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## In Memoriam - Our Mother, Mrs. Eliza Otis Gilmore. Mother of Gen. O.O. Howard

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This little book should be preserved J.W.H.

I lived with her (my  
paternal grandmother)  
Leeds,  
in Maine for several  
years. She helped very  
much to form my  
Christian <sup>and</sup> moral character.  
She, in later years, helped

"OUR MOTHER."

pay my way through Academy  
and College. J.W. Howard

MRS. ELIZA OTIS GILMORE ~~X~~

1804-1888.

~~X~~

Mother of Gen. O. O. Howard  
Gen. C. H. Howard  
Rev. R. B. Howard  
Judge R. H. Gilmore

~~X~~ Grandmother of J. W. Howard  
& many others

"OUR MOTHER."

MRS. ELIZA OTIS GILMORE.

1804-1888.

U. S. A., commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York ; General Charles H. Howard, formerly of the *Advance*, and now editor and proprietor of the *Farm, Field and Stockman* of Chicago ; and Rev. R. B. Howard, Secretary of the American Peace Society, Boston.

Mrs. Gilmore's first husband died April 30, 1840. A year from the following June she became the wife of Colonel John Gilmore of Leeds, a native of Easton, Mass., and brother of the late Mrs. Oakes Ames, the mother of Governor Ames of Massachusetts. One son, Judge R. H. Gilmore of Denver, Col., was born to them. Colonel Gilmore died in Leeds, September 13, 1864. After a brave struggle with the cares of farm life, several miles from any village, three miles from her church and two and a half from a railroad station, Mrs. Gilmore's home for a quarter of a century passed into other hands as the Otis and Howard homesteads had previously done. She was then for brief periods a resident of Farmington, Me., where her son was a pastor, of Washington, D. C., and of Hallowell, Me. In 1872 she went to Princeton, Ill., to take a mother's place, made vacant by death, in the same son's family. After two years in Princeton she rendered a similar service in the

family of her son, R. H. Gilmore, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In 1875 she became an inmate of General C. H. Howard's family at Glencoe, Ill., and, except for occasional and sometimes protracted visits to her children, remained there until her death. Mrs. Gilmore united with the Baptist Church in her native town, June, 1840, during her first widowhood, and found comfort in confessing the Saviour she had some time before espoused.

While at Princeton, Ill., she changed her membership to the Congregational Church of which her son was pastor, and since 1875 has been an active and earnest member of the little church of the same denomination at Glencoe. Nothing seemed to delight her more than the consecration to Christ by baptism of her twenty-two grandchildren. Her inexhaustible motherliness gladly welcomed the eight great-grandchildren, now living at Vancouver, W. T., Ft. Yates, Dak., and Omaha, Neb. Her interest in missions increased with her years, and she was devoted to the work of the Woman's Boards and all the missionary enterprises of the Congregational churches, giving not only her sympathy and prayers but material aid according to her ability.

This long life, now ended on earth, was in no sense a public one and perhaps not to any great degree a typical

one. The character which gave it meaning and force was marked by individuality and strength. Judged by its fruits it attained what this mother always taught her children to be the chief end of living; — usefulness.

“*Her children arise up, and call her blessed*” (Prov. xxxi. 28), and this not only because of mutual affection and filial gratitude; and not even by words actually written or spoken, but by the silent testimony of life and character. What they are they largely owe and thankfully ascribe to their mother. It is a good inheritance. The eldest of the Howards was ten years old, and the youngest two, at their father’s death. They remember with peculiar gratitude their mother’s unswerving and enforced laws of industry, economy, studiousness and morality. The school and the church must never be neglected.

After her second marriage the family was duplicated. The “hired men” of a large farm, as is usual, also formed a part of it. Mrs. Gilmore’s health was not uniformly good. Domestic help was often inadequate and always uncertain. The large dairy must be cared for; the long table supplied three times a day. Clothing for careless boys must be provided. Waywardness must be checked, disobedience punished, good habits must be formed,

character guarded and nurtured, healthful ambition excited, education acquired. (The four sons graduated at Bowdoin College and the eldest afterward at West Point Academy.) Children's diseases must be nursed, boyhood's recklessness restrained, and—chief work of all, the Christian law must be inculcated and exemplified. What demands all this made upon nerves, conscience, tact, fortitude and prayer, mothers similarly situated alone know.

This mother bore up bravely, as did thousands of others, when two sons marched away to the war. What fortitude she exhibited when news came of an arm severed from one, and the leg of another perforated with a minnie ball! Colonel Gilmore died before the close of the war, and again, with the strong staff of life broken, this mother appealed to the God of the widow and the fatherless, and not in vain. When on account of his services to the Freedmen, enemies attacked the fame and integrity of her eldest son, she, to whom his war letters never came with a government "frank," not once doubted his vindication which soon followed. "He was not that kind of a boy," was answer enough to accusations of fraud.

