

HARRIET A. WOODWARD

Died, Saturday afternoon, June 10, 1893, at 'Fairview', Rochester, Harriet A., eldest daughter of Lysander and Penibius Woodward: aged 48 years and 25 days.

This sad event has cast a deep shadow over the summer's brightness, bringing sorrow and grief to a large circle of loving friends. The knowledge that her life had gone out came so unexpectedly that even those about her were shocked at its suddenness.

May 28th she left home for Chicago to attend the World's Fair, full of the anticipation of realizing what she had planned to see since the location of the great exposition had been decided upon. She had so thoroughly prepared herself by reading, that each day of the twenty that she intended to stay in Chicago was set apart for viewing some department of the world's industrial exhibit. Her friends urged her to give up going, deeming it unsafe, in her state of health to undertake what would tax the strength of the strongest, but she could not be disappointed; but in a week she returned, exhausted beyond recall, and in six days after, her heart failed and she was not, for God had called her to enter upon a view more wondrous in magnitude and grandeur than eye hath seen or human ingenuity hath devised; and where no weariness can hinder the contemplation forever.

Harriet has left a mother, to whom she had been companion, daughter, friend, two brothers – Robert, a professor in Columbia College, New York, and Hubert of Flint; two sisters – Mrs. John Scott and Mrs. A. S. Parker of Detroit – who will mourn for many a year the sister who made the home so pleasant by her skillful arrangement in beautifying the place where centered the memories of childhood and youth's happy hours. "Many a year be in its grave" before the community in which she lived will cease to remember her usefulness, her accomplishments and steadfast friendships. She was a person of strong characteristics; for her to purpose was to do, and what she did she did well.

She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church seventeen years, and until her failing health forbid, held important positions in the church and sang for years in the choir.

The funeral services were held in the home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. J. Campbell, her pastor, officiating and with impressive words tried to lift the last sad rites from their gloom. Flowers, fit emblems of her inner loveliness, were scattered beneath and lay upon the casket holding her mortal remains, and after a brief service her precious form was carried and placed in a flower-lined grave, beside the dust of her father, in our beautiful Cemetery, but amid tears and grief we felt that

'There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death:

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