Christmas morning at 7:45, when the children all over Christendom were rejoicing in the day which is the day of days for them, Helen Rayburn Hali passed out of this life at the age of sixteen, leaving behind her inconsolable parents and hosts of sorrowing friends. Three years ago she came to Grinnell from Montezuma, where she was born on the 24th of May, 1893, and where she had spent a happy and care-free childhood. In the beautiful home on High street which her parents purchased that they might be with their daughter, who had entered the Academy, her sufferings began and became greater with every passing year. All that special care and medical science could provide anywhere was tried, and nothing was left undone by her devoted parents.

In spite of her wearing illness, Helen continued her studies, in which she was remarkably proficient, even beginning the cultivation of her voice, which was of unusual sweethess.

When an operation was found accessary she submitted to it with characteristic resignation and when the Death Angel hovered over her, she yielded herself to him without a struggle.

Sweet and simple minded, talented in many directions, faithful to her work, and to her friends, loving and being loved, she passed away, having tasted but little of the sweetness of life and much of the bitterness of pain—to complete her life on the other side, which cannot be so far away from any of us.

Her bereaved parents have the consciousness that they have had the companionship of a rare spirit for a season and that now in their loueliness they have the deepest sympathy of their friends and all the consolations of heaven.