Mrs. Gilmore's funeral services were held at Glencoe, Ill., at the house of General C. H. Howard and at the Con-

gregational Church. They were fittingly and sympathetically conducted by her pastor, Rev. Moses Smith, and her former pastor, Rev. Hiram Day. The only son from a distance able to be present, Rev. R. B. Howard of Boston, told the people who had learned in these later years to love her as her sun was setting in Christian hope and beauty, something of the burden and heat of her toilsome midday. The choir sang "Asleep in Jesus" and "Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear," to a favorite tune of the deceased. Her pastor repeated her dying words, "O, glorious God, do all things in thine own way, not mine, not mine." The people looked with tender interest on the peaceful face and beautiful white hair. Her children remembered how her prayers were answered in the return of her son Charles from Louisiana, in time to receive her last blessing; and surveying this long and diversified life were filled with a sense of the divine mercies which crowned these closing days, not the least of which were a congenial home, and a church which manifested the most affectionate appreciation and performed the kindest offices.

She was interred as she requested, at Rosehill (Chicago) Cemetery. A modest stone, by her request, will mark her grave. It was not and can not be moistened with any



tears of regret at her translation to the heavenly home. But it is a spot, the last on earth, where that which was once the temple of a mother's spirit and of the Holy Spirit, still lingers beneath the sod. Tender, reverent, sweet and tearful are the associations that there gather and terminate. Her departed kindred lie elsewhere, but a number of scattered households turn their eyes to the shores of Lake Michigan, and, to many, the place seems more central and more holy because of the precious dust that there waits "the incense breathing morn" of the resurrection.

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The following is copied from a beautiful "*In Memoriam*," published by the Glencoe Woman's Library Club.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;  
 We should count time by heart-throbs ; he most lives  
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

In the loving plan of our Heavenly Father, Mrs. ELIZA O. GILMORE, an honored and beloved member of the Woman's Library Club, has passed from our midst to the company of those around the Throne. We shall greatly miss her presence in the places where we

have been accustomed to meet her ; at the gatherings of the Club, of which she was one of the oldest members, and in which she always manifested great interest by her uniform attendance and helpful suggestions ; and in the praying circle, where her voice was often heard in instructive words and in prayer. MRS. GILMORE happily combined and exemplified strength and sweetness, energy and patience ; and seemed always impressed that life had a great purpose, and she a part to act till her latest years.

Through the grace which aboundeth, the experiences of her long life so perfected her character that her last years were full of beauty and blessing. Though gone, she will live in our thoughts and affections ; and her life passed among us will be an inspiration to our higher aims and purposes. She will also live in her descendants ; and their lives will be better for her prayers and teachings.

Having well fulfilled life's mission, in a good old age the end came.

The parting soul paused but to pray ;  
 And all to God's sweet will resign :  
 "O Lord, do things in thine own way,  
 And not in mine, and not in mine."

REMARKS OF REV. MOSES SMITH, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH  
AT GLENCOE, AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GILMORE,  
DEC. 16, 1888.

We are here in this memorial service, not to bemoan the dead. Mrs. Gilmore is not dead. Said our Lord, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Men's bodies die. So long as we are in this world, death is working in them. Sooner or later death in them is victorious. In the Christian also there is a continual dying to sin on earth. But in both respects, all this long dying is finished. What men call dying, is to the child of God the end of all dying. He dies no more. He now lives eternally. Revelation changes the whole nomenclature respecting dissolution. God's people "rest from their labors." Their "earthly tent is taken down." They "depart to be with Christ." They enter "the house not made with hands." They go home, the Bride to the house of her husband. It is no longer the dark Hades into which they enter. They only "walk through the valley" that opens into the heavenly country. Well might this Christian say as she did, "I dread going as little as I would dread going to church." You all know that going to church was the privilege of her life. Hither she came, the last time she went anywhere on earth. Yes,

she has gone home on high. The chamber she left was the foot of the ladder up which angels conducted her to the throne of God.

