

THE LATE MRS. DOOLETTE,

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Doolette, wife of Mr. G. P. Doolette, J.P., of King William Street, and sister of the editor of this paper. Mrs. Doolette was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. McEwin, of Glen Ewin. She was born in 1839 in the River Mersey, off Liverpool, on board the ship Delhi, as her parents were about to sail for Australia. Some of the passengers desired to name her Oceana; but her mother would have her named Mary, but added Bartlett, the name of the ship's doctor, who was most attentive, and to whose unremitting care both mother and daughter probably owed their lives. Little Mary Bartlett threw in spite of the then tedious voyage of more than four months, and landed with her parents at Port Adelaide in December, 1839. She was therefore, at her death, a colonist of over 50 years. She resided with her parents successively at North Adelaide, Balthannah, Highercombe and Glen Ewin. She was about six years of age when she first went to Glen Ewin, where she resided twenty years, with the exception of an interval of several years, during which she attended a boarding school in the city. This was when she was about 17 years of age. She was an apt student, and soon became proficient in the various branches of what was then deemed essential in female education.

On her return home she for some years directed the studies of her younger brothers and sisters, and did this with such tact and kindness as to awaken in them a love of letters, and to make them apt and willing pupils. In those days the hills were sparsely settled; the nearest neighbour was a mile away, and the nearest village still more distant. There were few evening meetings to tempt people from home, and evening parties were few and far between. Families were thrown back upon themselves for evening entertainment. At Glen Ewin at this time this took the form of study, and when the blinds were drawn and the lamps lighted, a little band of scholars, under the tutelage of the elder sister, who was always treated with respect and obedience, devoted their time and thoughts to useful studies. These studies too were more than rudimentary, and included some of the higher subjects,

Mary was always serious, always sober, ladylike, and good. The writer, who knew her from his earliest recollection, cannot recall a single instance in which as a girl she was naughty, wilful, or disobedient. He can never remember her showing temper or doing an unkind thing, and her father and mother always treated her rather like a younger sister than a daughter, while her brothers and sisters looked up to her almost as a mother.

When she was about one and twenty she made a profession of religion, and became a member of of the Flinders Street Presbyterian Church, which at that time met in Gouger Street. She soon after this became interested in the spiritual welfare of the residents of Houghton; more particularly the aged and infirm, and those who were neglectors of public worship, and she began Sunday afternoon visitation and tract distribution. She was also deeply anxious about her brothers and sisters. She wrote to each of them affectionate letters, beseeching them to decide for Christ

tionate letters, beseeching them to decide for Christ. When opportunity offered she would speak a word in season to them, would gently seek to remove their difficulties and doubts, and would pray with and for them. The writer can never forget the help which in his early religious life he received from the example and counsel of his eldest sister.

But, though so deeply and earnestly religious, she was not dull or gloomy in spirit. On the contrary, she was most lively and vivacious. She had rare conversational powers, and was the life and soul of any company in which she might be found. As might be supposed she had many admirers, and amongst others a missionary, since distinguished, was a suitor for her hand. To all she turned a deaf ear, until she met Mr. G. P. Doolette, to whom she gave all the wealth of her affections. It was about this time that she lost, by death, her sister Margaret (Mrs. Duncan), who left behind her twin infant boys. The children were adopted by their grandmother, and as long as she remained at home, Mary shared with her mother the responsibility of this added burden. Her marriage took place in 1865, and had she lived till next November she and her husband would have been able to celebrate their silver wedding. They lived first at Kensington, where they were connected with Clayton Church. The Rev. E. Griffith was at that time the pastor, and between Mrs. Griffith and Mrs. Doolette there was an intimate friendship. They afterwards removed to the City, where they attended Stow Church. It was while living on North Terrace, five years after her marriage, that her first child, George, was born. He was a child of many prayers and hopes, and was always the apple of his mother's eye. Two other children followed, a boy and girl. In the meantime Mr. Doolette had changed his residence to North Adelaide, where they became closely identified with the Brougham Place Church. Here for several years Mrs. Doolette conducted the Young Women's Bible Class in connection with the Sunday-school. In this work she was most successful. She took a deep interest in the members of the class, and brought her personal influence to bear on each one, with a view to secure her decision for Christ. While her children were still young she accompanied her husband on a visit to Europe, which she greatly enjoyed. She was much struck with the quiet beauty of the South of England, and especially with the scenery of Scotland and Switzerland. While in Scotland she had a severe attack of bronchitis, which possibly may have laid the foundation of the disease which terminated her life. After his return from Europe Mr. Doolette erected a model home in Palmer Place, which he named 'Sandford.' Mrs. Doolette was not, however, destined long to enjoy it. The hospitalities which she and her husband dispensed told upon her strength and caused a sudden and complete collapse in her health. Under imperative orders from the doctor they retired to the quieter and more salubrious neighborhood of Blackwood. The change, however, came too late to save her life, though no doubt it prolonged it. The death of her eldest son, which occurred about eighteen months ago, and whom in his illness she nursed with self-sacrificing devotion, was a blow from which she was not able to rally, her strength gradually failed, and her friends with increasing solicitude saw that they must soon part with her. She was never really laid up, and

soon part with her. She was never really laid up, and had gone out for a drive the day before her death, and seemed better than usual. A sudden attack of hemorrhage early on the morning of Wednesday the 19th February proved fatal and the tired spirit gently passed to its rest. It was evident to those who saw much of her of late that she had done with this world, and had set her affection on the world to come. She bore her weakness and failing health with great patience and fortitude, and made every effort to be cheerful and bright in the presence of her friends. Such strength as she possessed was spent in correspondence with her young friends of both sexes, whose highest good she earnestly sought to the last. Her remains were laid to rest in the North Road Cemetery on Thursday 20th February in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends.

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