

OBITUARY.

When the aged are stricken down in death we are apt to regard the event as the common lot of humanity. We deplore their departure, pay homage to their worth, enshrine their memories in the heart, and, in some measure, are reconciled to inevitable destiny. But when those in the prime of intellect and attractiveness bow down before the dread King of Terrors we are the more struck with awe and emotion. In the recent death of Miss ELIZA WATKINSON these sentiments have been emphatically manifested.

If a close observer were called on to trace the leading characteristics of our departed friend in a brief summary, he might well say: She possessed rare personal and intellectual attractions, and that nature had endowed her with superior mental qualities, combined with a heart full of social and congenial emotions. She was indeed an affectionate daughter, a fond sister, a kind neighbor, and a devoted friend; thus fulfilling all the offices of consanguinity and good fellowship.

She had been carefully nurtured from early youth by fond parents in the rudiments of polite literature, of history, taste, the fine arts, and domestic virtues. Her soul was full of music, and she was ever ready to pour forth the song accompanied by herself on her favorite instruments for the amusement of family and friends. Wit and vivacity, sincerity and good humor were among her prominent traits, and those who knew her best were among her most warm friends. There was in her nature a whole-souled spirit of bonhomie and benevolence, and a smile of welcome for the young and old; and the pastimes of children were among her favorite amusements.

If she formed a friendship it was an event duly appreciated, and the friend became part and parcel of herself in the interest felt in his welfare. Hence were inspired the many personal friends of both sexes, who admired and respected her wherever she went. Full of brightness and intelligence, she was ever a welcome visitor and an ornament to the polite circle. But her favorite arena and pleasure was in dispensing the amenities of hospitality to friends and strangers under the parental roof. Her home was long the well-known resort of refined social visitors, and many of such from far and near will accord how well personal attractions were blended with the elements of a high-toned woman.

The last hours of such a character were consistent with its antecedents. For many a long month she had borne with patience the privations of ill health, and she was not tired of the approach of friends. But death came at last as a Providential visitor for her relief, and those who have known her in youth and beauty will long remember her sterling virtues. In the hours of death were revealed the true self-sacrificing qualities. She was calm and collected, and seemed more anxious about the distress of relatives than of self. "Weep not for me," she said, "but prepare to follow; we shall meet again in Heaven. Come soon." Of such were her last benedictions, and she departed at the morn of twilight of a Sabbath like an infant reclining in sleep. A.