The months she waited after the Master seemed to have come and called for her, were long and attended with much bodily anguish. But her confidence in God never wavered. She never complained. In the midst of the last paroxysm her Christ-like prayer, recalling Gethsemane and inspired by it, was "O, glorious God, do all things according to thine own will, not mine, not mine," and then with sweet resignation added, "Lord, help me," and fell on sleep.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep,  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

It is pleasant to recall here, how many of her wishes were unexpectedly fulfilled. It seemed to her that it would be a delight to pass, if so God willed, another birthday and so complete on earth the scriptural "four-score years." That anniversary came and with the family around her, she joined in reciting, as so many times before, the Twenty-third Psalm, and enjoyed the family prayer. She had wished also that it might be

granted her to speak once more in the ears of the beloved sons who had gone from her to the East and to the West. And one by one they came. She had strength to meet them and give them her blessing. Then, as she felt dissolution nearing, she earnestly desired to look again in the face of the son who in her first widowhood had been the babe in her arms, and in whose home she had found such rich comfort during these last years. She clung to life, she watched and waited until he came in, and then it was enough. Her desire was satisfied. In a few minutes the end came. She rested from her labors and her works do follow her. In her experience the circle of earthly life seems to have rounded with unusual completeness. We read that "whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." On the last evening of her life, the restful prayer of childhood came back anew and she gently repeated :

Now I lay me down to sleep ;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take ;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

Mrs. Gilmore was a woman of strong convictions for

or against any doctrine or person. She was conscious of her imperfections, and undoubting in her trust in Him who alone is able to save. Twice a widow she bore her cares and labors with a strength from on high, and she infused her own spirit largely into the lives of her sons. The heroic days of her life had been passed before she came among us. Let us but live as she hath lived and die as she hath died, and we shall find henceforth a crown that fadeth not away.

I have no need to say to this family group more than this: You have a mother passed into the skies. She has joined the "great cloud of witnesses" with which "we are compassed about." We catch even now the echoes of the songs of victory, "whose faith follow."

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REMARKS OF REV. HIRAM DAY, A FORMER PASTOR, AT THE  
FUNERAL OF MRS. GILMORE.

When these precious remains were being removed from the house to the house of God, I desired to say to those who were bearing them: Take them tenderly; for you carry a temple of the Holy Ghost.

This departed mother — grandmother, as I loved to call her, had an intelligent and established belief of vital

truth, with a clear and satisfying knowledge of the ground of her hope, which was confirmed and retained unto the end. In the early time of her sickness, in answer to a question by me, she said, "I have no disturbing doubts or fears respecting my future life. I am only waiting till my time shall come."

The higher sphere and clearer vision into which she has now ascended is not wholly new or strange to her, for she was a student of the Book from heaven, while she was here — a constant attendant and assistant in a class for Bible study upon the Sabbath day.

She was an example in Christian work, an inspiration in the home, and grandmother to the children, both in their birth, and for their minds and hearts. She was a light in the sanctuary and in the community; and the light of her life still shines upon us. She sleeps in Jesus; and "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

There are angels present in a scene like this. They are the servants of Christ, and ministers for his people, in life and in death. The number of them is "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." And

How cheering the thought that the spirits of bliss,  
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this!

They go joyfully on their chosen and appointed errands; for they are "sent forth," by our Lord, "to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." They were at the death-bed of this departed mother; and did the watching family know they were in the presence of messengers on such a service? The "ministering spirits," and those ministered unto, are one family in Christ. Both share in the ministries, and in the conflicts and victories of redemption. The company of the saved are invested with the joys and glory of the Redeemer's work. That work, when finished, is the science and the song of all eternity — the theme and bliss of heaven for ever. *The one "good hope," the one true life, and victorious death, are in Christ alone.*

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REMARKS OF REV. R. B. HOWARD AT THE FUNERAL OF  
MRS. GILMORE.

The kindness, sympathy and affection manifested by this people for our mother moves me to say a few words, not to eulogize her but to show that your tender regard, which I have observed and of which I have learned still more by



my mother's letters and those of my sister and brother, though not in consequence of anything you could have known of her former and more active life, was not altogether misplaced.

Among my first recollections of mother is the scene forty-eight years ago when sitting behind the head of the dying husband of her youth, she tenderly adjusted the pillow and repeated the hymn which, at his request, she had taught him by singing it:

Swift as my fleeting hours decline,  
 The appointed hour draws nigh,  
 When from the busy scenes of time  
 I must retire and die.

Her baptism a few months later in the running waters of Mason's Brook in her native town of Leeds, Me., deeply impressed me though but seven years old. Henceforth, I looked upon my mother as a Christian. No matter what I was or what the other boys were, mother was one of Christ's Church. Her widow's life with the sole care of three children was not an easy one. Nor were her cares and labors greatly diminished, when by marriage to our kind second father, Colonel John Gilmore, we were added to a large household in which were three unmarried step-children, living on a large farm seven miles from any

village, where she was often destitute of adequate domestic help. Her excellent husband, though never lacking in outward respect for religion, was not a member of any church. The wife and mother must decide and lead in all distinctly religious duties. It was her decision that never allowed our absence from the Church or Sabbath-school. Her plans and energies supplied us with clothing, and enforced lessons of truthfulness, industry, study and demeanor. She insisted that we should do right and by persuasion, reproof, prayer and sometimes punishment she secured her object, as well perhaps as most mothers who have no better dispositions to deal with.

