

Margaret Ann Browning

(1 Oct 1811 - 2 Jan 1887)

Browning. On January 2, 1887 at 9:15 o'clock p.m., Mrs. Margaret A. Browning, beloved wife of P.W. Browning. Funeral will take place at her late residence, 331 Missouri avenue northwest on Wednesday, January 5 at 12 o'clock m. Friends and relatives respectfully invited to attend.

The Evening Star, January 4, 1887, p. 3

Obituary

God has given and God has taken away. Death with all its horrors again has visited us and taken from our midst one whose place can never be refilled.

That great and inevitable harvester, Time, has again adjusted his sickle and with one sweep gathered to her fathers a most loving and devoted wife and mother. Oh, Death! thou destroyer of peace and happy hours, why didst thou not spare her whose life has been the connecting link in the chain that has bound so many together in love and affection for so many years? Cease, oh, Death! cease for a while in thy dreadful work, for surely thou hast gathered a full harvest in this one swath. After being for over fifty years the joy and solace of a loving husband at last succumbed to sickness, and on Sunday evening last the spirit of Mrs. Margaret A. Browning was borne away on angels' wings and now reposes in the bosom of her Father and God's. To her death had no terrors, and whilst her body for eight long years was racked with pain, and which she knew could be relieved only by death, yet was she willing to suffer and live for the sake of others.

What a noble example we see set before us in her life unsurpassed in kindness of heart, in self-sacrificing and in the Christian fortitude in which she bore up under her great affliction and human suffering. By unostentatious charities and sympathetic regard for all, she had endeared herself to numerous friends and by her unblemished character had a host of admirers. For ourselves and our father, with whom she had lived so many years, she had that love and devotion which made her forget self and made us and our welfare the sole objects of her thoughts day and night in her glad days of health, and in those of sickness and distress. Truly has she left us in sadness and in sorrow, and left a vacant space that can never be refilled. And whilst we feel and know that her Christian life has won for her a home of eternal rest, and her poor dear body is free from pain, yet we would not have her go, for to us she was our all, and so entwined was she around our hearts that life without her seems to be but one of despair. Oh! the fond recollections that are kindled within us when we look back at our once happy home and see her in her days of health, her face ever bright and a kind word for everyone, and even at times when her heart was yearning and sad from anxiety for others, yet was her face lit up with that cheerful and sweet countenance by which she was known to all. And now that she is to be no more on earth with us, may the recollections of her dear life, and the love we have always borne for her desires, prompt us to strive and do that which was her daily prayer, that in the future we may lead the life that she has led, so that when our time has come our Father may say to us, as He must have said to our dear mother: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of Heaven."

By Her Son