

The natural course of things will sufficiently check it.

As the young nurse entered the room her heart sank within her. The morning light just paling the night-lamp, cast a dreary and desolate appearance over the apartment. But the patient at once attracted her attention. Her luxuriant hair was gone: a bright flush sat upon her cheek, and her eyes shone with a feverish lustre, but the intelligence which had ever beamed from them was gone. Reason had fled; and, unconscious of anything but paroxysm of pain, lay she who had guided so many to Jesus.

As the day advanced the invalid became unmanageable, and manifested no signs of consciousness until about ten o'clock. The Principal of the school entered the room. This lady was one of the few who possess a wonderful power of influencing those with whom she came in contact. She stood some time by Miss Bradford, and as she turned away, the eye of the sick one seemed to follow her teacher.

"Can it be she knows me," said Miss N. "It seems so: perhaps she may be more sensible than we imagine. Let us see if she will notice prayer."

In her own sweet voice, which was familiar to all her pupils as one of encouragement and consolation, Miss N. offered up a simple petition—such an one as, did the sick one really hear, could be grasped even by her feeble mind. Was it magic,—the soothing influence that relaxed the muscles, softened the expression, and composed the dying soul? No, no; it was but a tribute to the power which religion exerts in the souls of its subjects—a power, which even the dethronement of reason cannot always subdue.

It was then suggested by the same kind friend, that scripture might charm the troubled spirit; and so it did, like the melody which of old drove from the breast of the Hebrew monarch the dark images of despair; and through the whole of that long day were Miss N. and Mary Richmond employed in repeating those divine words which, by their wonderful adaptedness to the human heart, prove the reality of their heavenly origin.

About noon a ray of intellectual light seemed to irradiate her face, and seizing the hands of her friends, she soon after spoke—but so incoherently, that it was with difficulty

could be heard the word "stone." She then proceeded to explain by gestures her meaning, and seemed to be describing the kind of monument she wished to mark the spot where her dust should slumber. "Not high." "Plain." "Daughter of William and Ellen Bradford."

Miss N. said: "You are sick, very sick. Is there any thing you would like to have done?"

For a moment she was herself, and made a great effort to speak; but not succeeding, the mind immediately lost again its balance.

Soon after a change was observed in the disorder, and the pain seemed dreadfully acute. The physician came in at sunset, and opening the shutters at the head of the bed, the mellow lustre shed its radiance through the gloom of the darkened room, faint emblem of the glory awaiting the departing saint. But the sufferer heeded it not. Her mind speedily became more excited—her bodily agony more intense. Scripture seemed for a moment to have lost its power to calm, and Miss N. commenced singing the cradle hymn. Apparently Miss Bradford was unused to it in childhood's hours, for it produced no effect.

"Dear Miss N.," said Mary, "try 'There is a fountain'; you know Miss Bradford loves it so much."

It was commenced: gradually the excitement and irritation previously manifested seemed to subside, and her attendants supposed her falling asleep, till in the last verse but one, the sick one hummed the tune, and, to the great joy of her anxious friends, sung not only the tune but the words of the last three lines of the concluding stanza:

And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave;
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

Again reason's clue was broken, although she now lay quietly, and slept some. About ten o'clock, Mary Richmond bent over her, and repeated the hymn:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

As the first line was completed, the dying believer clasped her hands together, exclaiming "Dear Sa—Sa—but she could not finish the name of her Saviour. In a few moments after, as the beautiful psalm of Watts' was recited: