

The Funeral of Alice Maynard Crane.

At 3 o'clock, on the afternoon of Thursday, August 14th, occurred one of the most touching and beautiful funerals services ever held in Cooperstown.

At that time the friends of the bereaved relatives were gathered from far and near, to extend their silent but profound sympathy to the afflicted ones. The church was crowded to its doors. The pale violet velvet casket was almost hidden by the profusion of flowers sent by sorrowing friends. From the precious little nosegay of garden posies, warm from the light clasp of some little child, to the elaborate hot house piece, all were redolent with sweetest sympathy. At the request of the parents, all of "KoKo's" child friends were especially invited to be present, and the front rows of seats were set aside for their accommodation. Soft music from the organ touched soothingly many throbbing nerves, and all was peaceful when Mr. Ruring, under whose pastorate KoKo entered the church, rose and read the verses from Math. 18, 1-7 and John 11, 20-27, and offered prayer. The beautiful and appropriate quartette, "The Reaper and the flowers," rendered by those who had loved the little girl was followed by a talk to the children by the pastor, from the words "A little child shall lead them." The helpfulness and kindness of their dead friend were dwelt upon, and every child present must have received a strong impetus to be like her. Intimate friends of the family lent tender hands to perform the last sad offices for her whom they had all loved. Fragrant flowers formed a carpet for her final home. And when later in the day the stricken ones visited the place where they had laid her, they found the grave hidden from sight under a thick covering of lovely blossoms.

When they laid her away—away from suffering and illusion—the clouds shed gentle tears. But later the sun came out steady and bright, and its last rays rested calmly on that little rose-covered mound.

The story of Dickens "Little Nell" came back to some of us very forcefully, and his comments on that sweet child's death express much which is in our own grieving hearts.

Here follows the extract:

"Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there springs up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven."

E. H. K.