

turned back and remained the night in the State of Vermont.

H. W

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To be continued.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARBINGER.

[THE enclosed communication can be relied on by the Editors of the *Harbinger*, as strictly true. The names of parties mentioned are changed, and many circumstances of peculiar aggravation which attended the death-bed scene are suppressed, as most of the actors are yet living.]

T. K.

THE LAST BIBLE LESSON.

It was a "gentle Sabbath eve in June." The sun's decline had left our windows in shade and the breeze was whispering through the multiflora, that, full of beauty, had been furnishing our little band with lessons of the love and goodness of Him who gave to it its exquisite grace and delicacy. The hour of our Bible Recitation had long since elapsed; yet the class were still before me, and the animated discussion of the parable of the "Wedding garment" proceeded. The pupils were all listeners save one, who produced every possible argument to overthrow the truth which had been presented to her mind. One after another, her "refuges of lies" were demolished and at last the question was solemnly put to her—"Ellen, should you die tonight—would you not, at God's bar, be "speechless." She hesitated—a tear filled her eye—"Yes," she replied.

"Then why not now come to Jesus?" I urged.

"I am just seventeen—life is all before me, I shall leave school in three weeks and when I have *tried the world for myself*, I will be as religious as any body."

I gazed upon the lovely figure before me, the rose of health on lip and cheek—the intellectual brow—the expressive eye—the finely turned bust forming a harmonious whole—I thought on the brilliant talents possessed in addition to these lighter gifts of Providence, and contemplating their deliberate consecration to the service of Satan, is it strange the tears chased each other down my face?

"Do not weep for me, dearest Miss Wayland," exclaimed the affectionate girl; "I am not so very bad, and you know a year here will make no difference." The bell summoned us to tea and our conversation ceased. The record of that Bible lesson was registered in Heaven.

The succeeding day, Ellen complaining of a slight cold, was sent to her room and placed under the care of a physician. She was not very sick and no fears were entertained for her. On Saturday, (nearly a fortnight from that well remembered Sabbath day of which I have already spoken), I found the dear girl sitting up in bed. She said she felt much better—told me with glee of her brother's expected arrival on the next Thursday—described

to me the meeting she anticipated with her dearly loved family, (of whom, by the bye she was the idol), and begged me to promise her that the month of August should take me to her father's house.

"I cannot promise, dear Ellen, I know not what may happen ere then," I replied seriously.

"Oh! do not crouch, my dear friend, it makes me so melancholy," said she earnestly.

Until the next Tuesday, Ellen seemed to be slowly but surely improving, but on that night, just as the Bible was opened for family worship, a servant rushed into the room exclaiming, "Miss Ellen is dying." The physician was sent for—calmed our fears—assured us there was no danger, and all but myself retired tranquilly for the night. Opiates gave to my patient tranquil sleep, and I thanked God and took courage, until at 4 A. M. I found her pulse was failing. A medical council was called—every thing was done that human skill could do, with only a faint expectation of life. Reason seemed tottering. Forbidden—*absolutely forbidden*—by the Doctor to tell Ellen of her state, I could only watch her in speechless agony. At length all hope was gone, she wished for permission given and the minister of the gospel took his seat by her bed side. *It was too late.* Ellen knew him not, or if she did, seemed annoyed at his presence and he was obliged to leave the chamber of death without making any impression. I placed my hand at her forehead, "Dearest Ellen, do you remember, we talked of Jesus a few Sabbaths since?" She gave an answering look—"Can you not look to him, you know his love will welcome you." She made no reply—my question was again repeated couched in the simplest language. She turned to me with an expression of countenance which haunted me still; and grasping my hand convulsively shrieked, (the full horror of her situation seeming at once to flash on her mind), "Oh! Miss Wayland."

This was the last ray of reason manifested by my dear pupil. At a few minutes before two in the afternoon just one fortnight from the time of her seizure, she calmly expired. *Calmly*, but it was the tranquillity produced by insensibility. She knew no one, spoke to no one. There she lay—the flush on her cheek, which might well be taken for that of health—the golden locks profusely spread upon her pillow—the bright dilated eye fixed full upon us who surrounded her, and we could not slay the spirit—could do nothing—Nothing? yes, we could and did *pray* for one gleam of intellect, one moment of rationality. In vain—all in vain.

We placed her in the coffin and sadly and solemnly bore her to that home she had so longed to see.

What a different scene did her return present to that she had so fondly sketched! I spoke to her mother of Ellen's gentle, amiable conduct—of the unvarying sweetness of her temper—of her surpassing beauty—she checked me with the question—