

As was the custom, neighbors came to take charge of the household, four volunteering to take turns in sitting up with the body, a custom so old and so universal that its origin would be difficult to trace.

The news of the passing of this venerable man and respected pioneer spread quickly through the community. The funeral took place on the third day. The Bishop had been much with them in the house of mourning. He was present to officiate at the last sad rites. These people live "plain" and are "plain" in death. A hearse with waving plumes would not be fitting for such a one. Six stalwarts, chosen from among his most intimate friends, are there to bear him to a wagon. The Bishop conducts a service in the house, the crowd overflowing to the verandah and the front yard, listening reverently to catch the words that fall from the speaker's lips. Numerous friends had there met to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of an old neighbor, a kind friend and an upright citizen.

The long procession moves slowly to the cemetery (*Gottesacker*), where the pall-bearers carry the casket from the wagon to the narrow tomb, his "windowless palace of rest." The Bishop, with head uncovered and with uplifted hand, speaks the final words over the open grave. Then there is the dull rattle of the falling earth upon the coffin lid, and the earth closes for ever upon all that is mortal