In those years when afflicted by ill health, overworked, anxious and nervously exhausted, unobserved except by our Heavenly Father and but little thanked by thoughtless childhood, she wrought for us that for which we feel most grateful to-day. Her repeated admonitions were, "Attend school." "Be scholars." "Do something worth while." "Be somebody." "Be Christians."

Our three miles ride in crowded carriages to the "Center Meeting House," our winter walks of a mile over bleak hills to the district school on Quaker Ridge — how little necessary these seemed to us then. How important now.

Your present pastor and his revered predecessor have

spoken fitting and touching words to-day, testifying to the Christian earnestness and exemplary life and character of our mother during these thirteen years in which she has lived at Glencoe. But you cannot know and honor our mother of course as we do. I do not mean as her children, but as those who were with her when she was bearing the burden and heat of her life's day.

You say truly that her closing years were beautiful with Christian activity and hope. The setting sun is often beautiful. We admire the western gates of Heaven ajar as he lingers among the clouds and the hills are glorified by his fading light, but his real work was wrought at midday when we were mindful of little except the uncomfortable glare and heat. We did not notice that the grass was springing, the flowers blossoming, the berries ripening, the corn yellowing in consequence of this noon-tide heat. But the beauty of the evening and the fruitfulness of the harvest would not have been, unless the sun had reached the zenith and lingered in the summer solstice.

You only saw our mother when her sun had nearly set. God kindly lit up these later years of comparative rest and freedom from care with an afterglow of social and religious enjoyment to which this Christian circle has kindly ministered. These later years she had the leisure

(Vote by J. W. Howard in 1870  
70th year)

She encouraged & helped  
me (a grand child) to a good  
education, which has helped  
me live 18 a successful life.

and the means to do something for those not of her own household. Your words of praise to our mother and the divine grace manifested in her, in addition to your many kind deeds, are and have been unspeakably grateful to us. But her "Life's star had elsewhere its setting." Never till we are parents can we know our mothers. It was when we were children that our mothers did the obscure, unobserved, toilsome and unappreciated work to which her children owe what they are, under God. I will detain you to say but two things more.

The first is to the dear young people before me. Love and obey your Mothers; be kind and thoughtful for them; be more grateful and more kind than I was when a boy and you will have less to regret when your mother lies as still and helpless as mine does to-day.

Secondly, my heart is most affected by the thought that something of almost infinite mercy and tenderness has, with our mother, gone out of the lives of her children. Like the trees, as we grow old and strong, we grow apart. She was the one connecting link of the family. Whatever we may think of each other, every one loved his mother, and she loved us one and all. One may be in San Francisco, another in Denver, another in Chicago, and still another in Boston — each with his enlarging

circle of personal and family interests, his individual opinions and convictions, the natural consequence of maturing thought and character. Kinship of blood does not insure identity of belief or action. A mother's death severs one chain that binds a family together, and which keeps up in some measure the unity of childhood's life.

But dear friends, we have still what our mother had; something even stronger and better than herself. We have Christ. "*He ever liveth.*" He alone can and will fill the vacant place. Will not all you that hear me hear Him also? Will you not say and sing:

Saviour! at thy feet I fall;  
 Thou my Life, my God, my All;  
 Let thy happy servant be  
 One for evermore with thee.

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GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1889.

DEAR BROTHER:

It is mother's earlier life that always comes before me when you ask me, "What are some of your most vivid recollections of our dear mother?" She and our father made great sacrifices to relieve Grandfather Howard from a heavy embarrassment of his estate. Their early hopes

and cherished plans were by this providentially, no doubt, deranged. They practised *mutual self-sacrifice*. Unless arrested by some temporary illness our mother was always at work. Her industry and her devotion to her children were often spoken of by others outside our immediate household. When I was a lad and in my presence Grandfather Otis remarked on my first visit to his house, "Eliza knows how to bring up boys." He always evinced unusual respect for "Eliza" both in the language he used and in his manner of speaking.

Later in life I chanced to hear an old neighbor say, "What excellent provision she made for her children. She was a wise woman."

The lack of exhibition of fondness toward me in my early years was a part of her steady discipline. My child's heart craved more of such expression, and subsequently mother herself missed a reciprocity in that direction which she coveted. But *now*, I know, that she longed to overcome in me, weaknesses which she thus early detected. I did not then suspect, but afterwards learned, particularly at West Point, that I was headstrong and hard to govern. She did, however, commend her children, but usually to others and not in their presence.

