

Adelia Gertrude Mumper, (21 Apr 1889 – 24 Feb 1902), People's Advocate and Press, March 1, 1902. New Germantown, Pennsylvania,.

It is the first occasion I had to write for one of my pupils, and never have I in my recollection, done so for one so young, loving and kind as Della Gertrude Mumper.

But the tearful eyes, and grief -- stricken countenances of the many friends, and especially the schoolmates, who assembled at the church to pay the last rites of respect to her remains at 10 o'clock on the 27th, prove that she should not be passed by unnoticed.

She was the daughter of **Edward Mumper**, but her home was that **George Seager's**, and at the time of her death, on Tuesday the 25th, was age 12 years 11 months and 3 days.

I have known Della almost two years and she was always pleasant and loved in all her associations. I have never met or passed her, but that she was cheerful and happy and she always spoke pleasantly to all she knew.

For the past week's Della had been any frail condition of health owing to their disease. Four days during her last sickness she knew and realize the fact that a dreaded cancer was hovering near her, libel and any to moment to cast its fatal dart, yet meek and mild as she was, she summoned up her fortitude and courage and without either a sigh or tear, declared herself ready to answer the call, and even amid the wasting pallor over her cheeks and the dreaded footsteps of death, war a peaceful countenance, though her little heart beats grew fainter and fainter like a muffled drum until its echoes were lost in eternity and become the music of the spheres. And so she passed from the world without a pang, without accents on her lips, bravely meeting with summons, fully realizing the dread reality.

The echo of her sweet memory comes back to us to be revered not only by her relatives but by her friends.

While you fly in her seat empty at school and at her home and empty chair, maybe all realize that we, too, must die. We truly sympathize with them or read family, but they need not mourn as those without hope. Life is fast passing and we know not who will be the next of our number to be laid in the silent tomb.

Her funeral sermon was preached from St. Mark 10:14 --"for such is the kingdom of heaven," by Rev. J. T. Bell. Her remains were laid in a Methodist of fiscal burial ground, to wait the resurrection of the dead.

"Kind friends why those tears? And why those bursting size? No weeping here bedims. Your darling Dallas eyes; the Dawn of war and you know, was hastening along, when my freed spirit left, to store the stars among. Dear friends, we know war, for me you love so well, for one you've done with Earth, in heaven we shall do well F.W.G