

her own thrilling eloquence, directed her friend's mind to that happy world, where there is no more sin or sorrow—where no tears would mingle in her never ceasing song, and where her soul, freed from aught that could tarnish its purity, would forever dwell in the bosom of her God. At such times the kindling enthusiasm of her eye and the glow of feeling that rested on her cheek, showed that death was associated in her mind, with all that was elevated and happy—she thought less of *leaving earth* than of *entering Heaven*.

The crimson light of the setting sun shone gloriously through the trees, and was reflecting into Helen's apartment, on the evening of a day, in which she had been unusually feeble; she expressed to her weeping friends who stood around her dying bed, her sense of the near approach of death—I feel that before another morning, said she, my sun of life will have set to rise no more—but mourn not my beloved friends—my fond mother—my tender father—my dearest Mary—I love you all; but I am willing to leave you; for “I know that my Redeemer liveth” and that unworthy as I feel myself to be, I have an interest in his salvation—yes! This mortal shall put on immortality. At this instant a travelling carriage was heard—it stopped before the door—a faint flush passed over the cheek of the dying girl, and her eyes beamed with unearthly lightness, as she murmured, “my brother!” Soon he was at her bed-side and with a countenance expressive of the agony of his soul, he caught her thin trembling hand, and with uncontrollable emotion, pressed it to his lips. He seemed unconscious that any other being was present, and each member of that mournful group seemed incapable of aught, but giving vent to their grief, in low stifled sobs—“Oh my brother!” breathed Helen, “heaven has heard my prayer, and will, I doubt not, give me strength to say what my heart desires—I will not reproach you Charles, for this is not an hour for the exercise of any, save the kindest feelings of the soul—and your own conscience, if you allow its soft, truth telling voice to be heard, will tell you how guiltily you have been