

"WHOM VIRTUE UNITES DEATH CANNOT SEPARATE."

DEATH has laid his cold and heavy hand on another of our most worthy and noble fraters. He has summoned to his eternal home Sir. Wm. Leffingwell, one of the oldest, most distinguished and best loved Masons of Iowa. His demise occurred October 23d, 1876, and on the Thursday following he was buried. In accordance with his request, the funeral services were performed by the Sir Knights of DeMolay Commandery, No. 1, under the command of Past Grand Commander Sir Theodore S. Parvin, acting by request of the Grand Commander. Supporting him were Sir Knight the Rev. A. C. Stilson, of Ottumwa, acting Grand Prelate, Sir Daniel B. Shelley, of Davenport, as Gr. Treasurer, Sir Scott A. Jenkins, of Clinton, as Gr. Senior Warden, Sir Theodore Schreiner, Grand Sentinel, in charge of the banner of the Commandery, and numerous other Knights from Davenport and surrounding towns. There, with the Knights of DeMolay Commandery, under escort of brethren of Iowa Lodge, No. 2, Hawk Eye Lodge, No. 30, and Wilton Lodge, No. 167, and brethren from other places, the society of Old Settlers of the country, and the present and past officers of the City, attended his remains to the grave.

At Trinity Episcopal Church, of which he was for many years a communicant, the church service was read by Rev. A. C. Stilson. Following this the Templar burial service was conducted by acting Grand Commander Parvin, and Grand Prelate Stilson, assisted at the grave by Past Grand Commander Ozias P. Waters, of DeMolay.

The funeral cortege was large and imposing. As a mark of respect the stores and business house were closed, and every one seemed desirous of testifying his love and respect to the memory of the departed Knight.

At the church, acting Grand Commander Parvin, introduced the Templar funeral service by reading the following Burial Service :

Death and the dead are with us again, teaching us, Sir Knights, brethren, and fellow-citizens, the brevity and uncertainty of human life, and the stability of human fortune, and demanding of us who survive, the last sad offices of Charity and Brotherhood.

Again we lament the loss of a dear friend, who, his work accomplished, now sleeps before you the sleep that knows no waking till the last trump shall summon him to his post in the Asylum above.

I have come to join you, Sir Knights and brethren, in obedience to a solemn duty, enjoined by the head of our Order in this jurisdiction, and in pursuance of a request long since preferred, and in his last moments renewed, by my departed friend, to conduct upon this sorrowful occasion the impressive ceremonies of our Order; an Order which in life our brother honored, whose lessons he practiced as well as taught, and which in death he would have honor him.

Yielding then to his request, and to following an ancient custom, we, his brothers and fraters, join with you, his Christian and citizen associates, do now here pay these last honors to our Past Grand Commander, and your neighbor and friend, William Leffingwell.

Him they cannot profit; he is beyond the reach of honors and censures alike. To us, the living, they may and should be profitable. They gratify those whom he loved; they show our appreciation of his virtues and worth; they encourage others to labor and endeavor to deserve the honors we here pay a departed Christian Knight, and they show to the world that the ties and sympathies and obligations of Masonic Knighthood cannot be snapped asunder by the hand of Death.

"Among the dead our brother sleeps,
His life was rounded true and well;
And love in bitter sorrow weeps
Above his dark and silent cell."

And yet our brother is not wholly gone from us here below, since his influences survive, the thoughts he uttered still live, and the effects of his action and exertion can never cease, while the universe continues to exist. He has become a part of the great Past, which gives law to the Present and Future, and he still lives a real life in the thoughts, the feelings and the affections of those who knew and loved him.

While therefore nature will have her way, and our tears will drop upon his coffin in sorrow for his departure and great loss, let it comfort us, and all absent friends, to reflect that it is often a great gain to die, and that by the omniscience of God it may evidently be seen to be a blessing, as also that his memory will not be forgotten, but that he will be remembered with affection and regret by those who so long knew and