

OBITUARY.

**The Bereaved Family, or the late
Mr. Peter Ogilvie, of Springfield,
N. B.**

Some of your readers will have heard of the repeated afflictive dispensations of Providence in the highly respected family of Mr. Peter Ogilvie, of Springfield, N. B., we have now to chronicle the crowning stroke to that bereaved family,—the death of the amiable—the philanthropic, the benignant Mr. Ogilvie himself, who fell a victim to the same disease which carried off his three children and two grand children, on the 21st December, last.

This sad death has covered the neighbourhood with a mantle of gloom and melancholy, for Mr. Ogilvie, was a man of no ordinary standing in society. As a man, and as a christian, and as an Office-bearer in the Presbyterian Church he was unrivalled—so that his place can scarcely be expected in every point to be filled up by any one man, for he was a man of a thousand in every way he might be viewed.

We fervently prayed during his brief illness that his precious life might be spared to us, for we loved him with the love of Jonathan to David—but Jesus loved him more, and therefore, could not listen to our prayers—but said to the dear saint, “come up higher.”

Mr. Ogilvie, was born in the Parish of Ayr, Perthshire, Scotland, it we mistake not in the year 1809, and came to New Brunswick in the fall of the year, 1832, so that at the time of his death he must have been in the 63rd year of his age.

When he came to this Province, Mr. Ogilvie, was a young man of great promise, and was endued with earnest zeal for the promotion of the cause of Christ, and entered with great zest, and with his whole soul into building up the dilapidated walls of Zion in Springfield, where he cast his lot on his arrival in this Province.

About 20 years ago, he was unanimously chosen by the congregation as one of two, to the office of Deacon for the management of the financial affairs of the Church, and when additional elders were needed about 13 years ago, Mr. Ogilvie stood as one of the highest in the ballot; in every ballot cast his name was inserted with one solitary exception. These things showed the unanimity with which the congregation appreciated his worth, and since his ordination he has been repeatedly appointed as Commissioner from the congregation to represent them in the higher courts of the church, which place he invariably filled with prudence and exemplary discretion.

Though there was an evident break down in him during the past few years—

and by reason of his age and hard labour, this might have been expected, yet Mr. Ogilvie could never get old—he was always young when engaged in the affairs of the church, and about five years ago when our new church was being erected—he seemed to have renewed his age, and to assume the buoyancy of youth, for whoever of the congregation were amissing, Mr. Ogilvie, his sons, and his houses were always on the spot when help was needed—and we are safe to say, though verging on Sixty, he did more manual labour in the erection of the church than any two young men could accomplish.

The removal of such a man from any community may be truly reckoned an irreparable loss,—a loss which we can scarcely expect in every point to be made up; but without doubt his work was done and the Lord may in his Providence raise up others to carry on his cause among us, though not qualified in every respect as he was. But why speak of loss? We cannot help feeling the loss—but what is loss to us is his gain—for like Moses he is removed from being a leader in the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant. The bright star though removed from human gaze is not extinguished, but shines in a brighter sphere with increased lustre. The precious gem is not lost, but is set as a bright diamond in the crown of Jesus.

Though Mr. Ogilvie was a Presbyterian, his religion was not confined within the not shell of a human creed—for he was of a Catholic spirit, and all good men view his death as a public calamity, for though he held tenaciously to his creed as a true blue Presbyterian, yet in his large heart and Catholic spirit, he received into his bosom all who bore the image of Jesus whatever names they bore among men. There was in him a rare combination of natural wisdom and fervent piety—the christian graces were sweetly blended with a high degree of natural tact, and this enabled him to grapple with difficulties that would unman others, and to unravel the most knotty questions, so that both as a man and as a christian he seemed to have been alone—as a man of honour, he was honour itself, and in his business transactions, his word was as sure as his bill. To sum up his character in one word, Mr. Ogilvie was the embodiment of the character described in the 15th Psalm.

In his business transactions connected with the congregation of Springfield, he was the leader in every thing that had respect to the prosperity of Zion, and when any difficulty arose—the general voice of the people was—let us ask Mr. Ogilvie about it, he was like a Joseph in the Court of Pharaoh, he was like a Daniel in Babylon—and even his enemies (if he had