

time she said to me, "Aunt, do you love ——?" I told her I could not love the naughty things she did, because God did not; but I hoped God would make her a good child, and then I should love her. She immediately answered, "I will tell you what I had better do,—pray to God to make her a good child." Saying this, she ran up stairs, and I heard her pray, but could not distinguish the words.

The following is an extract from her father's letter to the Rev. Peter Jones:—"I cannot, dear brother, describe to you my feelings on the loss of my dear daughter. You know how much I loved her; and how affectionate she was to me, and to all her relations. She never disobeyed my orders, and I never knew her offend any person. She would reprove them if she saw them doing any thing that was wrong, but it was always with great modesty.

"About three years ago I remember to have done something that was not right, which she knew of; and the first time she saw me alone she mentioned it very affectionately, saying, 'Papa, you should not do so.' I was so struck with the reproof, I caught her up in my arms, and with tears said, 'No, my child, I will never do so again.'"

Having done a naughty thing herself one day, for which she was punished, when putting her to bed, she burst into tears; on being asked why she