Her faithfulness in correspondence is shown in many

letters that I still retain. When in college she tried by her letters to keep up an unflagging interest in the home-life, and desired above all things that I should "seek first the kingdom of God." Once I heard her say before either of the boys had been converted, words to this effect: "I am perfectly confident that my children will become Christians." This assurance rested quietly upon her faith in the Divine promise and the Holy Spirit's ability to change our hearts. Nothing afforded her greater satisfaction in her declining years than the ever present conviction that her sons were all in Christ's Church, and endeavoring sincerely to serve Him.

Mother's memory was most remarkable. As existed in the case of other members of our relationship, there was no excess of imagination in her mind. Her memory was incisive and retentive, clear up to our last meeting on her eighty-fourth birthday. It was indeed an encyclopædia for years of personal history and historic events. She not only had vivid pictures and interesting incidents of her youth and middle age, but of the later years.

Her journey to California in 1886 and her visits to different places on the Pacific coast and residence in my family appeared to be as distinctly recalled, and as much enjoyed in the reminiscences at Glencoe during her last sickness as if she had been forty years younger.

The feeling, nay, the consciousness that my mother prayed for me always was to me a staff and a stay. This consciousness has now changed into a conviction that she is nearer the Saviour than ever before, and that somehow this is helpful to me, to you and to the rest; and further that the Lord with great forgiving ability, will bring us in His own time to the sweet home which she now enjoys. He alone knows just what that will be.

Affectionately, your brother,

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

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GLENCOE, NEAR CHICAGO, March 5, 1889.

REV. R. B. HOWARD, BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Brother, — You ask me to make a note of some reminiscences of our dear mother. It is not an easy thing to make a selection out of the forty years or more of my life which have been intimately bound up with hers and are more or less within the scope of recollection. The reminiscences of childhood would perhaps not be very different from those of others of her sons. In the seasons of illness and convalescence, the fathomless depths of a mother's love were revealed to me. When in



the violence of an acute attack of pleurisy and lung fever she was incessantly by my bedside, night and day, I began to understand that no one could take my mother's place as a nurse for me. My impression came to be strong that mother was very wise in all that related to the care of the sick. It is true she was prompt to send for the physician and follow implicitly his directions. But her experience in nursing had been great, and she seemed to remember what had been said to her by different physicians and what she had learned from others as well as in caring for her own. My earliest recollections include many instances when mother was sent for by our neighbors to help care for their sick, especially when very ill or sick unto death. I came to understand that this was not merely from supposed skill or knowledge of hygienic principles, but because of a recognized strength of character. Her equanimity was maintained when others were over-excited by trouble. Her judgment and common sense could be relied upon. More than this her Christian faith was at such times not only an anchor to her own soul but a source of great comfort to the anxious and afflicted ones.

I remember well my second severe illness. I had been away from home at Kent's Hill, Me., at school. Probably

in consequence of a letter, mother came for me thirteen miles with a carriage. Before we reached home my headache was intense. The doctor pronounced it a case of typhoid fever. For some days I was more or less delirious, but in my conscious moments mother was almost constantly by me and I felt that no one could attend to my wants so well as she. My many weeks of convalescence at this and other periods, come back now as the times when I saw most of mother. At these times the story of father's illness and death were made familiar and her own early life and experiences were recalled with much vividness and detail. As soon as able to be read to, mother was ready to read aloud to me, good books.

Among my early recollections are those of the hours of reading aloud to mother an hour or half hour at a time. One of the first books was one of the biography of Americans entitled "Heroes of the Revolution;" another was "Rollin's Ancient History." Mother always encouraged us to read history and discountenanced much reading of novels. In our attendance at school her rule was inflexible, that we should be punctual and never miss a day except for sickness.

In my absences from home at the Academy and in College and later, it was a pleasant weekly duty to write

to mother. She entered with interest into all matters that interested her sons.

With remarkable intelligence she followed all the campaigns in which we were engaged during the war for the Union. Her letters were never despondent, never complaining, never called us home. From conversations since, I can imagine her agony at times during the great battles, but in her letters she showed nothing but fortitude, patriotic interest and personal solicitude for our well being. The letters sent from the Army of the Potomac, and later from the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee in the West from her two sons, were all preserved with great care.

It was during Sherman's march from Atlanta to Savannah that father Gilmore died. The news met us at Savannah. The army had a brief season of rest at this time (Jan. 1st, 1865), and I was allowed a leave of absence, and going home to Maine found mother a second time a widow. She was reluctant to give up the old home but her judgment approved this course.

