

July 3 OBITUARY 1883

The news of the decease of Mrs. Helen Whitcomb Hobart, on the 2nd inst., at her home in Chicago, will be received with universal sadness. Her protracted illness was ended at the age of 37 years.

She was a native of Chester, Vt., and the daughter of Dea. Abram Whitcomb, and Mrs. Mary Fisher Whitcomb, the latter passing away much lamented, seven years since. The immediate family consists of the father, three sisters, Mrs. H. H. Robbins, Mrs. R. B. Hassell, Miss Mary R., and a brother, Selden L. Three of the number, beside the deceased, graduated from Iowa College. Mrs. Hobart received her degree from the classical course in 1872, some of her classmates being Hon. R. E. Gaylord, D. G. Edmundson, D. W. Norris and U. B. Balcombe. She became tutor of Greek in Iowa College, and lady principal, and afterward in a post-graduate course in Yale College, bore off the highest classical honors in the Greek language.

In 1879 she was married to Dr. Henry M. Hobart, of Chicago, a graduate of Iowa College, and a physician of eminent professional and social standing. Two children, a son and daughter, survive the mother.

In the great city her activities in the church and warm devotion to missionary service made her an honored and trusted counsellor. Coming to Grinnell at the early age of three years, there is in memory the beautiful childhood days; later, that exemplary student life, mature scholarship, Christian experience and gentle winsome manners which gave her rare power over all associates and pupils. She was brave, hopeful and inspiring, well fitted to adorn any station within the sphere of true womanly ambition.

To numerous friends in our own city and elsewhere, this sad news will bring a sense of personal bereavement, but to those who knew her by the endearments of daughter and sister, wife and mother, there must come even sharper pangs, which no human sympathy, however sincere, can mitigate.

The precious dust will lie in sepulture here in our Grinnell cemetery, to be decked with flowers and moistened with tears for the early close of so pure and consecrated a life, reminding anew, that

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

M. G. M.

Henry