

Obituary.

It has indeed been a sad line of fatalities that have attended the elder Mr. Furlongs' family, of Colgate, during the past few weeks. About two months ago their home was darkened by the death of Mrs. Sherman Furlong, who left an infant child to fight a short but bitter battle with this world's ills and trials. While the family was still in the deep shades of grief it was again called upon a week ago last Wednesday to experience another rending of the heart strings by the sad death of Mrs. R. L. Furlong. This left the two brothers disconsolate, and alone. To render the bereavement still more sad, the infant child spoken of in the above, died on the day of Mrs. R. L. Furlong's funeral. These are circumstances which can only be treated with silence, as we all know that no human power is capable of administering solace to hearts so bereaved. We cannot help but feel our insignificance when we witness the unapproachable grief of a disconsolate family, sitting in silent sorrow, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friends. We know that they must look to a higher power for consolation and that the one ray of sunshine that can penetrate the gloom proceeds from that happy thought that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory, which awaits the innocent.

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