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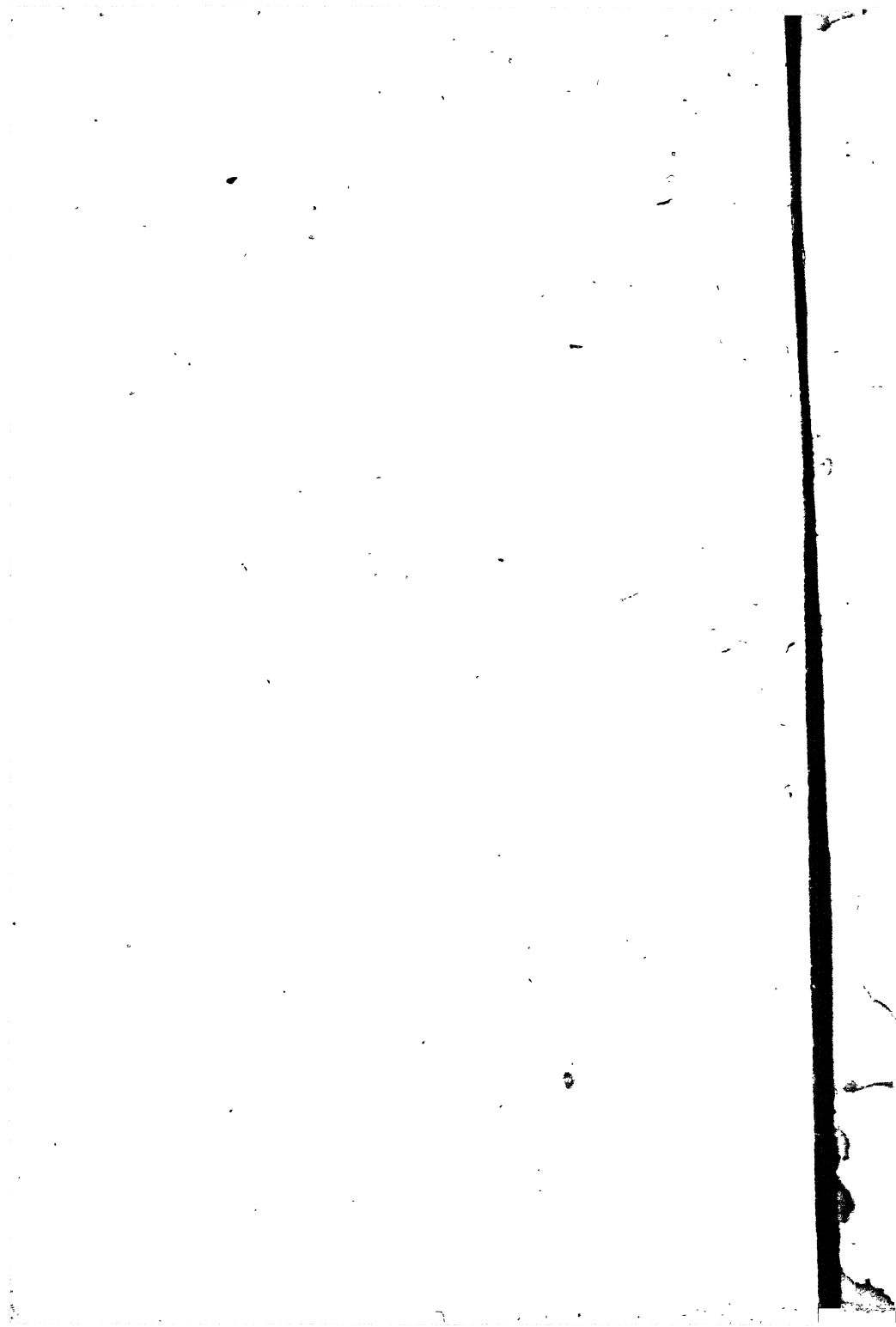
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A MEMORIAL  
OF  
**SA-SA-NA,**  
THE  
**MOHAWK MAIDEN;**

