

to meet thy God."—But none came. The silver cord of her earthly life was loosened amid delirium, and none dared to hope that she had entered upon that more glorious life which awaits those who have learned to trust in Jesus!

Many of us who sat weeping there professed to be His followers; we had taken His vows upon us, had sat around His table, and partaken of the feast spread for His friends; and yet, much as we loved Louisa, we had mingled with her day after day, sharing her studies and amusements; had felt her soft arms twined about us, and her lips pressed to ours, in token of affection, and had never whispered "Come with us, dear friend, and taste of the love of our Redeemer!"

Why this neglect? Did we ever think of it?—Did we care nothing about it? Yes, often, had we wished she was a Christian; and as often longed to speak to her upon the subject, and entreat her to come to Jesus. But she was so lively, so fond of turning anything serious into ridicule, that we were afraid that she would only laugh at us. So the Tempter whispered "If you were to talk to her about religion it would do no good, for she will laugh at all you can say, and then her heart will only become hardened by it." And thus we quieted our consciences in the non-performance of a duty with God! Now that it was forever too late to atone for our neglect, what would we have not given to be able to recall it? In looking back upon the last few weeks, we now saw so many occasions on which we might have introduced the subject of religion; and we felt that, in the sight of God, we were responsible for her soul.

Louisa's father sent a particular request that we should attend her funeral. The morning of that sad day was bright though cold. The carriages were to call for us at two o'clock. Being dressed a few moments before the time, I stole down softly to the silent school rooms, and seeking the

desk which had been Louisa's, I sat down by it to indulge my grief alone. I had not been there a moment before another girl came in, and treading noiselessly the long dark room, took her place beside it. Another, and another entered, with the same intention, until we were all grouped around that desk; the deep silence broken only by our sobs. I raised the lid, there were her books, just as she had crowded them in, on her last school day. We remember how she said, "books, arrange yourselves if you please I have more agreeable business on hand," and flinging down the lid, ran away laughing at the thought of the untidy mark she would receive. There lay the slippers she had been embroidering for her father, her needle looking as if it had just dropped from her fingers, and we saw that the last flower she wrought was a "forget me not!"

"Sweet Louisa, you will never be forgotten!" murmured one; "but oh, to think of her soul!" sobbed another, and our tears burst forth afresh.

When we saw her in her coffin, so little was she changed, so beautiful was she,—the braids of her rich dark hair confued with white satin ribbon, and the half-blown rose-buds in her hands—that we could almost fancy that she was only sleeping.

Not a word was spoken during our long slow ride to the cemetery. We saw the earth sprinkled upon her coffin and heard those blessed words, "I am the resurrection and the life," and then weeping silently, re-entered our carriage.

During that homeward drive there were deep searchings of heart, and earnest communication with the Holy Spirit. To many of us it was one of those solemn hours which leave their impress upon the whole after life.

Before we retired that night we spoke freely together of our sins in never reminding Louisa of the value of her precious soul; and then kneeling down, with our arms about each other, prayed God to forgive us, and to grant