

need of its importance, than she immediately ordered those of a flock of bringing the others to her view. It was this,—that the Teacher should meet in each others' houses, one evening in a week, for the purpose of humbly beseeching God to bless their labours of rest; and also for the purpose of conversing on the importance of the work, and devising the best means of rendering their instructions useful; in order that thus each one might enjoy the benefit of the *mutual observation, and experience* of the whole. In this little meeting, Jane was one of the most constant, useful, and efficient agents. Her natural talents were good. And being approved, as well by reading as by reflection, she brought the stores of a cultivated and cultivated mind, to the benefit of her youthful associates. And more than all, stimulated, she was, by her deep and ardent devotion to the work. There was no laxness in the performance of any portion of labour which fell to her. Thus borne up, and brought before God continually, it could not fail, that an unusual testimony in the sabbath school, should be the result; and a more than ordinary success crown the labours of its pious promoters. Its former prosperity was again restored, and indeed, increased. It increased in numbers. And together and more interesting token of God's presence was there—A few, both of teachers and scholars, were hopefully brought to the knowledge of Jesus, and the profession of their faith in him.

The summer, in which these exertions had been made, and crowned with such success, was drawing to a close. The roses, which had bloomed and faded in succession, in the garden Jane's protector, were all gone. The honeysuckle, which entwined its flexible branches with the walls of his mansion, and rose upon them a coronet of the richest and most various beauty, no more sent its fragrance through the elegant ornaments! But by the rustling of its faded dry leaves, as they were agitated by the sting of the autumnal wind, reminded all, in its soft tones of melancholy warning,—that the approach of winter—cold and cheerless winter, was at hand. The summer birds, which had croaked so sweetly their song among the branches of the poplars, and the merry locusts had, one by one, disappeared, until there remained only solitary robin. This had built its nest in one of the nearest locusts; and had been accustomed to receive its daily allowance, a few crumbs, from the hand of Jane; who threw them out on a green sward, and then sat at the window, to watch its sprightliness and grace, as it descended to pick them up. She had always been reared by its song, which was sometimes continued enough almost the whole day; and now, it appeared to linger behind;—after all its companions were gone, to testify its gratitude for her kindness.

At length it too had departed. And the faded leaves of autumn, falling thick upon the earth, under every passing breeze, changed the verdant beauty of summer, into the sombre aspect of winter. Perhaps, every heart of sensibility, has a feeling of solemnity at such a season. The fading and passing away of all the beauty of nature, reminds us forcibly and feelingly of our own. And if ever there is pleasure, painful but sweet, in the contemplation of the earth, and the grave, it is at this season of the year.

Such thoughts were not altogether estranged from the mind of the lovely orphan. She had felt nature's strange and mysterious energies, rising in her soul, and flowing through her veins, when the last spring opened up anew, all the delightful anticipations of summer joys. Her heart panting after happiness, had beat high with new emotions. And although she scarcely knew why, yet she felt an irresistible impulse to gaiety and light-heartedness. In the exhilaration of the season, she had forgotten, for some time, to visit (as she had always done at short intervals) the graves of her parents. But now when the cheerful spring, the smiling summer, and penurive autumn, had all passed away, their often come over her soul feelings undiminished, and dark forebodings of death. It was not unlaughably; for her natural disposition was gay and sprightly. It seemed to her some mysterious premonition of her end. She had dreamed that she was dead, and had already been united to her parents in a state of blessedness, in that far-off land, where they had found a home. All the workings of the dreadful moment, and the events which succeeded in her thoughts,—had been impressed upon her heart, and interwoven in her waking thoughts; and the consciousness of the objects around her could hardly dissipate them,—so vivid had been the impression which remained in deepest traces in her soul.

