

pared to depart, but she begged me to be re-seated, telling me that her brother would not be long away. I thus learned that she was a sister of the preacher I wished to see.

I shall never forget the lovely countenance of this young person, who seemed hardly more than eighteen or nineteen years of age; and although the disease had impressed its fatal seal upon her pale face, and the shadow of death was cast upon her, her features were marked by a sweetness and peace I am unable to describe. I seemed to be in the presence of a heavenly apparition. I cannot tell the impression she made upon me.

She began to speak with simplicity of her brother; she recounted to me his life of toil, and entire devotion to his ministry; how he had consecrated to it all his time, and all his powers. In thus hearing her I could have wished I had been a hundred miles away. Wretch that I was! Had I not come with the intention of studying the tone and manner of this man so worthy of respect, in order to ridicule him upon the stage? My torture increased every moment. I knew not how to keep my countenance. I sought a pretext to get away. Making an effort, I said to my young interlocutor:

You have doubtless, Miss, had much suffering?

"Yes, sir," she said, with a sweet smile, and a look which illuminated her countenance as a ray of the sun; "Yes, I have suffered much. For many months I have given up all hope of recovery, but I am so happy—I sigh for my heavenly home, and I know that I shall soon be with my beloved Saviour."