was interested in every phase of our denominational work and sympathized with the workers in every

department. Her mind was intensely spiritual and she loved to dwell upon these subjects. How often we have talked of Heaven and the many loved ones who have entered in. Now she has solved the mysteries. Her eyes behold the King in His beauty. She has learned the new song and greeted the ones she so longed to see. It remains for those of us who loved her, to tarry here a little longer. Let us work more diligently, pray more earnestly, strive to follow her example in comforting the sorrowing, ministering to the sick and seeking out the "lonely hearts to cherish" in life's pathway, then for us will come the joyful welcome "Come ye blessed of my Father," which she has heard. The following is an extract from one of her favorite poems, Miss Havergal's "Compensation":—

"For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,
And the hand that takes the crown, must ache with many a cross ;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Then hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father knows what thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the fairest lot ;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou couldst not bear.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father portioneth as He will,
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be still ?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best ?
And in perfect acquiescence, is there not perfect rest ?

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father whose ways are true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth and waits for thy perfect trust ;
The cup He is slowly filling, shall soon be full to the brim,
And infinite compensation forever be found in Him.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father has fulness of joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom and pleasures forever more ;
Blessing and honor and glory endless, infinite bliss ;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, can'st thou not wait for this ?"

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEST.

SADIE MANNING.

Rev. J. W. Manning supplements Mrs. Manning's offering with his own. He writes :

I first met Mrs. Eaton in my school days at Wolfville, in the sixties and have known her more or less intimately ever since. As a young lady who made many friends, for she had the happy faculty of making the most diffident and retiring feel at home in her company. Her piety was deep and unaffected. She was a welcome visitor among the poor, and always brought cheer to the sick room. Her nature was intensely sympathetic and the troubled one found in her a ready listener, and a stretched-out hand. As a teacher in the Sunday-school and as a helper in the church, the pastor could always depend on her. As my acquaintance grew, I was led to appreciate the excellence of her character and the genuineness of her faith. If there were more Unie Eatons, the world would soon grow better. I shall not soon forget the last visit I made her in her room in Berwick.

J. W. MANNING.

DEVOTED SISTER.

Her brother, Rev. Alfred Chipman, of North Springfield, Vt., in referring to her as the True and Devoted Sister, writes :—

From fraternal intimacy I can bear high testimony to the sisterly fidelity and affectionate devotedness of sister Unie. I do not recall one thought or its manifestation in her that was essentially selfish or untrue. With rare obliviousness of self, she was always ready to devote sympathy, affection, time, thought, energy, and when in her power material aid towards the promotion of our individual or mutual happiness.

Those of us who a few years ago responded to the very kind invitation of our youngest brother to visit himself and wife in New York city, may easily recall several incidental confirmations of the thoughtful and generous regard of our sister, who formed one of

that happy party. To have her visit our house was one of our fondest delights in anticipation and realization. In our separation, however busily occupied, she maintained a frequent correspondence with us all and ever interested herself in our welfare.

Naturally, Unie was divinely cast in a choice mould, and a rare parentage, and the grace of Christ, and the discipline of her life experiences, some of which proved very trying ordeals; refined, developed and ennobled her disposition and character in a remarkable degree. The same true devotedness to her more intimate earthly friends was characteristic of our sister. Such a life, however, could not be confined to kindred and intimate friends. Sympathy with others in suffering or any need, prompted Unie to listen to call on call, until her own earthly life burned out, and her ransomed and ripened spirit found release from its exhausted tabernacle, and soared away to immediate companionship with Jesus and eternal reunion with the many loved ones who had already passed on into Paradise, there awaiting the Resurrection Morning and the gracious surprises of Christ's judgment.

Is it an occasion of wonder, that as brothers, surviving sister, husband, kindred and friends, we now beyond expression, miss from the earthly home our darling one? But through Him who has said "I am the resurrection and the life," we may go on loving her, regarding her as having simply transferred her existence where

"The foot no thorn e'er pierces,
The heart ne'er heaves a sigh,
In white we walk with Jesus,
Our loved connections by,
And to reach it,—'Tis a privilege to die."

