

dear Jesus," and when hearing about him tears often came into her eyes.

She was very modest and bashful, so much so that only those constantly with her could be aware of the state of her mind, and how much information she possessed; but I believe she had made herself much beloved by all who knew her, for her mild and affectionate manner, so much so that at the day school she went to, when her death was told the children by their teacher, all were in tears.

Her regard for truth was remarkable, anything approaching to that which was false she dreaded, she never in her life was guilty of telling an untruth, and if any of her companions did so, she used on her return home, to tell it to her parents, wondering they were not afraid to be so wicked.

A very large part of her time had been spent in reading, and she much preferred books that told about the Saviour to any others, which she used to call "foolish stories."

The subject of death was no new one to her; she never made a promise to do any thing at a future day without saying, "if I am spared," and often have I been corrected by her, when making some such promise, by saying, "Tapa, you do not know whether you will be spared." A few days before her death she was walking past the burying ground with her grandmother; she looked in to try and see where her two little brothers had been laid; her grandmother said to her, "I shall soon be laying there too as I am now like a withered leaf, God will soon call me, and you will say there lies my dear grandmamma"—Marion looked up to her and said, "Ah! grandmamma you do not know but God may take me away first."

On her death bed her sufferings were most acute, and the remedies applied of the most severe kind—but she was the most patient little lamb I ever beheld, the medical man said that in all his practice, he never saw one so young, bear such sufferings with so much patience, not a single murmur escaped her lips the whole time. You had a conversation with her during her illness. Three days before her death when I felt assured that she was going to be taken from us, I told her she was dying, and asked her whether she knew it, she said "yes," I asked her "are you happy to go to heaven and be with Jesus?" she answered, "O yes." She continued sensible the whole