

attached to her Sunday School, and as a member of the Rev. W. H. Pool's Saturday Juvenile Bible Class, her answers and remarks often showed a surprising knowledge of scripture. She had such a thirst for religious knowledge as led her to read eagerly many books which were lent to her; she tried to understand them too, and converse about what she had read, often showing that she had a clear view of what Christ had done for our salvation. Those who love the Saviour want all the world to love him too, and Lydia Maria often talked about the glorious Missionary cause, and prayed for the poor perishing heathen.

She had many friends, for all good people love a good and pious child. She *made* every one love her, for she loved to be kind to all.

But it was in her last sickness that her soul was made most happy, and her tongue spoke most in her Saviour's praise. A great deal that she said has been forgotten, so that we cannot give it here; but it was wonderful to see this blessed child so happy when she was in such dreadful pain; and it was wonderful to hear the things which she spoke. If those young persons who *read* this had been *there*, and had *heard* her praise the Saviour, I am sure they would want to praise Him too. A kind sister, who was much with her, has given me an account of *some* of her words, and I will give them, just to show how happy a child may be, even when she is in pain, and when she is going to die.

Ten days before her death, the lady asked her if she was in great pain, and she answered that her suffering was very great, and then she broke out in this prayer:—"Jesus help me! Oh my Saviour help me! and if it be thy will grant me a little *ease*, but if not,

give me *patience*, and may I say, Thy will be done. My precious Saviour! my loving Jesus! what Thou doest is *best*. Oh, that I may be fully sanctified, body and soul, and I will praise Thee, O my gracious Saviour! Oh! I cannot praise Him as I ought." Once on appearing to awake from sleep, she said, "My way appears dark and dreary." Her friend expressed a hope that it would not be long so; she answered, "I hope the Sun of Righteousness will shine, and then all will be *bright*." She then requested prayer to be offered up for her, and after prayer she exclaimed, "The clouds disperse, the shadows fly," and after that was continually praising her loving Saviour who had done so much for her. On Sunday morning she prayed earnestly, and asked others to pray that she might be sanctified and made fit for heaven. She prayed for her father and mother, and on seeing her father weeping she said, "Tell father not to weep for me, but endeavour to meet me in yonder bright world above. Father! you cannot bear to see me suffering; if you would leave the room you would not see me, and it would not pain you so. My dearest Saviour! give me grace that I may bear my sufferings without murmuring, Thou *knowest* what is *best*, and I know that thou *lovest* me." It was remarked that whom he loves he chastens. "Oh help me to praise my Redeemer for those words! I will praise thee while I have breath, for thou hast pardoned all my sins, and washed me in thy precious blood." She loved to repeat some verses of hymns, especially the one beginning,

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

She requested brother Rowell, her class-leader, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, to tell the