

his words, his voice told us that they came from a broken heart. The mourning women raised their wild wail once more; the sexton heaped the earth above the dead, replaced the flower-covered turf and the simple headstone, on which they soon after inscribed her name; and Lanoma rested with the young girl of a different race whose story had first opened to her mind a knowledge of the way of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

My father preached her funeral sermon in the churchyard, for our small church could not contain the congregation of settlers and Indians. Few of the latter understood a single word of it, but they listened in the