

became the more closely cemented in that friendship interrupted only by the grave. As a testimonial of high esteem in which his *Illustrious Brethren* ever held him, in 1872 the Supreme Council conferred upon him, as an honorarium, the thirty-third degree, or that of Sovereign Grand Inspector General.

On the 23d of September, 1871, Brother Leffingwell and his beloved wife, Fanny Ross, celebrated their golden wedding, on which interesting occasion some twenty of their immediate descendants, and near two hundred of their neighbors and friends were present. The members of Washington Chapter, No. 4, of which he had been a member since its organization, availed themselves of this occasion to surprise the wife with the present of a well-executed portrait in India ink of her husband, their loved and honored companion.

But dearer than all to our brother was the home circle. Married, as we have related, at an early age, there were born to them sons and daughters. Five children and seventeen-grand children survive the father and grand-father. The sons and daughters, and those old enough of the succeeding generation, have attained to positions of usefulness, and some of them of great honor. During the past year William and Fanny Leffingwell have closed, as they commenced, their married life, journeying together alone, and now that sanctified union is broken. Surely our tears are shed with the aged partner over the bier of the husband and brother all so loved.

From this record of his life, brief as we could extract from the pages penned by a loving hand (Bro. Langridge's sketch in the *Evergreen*), it will be seen that our brother lived not in vain, but that to the full measure of his opportunity he served his fellow-men and brethren and glorified his God and maker.

But men cannot always labor, nor live always. To-day our brother answers not our call. Once he lived and labored among us, but now his star is set on this world, and he has passed into the light that lies beyond the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In vain we call him here. We shall no more hear his voice until we, also, have answered in another world the voice that has called him thither. Let us, then, not mourning as those who have no hope, pay the last offices of pious duty to the dead, since he, like one who sails slowly away from the shores of a dear land, a little while ago familiar to him, and hears in the stillness of the night the murmur of the waves among its cliffs, may still hear the murmur of our voices and see, as the angels do, these obsequies and the evidences of our affection or neglect.

Brothers and Sir Knights, in a little while, as it hath happened to our brother, whose memory we do now honor, so will it happen to us, and we, like him, shall be gathered to our fathers. Let us, then, not forget the lesson taught us by our brother's death, but remembering the uncertainty of life and the little value of those things for which men most strive, may we the more earnestly endeavor to obey the laws of God, and labor to do good to our fellow men.

"—————If I could feel
From halls of glee
And beauty's presence, one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and kneel and weep by me
In night's deep noon;
Oh! I would ask of Memory
No other boon."

Such are the words the poetess makes the dying knight utter to the living. And it is a natural wish of the living that sweet flowers should grow upon the graves of those we love. But the falling leaves about us on our way to the tomb teach us that flowers do not always bloom here upon the earth. "Glorious beauty is a fading flower," says the prophet. In the Paradise to which our brother has gone they never wither nor fade. God has written manifold and wondrous truths in the stars above, but the revelation of His love is not less plain in the flowers than are the stars of earth,

"Emblems of our great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

And so we strew them on the coffin of our friend and brother, the Cross and the Crown, emblems of his holy faith and an apt expression of our affection, and equally of hope and reliance in that beneficence of which they are the unmistakable expression.

As God liveth the seasons will return and summer come again, and when the flowers, sweet flowers, shall bloom and shed their fragrance over our brother's grave, then shall our vows be renewed and our brother be not forgotten. In conclusion,