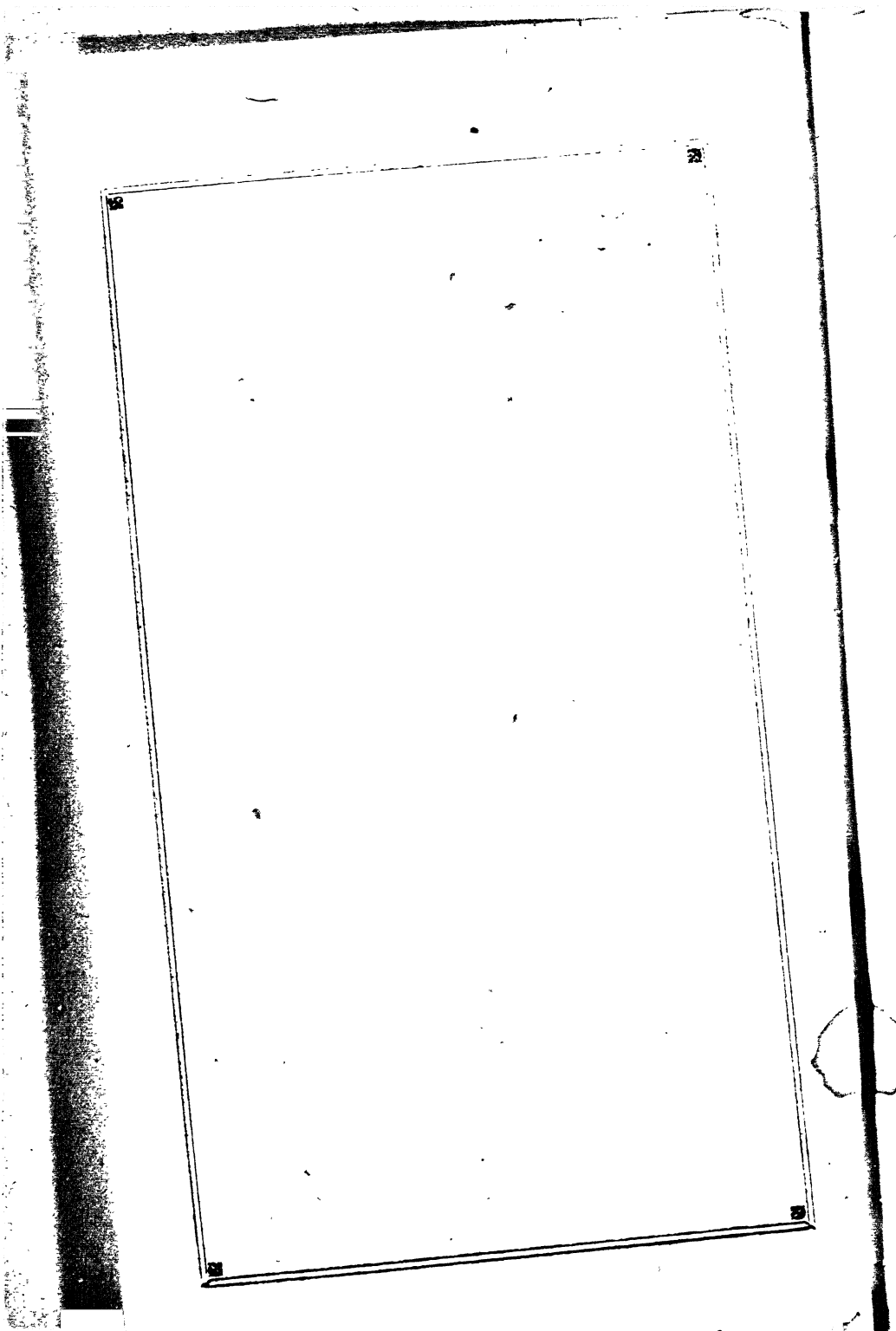
Who perished in the Rail Road disaster at Deposit, N. Y.,  
February, 18, 1852.


**CONTAINING,**

- I. Obituary Notice by Hon. C. P. AVERY.
- II. Sermon preached in St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton, Feb. 29, 1852, by S. H. NORTON, Rector.
- III. Poem by W. H. C. HOSMER, Esq.

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**HAMILTON:**  
**WALDRON & BAKER, PRINTERS,**  
**1852.**





TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
SA-SA-NA LOFT,  
NOBLE, LOVELY, SELF-DEVOTED—EARLY MOURNED:

AND TO THOSE  
WHO LOVE AND CHERISH HER MEMORY,  
THESE BRIEF PAGES

ARE  
DEDICATED.





“ They heard the story of the Cross  
Beneath the evening torches' flare,  
And of their people's grief and loss,  
And all the sad reproach they bear—  
Their mournful people, and the Cross,  
The pains and perils of the Cross,  
They gave themselves to serve, and share.”

M. H. P.



# MEMORIAL OF SA-SA-NA.

## OBITUARY.

"It is the spot I came to seek,  
My fathers' ancient burial-place,  
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,  
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well,  
Of which our old traditions tell."

—[BRYANT.

There comes a time when the Morn shall rise,  
Yet charm no smile to thy filmed eyes.  
There comes a time when thou liest low,  
With the roses dead on thy frozen brow,  
With a pall hung over thy tranced rest,  
And the pulse asleep in thy silent breast.  
There shall come a dirge through the valleys drear,  
And a white-robed priest to thine icy bier."