May her precious life be a very inspiring example to all of us who still linger below.

Mrs. Chipman supplements her husband's fraternal tribute with this memorial *gem*, in which she reminds us that it was on a still and peaceful Sabbath morning, the "return of day of days," that Unie left us:—

In Memoriam.

MRS. UNIE A. CHIPMAN EATON,
DECEMBER 23RD, 1894.

The hush of hearts bereaved is in the air ;
The solemn silence unheard music makes—
The angelic song the victor spirit wakes—
Forever free from earthly fear or care.

The morning dawns—return of day of days—
Angels bend their sweet love-lit faces down,
Eager to bear her to her star-gemmed crown,
They crowd, on love-poised wing, the heavenly ways.

God's word they eagerly await. She hears,
And floating onward through the pearly gate,
Is where her own around the Saviour wait—
Faces familiar, loved, forever wiped of tears.

Our loved is gone ! The world so poor is grown,
That of ourselves we know not how to stay,
Did not our luminous path teach how we may
For others scatter roses fully blown.

O'er the dark tides the lights from Homeland gleam.
Through dimming mists of sorrow's night,
We see another clear and steady light,
Brightening our way through life's bewild'ring dream.

ALICE SHAW CHIPMAN.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, VT., Dec. 26th, 1894.

“WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.”

The following affectionate offering is contributed by J. B. Oakes, Esq., Principal of Wolfville Collegiate Academy. In her diary, Unie frequently referred to the many happy hours enjoyed in his hospitable and friendly home. The friendship made in St. Stephen was mutually cherished to the last :

In the death of Mrs. Unity Chipman Eaton, a great loss has been sustained, not only by her many acquaintances, but by her church, her denomination and society at large. A noble life is ever widely radiant. Her character combined rare elements. Unselfishness, sympathy, cheerfulness and courage constantly brightened her life and as constantly rendered her a ministry of blessing to all who came within her influence. Her desire to help and cheer others was as remarkable as her success in doing so was wonderful. “*Who went about doing good,*” can be said as truly of her as of her Lord. She loved to minister to the sick and sorrowing, the disappointed and the discouraged. How many she has thus helped by word and deed, by a gentle smile, a pressure of the hand, by her mere presence, multitudes can testify.

In St. Stephen, where we knew her most, she will be sincerely mourned and long and lovingly remembered. Her visits to our own home there were full of sunshine. Her conversation was not of herself or of her good deeds, but of good in others and of ways and means of blessing to those who were sick or sad.

Her communications in the prayer and conference meetings always revealed tenderness of sympathy and strength of soul, and her deep and abiding interest in the life and work of the church was evinced by the abundance of her labor in its behalf. Her faithful watching and loving ministry for her uncle, Zechariah Chipman, when blindness had overtaken him, were as great a privilege for her as they were a comfort to him and his family,

and when death removed him and she returned to Nova Scotia, each left a great blank in St. Stephen.

My wife and I count it a great privilege to have shared her acquaintance and Christian fellowship.

The memory of her pure, unselfish life will not fade, nor will the inspiration of her example cease.

Of the departed one it may be said,

“ The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in heaven, of which it was a part.”

SUMMER ZEPHYRS.

