

### Funeral Customs.

When the Death angel made his visit and bore hence some loved one, the entire neighborhood was wrapped in gloom. Relatives, friends and neighbors for miles around came with words of sympathy as sincere as touching, and they were ever ready to render every aid within their power to the afflicted ones.

There were then no professional paid undertakers to mechanically and perfunctorily perform the last sad act of burial.

When a death occurred the village carpenter came and measured the remains and made a coffin of pine boards, wide at the shoulders and tapering to the ends. This was painted black and lined with white cloth. There were no silver plated, oxidized, or other showy handles or tinsel adornments.

The remains were escorted to the place of sepulture by a large concourse of people who seemed touched by the bereavement and sadness of the occasion. The funeral of many a distinguished person has taken place with less sincere sorrow and appropriate ceremony. Roman Catholics were always buried with church services in the grave-yard attached to the parish church, and others in the many little burial places in the different neighborhoods throughout the country.

The grave is closed, the last sad act performed, and all return to their homes;— night comes, the dew falls, and the moon shines out resplendent over the quiet earth. The sun rises on the morrow and the wonted duties begin over again as if nothing outside the daily routine had happened.

### L'Envoie.

Changes have come. The old has passed away. The new has been ushered in. Nevertheless it is a disconsolate thing to forever part company with the old settlers,— men and women of honorable lives and sterling worth,— with old conditions and old customs which were the every-day life of the people of a few generations ago. Green be their memory and peace to their ashes.