Those who knew her, and saw her most frequently, at this season, thought they perceived in unusual serenity, and beauty beaming in her countenance. And it was often remarked, that the lovely orphan was even more lovely than her sweet self. So the sun, on some calm but clouded day of summer, will sometimes come forth, just before he sets, in all his soft and mellow radiance, and shed a flood of glorious brightness over the earth, and heavens; and then sink behind the western hills, in the midst of an ocean of crimson and gold. It soon became evident to the orphan herself, that she should not long continue upon the earth; but must resign her body to the grave, and her spirit into the hands of God.

That deathlike lassitude, which overcame even her youthful spirits, and often subdued her buoyant sprightliness,—and those feelings, indescribable, but certain, which made her constantly so long for the grave—to close upon her heart and aching head,—warned her to be ready to lie down in the sleep of the grave.—It now also, appeared visible to her anxious friends, from that hectic flush on her soft cheek, and that pale and sickly hue upon her countenance, that she had inherited the fatal disease, which was in the blood of her father, and had brought him to an early grave; and that its rapid progress, would soon unite his lovely daughter with him in death. And they wept while they thought of the sweet orphan, whom they all loved,—being so soon, like her own roses and honey-suckles, in the last autumn about to fade away and die!

Nor did her beauty appear diminished by this change. True, her countenance had exchanged its charming sprightliness and vivacity, for a more serene and solemn look; and those smiles, once accustomed to play about her lips, and mantle her beautiful cheeks in the most delicate crimson, were now vanished away. But although she had lost the blushing fragrance of the rose, she still possessed all the chaste and purest loveliness of the lily. And the sweet orphan seemed, even in her last hours, to sit, in undecaying

beauty, within the vale of the shadow of death! The voice of her few friends was still pleasant to her ears; and their smiles, and the pressure of their affectionate hands, were as fondly received, and as gratefully responded to as ever. Though all saw that she was fast hastening to the cold grave, none could say that she was not contented,—resigned,—and happy.

Thus, week after week passed away. The cold blasts of winter moaned around her dwelling. She looked from the solitude of her chamber, upon the long withered grass which waved over the graves of her parents. And the poor orphan often considered, that before another winter had come, she would be then beside them, and its storms sweep harmless over her head and face. The thought was fearfully solemn. But it did not disturb the tranquility of her soul. For religion had shed its serene and holiest light on the grave. She made her peace with God, through the blessed Redeemer. And as for the world, it contained but a few, for whom she desired to live. Her kind protector and his lady—her sabbath scholars, and a few females of her own age,—these were all, towards whom her heart yearned with the melting tenderness of love, and they, she she knew, would soon disturb its emotions no more. She might go first. But they, too, would follow to the mansions of rest!

The spring was now again coming forth as the Queen of Beauty, in all her refreshing loveliness, and her inspiring presence, pouring a tide of life and animation through all creation. But that heart which had once beat highest with exultating joy at her approach, felt, now, no glow of animation: for the chills of death, were fast closing up its warm fountain. Still, however, there was an animation in those bright eyes, but not such as they shot forth, when they shone, in all the dewy light of health, while it was yet undecaying, but a fainter, softer, mellowed brightness. The early flowers, again, began to mingle their sweetness with the evening breeze; the roses and honey-suckle put forth their bright green leaves; and, even her own Redbreast had returned from its winter habitation, to gladden her with a song,—and to receive its daily portion from her hand. It perched upon the green shady locust, where it had so often sat, and it poured forth its mellow wild wood notes, as if to call her forth from her chamber. This circumstance was mentioned to her on the morning when it occurred. She immediately desired to be brought to the window of her apartment, that she might once more see, "the little faithful creature," as she termed it. The simple request was granted. She looked forth and saw it perched on the green branch of a locust, and with a smile, faintly articulated, "happy creature." Then turning her eyes on the green fields, as they lay before her, decked in the sweetest loveliness of spring, she said, "what a bright and lovely day, is this! If I could but die on such a day! It seems, as if my soul would be happier, if it ascended to my God and Saviour—on such a sweet day, than if it passed thither, through storms, and clouds, and rushing winds." And she began to repeat a stanza of that beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber,

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die!"

She paused in the second line, and motioned to be laid on her bed. It was hardly done, when