

at their sister's funeral. They also appreciated the kind services of those ladies of our village, who assisted so materially in the painful duties of the earlier part of the day.

After the impressive and appropriate ceremonies at the Church and the grave, had been concluded, their grateful feelings found expression in a single sentence of the brother, "one half the load is lifted from our hearts." They found such universal sympathy—so much of kind intention on the part of every one, that the dark cloud of sorrow which seemed at first to have enveloped them hopelessly, was relieved of much of its gloom.

SA-SA-NA LOFT—a youthful stranger—who had seen but twenty-one summers—of a different race from the present occupants of the soil—a timid alien upon the domain of her ancestors, over which for more than two centuries, they had exercised a Roman prowess and control—in the sight of the beautiful river, christened by her forefathers, the COO-KWA-GO branch of the Delaware—died—*cruelly* died by the white man's negligence.

An accomplished, gifted, and noble-hearted lady has fallen, in the midst of her great work—prostrate upon the altar—a precious sacrifice.

"Hark! in the holy grove of palms,  
Where the stream of life runs free,  
Echoes, in the Angels' psalms,  
Sister Spirit! Hail to thee!"