

alone for some time to our amazement. About noon on Tuesday, the doctor, anxious for her preservation, came to the resolution, (with the parents' consent, and the poor girl's submission) of opening the windpipe. What heroism did this child of God display! "Gentlemen, said she, I'm ready," and not wishing her mother to be privy to an operation she was told might involve her immediate death, she said, "Harriet, have you courage to stay with me?" On a reply in the affirmative, she said, "then take my hand, and hold it," and she was instantler laid on the table for the operation. On scraping the skin from the neck, they discovered the disease too low seated for removal by the knife, and consequently abandoned their intention. This was an evident disappointment, for she said to her mother on entering the room, "they have done nothing effectual, only having scraped some skin from my poor neck." On questioning the doctor, if it was in his power to do any thing for her relief, and receiving a reluctant and feeling reply in the negative, "then, doctor," said she, "pray that God may release and take me," and to her mother, "although the doctor can do nothing for me, God can if he pleases, but should he not please to do so, I feel he will have compassion on me, and release me from pain, taking me to himself, but don't cry, mamma, if I must leave you." From this period, her conduct and sayings partook more of an angel's nature than any thing human. She called the girls by name, desired they would "kneel, and pray for her soul," and instead of resigning herself to despair, or thinking further of worldly concerns, appeared delighted in the interest taken by all of us in her eternal salvation, spoke calmly of meeting her brother and sister, saying, "but mamma, you will soon join us." On Mary discarding a fly from her face, she observed, "I do not think a fly would hurt me for I never would harm a fly." She prayed much and fervently, but in quiet, during the day, and, twice or thrice, from extreme agony, the perspiration standing on her brow, exclaimed, "O Lord, I am in misery, help, and deliver me, for to thee every thing is possible;" and again, "O, mamma, what pain I am in, I am in misery, how am I to bear it?" On her mother commending her patience and fortitude under affliction, and recommending a continuance as most acceptable to God, the little angel said, "I'll try,—I know, mamma, God for good reasons, afflicts with pain and sickness those he loves as well as those who do not obey him." In this strain she continued till evening, frequently consoling her mother and sisters, telling the latter "they should not cry on her account, as it would distress their mamma." And to her mother, the angelic creature continued, "Mama, you know I shall soon be happier than I could be here, my only sorrow is in leaving you." She now inquired for, and expressed a desire to see Mrs. K —, and those from whom she had received kindness, all of whom were struck with astonishment at her heroism and patient manner, praying, and entertaining them with moral sayings. Towards