

**A SILVER CORD-LOOSED:  
IN MEMORIAM MARY  
STODDARD JOHNSON**

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A Silver Cord-Loosed: In Memoriam Mary Stoddard Johnson by Georgiana Hemingway Cook

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**GEORGIANA HEMINGWAY COOK**

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STODDARD JOHNSON**





Mary S. Johnson

A SILVER CORD—LOOSED

In Memoriam

MARY STODDARD JOHNSON

*Ave, anima candida!*

CAMBRIDGE  
Printed at the Riverside Press  
1891

## PREFATORY NOTE.

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THE ladies connected with the Wednesday Morning Bible Class held a service in the Chapel of the Old South Church, February 18th, in memory of Mary Stoddard Johnson. For the many friends who were unable to be present, as well as for the more enduring remembrance of those who participated in these exercises, it has been thought suitable to gather in a more permanent form the addresses of this occasion, supplementing them by extracts from letters.

If, from these many-sided views of the character of our dear friend, a more distinct picture is retained, and others are inspired to strive for that beauty of holiness so manifest in her life, the endeavor of the editor will have been realized.

G. H. C.





### Obituary.

JOHNSON. — In Boston, Feb. 3, 1861, MARY STODDARD, daughter of the late Charles Stoddard and wife of Samuel Johnson.

The ancestors of Mrs. Johnson settled in Boston in 1630. The blood of Colonel John Stoddard, the commander of his Majesty's forces in New England, and of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, for sixty years pastor of the church in Northampton, ran in her veins. By her maternal grandmother she was descended from the Tappan family. Sarah Tappan, who married Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass., was the sister of Arthur, Lewis, and John Tappan, eminent philanthropists and Christians, whose names are linked to much that has been done for the glory of God and the good of man in the nineteenth century. Her father, Charles Stoddard, was a merchant in Boston for half a century — holding positions of trust in many charities and institutions, but especially noted for his connection with the American Board of Missions and the Old South Church. Her mother is the daughter of the Hon. Daniel Noble, of Williamstown, Mass., and the widow of Prof. William A. Porter, of Williams College.

Mrs. Johnson inherited the vigorous mind, the resolute will, and the benevolent disposition of her ancestors. She had the best culture which Boston schools afforded, and she used her opportunities wisely and well. Both before and after her marriage she traveled extensively in Europe and in her own country, and was acquainted with the men and the literature of her times. Long periods of invalidism compelled her absence from society, but she found pleasure in congenial literary pursuits, and especially in planning and executing benevolent works. No day passed that had not been made useful to some other life; no hour was selfishly spent. The extent of her personal influence was remarkable, and hundreds who have never seen her face live to mourn her loss and to bless her memory. Her house in Boston was a centre of elegant Christian hospitality, and the summer home at Nahant was the welcome resort of the Christian society which her husband and she especially sought. She stretched forth her hands to the poor, — yea, she reached forth her hands to the needy; and the blessings of many that were ready to perish have rested upon her. She lived a cheerful, useful, and consecrated life as a devoted daughter, an affectionate sister, a beloved and helpful wife, and a child of God who bore her heavenly Father's will patiently, and received the summons to enter into his presence joyfully. She is "forever with the Lord."



## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

In many respects, Mrs. Johnson was the choicest spirit I have ever met. Strength, sweetness, symmetry, unselfishness, and a most delicate and constant thoughtfulness for others, were traits which we seldom see so prominently manifest in any one character as in hers.

Much might be said of her connection with various charitable organizations, but it was in quiet and unrecorded benefactions that she endeared herself to all who came into any personal relation of service to her. These were her loyal and devoted admirers while she lived, and now that she has vanished from our sight they mourn her loss with unfeigned sorrow.

Other Christian women may be kind and considerate to those who serve them, but I