



Memoir of ISABELLA R. KENNEDY.

Written for the S. S. Guardian,
By L. A. A.

Little children, readers of the *Sunday School Guardian*; whilst you are looking through its pages, hoping to find some pretty or entertaining story, stop a few moments and read the true history of ISABELLA. Isabella was the daughter of William and Evelina Kennedy, and she was 8 years, 7 months, and 24 days old when she died, which was on the 16th of June, 1852. When Isabella was well, she was a pretty, lively little girl, and so very good natured that she hardly ever got angry, and would bear very patiently, a great deal of what children mostly think imposition; and when too much tried, would weep, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger. She was, like most children are, thoughtless and careless sometimes, but had a very tender, pitying heart, and could not bear to hear a sorrowful story without weeping: but although she had a very good natural disposition, do not, my little readers, think that these good qualities would take her to heaven;—only the Saviour can take us there; and those

who love him will cultivate kind tempers, and improve their time in gaining all useful knowledge. She had several brothers and sisters, and a very kind father and tender mother, who mourned to see her sicken and die. She was taken ill on the 4th of April, with a severe attack of the scarlet fever, which left her very weak, and a large abscess formed in her neck, which, when lanced, discharged a great deal of matter; the complaint settling in her head also, made her quite deaf: but she bore it very patiently, and her friends hoped she would yet get well. Her limbs were all cramped and she was full of pain. Her mother attended her day and night, as she grew worse, forgetting her own weariness, if she might ease her poor child's sufferings for a few moments; and it was her mother's hand alone she thought could smooth her pillow, or move her poor pained body, for she got so tender that the least touch of the things around her distressed her; and there she lay, day by day, wasting away, whilst the bright spring opened the flowers, and the wild birds sang so happily, and the forests clustered in their