

BRainerd.—In this city, March 25th, in the 53rd year of her age, Mrs. Lucinda R., wife of the Rev. T. G. Brainerd.

Mrs. Brainerd was born in Hanover, N. H., and was the eldest daughter of Elias and Mary Newell Dowe. She early manifested a thirst for knowledge and a love of study, and the opportunities in her native town, for acquiring an education were well improved by her. She was especially fond of Latin, French, Mathematics and Drawing. When only 14 years of age her parents gratified her tastes and wishes by allowing her to teach a small school. She also taught public and select schools in several towns near her home. When about 18, she took charge of the Mathematical Department of the Academy at Haverhill, N. H., and afterwards for several years was engaged in teaching Latin, French and Drawing with Mrs. Josephine M. Ellis, at Hanover and Nashua, N. H. Her love for teaching continued throughout her life, and many a young man and woman when perplexed and discouraged by difficulties in their studies has gratefully received her assistance to help them over the difficulties and her kind words to encourage them to go forward. When about 20 years of age, she united with the Congregational Church at E. Hanover, N. H., by the profession of her faith in Christ. In Sept., 1851, she was married to Rev. T. G. Brainerd, of Londonderry, N. H., and went there to reside; in May, 1855, they removed to Halifax, Plymouth Co., Mass., where they remained till they came and made their home in Grinnell, in the Autumn of 1866. Most of the time since then she has been an invalid. As a pastor's wife she secured

aid. As a pastor's wife she secured in a high degree, the respect and esteem of the parishioners; as a wife she was faithful and judicious; as a mother kind and affectionate. In this last relation her position was a difficult and trying one, for she took charge of four little girls varying in age from three to ten years, and to these were afterwards added three sons of her own, but a stranger would never have imagined from her love and treatment of them all and the manner in which they loved and treated her and each other that they were not all one mother's children. Two of these children, the youngest daughter and the second son, when each was about ten years of age, died of a lingering sickness, the former a triumphant Christian death, the latter a calm and peaceful one. When these children passed away, she said with strong feeling, "Oh why has God placed at the end of human life this terrible ordeal of death," but when her own death drew near she found all her feelings on this subject to have undergone an entire change. For her death had no sting—no terror, but came as the welcome messenger of God to summon her from toil and suffering to sweetest rest, from earth to heaven. As she drank ice water to allay her feverish thirst, she said "I long to drink the pure water of Life." To all the absent loved ones she sent messages of love and consolation. To the sister nearest her own age, with whom she had so often walked hand in hand, she sent, "Tell J. that I wish we could now clasp hands and pass over the River together. But one nearer and dearer than any earthly friend took her by the hand and gently led her away to His Father's House of many mansions.

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