

MRS. DU BOIS

AFTER MORE THAN A CENTURY OF
EARTHLY TOIL

Passed Peacefully Away On Wednesday
Evening, Feb. 22. 1905

A hundred years. How short, yet how long. Short, because it is such a little thing compared to the vast eternity back of us and before us. Short, because the human mind in its attempt to conceive of the vastness of this eternity, its beginning, if it had one and its ending, if such there can be, is completely overcome by this perplexing,



Amelia H. DuBois

unknowable problem. Hemmed in by an environment that is a mere speck in space our measuring unit is necessarily small so that when the soul attempts to grasp the meaning of time and space outside of this environment, it stands appalled. The bigness beyond, only a fraction of which is penetrated by the telescope and which is measured by our brief arithmetic, must certainly ever remain inconceivable and hence unknowable. Time must necessarily be like space and only because we can count the days as one follows the other in our brief existence are we able to formulate an idea of what a century or a decade of centuries mean. But, with such regular swiftness is one century rolled over into another and piled on top of millions of preceding ones that these which we are able to measure are lost in infinity. This immeasurable magnitude, what is it and why is it? Yet, to this feeble, finite mind, a hundred

years is a long time. It is measured by seconds, and in that period there is an inconceivable number of these seconds, each of which is itself inconceivable and divisible. In the passage of these seconds as they blend one into the other many important events, that is important to the human mind, may transpire, and in counting them we again run up into numbers inconceivable. For this reason we say a hundred years is a long time. This is especially true in the century just past. It has been a period of the world's greatest achievements and to have lived it through, even though man, himself, when placed in juxtaposition with the material universe and universes, is a mere nothing, is certainly a great thing and covers a long period. And it again becomes a great thing to have lived through the century just passed when that life has been such a life as Amelia DuBois':

a life in strictest harmony with the age and the things that surrounded it. A life as sweet as it was perfect; a life that scattered sunshine throughout its entire length and made the world better for its being and doing; a life, which at its close, was as sweet and perfect as at its beginning, and which ebbed away into eternal unconsciousness as a tired child passes into slumber.

• • •

Amelia H. Du Bois was born in Winstead, Conn., Oct. 25, 1804 and died in Fayette, Ohio, Feb. 23rd, 1905, aged 100 years, 3 months and 28 days. She was the second of a family of 10 children. She was of Scotch descent and her father, Samuel Hoadley, was a colonel in the war of 1812. Her mother's name was Content Barnes. When she had reached young womanhood she came with her father's family to Ohio and after teaching school three years she was married to Dr. Deming Jan. 28, 1828. Eleven years later Dr. Deming died, and in 1843 she was married to George F. DuBois with whom she lived happily sixty-one years. She has been the mother of four children three of whom are still living.

In spite of her advanced age she had remarkable use of her faculties. Her mind was strong and active and her conversational powers remarkable. She was fond of company and never failed to entertain all who came. Unlike most old people she did not live in the past but kept in touch with all the events of modern life. She was a great reader and could talk intelligently on nearly all subjects of interest. Up to the close of her life she did fine fancy work and many of her friends have specimens of it that they value very highly.

Her religious life extended back to the days of her youth. Her early training was in the Presbyterian church but later she became a Methodist and was a faithful member of that denomination more than seventy years. Her home was always a stopping place for the preachers and many an itinerant received numerous deeds of kindness at her hands. When no longer able to attend the services of the church she was a faithful reader of the bible and the religious papers and took an active interest in all the affairs of the church. As life drew to its close she had no fears of death. She talked joyfully with her pastor and others about the blessedness of reaching her heavenly home and meeting her daughter and other loved ones. When so weak she could hardly speak she sang a verse or two of an old familiar hymn and spoke with great confidence of her trust in God.

Thus this long earthly pilgrimage of more than 100 years has come to a close. It was the path of the just which as a bright and shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Such a life is not lived in vain. The world is better and brighter and happier because she has been here. Ever mindful of the welfare of others she scattered sweet benedictions like beautiful flowers as she passed along. At last she has "come to her grave in a

full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season" and has entered upon her eternal reward. For her "to live was Christ" and "to die was gain."

"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?

Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,

Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,

Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,

His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,

In the soft evening when the winds are stilled,

Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,

And leaves the smile of his departure spread

O'er the warm-colored heaven and red-dy mountain head.

Why weep ye then for her, who, having run

The bound of man's appointed years, at last

Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,

Serenely to her final rest has passed;

While the soft memory of her virtues, yet

Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?"