

village of which Mrs. J. Jones was so distinguished an ornament, about two months before she was taken to a brighter sphere, and her duties, toils, and prayers exchanged for adoration and praise. At the period referred to she was enjoying her usual health, although an inflammatory disease in the throat was carrying off many of her friends and neighbours, and she was then clothed in the habiliments of mourning for her excellent mother, who had fallen a sacrifice to the fatal epidemic.

Shortly after these painful occurrences she became the mother of a little boy; but joy for the event was soon turned into sorrow. Every countenance wore the aspect of grief when it was known through the village that the much-loved Christiana was about to be taken from them. Being quite sensible of her danger, she committed her dear babe to the care of one who could nurse it, and seemed comforted by the promise that the writer of this little account would watch over her children after her happy spirit had returned to God who gave it.\* It was truly affecting to witness the

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\* The babe died a fortnight after its mother; and from that time it has been esteemed a privilege by the writer of this narrative to supply, as far as the circumstances of the case allowed, the part of a guardian friend to the bereaved child; but a voyage to England made it necessary to relinquish for a time (as she supposed) her interesting