

Her New Hampshire home had not been one of wealth and ease. Her spirit had never felt the soft breath of luxury fanning it into a dreamy indolence more fatal than the severest trials. But her limited privileges only served to stimulate her native energy and love of learning, while the sweetness of her soul was drawn out and wafted abroad by the adverse winds that blew upon it. Gifted with talents that only wanted cultivation to raise her name to an honoured place in the annals of fame, she turned away from the tempting vision and wept for the desolate lands of India. Her fancy pictured those benighted millions treading on the very verges of black gulfs of despair, from which their puny gods of wood and stone could not save them; and they knew not their danger, for the "day spring from on high" had not yet visited their land. A wail of unutterable despair seemed sounding to her from across the deep, and letting go the clinging hands of friends, she hastened forth on her noble mission.

In her foreign home she toiled, often with tired feet and weary brain, but her soul's high purpose enabled her to brave every danger, and tided her over every obstacle. By the radiance of the heavenly lamp she carried, she walked unharmed amidst deadly evils—the burning climate, the wild denizens of the jungles, and still wilder beings, once created in the image of the most High, but whose cruel hands only His tender pity could now restrain. Not long, however, did that frail hand point to the cross of glory, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," whose beams alone could give joy and peace to "the waste places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty." We wonder that she was called so soon, even while we say reverently, "Just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of Saints." Death had passed her by in many a form, but now "the shadowy paleness" of his presence rested on her brow. The light of the sweet blue eyes burned more dimly, the voice that had so loved to tell