

## OBITUARY.



"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field."

It is our painful duty to record in this our first number, the death of CHRISTIANN, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. McGregor, East River, and wife of Abram Patterson, Esquire, Pictou, who departed this life early on Sabbath morning, the 25th ult., in the 46th year of her age, leaving a husband and six children, and an extensive circle of relatives and acquaintances to lament their bereavement.

Of the deceased it can be said that she knew the holy scriptures from a child. Gifted by nature with an amiable disposition, and trained up under the government of strictly exemplary and pious parents; the religious lessons which they uniformly taught, her docile mind was ever ready to learn; and her after life afforded a pleasing evidence that the instructions which she received in her juvenile years fell upon her heart as good seed upon the ground. By the conscientious discharge of the duties of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, she furnished an example highly worthy of imitation. For a number of years she was a member of the Rev. J. McKinlay's congregation, and by her habits of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and self-control, she adorned the profession which she had made. While she was in life, it appeared to have been her principal aim to prepare for another and a better world, and, therefore, as the grim messenger approached, she was enabled to meet this last enemy with undaunted and christian fortitude, and in the confident expectation of a complete victory under Christ the Captain of her salvation. *"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours: and their works do follow them."*

By the removal of the deceased from our society, we cannot avoid experiencing those sensations of grief which this dispensation of providence is calculated to produce; but let us not mourn as those who have no hope, but be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Bless'd be the everlasting God,  
the father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd  
his majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
and call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
that they should never die.

To an inheritance divine  
be taught our hearts to rise;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
unfading in the skies.

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept  
till the salvation come:  
We walk by faith as strangers here;  
but Christ shall call us home.