

quite modern, reminded me of the quantities of precious strings of wampum—laid up in some ancient graves of Indian babes in British America, and which remain after the furs, no doubt clothing the bodies, have decayed. A higher phase of our humanity is represented by these remains than by the inventions of the Patent Office—the love that survives the death of its object, and which, in the absence alike of human philosophy and Divine revelation, preaches with a force stronger than sense and mere reason, that the loved one “is not dead but sleepeth,” and will awake in another world, whither affection can follow it only by decking its poor remains in the best robe and burying it with the most costly treasures. Such faith in the Indian mother may be very simple and ignorant; but it is surely a better and holier thing than that cold skepticism which, while grovelling in a base selfishness, looks up in its higher flights of reason and imagination to tell us that man is but a better kind of brute, an aggregate of blind material forces.