

THE  
MISSIONARY  
(AND)  
BIRTH  
RECORD.

VOL. XI.

MONREAL, DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 12.

**Louisa Jewett.**

*"Oh, if we had only spoken to her about her soul."*

"Oh girls, if we had only spoken to her about her soul, what a comfort it would be to us now!" exclaimed one of a group of young girls, who sat weeping in the parlors of Mrs. D.'s boarding and day school. This remark caused a fresh burst of tears, while a deeper sadness, springing from self-reproach, settled upon the heart of each one of us. Well might we weep! We had just heard that Louisa Jewett, our favorite class-mate, was dead!—The brightest, most joyous and mirth-loving girl in all the school, she had been cut down suddenly in the midst of life and health, and we should hear her musical laugh no more. But one short week before, she had been in school, with the deepest of rose tints upon her round cheek, and the sparkle of health in her dark eye; relieving the dullness of our tasks by many a playful artifice; and even causing the sternest of our teachers to smile at a witchery of manner, which none knew so well how to assume; and now she was dead!

We knew that she had been sick for several days; her cousins said she had

taken a severe cold at a party we had all attended together, and was threatened with a fever. We had been intending to go and see her, but the weather was bad; and as no one considered her in danger, we delayed our visit and thought but little of her illness; only remarking now and then, "I do wish Louisa would hurry and get well; we have no fun in school when she is not there!"

When told of her death; our first thought and question was of her immortal soul. We all knew while in health she had been perfectly thoughtless; but "during her illness was there any change? Did she think she was going to die? Did she pray? Did she try to prepare for death?" These anxious inquiries only drew from our teachers the sad intelligence that no one thought her illness anything serious until forty-eight hours before her death, and from that time she was delirious! Her pastor had prayed beside her; pious friends tried to arrest her wandering scenes and impress upon her that she must die; but her incoherent ravings showed that all was in vain; and silently they prayed and agonizingly watched for some moment of returning reason, to whisper, "Prepare