

few visited her. Others refused to come, because she would not send for a priest.— They all said she had dishonoured her family by changing her religion; and they overwhelmed her with reproaches and contempt. They accused her of having killed herself by her frequent journeys to the Grand Ligne, and could not forgive her the zeal with which she followed the meetings, for she never missed a single one; and notwithstanding the distance of two leagues that there was between her own house and that of Leveque, she sometimes travelled it on foot, when her horses were needed for something else; and when surprise was expressed that, at her age, she could support so long a journey which she had not been able to do previously, she answered, "I serve so good a Master this year, he increases my strength."

On Thursday, the 11th instant, the mortal remains of our sister Lore were brought to the English burial ground at St. John's. None of her relations, and no Canadian whatever, would accompany her to her last dwelling; to such a length did the spirit of ill-will go. She was, however, honourably interred; several persons among the most esteemed in the neighbourhood and friends of the gospel, assisted; and as we passed the house of an old Canadian, whom I had several times visited, we had the joy to see him join the procession. A gentleman who had gone on before us on horseback, unknown to me, had the bell tolled as is usual for a funeral. A pretty considerable number of persons were in the church yard, among whom were several Canadians. I prayed, read a portion of the Bible, and addressed a few remarks to those who were present. The greatest tranquillity prevailed, which we had not dared to hope for,—as the Catholic population informed of the event were in a rage and passion, that made us fear there would be an uproar. Our sister Lore had often been told that, since she had abandoned her religion, she should be deprived of the honour of interment, and buried in the fields: which is in the opinion of the Canadians a great disgrace and ignominy;—for in general they are at more trouble to procure, through the favour of the priest, a place for their body in consecrated ground, than to obtain a part in the only good place that can receive their immortal souls. So they hoped their threats would be fulfilled, and that the young Lores would be compelled to bury the remains of their glorified mother in some corner of her farm. But those who, with impatient delight, were looking forward to this kind of triumph, were as surprised as chagrined when they saw a burial ground opened for her whom they despised only on account of her religion; for in general she was beloved and

respected by all that knew her, who, with one voice, gave testimony that she had been the nurse of the sick, the comforter of the afflicted, and the friend of the poor, with whom she always shared what God had given her; and that she had been a counsellor and mother to all. With one thing only was she reproached—that she had left her religion.

We have been deeply affected by the death of this our dear sister, whom we had so much reason to love. As Epenetus, the beloved of Paul, was the first fruit of Achaia, she was the first fruit of this part of the vineyard of the Lord, still so barren; and from the time when we first knew her, she has been to us a joy and consolation. As regards ourselves, we should have wished her to remain; but on her own account we rejoice in her glorious departure. She sees him whom by faith she waited for, and enjoys that rest that remains for the people of God. We have likewise reason to rejoice on account of the impression made by her death, which has been blessed to her children. In some, piety has shown itself in a deeper manner; their confidence in God is increased, and their faith strengthened. Those who were timid and weak have been fortified, and the indifferent have become serious. We hope that a work of grace is felt by them all. Their position is now quite decided; their separation from the Romish church is complete; the death of their mother has brought about an open rupture; and notwithstanding its meanness, this little beginning may be regarded as the nucleus of a Christian church. In fact they now continually bear the reproach of the cross, and are regarded as the offscouring of the world, and the refuse of all. They have now neither relations nor friends, and are forsaken by all those who formerly loved them; they bear it joyfully, esteeming themselves happy to be hated of all for the name of Christ. As to ourselves, we are the object of the most violent hatred; we are reviled, insulted, and subjected to the most terrible threats, which the power of God alone has hindered from being put into execution. A fortnight since they tried to kill my horse, which was in the stable; but God did not allow him to die of the blows which at first appeared inevitably destructive; he has only some deep wounds, which, however, it will require some weeks to heal. Doors of usefulness at St. John's are continually becoming more closed; the people will now neither receive nor hear us. It is evident that the hour for the evangelization of this town is not come; and we wish, according to the command of our Lord, to leave it as soon as possible.

For some time back Mrs. Feller has thought that the station which God has prepared for her, is at the Grand Ligne, among the families