Books

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Elizabeth Christie Lincoln was born in Bannockburn, Scotland, July 13, 1827. She came to this country in 1853 and was married to Edward Lincoln in Fairfield County, Ohio in 1860. They came to Iowa in 1865 and have since resided here. She peacefully went to sleep July 22, 1907, at her home in Washington township, being eighty years and nine days old.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were born five sons and one daughter, all of whom, with the husband are left to mourn the loss of a good wife and mother in the most sacred sense of that name. The children are Edward, Robert, Andrew, Henry, Mary and John. Robert and John are both ministers of the Gospel. The others are all faithful Sabbath School workers. All the family were with her at the time of her death except the youngest son, John, who was at his charge in Pennsylvania. He arrived in time for the funeral service.

Mrs. Lincoln was a remarkable woman. Converted in early life, she united with the Presbyterian church. and throughout her long life she has been a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Her beautiful Christian character left its impress upon all with whom she came in contact. In the neighborhood her influence was far reaching and in her death the whole community mourns the loss of a friend. In the home she held a queenly place, and how nobly she filled that place may be seen in the lives of her children who "rise up to call her blessed". The Lincoln family is one of which Poweshiek county is proud.

Brief funeral services were held at the home, on Thursday morning and from there the remains were taken to Westfield church where notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather a large number had gathered. Rev. W. W. Woodburn preached from Isaiah 40:31 and at the close of the sermon the two minister sons, Robert and John, each gave a loving, tender testimony to the worth of her who had gone. It was a beautiful and impressive scene and the heart of each hearer was made tender and the eyes filled with tears beholding the triumph of Christian faith.

The stalwart sons bore the body to its resting place where tenderly it was laid away to await the resurrection morn.