

A Sketch of the life & happy
departure of Mary Ann Foster who
died at Bristol, April 9th 1789. —

From her cradle to her death it may
be said that she was an affectionate
& pleasing child, discovering an
uncommon sensibility in all things
for one of her age. As early as three
years old she frequented the childrens
meetings at the Brethrens Chapel;
it was evident that her tender mind
was impressed not with dread but
with a pleasant serenity whenever
she heard of death & going to dwell with
our Saviour. On attending the
funeral of a child about her own
age, she afterwards asked one of
her companions, if she should like to
die & be buried like Maria Epinfield
her companion replied "No" — to which
she she said, I am sure I should,

* (who died at the age of three years & a quarter)

for then I should go to my dear
Saviour - on being asked if she
did not fear the gloomy grave "Oh no,"
she replied our Saviour was laid in
the grave & I am not afraid, my soul
will go to him when I die, & I shall
be dressed in white & praise him with
all the little Angels for ever & ever."

The discourse delivered at that
funeral made a deep impression on
her tender heart, she went home to her
Mamma & related all she could
remember of it, & said she should
ask for forgiveness as Prisca did of
her Mamma & Papa before she died,
adding, my dear Mamma, you will I
know forgive me for our Saviour's sake
because I am his, he has only lent me
to you for a little while, her Papa said,
"Monjann what is it you say," she replied,
Papa you would not understand it if I told
you, but Mamma does, In her morning
and evening prayers she entreated her dear

Saviour to forgive her all her sins &
prepare her for his heavenly Kingdom that
she would thank him for all his love
while here, & sing his praises for ever -
she often concluded with this verse
out of her little hymn book, -
My Saviour dear thou for my good
thou pleased a child to be
And thou didst shed thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me. -

Come then & take this heart of mine -

O take me as I am,

I know that I by right am thine

Thou loving & gracious Lamb -

She could often remark on the Lord's
goodness to her and say that she wanted
for no good thing, while many poor
children were in want of every thing tho'
she was no better than they were; On
Easter day she asked why it was so called
she was told because poor Saviour rose
in the east - and then said, what shall
in heaven? her friend replied, we shall
sing the song of Moses and the Lamb "Oh
that will be delightful she said, how I long to
die that I may go to my dear Saviour, then

I shall love him more for I shall see him
and be with him for ever. In the next
season, she could often awake and say
here is darkness, in heaven there is always
light our dear Saviour is the light of the glory,
there we shall sing the with the Angels
Halleluiah praise the Lord. One morning
hearing the servant singing a vain song,
she went to her & repeated the following verse -
"Stop poor sinners stop and think

Before you further go,
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?

O Molly, said she you are not singing
our Saviours praise, if you do not begin
here, you never will in heaven, remember
I told you so, & if ever you tell lies, you will
go to the bottomless pit, where Satan is, Oh
Molly repent and call on our Saviour for
mercy, that you may be saved. On the
Saturday before her last illness, she went to
dine with a friend, and appeared
uncommonly thoughtful, & was asked if any
thing had grieved her - No; but I have a
secret to tell you, but Mamma must not
know it because it will vex her, but she will

know it by and bye, dear Mamma what
can that be, that your Mamma must not
know, she replied with a brightened
countenance, I am going to leave you
not to London where Mamma thought to send
me to school, & has so many new dresses for
me, but I shall want none of them.
For I shall have a dress where I am going
which shall be always white & looking
up to heaven with her little hands
folded together she said, I am going
far above those clouds, I am going
to my dear Saviour, who is in heaven, he
will give a crown of gold & a white robe
& I shall lay my crown at his feet, & will
fall down at his feet & worship him
with all the little Angels in white, her
friend said, how will you know our
Saviour, for we read in the Revelations
that St John was mistaken & was
going to worship an Angel instead
of the Lord Jesus, she said, I
shall not mistake for our dear Saviour
was crucified, you know they nailed

them to the cross by his hands & by
his feet, & they pierced his side, I
shall know him by his wounds, & I will
sing in heaven hallelujah praise
the Lord & All hail the power of Jesus name

Let Angels prostrate fall
tying forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.

The week following on the 4th of April
she was seized with a putrid sore throat
And fever, she suffered with such
uncommon patience as astonished
all around her, to a friend that
visited her she said with a smile
I am going to sing the song of Moses
& the Lamb before you - dear Mamma,
do not grieve for me, I am soon going
to our dear Saviour, he has only lent
me to you for a little while if you love
me you will give me up to him, do
not cry, because Maryann is going to
heaven, you will come by & bye, we shall
meet again - Mamma let me be buried
like the Sisters & let all the Sisters have

gloves and ribbons, and meet around my
coffin with the Minister to sing verses, and
afterwards follow me in white to the grave,
afterwards answered her that it should
be as she ~~wished~~ desired, she also begged
that her coffin might be like Maria's
Grinfield's which was granted, she
said, I should like to be buried in
the Chapel burying ground, but I
cannot expect that, as I am not in the
society you know, but never mind,
my soul will be with our dear Saviour -
my body shall rise from the pit hole
in St James's, so that is no matter - but
when the weather is fine, will you
visit my grave sometime - I remember
Maryann? on the night before her
departure, she attempted to sing
hallelujah praise the Lord which
she had often done, but now her throat
was so bad that she could only repeat
the words - The next day about noon
not being able to speak her dear little
hands folded together with her lips

moving in the attitude of prayer—
then her spirit calmly departed
into the hands of him who gave it—
being aged only 4 years and a half.

Clifton
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