

more than conqueror." "Yea, she replied, more than victor! more than victor! let there be no complaining in our streets." These were her last words. About a quarter of an hour after, as she lay speechless, Mr. S. said to her, as your speech is gone, if the prospect of glory open sweetly before you, lift up your hand.—She instantly threw up both her hands, laid them clasped on her breast, and fell asleep in the Lord.

---

---

THE END.

---

---