

ties to those inevitable breathings of the Psalmist, which she generally selected as most expressive of her devotional feelings. Her piety was daily becoming more fervent and devoted, and well it was for her that she cherished its holy influence, for an hour was coming when she would need all the power of Heavenly consolation, for soon she was to lose the friend whose love had cheered her whole existence and who was indeed the sister of her heart. Helen became the victim of a cold, which settled upon her lungs, and soon it became too evident, that her earthly course, so bright and joyous as it had promised to be, was soon to terminate in the grave. But she was prepared to die. Mary's instructions, and the tender earnestness with which she pressed upon her the importance of making the saviour her friend, while she was in life and health, had not been lost upon her, and she had given her heart, with all its youthful hopes, to One who now supported her in this trying hour. When the startling truth was imparted to her, that soon she must be taken from those she loved only less than God—that she must forever close her eyes on this beautiful earth—she felt that she could not be resigned, but this was but a momentary cloud—it soon passed away and she could say with joyful exultation: the less of this cold world, the *more of Heaven*—the briefer life—the *earlier immortality*. One subject only occasioned sad emotions. She could not but hope, that she should see her fondly beloved brother before she died, and as in his last letter he informed them of his intention to return immediately, she looked forward with anxious anticipation—and fondly trusted that ere she bade adieu to earth, she might have the happiness of seeing Mary and Charles as happy in their affections as they were wont to be—Mary was her constant nurse—she would permit no other hand to administer her medicines or prepare her food. She watched over her with unceasing solicitude and in her absorbing devotion to her friend, Mary for a time almost forgot her own sorrow—She would read to the dying, give the rich promises of the Bible, so fraught with comfort to the believing sinner, and in