"Woe is me when I watch and pray,  
For the lightest sound of thy coming foot,  
For the softest note of thy summer lay,  
For the faintest chord of thy vine-strung lute!  
Woe is me when the storms sweep by  
And the mocking winds are my sole reply."

—[EDITH MAY.

The announcement of the appalling tragedy upon the New York and Erie Railroad, at Deposit, on Wednesday of last week, following so soon the fearful accident near Equinunk, fell solemnly upon the ears of all.

When it was known that one of the Mohawk sisters, Miss SA-SA-NA LOFT, the elder of the two, who with their worthy

\*First published in the Owego Gazette, of Feb. 26th.

brother, had so recently visited our place, on their benevolent mission, had been stricken down in the dawn of her usefulness, a feeling of sorrow, too intense for utterance, sank to the heart, saddening every fireside circle where her unobtrusive merit, and the desolate condition of the survivors had become known.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th, they had given one of their interesting Concerts at Deposit, and on the following day, upon the arrival of the mail train at that station, from the West, the two sisters took seats in the rear car, while the brother went to the office for the purpose of procuring tickets for his party. That being the usual dining station, the larger part of the passengers were at the table, which will account for the loss of but three lives, although the rear car was almost entirely torn in pieces. The alarm was given by some one who saw the freight train, which had been passed by the passenger train, eight miles back, at "The Summit," dashing forward under the fearful momentum gained by having become unmanageable on the downward grade—some portion of it being more than sixty feet to the mile. Having rashly lost control of his train, the engineer, finding the collision inevitable, in dismay abandoned his post—leaving the train to its wild fury. Upon the alarm being given of its approach, the two sisters made an effort to escape; both reached the platform of the station, but by some mysterious providence, the elder sister fell back upon the doomed car, which was then crumbling under the iron blows of the uncurbed engine. Her death was instantaneous.

Saving ourselves from a contemplation of the other incidents of this mournful mid-day tragedy, let us here draw a veil before the dreadful scene.

Full of sadness indeed, are all the facts of this most distressing occurrence; but there are circumstances of a peculiarly sorrowful character, which enshroud the tomb of the Mohawk maiden with more than the ordinary gloom of the grave.



Child of an unfortunate race, her life had been spent from early youth, in an unremitting effort to acquire a knowledge of the English language and its literature, for the purpose of enabling her, in conjunction with her brother and sisters, to diffuse civilization and the principles of our Christian faith, among the people of their nation in Canada.

The Reservation where the family reside, is known as The Mohawk Woods, township of Thayendanegea, on the Salmon river, which empties into the bay of Quinte, extending along both sides of that river, twelve miles in length, and eight in width. Although there are many of the Mohawk nation to be found on the other Reservations in Canada, on this one are found exclusively Mohawks of unmixed blood, direct descendants of those who under the influence of the GREAT THAYENDANEGEA, (BRANT,) left the valley of the Mohawk river, soon after the breaking out of the revolutionary war. At that time the mother of this unfortunate girl left Canajoharie, the place of her birth, in company with the rest of her tribe, and has since then lived in Canada, and reared a family; at all times expressing a most ardent wish for the civilization and Christian education of her children. The Indian name of the mother, is the same as that of the youngest daughter—YA-GO-WE-A. At the time of the last departure of her three children from home, they left their aged, and now more than widowed mother, in the care of an elder married sister.

In the efforts of the deceased to acquire an education, she was guided by the encouraging example of her brother and the elder sister. The school which those two attended having been at a distance of eight miles from their home, it was only by daily and constant exertion, fatigue and exposure of health, that they acquired a knowledge sufficient for them to direct their next younger sister, SA-S-A-N-A, successfully, in her earnest efforts to comprehend the abstruse elementary principles

of our language. At the time of the last visit of the unfortunate girl to our place, she had profited by this fraternal and sisterly guidance, and other important aids, so far as to be able to compose in our language, both in prose and poetry, gracefully and well.

In this connection, there should not be omitted a commendatory notice of the great assistance which both she and her elder sister received, at the hands of Mrs. GIVENS, the estimable wife of the Episcopal clergyman, formerly of Kingston, Canada, who was at one time a resident Pastor upon the Reserve. In his family, at intervals, the two spent several months, enjoying the excellent intellectual and moral training of that devoted lady.

Having thus advanced herself by the aid of her elder sister and brother, and by the kind attentions of Mrs. GIVENS, in those branches most essential to her usefulness, she in turn, became the principal instructress of her younger sister, YAGOWE-A, who was with her in their last visit among us, and from whose side, she was torn so suddenly—so painfully.

