

GOING HOME.

in her delicate frame. Her strength sank very quickly ; but as she never complained, and as she always appeared to rally from the fits of weakness to which she was subject, Mr Grey was scarcely alarmed at their recurrence, until Dr Elliott told him he had better send for Helen, as the end could not be far distant.

Helen was much shocked, when she arrived, to see Katie's condition. She could not "restrain bitter tears," though Katie smiled and said, "You should not grieve, Helen, or grudge my going to papa and mamma and Hughie—and 'the island valley of Avilion,'" she added, dreamily—

"Where falls not hail or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

"But that is not the best of what you are going to," said Helen, a little anxiously, through her tears.

"Oh, no !" replied Katie, with a radiant smile ; "'the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him.'"

Helen would not leave her friend again so long as she lived. The fading away was very gradual, and attended with very little pain. Towards the last there seemed to be a prostration of all her powers, and she occasionally wandered in her talk, seemingly recalling pleasant scenes and associations from her past life. Clara, as well as Helen, was a faithful and loving attendant to the last. When death came, it was like the peaceful falling asleep of a weary child, stealing on without her knowing of it. But those who had known so well her heart and life did not need words to assure them that the faith which had held her up so long had not forsaken her now.