

wept, she said, "I am really afraid God will send me to hell." "Why do you think so?" "Because I have been so wicked." I told her, if she were sorry in her heart, and prayed to God to forgive her for Christ's sake, he would. When she knelt down, she said, most pathetically, sobbing all the time, "Please God forgive me, and make me a good child." She could pray no more for sorrow; but at length said, "Aunt, I want to speak to you: do you think God has forgiven me?" I replied, "Yes, if you are sincere." She said, "I did mean what I said; and I really think God has forgiven me, I feel so happy now." The next morning she said, "Aunt, do you know what I am going to do to-day?" I replied, "I hope, dear, you are going to be a good girl?" "Yes, that is what I was thinking about: I am going to think of you and God all day." She often referred to her late naughty deed, and seemed bitterly to repent having done it. She said one day to her father, "How good Jesus Christ was to die for the people!" He asked her if she loved him for dying for her. She replied, "Yes, I do."

When about to leave home, last winter, for a month, our principal anxiety was concerning dear Elizabeth, under whose protection to place her during our absence. However, this difficulty was soon settled; the Mission family offering most