By the joint efforts of the brother and sisters, they had caused to be printed, more than four thousand copies of a simple elementary Book, prepared by themselves, in the Mohawk language. Within the last two years, these have been industriously distributed among their people, with encouraging results. The object of their late Concerts, was to put themselves in possession of a fund sufficient to secure the printing of a greater number of books—for the making a more vigorous and extended effort in the good work to which they had consecrated their energies, and in the prosecution of which, one of this devoted band has now offered up her life—self-sacrificed—a pure oblation.

It may be interesting to those whose hands this communication may reach, to know that the translations made many years

since, by the renowned Mohawk Chieftain, JOSEPH BRANT, (THAYENDANEGBA) have been of great service in evangelizing this family, if not the originating cause. It will be recollected that he was the war-chief of the Six Nations, and that his name, during our revolutionary strife, spread terror throughout our frontier settlements, on the Susquehanna, Delaware, and Mohawk. At his home on the Reservation, soon after his settlement in Canada, he having become a sincere and penitent believer, although his sins had been "as scarlet," turned his attention to the religious improvement of his people. For that purpose, he translated into his native tongue, the gospels of St. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, the Book of Genesis, and also the Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church. These fell into the hands of the family, whose sad bereavement we are now considering. The illustrations which the translations contained, by simple and imperfect pictures of our Saviour's suffering, awakened inquiry, and it became the parent of a fixed determination to know more. The result has been the diffusion of intellectual, moral and religious light, where darkness only reigned before.

Another interesting fact may be also appropriately stated in this place. So great has been the zeal of this and other converted families upon the Reservation, that a handsome Church has been erected there, at a cost of \$9,000. To procure the funds to meet so heavy a liability, no personal sacrifice has been too great for them—no exertion too discouraging. It stands on the northerly bank of the river, upon which the Reserve is situated, a monument of the zeal and active faith with which they adore the Great Spirit, HO-WEN-NEE-YU, whom we call, with like reverence, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe:

The surviving brother and sister felt deeply the kindness of our citizens, as evinced by their sympathizing attendance

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!"

## SERMON.

*A time to weep—a time to mourn.*—[Eccles. III : 4.]

THESE words have place among the aphorisms put forth by the preacher-king of Israel, under the general proposition, "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." The whole discourse owes its utterance to the ripe experience of old age, directed and controlled by the Spirit of inspiration. Its declarations are not to be taken as mere truisms—the word of God deals not in such—but as containing a seed of Divine truth, needful to be sown in the hearts of men, unto spiritual and heavenly wisdom. This appears, indeed, from their connection in the sacred preacher's discourse; for they lead very directly with him, to the consideration of the glorious works, the gifts, the sovereignty, the eternity, the mysterious Providence, and the righteous judgments of God. They must be regarded, therefore, as expressive of general laws of this life, according to the Divine ordinance, and, at the same time, indicative of human necessity, duty and wisdom.

These three things are clearly involved in the propositions of our text. For tears and mourning are, in their season, and for their causes, of the *necessity* of our common nature. The ties of kindred, of friendship, of brotherhood in the faith, nay, of common humanity—that wide brotherhood in which we all meet—make tears and mourning our *duty*, as well as our necessity. And that they are the part of *wisdom*, too, we may fitly own, in the words of the inspired author of the Book of

Ecclesiastes, in another place: "It is better," says he, "to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for *that* is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance, *the heart is made better.*" And again, "The heart of the *wise* is in the the house of mourning."\*

I do not purpose now to enter upon the exposition of these several truths, but suggesting them only, as demanding our solemn acknowledgment in the fear of God, at all times, and especially at this present,—let me turn with you to the contemplation of the melancholy event which has prompted the present discourse. My office will appropriately be, to give expression—so far as I may be able—to our common sorrow over a departed young sister, stricken down in the bloom of youth, in the flush of joyous hopes, and at the entrance upon a career of distinguished usefulness,—our mourning sympathy with her bereaved relatives,—and our religious sense of so afflictive a visitation of God's All-wise Providence. Your hearts, brethren and friends, bear witness that it is for *us*, with many others, "A time to weep—a time to mourn." You will be beforehand with me, in the thoughts which call for utterance on this occasion, and in the unaffected sympathy which would gladly mingle sorrow and tears with those, who under circumstances so fearful and distressing have been visited with affliction.

