

and many respectable white inhabitants, from the distance of two and three miles round, attended the funeral. After the sermon, the Indian children rose up and sang the following hymn :—

“Farewell, dear friend! a long farewell!
For we shall meet no more,
Till we are raised with thee to dwell
On Zion’s happier shore.

“Our friend and sister, lo! is dead;
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust its silent bed,
And there it must decay.

“But is she dead?—No, no, she lives!
Her happy spirit flies
To heaven above; and there receives
The long-expected prize.

“Farewell, dear friend! again, farewell!
Soon we shall rise to thee;
And when we meet no tongue can tell
How great our joys shall be.”

Six little girls carried her coffin from the chapel to the grave; four following, bearing in their hands sprigs of evergreen, which they threw on the coffin after it was lowered into the ground.