

OBITUARY.

DIEN,—In the township of Huntley, on the 20th inst., Margaret Star, third daughter of James Star, in the 18th year of her age. The health of the deceased had been in a delicate state for the past year or more. Still no fears were entertained on the part of her friends, until quite recently of her speedy dissolution. But O, how frail is man! How suddenly, and unexpectedly in many instances, is he hurried into the eternal world! About ten days, previous to her departure, she was taken violently ill. Medical aid was called, and was thought to be successful in arresting the progress of the disease; but it proved to be only for a moment. In the meantime she was watched over day and night, with parental care and anxiety, and to human appearance seemed to be fast recovering; so much so, at least that she was able to leave her bed without assistance. But on Friday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, while the members of the family were engaged in their respective duties, there was a sudden change; an alarm was made; the family called, but ere her brothers and sisters could reach her bed-side, death had performed his work. Margaret S. slept the sleep of death. Thus suddenly was this youthful girl; this bud of promise, cut down in the morning of life, a striking proof of the correctness of the old adage,—‘The old must die, the young may.’ Margaret had many virtues, naturally kind, affectionate, and humane, she manifested unceasing solicitude to render all comfortable and happy with whom she had intercourse especially the members of the family with which she stood connected. Another still more pleasing feature in her character was that she was thoughtful and serious beyond many

of her years. In consequence of the instructions received under the parental roof, and Sabbath school, her mind was deeply impressed with eternal things, and in her last sickness conversed freely and familiarly upon the solemnities of death, judgment, and eternity. And when asked the important question—was she prepared, and resigned to the will of God, to live or die? her answer was prompt, and in the affirmative. Her favourite hymn, which she often asked to be sung, was, “The hour of my departure’s come” &c., which showed the exercise of her mind. Now she has left us, she has gone, who can question to add another to the blood-washed throng in heaven, to sweep the chords of another harp in singing the songs of Moses and the Lamb. Her funeral was attended on the Sabbath following, when a large circle of mourning friends assembled to follow her mortal remains to her long home, as the last token of respect they could pay the departed one. The occasion was improved by the writer, from these words, “We do all fade as a leaf; our iniquities, like the wind, sweep us away.” The discourse was followed by a warm exhortation from Father Gilchrist, a local preacher, whose head is whitening for the grave. These services being ended, she was interred. And as we gazed upon her new made grave, these words, with mournful cadence, seemed to arise therefrom, as the last counsel of our dear sister:

“Go home, dear friends, and cease from tears,
I must sleep here, till Christ appears;
Prepare for death while time you have
There’s no repentance in the grave.”

and I trust the language of our hearts was—

“O God prepare us all to greet,
This saint: one in heaven;
Grant us thy grace, and let us meet
With all our sins forgiven.”

J. LOVERIN.

Huntley, Nov. 29th, 1850.