Two months ago, a little company of Indian singers—brother and two sisters, from the Mohawk Woods, C. W.—came among us, in their way through the country giving Concerts. Their appearance was marked by great simplicity and modesty. In their public performances, they sought no aid—as they readily might, if they had chosen—from fantastic displays of the garb and the customs of their wild forefathers. They made no high

\*Eccl. VII 2—4.

pretensions to musical accomplishments. But they endeavored to please their audiences by a variety of simple songs and sacred melodies, and trusted to the presentation of the *object* for which they had left their distant and retired home, to commend their efforts to our people. This object was the benefit of others, who greatly needed their help, and ours. They wished to procure religious and other useful books, for their people at home, and for the native tribes still beyond them, in the wilds of Canada. Such a work could not fail to enlist a general feeling of interest, and to secure for them, if it had needed, a generous allowance for any deficiencies in the Concert-Room. But it did not need. They succeeded far beyond their professions of ability, in delighting the crowds who listened to their music. There was a sweet breathing of native melody throughout it all, that brought thoughts of Nature's own waving woods. There were *some* warbled strains (hushed now, till they wake again in the angel choir,) that were free and clear and inspiring, as the song of the oriole.

But still farther were these interesting strangers commended to us. Their life and conversation while among us, were such as not only to draw out approbation and interest, but also a deep and affectionate regard. I may speak for many others as well as for myself in saying, that never, in so short a time, and with so transient opportunity of acquaintance, was a more cordial esteem and love awakened, than toward this little family band. A *Missionary* band they might with propriety be termed; for however the novelty and interest of travel, and the opportunities of cultivated society, thus opened to them, may have served in a degree to prompt their zeal, and to sustain it, the *object* set before them in their enterprise, appears to have been earnestly, constantly and disinterestedly pursued. Indeed, the advantages they derived from society throughout our country, were designed, no less than their pecuniary profits, to be

turned to account for the benefit of their own less favored nation. That sincere religious principle was a controlling motive in their whole life and pursuits, none could doubt who had the opportunity of discourse with them, in the social and family circle.

A peculiar interest could not but be felt in these visitors by those of our own household of faith, from the fact that they were all members of our Communion in the Church in Canada, and that on the sacred festival of Christmas, they participated with us in public worship and in the Holy Communion,—finding in our house of prayer, the same wreathed evergreen upon the wall, and the same familiar services and customs so dear to them at Christmas-tide in their own church in the Mohawk Woods. It was the hearty ejaculation of one of them, as they entered the church on Christmas morning, “We are at home now!”—It was a glad thing for us, thus to have these children of the forest with us, to share the hallowed joys of this ever dear festival, in the Courts and at the Table of our common Lord. It was something to call forth anew devout thanksgivings for the wide-reaching mercies of the Gospel, and to stimulate the missionary spirit,—the essential spirit of Christianity. But not to us was interest in this company confined. They found it in the whole community. They found it especially, and with the most kindly and cordial manifestations, among Christian friends of other communions. The same was true, not only of their experience in our town, but throughout their extended circuit of travel. I know that they deeply appreciated all this, and were delighted and thankful.

After a few days sojourn among us, they went on their way, carrying with them the respect and well wishes of all—the hearty *God-speed* and fervent blessing of some. Two of this little band may be expected to read the words I am now addressing to you. Let me not speak more particularly of them.



Of the third I freely may, for no words of mine, can now reach her ear, to wound with praises, the sensitiveness of modesty and humility.

SA-SANA was one to attract attention and a peculiar interest, in any society. Every movement and every word were characteristic of the *Indian* maiden ;—her conversation full of vivacity, imaginative, and at the same time, discriminating, shewed her to be one of no common mind. She had had considerable advantages of education. Doubtless her opportunities, through society and travel, had served in addition, to give a rapid development to her mental powers ; but these must have been naturally strong and brilliant. There was a rich vein of poetry, too, in her thoughts, and language, which added to the charm of her discourse. These peculiarities of mind, prompting alike to the eager acquisition of information, and to the impulsive expression of her own vivid thoughts, led her to throw off very much of the reserve of the *Indian* girl. But this reserve gave place to a freedom, at once modest and graceful, which won the hearts of all around her, both old and young. And SA-SANA was a *Christian* maiden. So far as we might judge and well believe, hers was a simple, genuine, unostentatious piety,—the piety of one who as a “member of Christ, a child of God, and an heir, through faith, of His everlasting Kingdom,” could, in the light of such a relationship, look forth upon life and upon Nature ; and, in consistency with the penitence and humility of the *Christian* walk, be cheerful and joyous in the spring-time of being. The piety of youth—how lovely is it always, and how blessed are its fruits ! Oh, that the young might understand, that pleasures do not vanish by being chastened, nor joy diminish by being sanctified ! Still more—that they might learn, that out of humble penitence alone, can be the spring of real and enduring joys !

Let me not attempt, with too much minuteness to sketch

the character of this interesting Mohawk maiden. The portraiture must necessarily be incomplete, and but too imperfect. I will only add, as exemplifying her kindness of heart, and her affectionate sympathy with the afflicted, that a touching account was given me a few days since, of her devoted attentions to one of the young ladies of the company of Blind Vocalists, whose acquaintance was made, during a stay in one of the villages below us, in the Chenango valley.

