

of this brother man. Here they laid him next to his first wife, with space left at his other side for the last resting-place of the wife who survived him.

Of this humble spot one could say:

Weep not, my sympathetic friend,  
A halo beams around,  
More bright than pomp and glory lend  
To consecrated ground.

As the mourners straggled out of this graveyard the sun cast lengthening shadows towards the Wil-mot hills. They felt that Yoder was now where "the day dawns and the shadows flee away." To them the old morgue with its unpainted, shuttered windows looked more ghostly and awe-inspiring than ever, and the tavern in the hollow nearby somehow did not look as mirthful and inviting as before.

These people, plain in life, are plain in death. In their cemetery no grave-stone taller than two feet above the grass has been erected.

On their simple memorial stones the inscriptions record only the names and the dates of birth and death; for all folk in their estimation are equal and alike in the eyes of the Lord.

In their opinion a tall and costly monument would be evidence of worldliness and ostentatious pride.

They all lie here in a democracy of death and on absolute equality. Not that death has been the great leveller, for they so tried to live.