

step less light and gay, but she was uniformly cheerful, and none but Helen suspected the secret grief which was wringing her heart. She now devoted more of her time to visiting the sick, and while reading to them the precious promises of God's holy word, she felt that here was her only consolation, and that in the bright world to which she directed the dying, she should bless the chastening hand which had taught her to realize that this world "was a broken reed to lean upon."—She did not hope that death would soon terminate her existence—She felt that her parents' happiness centered in her, and for them, for Helen and for her God, she was willing to live. She avoided the favourite spots which were endeared to her as scenes which had witnessed Charles' fond endearments, for she felt that it was wrong to indulge the agonizing grief that they awakened. She looked forward to the future with calmness—for she had resigned herself and all that was dear to her, into the hands of her Heavenly Father, and with sweet childish confidence she ever prayed "Not my will, but thine be done." Had Hellen not understood the nature of her friend's piety and known the source of her consolations, she would have doubted the sincerity of the affection which she had professed for Charles, but she knew that hers was a heart, which when it had once loved *would love for ever*, and her regard increased almost to adoration, as she witnessed her calm resignation. By the tacit consent of each, Charles was seldom the subject of their discourse, but when his name was mentioned, her changing cheek and unusual agitation betrayed her thrilling emotion, and showed that it touched a chord, which extended through the inmost recesses of her loving heart. Oh! there is a holy constancy in woman's love, which neither neglect or unkindness can diminish—Though its object prove unworthy and the honour of his name is stained with infamy—Though his is the hand that deals the blow against her peace, and makes this world to her a wilderness—Yet upon him she has poured "the rich profusion of affection's cup," and his voice is still the sweetest music to her ear, even as it was