

ing, we met with our dear friends Michael Lightfoot and Abraham Farrington, who had good service there.

The winter following died my eldest sister, Elizabeth Woolman, jun. of the small-pox, aged thirty-one years. She was, from her youth, of a thoughtful disposition; and very compassionate to her acquaintance in their sickness or distress, being ready to help as far as she could. She was dutiful to her parents; one instance whereof follows:—It happened that she, and two of her sisters, being then near the estate of young women, had an inclination one first day after meeting to go on a visit to some other young women at some distance off; whose company, I believe, would have done them no good. They expressed their desire to our parents; who were dissatisfied with the proposal, and stopped them. The same day, as my sisters and I were together, and they talking about their disappointment, Elizabeth expressed her contentment under it; signifying, she believed it might be for their good.

A few years after she attained to maturity, through the gracious visitations of God's love, she was strengthened to live a self-denying exemplary life, giving herself much to reading and meditation.

The following letter may shew, in some degree, her disposition:

Haddonfield,