

### DEMISE OF MOTHER OLIPHANT.

Sophia Oliphant, sen., relict of the late D. Oliphant, sen., and the beloved mother of the writer, no longer lives here below! She died at her residence in Eramosa, on the 26th day of March, passing away as one fully ripe for the eventful change. While her memory is cherished by a few near relatives, and by more than a few who were acquainted with her noiseless virtues, no one mourns this change on her account. Death and the tomb, and the great day of the Lord when the Books shall be opened, were armed with no terrors to her who has lately left us.

Mother Oliphant's years were 71, lacking six days. She was born March 26th, 1783, in the city of London, England; was taken at an early age to Scotland, where she was married and became the mother of seven children—two of whom only are now among the living. Having been fifty or fifty-one years associated with the Lord's people, first with the Scotch Baptists and latterly with the Disciples—having passed through very trying vicissitudes and afflictions without even a whisper of a murmur—and having been steadily active though unassuming in manifesting an interest in the Saviour's cause, she has worked out, through Him who strengthened her, a christian pattern which it is hoped may not be forgotten by her children, grand children, and other relatives and friends.

D. O.

### OBITUARY.

Our beloved sister Roxena Hall, of Bowmanville, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus on the 13th January. Shortly before her death she selected for her funeral a passage of scripture, hymns and preacher. Two verses of one of the hymns read as follows:

When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains  
And long to fly away:

Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love:  
Sweet to look upwards to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.

We "sorrow not as those who have no hope."

L.