

so much afraid of offending, that instead of punishing, we had to encourage her. No little one ever gave less uneasiness to her parents.

The presence of God, and the fear of offending him, seemed to be ever on her mind. It was not only the desire of pleasing her parents and fear of offending them that influenced her, but she feared God. She was constantly telling her sister and brother, that God saw them, and would be angry with them if they did that which was naughty. Her little brother would sometimes say his prayers in a thoughtless manner—Marion would say, "Oh nurse *do* try and make Henry remember that God sees him." Her own prayers were always said in the most solemn and reverential manner. She very much loved to pray in her own simple way, and she loved family prayer. On her death bed she was quite distressed at not being able to say her prayers, she asked me several times to pray with her, which seemed to give her much pleasure, although she was suffering at the time dreadful pain. As an instance of her confidence in God I might mention, that while staying in the country for a season, while playing with some companions, a most severe storm of thunder came on, her companions were all struck with terror, she immediately said to them with a smile on her countenance, "Why are you afraid? God will take care of you."

The Bible she was fond of from very early age, she always called it, "God's Holy Book—the best Book in the world;" many a time would she sit down alone to read it, and she had a very general knowledge of all the historical parts of it, and they were the constant subjects of her conversation.

Her behaviour in church was always most attentive, and I do not think Sir, you had a more attentive listener in the congregation than she was from the very first time she went there, much of what was said by you she remembered. I recollect that one of the sermons you delivered to children much impressed her, and I do not think some of your anecdotes on that occasion were forgotten by her to the day of her death, she repeated them for a long time to her young playmates.

She was more delighted to hear about the Saviour than any other subject that could be spoken about—when only 4 years old she used to say to her mother, "Tell me about