After coming to live with me in Glencoe, Ill., and during the thirteen years she made her home with us here, she seemed to be contented and never to wish to change her home back to Maine. But she retained her affection-

ate regard for her old friends and often spoke of them by name. They seemed to be present often in her thoughts. Many times a day some of the old circle of friends would be suggested by some passing incident.

And yet mother did not live in the past so exclusively, as many aged persons do. She entered into the interests of the community where she was. It was remarkable that she should have formed so many warm and deep friendships here. She never became a recluse in any sense. Her interest in and support of all the work of the church was an example to us all. She read the *Home Missionary* magazine regularly and greatly rejoiced when the debt was lifted. Few church members gave to the various missionary causes with so much intelligence, and few followed their gifts with so earnest and heartfelt prayers. Mother proposed a few years ago (after she was eighty years of age) to go to Madison, Wis., to attend the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, and offered to pay the expenses of her daughter-in-law to accompany her. This meeting she greatly enjoyed and there formed some lasting friendships. Once within a few years, on her return from New England, the American Board was about to hold its annual meeting in Milwaukee. Notwithstanding her long journey

just ended, mother started the next day and went to Milwaukee with some of the Glencoe ladies. She often talked of these meetings and particularly what she heard from missionaries whom she met there.

To the last mother kept up her interest in national affairs, was greatly rejoiced at the result of the last election, although she was quite ill at this time.

During her sickness she seemed particularly to enjoy having any one read the Scriptures. Her faith never faltered. Her expression was, "I have no fears for the future. I leave all with the Lord in whom I have put my trust."

At one time in the early autumn mother seemed much better and was able to take short rides. We lifted her in our arms and so carried her all the way to the carriage. One pleasant day as we were riding she asked me to gather some bright blue asters by the roadside. She seemed to enjoy the sunshine and flowers as much as any time of her life.

It was a great comfort to her to have a visit successively from brother Rowland, Rodelphus and finally Otis, who was able to tarry a week or more on his way to Governor's Island. She, in like manner, greatly enjoyed seeing sister Lizzie (wife of brother Otis) and her daughter Bessie. These were among the last events of her life.

*Father & mother of J. W. Howard  
& Grand parents of Hildegard  
Howard*

Mother seemed more comfortable and while my brother, General O. O. Howard, was here I was called to Louisiana on business. But soon after my brother's departure for New York mother began to have much more alarming symptoms. I was summoned by telegraph and arrived the morning of her death. My train reached Glencoe at about nine — another train came at twelve, noon. Mother had not expected me until the latter and had said, "Keep me till Charlie comes." She recognized me at once and said, "I did not look for you till noon." Then turning to my wife and the nurse she said, "He looks well." At this time she seemed to be enduring great nervous suffering, for she said to those holding her hands, "press hard." Soon after I entered the room and she had spoken of my looking well, she seemed to lift her heart in prayer, saying: "O, glorious God, do everything thine own way. Not mine. Not mine." I then sat beside her on the bed and held her hand. Once, seeing doubtless how her great suffering affected us, she asked to have me go out and I went into another room for a moment or two. Then I came back to my place beside her and said to her: "You have helped so many at such times I wish we could help you, mother." She replied: "O no. You can not help me." Soon after she said, "Lord, help me,"

and these were her last words. My wife repeated one or two passages of Scripture: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

We were expecting her physician, who had come on the train with me, but purposely went to make another call on a patient, that I might see mother before his coming. We heard the doctor come to the door but before he reached the bedside mother was breathing her last, and on his entering did not recognize him. This was our first sign that the end was so near. Once or twice of labored breathing and we knew that the spirit had departed—that mother had gone to the Heavenly Home.

Your affectionate brother,

C. H. HOWARD.

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LETTER FROM R. H. GILMORE, ESQ.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 24, 1889.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Perhaps nothing of our old home life on the farm, which in my case was interrupted at the age of fourteen by the necessity of going to school elsewhere, impressed

me more than the positiveness of mother's character as shown in her daily life, and her deep anxiety that her sons should rise above the common level in character and attainments. Her firm religious convictions made the deepest impression.

When I was seven years old she received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Anne Otis Lee, who after a brief residence elsewhere, had gone to live near their parents in Hallowell. "Aunt Anne" wrote among other things that she had recently united with the Congregational Church at Winthrop, of which the revered David Thurston was then pastor, and had her children baptized. Mother was then a member of the Baptist Church, the only denomination prominent in Leeds. On reading the letter she remarked, referring to baptism, as much apparently to herself as to me, "If Anne thinks it is sufficient I suppose it is all right."

