

## **Susan Baxter Pierce**

**June 10, 1849 - 1891**

It is with a feeling of sadness that we come to the task of recording the death of Mrs. James Pierce, who, on Thursday morning after a brief illness, passed over into the great mysterious future from which no traveler was ever known to return.

Mrs. Pierce, whose maiden name was Baxter, she being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Baxter, was born in Wolcott, Vermont, June 10th 1849. She came with her parents to Green County when she was four years old, and grew to womanhood on the homestead farm, two and a half miles southeast of this village. She was married Sept. 6, 1869, to James Pierce, since which time their home has been near Monticello.

Mrs. Pierce was the mother of 13 children, seven boys and six girls, six of whom have preceded their mother to the tomb. The grief-stricken husband and seven children survive her to mourn the loss of a noble and devoted wife and mother.

Mrs. Pierce was one of Nature's noble women; hers was a life from which all could draw lessons and profit there-by. Her life was spent in making glad the hearts and making lighter the burdens of others. No selfish traits appeared in her character, and when time after time the dark clouds of death and desolation hovered over the home and tore from the family tree some of its best loved branches, the thought that the welfare of the living called for her care, upheld her, and with bruised and bleeding heart she turned from the sacred dead to renewed efforts on behalf of the living.

The funeral services were held at the house. After a sermon by Rev. Bolster, of Magnolia, together with some very fine selections of music, the remains were borne to the cemetery; there amid the falling tears of almost the entire assemblage, she was laid to rest.

Farewell, kind friend, faithful wife, loving and devoted mother. Your work on earth is done; no more shall the remorseless hand of fate, or the pall of death crush your noble heart, but in the bosom of mother earth you will rest in a life from which all could draw lessons and profit there - peaceful slumber, until the shining hosts, who, in the long ago sang their glad anthems over Bethlehem's manger, shall come again.