What follows in this brief recital, the heart shrinks from the thought of, and the lip trembles to repeat. SA-SA-NA is dead!—in the mysterious Providence of God, not permitted to breathe out her life in the arms of affection, amid the consolations of friendship, and kindly care, and the offices of our holy religion,—but smitten down in an instant—crushed before a terrible power, which, overleaping often all human control, (sometimes, alas! through human negligence,) overwhelms like the avalanche, or sweeps away like the whirlwind its helpless victims, almost before one agonized prayer can be offered up! Let me not attempt to describe the anguished scene, nor to tell—for words are vain—the horror, and then the fearful weight of certain wo, which sink the surviving brother and sister as into the very earth. Does not their heart-rending situation call for our utmost sympathy, our tears, and our prayers?—their own distress almost too heavy for them to bear, and yet upon it the added burden of carrying these agonized tidings to their family, and above all, to their aged mother. Greater is their distress than that of the despairing son of Jacob. How shall they go back to their mother, and SA-SA-NA not with them? lest they see the evil which shall come upon their mother!—And that lone mother, waiting in her forest home the long winter months, for the return of her far-wandered children;—weary has been her watch, long patient her listening ear, for the bounding feet, and the cheerful voices of those

loved ones hastening home. Painfully will that long watch have ending. Heavy and sad will be the foot-fall that comes to her door. Evil to her will be the voice, though its tones be in love, that tells the fatal news—her children will not all return!

Brethren and friends, I have asked you to pray with me for these afflicted hearts—for all the bereaved family of the deceased; to pray “our merciful God and heavenly Father, who has taught us in His Holy word, that He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, that He will look with pity upon their sorrows; that He will remember them in mercy; sanctify His Fatherly correction to them; endue their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to His blessed will; comfort them with a sense of His goodness; lift up His countenance upon them, and give them peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”\* Let us still, each one of us, pray for this. Let not our sympathy be a mere vanishing thing. Let our sorrow and tears still be shared with them, in fulfilment of an Apostle’s exhortation to “weep with those that weep,” and of the Saviour’s own blessed example, who wept with mourning relatives at the grave of Lazarus. This tribute, you will, I am persuaded, willingly yield. And it will be something of comfort—it will be the source of some consolation to their wounded hearts, to know that you do this. Let me add, it will be wisdom in us, for ourselves, to cherish these emotions and sympathies. It will be good for our hearts to linger for a season, in that far-off house of mourning. I dwell on their grief only, for though I am assured a common and sincere sorrow over this crushed Flower of the forest affects all our hearts, ours is as nothing in comparison with their affliction, on whom this calamity has directly fallen.

It is, brethren, “a time to weep—a time to mourn,” yet,

\*Book of Common Prayer.

praised be God, not so as without the light and the hopes of our holy Faith. While therefore, we seek to share with these afflicted friends, some portion of their sorrow, and to communicate with them in sympathy and in prayers, let some farther thoughts also be given to the sad event before us, for our establishing in Divine doctrine, and our comfort of hope; and, may it please God, for *their* strengthening and comfort, too.

As Christians we say, and we know, that the ruling hand of God is in every event of mortal life. But we do not always so fully apprehend this truth, as we are allowed, and as it is our wisdom to do. It is fit that we should consider widely, in the light of revelation, the contingent purposes of Infinite Providence, in dark dispensations like this we are now called to contemplate; and especially that we should rest our thoughts, and our faith, on those certain truths which His word gives us to know, in connection with the outward and visible circumstances of death, even in its most appalling forms. For the former, let it be enough now to dwell upon two only, among the most evident and important of the Divine purposes. When the servants of Christ are thus early and suddenly called away, there is this clear voice to surviving relatives and friends, from out the afflictive dispensation. It is a call to them anew, to set their affections supremely there, where yet another treasure has been gathered in of God, as it were to draw their hearts on after. And His act of apparent severity, is indeed toward them, but the loosing of one more band that bound them to earth, to link it in the chain which binds them to heaven and heavenly things. The Christian poet realized this, when he wrote from the deep calm of spiritual contemplations,

“’Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse,  
How grows in Paradise our store.”\*

\*Keble's Christian Year.

Another plain indication of the gracious purpose of God, in taking away one and another in the midst of years and usefulness, or, as in the case before us, in the opening day of hope and of distinguished promise, we find in the words of the prophet Isaiah, "The righteous are taken away from the evil to come." From how much of sorrow, trial and sin, are such most certainly removed; and from what unknown afflictions and extremities of peril *may* they thus be given escape! What secret mercy may there be, even in the most saddening instances of sudden death!—mercy, which, could we see it in all its fulness, as one day it may be permitted us, would cause our bowed hearts to fling the load of grief from off them, to leap for joy, and to cry aloud with thanksgiving! Our heavenly Father—for our chastening—wills not now to open to us all these views. He bids us "walk by faith, and not by sight"—to be still and know that he is God—that "He doeth all things well"—that all things—seem they never so grievous—"work together for good to them that love him." In this faith, He would have us resign to Him, those whom He takes from earth, by what we are so prone to call, untimely death. Let us then fulfil His will, in owing the merciful goodness which we cannot see. Let the faith of it be to us, and especially to the bereaved, a foundation of peace, which no flood of sorrow can remove.

