

## MRS. ALYIRA MACK

The estimable lady whose name heads this notice, expired at her residence at Rochester, Michigan, on the morning of the 21<sup>st</sup>, at the age of almost seventy years.

She was born in what is now the province of Ontario, Canada, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May 1806. She was left an orphan at the age of six years, and was kindly cared for by a former friend of her parents until she was twelve years old when she was adopted into the family of the late Col. Stephen Mack; who will be remembered by the older generation as one of the pioneers of Oakland County and one of the founders of what is now the pleasant City of Pontiac. He donated the ground for the present Oakhill Cemetery and also the site of the old Presbyterian Church of Pontiac.

The child grew to womanhood in the household of her foster parents, and in 1827 was married to their son, Almon Mack, who survives her and with whom she dwelt in peaceful and happy wedlock until her death.

Although herself childless, she performed the office of a mother toward three children who had been deprived by providence of their natural protectors, and she still holds the place of a mother in their affectionate remembrance, viz: Mrs. Wm. Palmerlee of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. J. E. Wilson and Mrs. E.S. Cook of Rochester.

She had resided at Rochester over forty-five years and had been an active and exemplary member of the Congregational Church of that place for nearly forty years. Her social life was characterized by an earnest and unostentatious piety, bountiful hospitality, ready and broad charity, superior intelligence, and a certain unstudied and easy politeness and sweetness of disposition that won all who came within her personal influence. Although during middle and later life she was, with her husband, possessed of independent means, she always personally supervised her household, and set an example of prudent industry until her physical strength failed. Her hand was always open to the poor, and she was everywhere the good angel at the bedside of the suffering and was the friend and counselor of the distressed in all her neighborhood.

She bore her last illness with great patience. Her faculties were unclouded to the last, and she met the messenger of death with a Christian resignation, which at the last was merged in saintly victory.

She was buried at Rochester, on the 24<sup>th</sup>, and was followed to the grave by a concourse of mourners whose tears were a nobler eulogy than the plaudits of fame or the trappings of ceremonious show.

Her dying words were, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth; and because he lives, I shall live also.' Her life was pure, her memory is blest, her faith is triumphant.

'Oh! To how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen;  
But a dim shadow that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts-  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Is but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified!

For others, a divine Creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beautiful feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street.  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet—  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy One came from above.'

L.

Pontiac Paper January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1876