

Obituary.

Mrs. Julia Ann Brooks, wife of John E. Brooks of this city, died at her home Sunday April 5th, 1897, aged 67 years and 23 days. She was one of the early pioneers of this state, having crossed the plains from Iowa in the year 1852. In the growth and development of progressive liberal thought in this country Mrs. Brooks' name figures conspicuously, she having been a life-long Freethinker and a fearless champion of the principles of Liberalism. She was a subscriber to the Truth Seeker and the Torch of Reason, and one of the main stays in the First Secular church of McMinnville, of which she was a member and faithful attendant. She was a lover and student of nature, and found rare beauty in the most lowly forms. Her genial, generous nature and broad hospitality, together with her keen perception of justice and right, made her loved and honored by all who knew her.

The funeral was conducted from the home on Monday April 6, Nettie Olds-Haight, lecturer of the First Secular church, delivering the oration. It was a beautiful, touching tribute to the virtues of the deceased. In part she said:

Not for out dead need we mourn. In any case all is well with them. Whether death be an eternal dreamless sleep, or whether it be simply a transition period between this life and life in another form, we know not; but whatever the change, it is a natural one, that is necessary to the well-being of the race. We may have unlimited faith—we may hope with all the intensity of our being and yet the hands on the dial of time are not swerved one iota from their natural course. But this we are assured, that since we all came from Nature, each and all her children are heirs to a common fate. No superstitious fear haunts the minds of those mourning loved ones for the peace of their dead. They knew that in the great drama of life she played her part well. This vast concourse of friends, anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to one who has ever been faithful, kind and true, is evidence of the high place her merits won in the affectionate memory of all who knew her. We all know with what heroic bravery this sister ever faced the battles of life, and how her loyalty to the conscientious conviction of right ever made her a valuable friend, a splendid citizen, a kind and generous neighbor. Far and near she was noted for untiring efforts in behalf of the poor, needy and afflicted. Her religion must be judged by her actions. If they were good, a bad religion could not have prompted them. Her life is a monument of grand and noble deeds that will

endure for all time in the memory of all who knew her, and will bless the coming generations with its living presence. Truth and love forever survive. The eternal years of Time are theirs. No kind act, no generous impulse of the human heart was ever wasted. Our individual lives are but the rounds by which the future generations mount higher and higher on the ladder of progression. It required all that has ever gone before to make the present moment possible. It takes our lives, our every thought and action to make possible that which shall come after. We live forever in the good that we have done, and for a grander immortality none can wish.

Let us honor the dear dead by emulating her virtues, and by trying to make our own lives and the lives of those around us happier and better. The question is not "Are we prepared to die?" The question most important for us is "Are we prepared to live?" He who knows to live shall know to die.

MRS. A. E. BARKER'S ADDRESS.

In the study of the history of the world's peoples a universal verdict has been rendered "That to be truly great is to be truly good." From the poems of Homer to the biographies of Socrates, Pythagoras, Confucius or Plato, from the sayings attributed to Buddha and reiterated in the sayings attributed to Jesus, and along down the centuries to our immortal Lincoln, whose greatness consisted in his innate goodness, the same verdict is rendered. But we need not go to the history of peoples or biographies of men alone to find greatness. We can find it in our present generation and in the humble walks of life. It is not my province here to lecture or sermonize, nor do I stand a representative of any order to which our deceased belonged or to represent any particular line of thought in which she believed—for we believed alike along many lines—but I am privileged to stand here as a friend, for she was my friend and proved herself so when I needed a friend, and I am her friend and have tried to prove myself so.

The maiden name of my deceased friend was Julia Ann Ray. On April 13th, forty-five years ago, she and John E. Brooks mutually united their love, their sympathies and future destinies, in sickness and health, 'till death should part them. One week after the consummation of this union by law, they started on an overland journey from Iowa to Oregon, here to try the realities and privations of pioneer life and are honored members of the Pioneer Association of Oregon.

I have thought what a miniature reflection that journey was of her future life. The plains, rich in

verdure, were emblematic of the springtime of her life; the many-hued flowers dotted here and there of her hopes and joys. The bridgeless streams on whose banks they rested after perhaps a perilous crossing, were indicative of ventures and successes. The climbing of the rock-ribbed mountain with its yawning chasms is suggestive of the graves into which they drop their choicest pearls. The summit, the noontide of life; then down the western slope to the setting of the sun, and the day is done. The last hour bade fair to sweep away the accumulations of a lifetime. In one short moment the home with its treasures wealth could not replace, its keepsakes fashioned by tender hands now silent and at rest, all went up in smoke. Again the grave was opened to receive her child. Her mother-heart beat lovingly for her own and received with equal fondness those left motherless. But her hands, scarred and seamed with toil, are folded peacefully and still.

She was great because she was good. She had the courage of her honest convictions. She loved nature in her manifold beauties. From the mountain fern she could draw a lesson and a beauty others could not see. She loved to scale the loftiest peak, and on the moss-clad boulders, read the story of evolution. She could sit upon the sea-girt shore and listen to the ocean's thunder and call it sweetest music. She met the change called death calmly and serenely. She provided for even the minutiae of her dress, who should prepare her for burial, and how she would be buried. I asked her if she had any special request to make. She replied: "I have been studying over this all night; I would like to see Cooper provided for. When I am gone Brooks will not want to stay here." See the greatness of her mother-love go out to her boy, even when the death-damp was reaching to her heart's center. But her pulse is stilled; all has been done that could be done; no expense has been spared; no care, no watchfulness, no skill; and on behalf of the family and friends permit me to say that the attending physician holds an exalted position in their esteem and opinions. He left no corner unsearched, no leaf unturned. But had he possessed the combined intelligence and skill of the whole medical fraternity he could not restore to health the diseased tissue of that heart which has so often fluttered in aspiration and ecstasy, or throbbled with joy or beat in sadness.

Let us turn our attention now to the charges she would have cared for, that her mission may be fulfilled through us.

The Rebecca lodge, of which she was a member, conducted the services at the grave.

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