And while we confess the wisdom and love of God, which such views of His providential purposes reveal to us, let us directly regard and apply a doctrine which our holy faith specifically commends to us, for our comfort always; and which so relieves the contemplation of the terrors of mortality, alike in its gentlest approaches, and when its agencies are sudden and violent.

The word of inspiration by the Psalmist, declares to such as make the Lord their refuge,

"God shall charge his angel legions,  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

And it is of the Saviour's own teaching, that *not alone* does the soul of the faithful go forth to try the mysteries of the unseen world, but ministering angels receive it as it parts from its clay tabernacle, and carry it home to the Paradise of God. The doctrine is one—the doctrine of the angel ministry to the heirs of salvation.

Brethren, God was not a God afar off—He had not forgotten to be gracious to this child of His—that thus with fearful violence, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, the life He gave, taken away. No! in that crushing shock, He was present, as ever, in mighty power, in wisdom and in mercy. And hovering above the scene of rushing rage and swift destruction, were those agents of Omnipotence, whom He sometimes makes winds and flames of fire, to do His will; and who ever go forth at His command, more swiftly than on telegraphic wings, to minister to His chosen in their hour of need. Stooping in that moment so dread to mortal nature, those blessed spirits fulfilled their gracious office. Twofold indeed their office was. Two sisters were together—alike in mortal peril, and helpless, before the maddened element. God willed to spare the one, and the broad shield of angel power was interposed, to ward off the impending blow. God willed to take the other to himself, and the fatal shock was suffered. But as the earthly house fell before it in ruins at their feet, angels received the yielded spirit, and bore it heavenward with infolding wing.

God be praised, brethren, for assurances like these—mercy in sparing life, through so glorious, though unseen agencies—equal mercy in taking it away—translating it by the same blessed ministry into realms of light, almost before the shadows of mortality have closed around its earthly phase.

And so is it always. They who are truly the servants of God, are never in danger amid the uncertainties of human life. God's commissioned messengers, great in power and wisdom

—excellent in strength—are sent forth for their defence,—a circling host encamped around them. No evil can happen to them, no plague come nigh them, but as God allows it for their good. The mortal summons will come indeed, in His own time. It may come when they think not. It may come by terrible messengers. But they need not fear. Nothing can pluck them out of their Father's hand. Nothing can separate them from the love of Christ. Nothing can deprive them of that guardian ministry, which the abounding goodness of the Lord has vouchsafed them. Death, in seeming to frustrate this, does but give occasion for the crowning charities of angels.

These truths of our faith—how do they change the aspect of mortal calamities! How they brighten like golden day, upon the darkness of sorrow! How they pour the divine oil of consolation into wounded hearts, and infuse joy into the bitterest cup of grief! How they cause love to pour forth from the welling depths of our souls, to that Almighty Father, Redeemer and Sanctifier, whose love is thus shewed us! And what glorious conjecture do they cast, as a bow of promise, on that veiling cloud which hides from our vision the surpassing joys of the life immortal—those things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man—the things which God hath prepared for them that love him! May the assurance of all these Divine doctrines be abundantly the portion of our afflicted friends, in this present bereavement. May they think of this departed child and sister, as mercifully removed from the thronging trials and pains of this life, and carried by angels, to a blessed rest in the presence of the Lord. And may their hearts be set supremely on things above, that at length they may be partakers with her of the heavenly kingdom.

Mingling thoughts of the Divine consolations with our sorrowing sympathies, let us also lay to heart,—and especially let

me charge it upon you, my young friends—the solemn lesson which early and sudden death, so often exemplified, is designed to teach us. Our “life is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” “In the midst of life we are in death.” No freshness of youth, no health, no buoyancy of spirits, can give us any assurance of length of days. We know not what even a day may bring forth. The slightest shock may sever the thread of this mortal being. The gentlest breath of the summer breeze, may wing the shaft of death to our bosoms. We all know this. We do not need to have it proved to us anew. But oh, how many are living as though it were not so! Will you not all endeavor to urge this truth more earnestly upon yourselves, with its instant admonition to be prepared for death? Will you not try to apprehend, and make your own, the inspired prayer of the Psalmist, “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” The Spirit of God is graciously waiting to teach you all that true wisdom, which to know is life eternal. “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.”

