

her so much kindness; she was so humble that she thought herself unworthy of all the tender cares with which she was surrounded, and the love of God and the brethren which she experienced. From the beginning of her sickness our blessed sister manifested the most true and solid piety which the heart could display. She foresaw that she would not get better, and therefore was occupied only with her latter end. All the things of earth were viewed as nothing with her; her treasure and her heart were on high. She showed no impatience in her pains, though they were extremely sharp, but blessed the Lord that he spared her from more excessive pains. "It is on account of my sins—it is on account of my sins," she said, "that I am suffering so much. I deserved to suffer a great deal more, even everlasting condemnation; but Jesus has delivered me from it; he has pardoned all my sins, although they are very numerous." The night of Monday, which was the last of her life, her children, Mrs. Feller, and I, were all together, near her, in prayer and conversation about our heavenly citizenship. Just then, at two o'clock in the morning, came in one of her neighbours, a zealous Catholic, who, after some compliments, asked her if she would not call the Priest,—adding that he was ready, and he would go and bring him. Our sister said "No!" that she did not want him. He asked, "Will you not die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic church?" "No," said she, "because I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ." He asked if the Romish church was not the church of Christ. "O no," she answered, "because in every thing—every thing—it is contrary to the gospel." "But," answered her neighbor, "You know that the Catholic is the oldest religion." "Yes," she answered, "it is an old religion; it is that which the Pharisees possessed at the time Jesus Christ was on earth." "But," said he, "you were always of the Roman Catholic religion; will you leave it now?" She said, "I have left it this long time, ever since I have read the gospel; I cannot follow it; it is not the religion of Jesus Christ."

It would be too long to inform you of all the conversation of this man, which was full of impiety. He tried all possible means to draw from our dear dying sister the permission to go and fetch a priest. But all his efforts were of no avail. She continually answered in the negative, with most remarkable firmness, calmness, and wisdom. At length, finding he was only fatiguing her, and being myself likewise fatigued with the ungodly language and the torrent of words of this Papist, I said to him that since he had delivered his message, and now knew the sentiments of Mrs. Lore, I must beg of him

not to trouble her any further. He then answered me in a very passionate manner; and a young man (a nephew of Mrs. Lore) who was a witness of what passed, encouraged by the example given by this church-warden, likewise flew into a passion against me, and went off, calling false prophet, &c.

Alexis Lore, and his brother-in-law, Leveque, put an end to the Roman Catholic's mission, by speaking to him very faithfully of the truth which is in Christ; but, as he hated it, he did not receive it, but went away quite in a state of irritation, on account of the bad success of his attempt. We were all made glad by the good testimony our sister had just given to the truth; her children were all strengthened, and we gave thanks to the Lord that he had given her strength sufficient; for to all human appearance, we could not have expected her to go through such a scene. She was extremely weak, and suffered excessively. Her desire to depart increased, not so much that she might be delivered from her pains, as that she might be present with the Lord, whom she unceasingly called upon. She often requested Mrs. Feller or myself to feel her pulse, that we might tell her if the moment of her departure was at hand. She had hoped not to begin another day upon earth; and when she saw the sun appear, she said "O! how long I am in departing." A few hours before her death, her sufferings abated sensibly; she scarcely spoke to us, but was continually in prayer, and was often heard to repeat, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit; receive me into thy glory." The expression of her countenance became completely changed, and quite radiant; serenity, peace, joy, and something heavenly, were visible on it. One might, as it were, read on it these words of Jeremiah, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose confidence is in the Most High." Jer. xvii. 7.

Our sister Lore had not concealed from any one the fears with which her soul was filled; she had always said that she should not die without great dread: and therefore it was a matter of astonishment to the people who visited her, and a precious testimony to her children, to see her in such perfect peace, and to hear her so ardently longing for her departure. We have the pleasant hope that this sickness, this death, has not been unto death, but for the glory of God. During her sickness, our sister was visited by a great number of persons, to whom this solemn moment gave us an opportunity of declaring, with all seriousness, the whole counsel of God. Perhaps this incorruptible seed will one day bring forth fruit in the salvation of many. Our dear sister had desired to see all her relations before her death, but only a