

God for the conversion of her illus-
trious parent. One night, when she
was rapidly sinking under the power
of disease, she was heard to say, with
considerable emphasis and emotion,
"my father, my father." The by-
standers sent for the Baron, who
came immediately. She intimated,
however, that it was not her design
to have him sent for, and seemed
somewhat discomposed at his appear-
ance. One of her friends, who was
in the secret of her closet-engagement,
looking at the clock, perceived that
it was the hour of intercession; and
this revealed the mystery. The cry
she uttered was, in fact, the audible
expression of her wrestling with God
in behalf of her father: her feelings
had become too strong to be repress-
ed. She never forgot her beloved
father, and carried to her grave the
sacred feelings of a pious child.

The last hours of this heavenly-
minded young woman were even
more remarkable than any of her
preceding days. The night had been
passed in delirium: it still continued;
but she had intervals of reason, and
her heart never wandered. She was
more than ever pervaded with
resignation, faith, and love. Though
still detained on earth, her heart
incessantly aspired to the heavenly
country whither she was going. To
a friend a few hours before her death
she said, "You know you are my
sister in Christ—for eternity: there
is nothing else deserves the name."
She perceived that Mr. D. (her
lover) had been weeping. "What
is the matter with you?" said she;
"I am grieved to see you ill. All
is right, since it is the will of God."

She recovered the power of speech
again about half an hour before she
breathed her last. She called her
relatives: but she could not pro-
nounce their names, and could only
press their hands. She was calm—
she sighed—a sweet smile settled on
her lovely countenance. She was

"absent from the body, and present
with the Lord." Her departure took
place on the 28th of September,
1827.

The funeral of this young lady
formed a scene of interest and
solemnity unprecedented in the city
of Paris. Her remains were first
carried to the Lutheran Church,
where a prayer was offered up amidst
the tears and sobs of multitudes, and
then deposited in the cemetery of
Père la Chaise, a beautiful burial
ground in the vicinity of Paris.

The foregoing account is chiefly
abridged from a Memoir originally
drawn up by the Rev. Mark Wilks,
and inserted in an interesting little
volume entitled *The Flower Faded*,
by the excellent Mr. James, of Bir-
mingham in England; reprinted for
Appleton & Co. New York, and sold
by our publisher in Montreal.

DANGER OF WORLDLY INFLU- ENCE ON CHRISTIANS.

In the year 1799, died in Bengal,
the Rev. Mr. Kiermander, aged
eighty-eight years, near sixty of
which he had spent in India. It is
painful to record the faults of so good
a man; but as the close of his life
presents the Christian Missionary
with a striking lesson of the danger
of indulging a worldly spirit, it may
not be without its use to give a short
sketch of his history. On his arrival
in India, he was settled at Cuddalore,
and though the mission at that place
was then in its infancy, yet, through
his unwearied exertions, it soon be-
came extremely flourishing. He, at
that period, appeared a man of ar-
dent zeal, of unbounded benevolence,
of inexhaustible activity, of unspotted
integrity, of unaffected humility, of
extraordinary courage, of singular
decision, and of great presence of
mind. His many excellencies, in
short, commanded universal love and
respect. Having afterwards pro-