

Obituary.

Died in the city of Savannah, on the 7th instant, MRS. RUTH BERRIEN JONES, daughter of the late JOHN and JULIA M. WHITEHEAD, of Richmond Bath, and wife of CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, jr., aged twenty-four years, one month, and eight days.

Life's journey so soon accomplished—her bright spirit passing beyond the confines of this world of commingled joys and sorrows, has found a happy home in that Upper Realm, where peace, and love, and holiness forever abide.

At an early age experiencing that change of heart known only to those, who through the atoning intercession of a precious Saviour, have been called from death unto life, she illustrated by her daily walk and conversation, the characteristics of a true child of God.

To the attractive graces of her person—to social and intellectual qualities of the most pleasing nature—to a warm, generous heart, full of the purest, truest emotions—to a sound judgment—to a character marked by gentleness, affection, sincerity and decision, were added those crowning virtues which are the offspring only of true piety. None knew her, but to love her.

We may not dwell upon those peculiar excellencies, which characterized her as the devoted wife, the tender parent, the attached relative, the true friend, and the kind mistress. The flowers of affection which her own hands have planted in the hearts of those who knew her best, are still fresh and fragrant; with their sweet perfume hallowing the memory of those loves, which can be forgotten only when the silver cord is loosed, only when the golden bowl shall be broken.

The logical sequence of a life so true, so consistent, so charitable, so gentle, and yet so decided in the cause of all that was just and of good report, was fully met in her closing hours. During a severe and protracted illness, with entire acquiescence in the will of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and of death—her trust in the imputed righteousness of a precious Saviour unshaken—with patience and in meekness she awaited the coming of that, to her happy hour, which would grant an entrance into those Mansions above, eternal in the Heavens.

Serene as a summer sky when storms are hushed—her soul filled with those consolations which flow from a sense of sins forgiven, from an intelligent realization of the near approach of a blessed immortality—her faith in God unwavering—calmly parting with those who were nearest and dearest to her on earth—committing her tender infant to the care of one whose heart, next to her own, would melt in kindest sympathy for the little orphan—in joyful anticipation of a happy re-union with the loved ones who had gone before, and especially with that sweet little daughter who, but a few days previous, had fallen asleep in Jesus—she quietly and without fear yielded back her pure spirit into the hands of the good God who gave it.

Although her accustomed seat in the house of the living God is vacant now,—although the eye of affection will never again brighten at her coming, and the shadows of sorrow still gather about the home of the desolate—still, the savor of her good name, the recollection of her many virtues, the sacred memories which her own kind heart has given, and the sweet influence of her life and her loves, will be tenderly felt, and sincerely cherished by all who knew her.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees,
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful, in the grave so low;
Thou no more will join our number,
That no more our songs shall know,
Dearest Sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in Heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

SAVANNAH, July 24th, 1861.