

[Robb, Andrew]

DEATHS.

In Webster, Monroe county, N.Y., on Saturday, January 21st, Mr. ANDREW ROBB, aged 83 years. Mr. Robb came into this place when the country was almost and entire wilderness. His cold remains now slumber in the silent tomb, upon the very farm which he selected and occupied some thirty years ago. He has been a firm believer in a world's salvation for several years. The weight of time, and the infirmities of age had much impaired his tottering limbs and intellectual powers, insomuch that he had scarcely known his children or neighbors for some time past. He came to his end by a fall, which caused a broken thigh, about eight days before his death. From the time of the fall at the door of his son, with whom he resided, until he expired, he could not be made to realize his condition, nor his approaching end. He supposed himself among strangers in a strange land. He struggled much to make his escape from those who had the care of him, which seemed to hasten his dissolution. How frail is man, how transitory, how uncertain is human life! A breeze of wind too strong, a shower of rain too heavy, often produces some fatal disease or disaster that hurries us to that world from whence none but Christ and a few others have been known to return. Truly, human life is blended with death; it is short and transient, as the humble flower that falls before the mower's scythe. Passing away is written upon all our friends as well as our foes: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever." Eccl. i:4.—Peace be to all the surviving children and friends of the deceased, and to all our fellow men.

S. [Stephen] Miles

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