Such are some of the lines that have come from far and near, all freighted with sympathy and whispering the same gentle accents of love, friendship and bereavement. From the testimony of so many witnesses it must be evident that she was no ordinary woman—one among thousands,—Mary and Martha in herself, personified. While she was careful about serving, at the same time, in loving veneration, she sat a meek and pensive learner at the Saviour's feet. If living, Unie would shrink from all eulogy, for she lived as all the really good do live, in the blissful unconsciousness of doing more than was her pleasure and privilege to do. Her gentle and tender sympathy always wearing a smile of sweetness, diffused itself about her like the zephyrs of Summer. It is our privilege to pass by her faults, of which we are ignorant, and record her virtues, for she is now where neither praise nor censure can harm her. As the petals of the rose leave their sweetness when they are faded and fallen, so the fragrant memories of her beneficent life diffuse abroad their immortal sweetness, and admonish us to take hold of that same faith in God, and divine life from above, which inspired her useful ministry, more than all the cold philosophy of ages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The range of her acquaintances, ^{vis} invitations, and the opportunities which she made for helping others to bear their burdens on the way, was very large, for one living so quietly and unobserved by the busy world around her. But the range of her correspondence was much wider than her visitations. She corresponded with missionaries in China and India; ministers, Christian workers and friends, not only in the Maritime Provinces, but in England, Australia and the United States. In her letter writing, as in her personal intercourse, the wayward and erring, and particularly the anxious, were the special persons to receive the kindly ministrations of her pen. It was in this way many of her truest friends were made, and are now among her sincerest mourners.

“LOVE CAN NEVER LOSE ITS OWN.”

Making others happy was the supreme luxury of her life, and in that way she has proved that life is worth living, and has shown that, not gold nor greatness, but gentleness, helpfulness and sympathy is the basis of true friendship, and what we call the successes of life are not to be measured by material attainments alone, but by the finer triumphs of the spiritual ministry of the soul, “Happiness, our being’s end and aim,” flowed into her life, amid its cares and smiles and tears, like a flood of sunshine, and there sanctified and made mete for the Master’s service, was poured out again, all along her busy pilgrimage of blessing, from her childhood to the grave, warming the hearts of others. And now in the hour of bereavement, it is consoling to know that Unie and others that we loved, are out of sight, only, because they are journeying a little in advance, and in the near bye-and-bye we will join hands on the Other Side, where in conscious recognition of each other we will unite in the song of the ransomed forever.

In these words of Whittier, there is much of truth and comfort :

“ Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
 Since He who knows our needs is just,
 That some how, some where, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees !

Who hopeless lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across his mournful marbles play !
 Who hath not learned in hours of faith
 The truths to flesh and sense unknown,
 That life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own.”

The Charms of her Life.

(Lines suggested by Mrs. Manning's Tribute).

In homes and hearts where sadness reigns ;
 In volumes such as none can write,
 The story of her life remains,
 A light in sorrow's starless night.
 With open ears to every call,
 Wherever trouble might befall,
 Though often weary with the care,
 Her consecrated work was there.

Her hand upon the fevered brow,
 So gentle in its soothing touch,
 An angel could no more endow
 With rest the anguish of the couch.
 She smoothed the pillow with such grace,
 That arms of Comfort would embrace,
 In sweet supporting faith and love,
 The dying as they soared above.

A tiny gift select with care,
 A sweet bouquet, a little book,
 A smile of love, a breath of prayer,
 A hopeful word, a cheerful look,
 A dainty dish, a bit of news,
 An anecdote that would amuse,
 A poet's gem, a simple flower,
 Were charms she used with wondrous power.

Her Mantle.



O tell me where her mantle fell ;
 The mantle that she wore,
 When she ascending let it fall
 The prophet like of yore ;
 The mantle of Jehovah's love
 Enduring evermore.

Whoever wears that mantle now
 Is clothed in robe of power ;
 No circle's charmed beyond her reach,
 And like the fragrant flower
 Diffusing sweetness all around,
 She gladdens every hour.

When pilgrims on the river's brink
 Would reach the Golden Shore ;
 For them she smites the swelling stream ;—
 The waters part afore ;—
 Through crystal walls on either side
 She guides them safely o'er.

In love she smites the rugged rock
 And living water flows,
 The waste and arid desert smiles,
 The rose of Sharon grows,
 And mid the lilies of the vale
 The weary find repose.

O may this world of light and shade
 Ne'er want a friend to wear
 Her peerless legacy of love ;
 So rich beyond compare ;
 In fashion suiting every change,
 And graceful everywhere.

UNIE, VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE DOMINI NOSTRI.

