

Death had entered, we found the corpse laid out in a rough coffin, rougher indeed than any we had been accustomed to see, for the lumber had never so much as felt a plane. They had done their best, however, to make things look well. By daubing the rough exterior with black paint or pitch or some other mixture, which stood here and there in patches, it served to take away the brightness of the new wood.

The "old man" was laid out in his "best," which I afterwards learned was not only his wedding suit, but the only one which he had ever possessed. A bit of blue ribbon, symbolic of the "True Blues," an order of which he had once been a member, was tied under his chin; his hair had been straightened and smoothed as well as could be expected without the aid of a comb. The neighbors for miles around had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, and as the house comprised but one small room, we held a service outside the door. We commenced our meeting by that accordant hymn of Cowper's—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day."

I saw tears start and course down the cheeks of some whose hearts, we are so often wont to think, are as hard as the rocks among which they live.

After reading of the Scriptures, we started on the sorrowful procession to the cemetery, a mile-and-a-half distant from what had been the "old man's home." Our pony seemed rather proud to head the cortége, while six of the natives carried the coffin. Following close on these, limped the dog on his three legs; the others in twos and fours, walked behind in solemn silence.

The trees seemed to clasp hands and form an arch above our heads, while the woods re-echoed the sound of our tramp on the rock pavement beneath, as we wended our way with the body to its last resting-place. And a rough resting-place it was indeed. The grave had been roughly dug out of the rocks, and four boards nailed together in the shape of an oblong, formed the rougher coffin. Evidently, however, the undertaker (?) had made a mistake, for the boards were too short to admit the coffin—so it had to be raised while one of the natives descended