When at the age of sixteen, I was about to unite with a church of the same denomination as that in Winthrop, I felt called upon to write an explanatory, almost apologetic letter to her, giving my reasons of so doing. Mother promptly replied, expressing her satisfaction with my purpose.

As the district school at "Quaker Ridge," one mile away



over a bleak hill, held only two eight to ten week sessions in summer and winter, it was necessary for us to go elsewhere to pursue advanced studies. Mother was anxious that her sons should be educated, and when the time came for each of us to leave home for that purpose, she fully realized that the lives of her children were henceforth to be largely away from herself and her home. She cheerfully made the sacrifice of separation, and by untiring care and unintermittent labor, bearing burdens that their presence at home might have lightened, and contributing for their comfort what money could not have purchased, she sent them forth, chiefly solicitous for their moral character about to be subjected to a fearful strain. But her letters, prayers and potent influence always followed us, or at least, they did me.

When tempted to engage in school and college pranks which, if known to her, would cause her pain, that thought restrained me even while in college.

I recall one incident which occurred when I was about eight years old. I had been guilty of some misdemeanor of an unusually grave nature, which caused her great anxiety and sorrow. Mother took me up to the "South chamber," where with its one window looking out on the "Bates hill," fields, forest and pasture, we boys slept, and

talked with me tenderly and faithfully, showing me how wrong my conduct had been, especially in the sight of God. As she spoke I remember her trembling voice and tearful eyes. She said she was exceedingly discouraged as to my future if I went on in this way. It would be from bad to worse and I would commit some terrible sin. She had me then kneel down by my bed and prayed long and earnestly for her erring boy. The event made a deep impression upon me, and had its influence in the formation of my character.

In the spring of 1884, when mother was past eighty-two years of age she stopped at my home in Denver, on her way East with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. O. O. Howard, and her granddaughter Bessie. Her mental and physical vigor at that time excited remark. My wife recalls a large and rare collection of California flowers, which she had herself gathered and pressed while spending the previous winter on the Pacific coast. It was remarkable that one of her age should have made so complete a collection, all carefully pressed, preserved and labelled. This reminds me of her life-long love of flowers and the beautiful garden at our old home in Leeds, Me., which for years she delighted to cultivate with her own hands, weary as they nearly always were with a variety of other avocations.

(X) I smiled in her home by  
that garden in 1862-8-9  
V. W. H.

How sadly I missed that garden on a visit to our former homestead, since she left it!

R. H. G.

FROM OLIVE B. (WOODMAN) HAZARD, A BELOVED NIECE OF MRS. GILMORE'S, THE LAST CHILD REMAINING OF A DEAR SISTER, MRS. WOODMAN, WHO DIED IN WILTON, ME.

FAIRHAVEN, VT., Dec. 30, 1888.

DEAR COUSIN :

I received your kind letter referring to your mother's death with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure.

Of sadness that she is no longer one of our number but has left us never to return to us, but we must go to her sooner or later. It is a pleasure to think of her long and useful life, of her example as a Christian, a devoted wife and mother—never neglecting a conscientiously known duty in her family; adapting herself to all the varied circumstances in her life with Christian fortitude, patience, self-control and self-respect. No one living can remember her as I can. She was seventeen years of age at my mother's funeral. From that time onward I was familiar with her life until I was married in 1840.

As a young lady she was modest and unassuming. Not

especially domestic in her tastes, she chose to teach as opportunities offered and to attend school, and as grandfather was in circumstances to admit of her following her tastes she was far better educated than many of those days. I went to school to her when I was eight years old and boarded at the same place with her and ever after saw much of her.

After her marriage she lived a very quiet and rather isolated life, giving herself unreservedly to the comfort and interest of her husband and children and others who were members of her household at that time. She felt the responsibility of her family, never shrinking from fulfilling all its duties however arduous. Of course her husband's death increased them and she felt to decide for herself and family for their future welfare. Being left with limited means she chose to accept of another home and protector. Grandfather died soon after and left her with sufficient means to do what she wished and chose in educating her sons—making her independent in her old age and enabling her to do so much good in her own chosen way.

After her second marriage you are familiar with her varied trials and cares, but she outlived all of them of a domestic nature, and passed, I think, the last of her life

in a very satisfactory way, choosing her home and last resting place, *not* outliving her usefulness; ill but a short time, she was found with her lamp trimmed and burning, ready for her Lord's coming, with the wedding garment on. She has left a worthy example for her children, grandchildren and for all of us. I have since her death lived over her life in my memory as I ever knew her. You have had her many years to provide for, counsel and love you. But she is yours no more and you will feel the vacancy.

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FROM THE *Advance* OF DECEMBER 20, 1888, BY REV.  
SIMEON GILBERT, D. D., EDITOR.

