

Miss Grace Halliday was born in
New York, on January 11, 1841.
She is the daughter of the late
James H. Halliday, and the late
Mary Ann Halliday. She was
educated in the common schools
of her native town, and in the
female academy at New York.

On October 21, 1865, she married
George J. Brown, and moved to the
city of New York. Five children were
born to the union. Three of whom
are now living. The other two
died in infancy. She was the
mother of the late George J.
Brown, who is now a lawyer in
New York.

In 1872 she moved to Philadelphia,
where she was engaged for several
years in the management of a
large estate of land. In the
autumn of 1875 she returned to
New York.

On Monday, December 21, she
was attacked with the influenza,
and soon fell into a comatose
condition. After several days
of illness, she was taken for a walk
accompanied by Dr. Brown and
the children. It is supposed that it
was on this day she contracted the
influenza. At any rate, the
illness, which, according to
reports, she was taken with a
sudden chill. Her case quickly
developed into pneumonia. When the
disease became serious her
son and daughter were called to her
bedside. Several days afterwards
her illness grew more serious, and on
Thursday morning at 7:30, December
27, she passed away, with her
husband, son and daughter, and
the sister, beside her. She was
devotedly nursed by her son,
and gave evidence for her belief and for the
truth of her faith. Her last
words were an expression of
love for her many friends in
Haverhill. At 11:30 a. m., on
Wednesday, she was borne to
Whitaker's, where she was laid in
the Hill, from whence cometh
our help. The last words she
spoke were an expression
of thanks for the care of the
nurse.

Now, as we are forced to realize
the fact of her physical absence,
our hearts instinctively turn to a
consideration of her character and
Christlike influence which cannot
and never will leave us. As a
mother, she not only deprived her-
self for the care of the lives entrusted
to her, but taught to them the
sacred principles of the Master. As
a friend, she was kind, considerate,
helpful, sympathetic and true. As a
neighbor, she quickly developed ac-
quaintance into lasting friendship.
No thought of her but brings with it
a warmth of joy for her life and a
tide of regret for her absence. We
can no longer carry to her problems,
trusting to her superior wisdom and
tender love for proper guidance. It
only remains for us to show, by our
devotion for her life, and by our
own deeds, that her influence, never
so potent as now, is still with us,
and through whatever paths the
Master of our lives shall choose to
lead us, still to evidence to the
world the fact that the great God
who can give a mother to the needy
can also make that mother's mem-
ory a force for right and a power
for good. Even in our extremity of
loss, felt the more keenly because
the loss is so great, we are comforted
in the thought that the Father is
not only all-powerful but all-loving,
and that she who was so tired, so
weary of a life over-full with trial
and pain, has found at last a rest in
the Everlasting Arms, and freedom
from sorrow.

She leaves to mourn her loss, not
only her circle of friends, for whom
she expressed the warmest love; not
only us, her son and daughter, who
feel an eternal debt to her love and
teaching; not only her mother and
sisters, whose sympathy and grief
has been so potent, but a husband
whom she loved with her whole
heart, and four step-children as dear
to her as her own flesh and blood.
And these all, in a common bond of
love and grief, turn in following her,
to "lift up their eyes unto the Hills,
from whence cometh their help."

Chas. B. Brown
Mrs. Maude M. Ingersoll