Little Justina Ulivabeth La Trabe was born here at Julnich June 18th 1769. From her carlied Days the was an agreeable and lovely Phild, and continued under the Pare of her Faunder till they got their fall to London, when the harve caned for her till Apr. 22. 1769, on which day she came and the Goils Occonorny. And the was very fond of the I with whom she had been till now, yet the was soon at home among her little lomponione and beloved by bath Listers and Children on account of her simple Loving and friendly Disposition. Whenever she comitted any little mistake, the was directly sorry about it, and beg'd Leregimene for The Look great Delight in going to the Childs Melings and Jenging of our dear Laviours Lufferings, Cohereby the grew often very Lender. The used ofto sing the Verse: Steep well dear Whild & with a certain Leefing which made the Sister surmise, that perhapes some one or other would go to our Last and of their orieds, without suspecting her to be the ready Flower for Fransplan-March she grew sichly and on the Ho of the same Month she was moved into the Seith-Room. And the all possible means were made ufe of yet they all proved in effectual. The never made any Complaint, and was as patient as a Lambe when about a week ago a for went home, con-Lold, that that I' was now with our clear four the said; I will also go and live with our Soon, and being asked why she would go to him? the answered: because I love him, and when I see Rim, he will lay his Hand apon me. On Mounday Thursday she wanted to see once

more the Children in their Rooms, and being carried thither she was much pleased as also the Children. On Good Friday she was told, how much our dear Las? had suffered for us on the Brops, to which the lie kened with a pensive attention, and soon after she altered so that In the lucing the rear shite spoke to, that she would now soon be with our Save, to which she ans record very distinctly: yes yes yes, I will go to my Sao? during which there was such a Leeling that all melter into Jeans who were about hor. about Hollock olear little heart was blefsed for her Departures and shill before 40'llack in the Morning, the fell gently and Rappily asleep in her Redeemer armo and her Premains would the Meritoriaux Hondertion of our Lords lorge in the Grave. The upent in This elying Life & bears within & Months.

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