

—The many friends of Mrs. A. J. Larrabee were grieved to learn of her death at Portland, Ore., March 28, of cerebral hemorrhage, after an illness of but a few hours. The body was brought to Grinnell for burial, short funeral services being held at the Congregational church at 10 o'clock this morning, conducted by Prof. L. F. Parker. The body was laid to rest in Hazelwood beside that of her daughter. Mrs. Larrabee was one of the early settlers of Grinnell, having come here in the fifties. She was a woman of great strength of character, and was a strong factor in Grinnell's social and religious life, during the days of its formative period and after. Her age at the time of her death was 71 years, 2 mo. and 17 days. 4-2-1901

Andrew J.

4-5 IN MEMORIAM. 1901

Another of Grinnell's earliest residents has passed on into the land of spirits. Tuesday, April 2, 1901, old friends met in the Congregational church at 10 A. M., to testify their love for Mrs. A. J. Larrabee and to express their sympathy with her bereaved family. Some had known her forty four years, and as a member of this Congregational church forty one years.

She came here as Laura Robinson about 1857, some twenty-seven years of age, a native of Mount Vernon, Maine. She was married about 1859 to Mr. Andrew J. Larrabee, and remained here many years, removing eventually to Tacoma, Washington, and later to Portland, Oregon. Her later life was one of suffering so constant that as she began her last night she said she "had never been free from pain." At last the worn blood vessels of the brain gave way, she became unconscious speedily, and the end came in a few hours.

A farewell service was held in Portland, renewed here conducted by Professor Parker, and made tender by the loving hands and voices of earliest friends as her body was laid to rest beside her daughter, Delia. Two daughters, Anna and Leona, and her husband survive her.

She won our hearts at the very first, lingered long in suffering among us, served others as she could during heavy years, but enjoyed the love of friends in the church and out of it, was happy in the ministrations of affection as her daughters made themselves increasingly useful, and, at last, when more than three score and ten, she longed to rest. Though her daughters could not come from Oregon and her husband was sick in Wisconsin, her burial was with tears of affection, with kindest memories and with happiest hope, as we remembered that—

"One by one we cross the river,
 One by one we're ferried o'er,
 One by one the crowns are given,
 On that bright, celestial shore."