The mother of Major General Oliver Otis Howard, U. S. A., General Charles H. Howard, formerly proprietor of the *Advance*, and Rev. Rowland B. Howard, of Boston, Secretary of the American Peace Society, and Judge R. H. Gilmore, of Denver, died at the home of her son Charles, at Glencoe, near Chicago, Friday morning, December 14, 1888.

She had just passed her eighty-fourth birthday. "*O glorious God! do everything exactly in thine own way; not in mine!*" had been the characteristic and pervading

thought and desire of her life, and was expressed in the words quoted above, a few moments before her death.

She had greatly desired to see her son Otis once more ; just then he was transferred from the command of the Military Division of the Pacific to that of the Atlantic at New York, and on his way across the continent he spent a week with his mother. Her son Rowland was with her during many days of the month of July. She at that time greatly enjoyed a visit with him to her only surviving sister, Mrs. C. H. Strickland, at Richmond, Ind. Judge Gilmore spent several days at her bedside in November. Her son Charles, who had been in Louisiana a short time on business, she longed to have reach home before her departure, and he arrived half an hour before her death, just in time for her last words of greeting and parting.

The greater part of her life was spent in the State of Maine. Though twice married she passed a quarter of a century in widowhood. As to the sacred and persistent heroism of her life, her sons whom she reared and trained and imbued with her own spirit are her witnesses. Never ambitious for any noisy career, she was profoundly sensible of the responsibilities, the sacred privileges and far-reaching issues of motherhood ; and in that humble and seemingly obscure home, she caught such sight of the great

world and of the Kingdom of Christ within it, that she bent her every energy to the educating and training of her children, desiring, above all things else, that the glorious God might graciously use them, in His own way, in His service.

*(Dear ones)* 7  
 Under God, whatever of value to the country and to the world they may have done, has been of her doing. There have been other such women, other such mothers, in America; nor would we dare say their number is diminishing. But it requires many high and strong qualities, firmly dominant and sweetly animated by thoughts of the glorious God, in a mother, to make possible such homes as hers. Those of us who have had such mothers, and have felt the gentle, yet resistless pressure of their hand on our souls, from infancy onward, can never be enough thankful to Him who gave us to have such parentage.

### CONCLUSION.

The compiler of this memorial pamphlet is not unmindful of its repetitions, but they are testimonies from witnesses who write from various localities and different points of view. He will allude to but one or two more scenes of our mother's life.

One was in that south chamber of our boyhood's home, to which brother Rodelphus alludes. It was on more than one moonlight night when she supposed us all sleeping soundly that she stole up to that room finished in the roof, and in the narrow space between those two beds kneeled, and, in prayer, often unexpressed except by gentle sobs, she consciously cast her burden on the Lord before she sought rest for her own weary body. I remember that once irrepressible words of supplication, stirred as by a great fear, struggled from her lips as she pleaded, "*I will not let thee go except thou bless me.*" It has seemed to me that many of the battles of our lives, whether of war or peace, were fought out and conquered for us on our mother's knees, in prayer before God.

The other scene was in that immense hall in Chicago in July, 1888, when at her request she was assisted upon the platform and looked in the faces of thousands of dear young people gathered from all parts of the United States to the Annual Convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Never had she beheld a spectacle more grateful to her heart. When she saw them she was filled with joy and hope for the future of our dear country.

Her sincere desire for the prevalence of peace on earth, was expressed as she met one of its most earnest advocates at Richmond, Indiana, that same month, and by her



placing for several years the *Angel of Peace*, a paper for children, in a number of homes.

Sometimes it seems as if there must be some heavenly "post" to carry letters between us as they have so frequently gone during the years of our earthly separation. But the "undiscovered country" still is unexplored by us who sojourn here. No visible railroads, no lines of telegraph, none of the accustomed means of communication have been established. But the family of Christ is not divided. Communion, if not communication, is possible through Him.

Our mother has joined many friends dear to us and to her, and best of all, she is, as we humbly hope to be, "forever with the Lord."

Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands  
With those who went before ;  
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands  
Upon the eternal shore.

## OUR MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands !  
They're neither white nor small ;  
And you, I know, would scarcely think  
That they were fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose form and hue,  
A sculptor's dream might be ;  
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands  
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands !  
Though heart were weary and sad,  
Those patient hands kept toiling on,  
That her children might be glad.

I feel like weeping, looking back,  
To childhood's thoughtless day,  
I think how those hands rested not,  
When mine were at their play.

But O, beyond this weary land,  
Where all is bright and fair,  
I know full well these dear old hands  
Will palms of victory bear.