Let a brief glance over the circumstances of the sad event we have been contemplating, serve, in conclusion, to impress its solemn admonitions upon us, and to draw our hearts out still, toward the house of mourning.

A little while ago, and the heart of the Indian girl was glad in the thought of an early return to her home in the woods. And we heard her tell of the joy it is, to be at home with Nature in the early spring—when the brooks are murmuring again, and the buds unfold, and the soft winds whisper in the tree-tops, and the early birds return, and all nature is beautiful and smiling, beneath the hand of our Father, and seems to be vocal with his praise.—That longed-for season is coming soon; and its life, its beauty, and its melody, will spring anew in the Mo-



hawk woods ; but the free footsteps of SA-SA-NA will not be roaming there, her joyous voice will no more thrill in the hearts of loving kindred and friends, nor her warblings echo the wild bird's song. Cheerless and lonely will be the forest path—silent and sad, will be “the wigwam at home.”—A little later—perhaps before the green leaf is grown—and in the Christian temple which Indian piety has reared there, there will be a sorrowful gathering from out those wilds, for solemn funeral rites. And prayer will be said, and holy song be sung, and Christ proclaimed as the Resurrection and the Life—and then in the quiet churchyard, the mortal remains of the Mohawk Maiden will be committed to the ground,—“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”—and the blessed words of the Faith will be spoken above them : “I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write from henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours.”

So change the scenes of life—so fail its visions—so fade its hopes. Ours is the tribute of mourning and tears. But while we yield it, on our own or others' behalf, let us bless the Word that bids us look beyond these dissolving views, to the bright, unchanging scenes of the life above. There, sorrows shall be known no more ; tears shall forever be wiped away ; and mourning will be but a dim remembrance, as of the shadow of a cloud on the morning path of existence. In the faith of that life, let pious hands close the grave of this departed child of God, and gently press the turf upon its raised mound. There sleep the precious dust, till in the resurrection at the last day, it is raised in power and glory, spiritual and immortal.

“Sweetly their bodies rest  
Beneath the green sod,  
Whose souls are with the blest,  
Bosom'd in God.”

May it be ours *all*, so to lie down to the long stilly slumber of the grave—and to wake in the springtime of the life immortal, in the likeness of Jesus, and to the joys of His presence, in His everlasting kingdom.



## LAMENT FOR SA-SA-NA.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

"I dare not trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosen from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears."—

[TENNYSON.]

### I.

When hearts all joy, and cheeks all bloom,  
The Parcae mark for an early doom,  
And ties are clipped by their cruel shears  
That bound us to the young in years—  
His dirge in vain the Poet sings,  
Waking the wildly-wailing strings;  
For the tearless silence of despair,  
Not words, can loss so dread declare.

## II.

Though sad to witness, day by day,  
Our loved ones waste with slow decay,  
While the features warm with a hectic glow,  
More bright than Painting will ever know—  
Thrice mournful is the stroke of Fate,  
Leaving us wholly desolate,  
That falls, unheralded, to sever  
An idol from our souls forever.

## III.

Though mine is not a practiced ear,  
Oh ! how I loved her song to hear :—  
Her teachers were the tuneful rills,  
And airy voices from the hills ;  
The lay she breathed was Nature's own,  
Melting the soul with its liquid tone,  
And caught from water-fall, and bird,  
Were notes, by the spell-bound listener heard.

## IV.

Her large, black eye was ever bright  
With flashes of electric light,  
And her cheek with a glowing sun-set red  
Like summer twilight, overspread.

The shade of woods was in her hair,  
The blue-bell's grace in her queenly air,  
And the proudest willing homage paid  
To the matchless charms of the Mohawk Maid.

## V.

Ah! gathered was this Rose of ours  
When Life was in its Moon of Flowers,  
Ere canker soiled one tender leaf,  
Or frost had done the work of grief:  
She perished, like some worthless weed,  
In the track of the White Man's Iron Steed;  
And strangers in the tomb have laid  
The crushed remains of the Mohawk Maid.

## VI.

Poor widowed mother of the dead!  
Thou wilt hear no more her bounding tread,  
But let one soothing thought control  
The grief that rends thy tortured soul.  
When sang of Heaven thy forest child,  
What transport breathed in each 'wood-note wild';  
The path of a blameless life she trod,  
And the pure in thought shall look on God.

## VII.

Let velvet moss o'er the slumberer creep  
Where the bones of her red forefathers sleep,  
And the spot be marked with no other sign  
Than some old familiar oak, or pine :—  
Better a quiet place of rest,  
With the turf of home upon her breast,  
Than the proudest tomb that trophied Art  
Could build to cover her mouldering heart.



