

Charles's custom to rise at daybreak, but not having done so this morning, his parents, supposing him tired with yesterday's labours, did not wish to disturb him; but one of his brothers requiring some implement of industry which Charles always kept in his room, had gone softly in to fetch it, and was surprised to find him half sitting up in his bed, as though in the act of rising. The casement window at the foot of his bed, looking towards the east, was wide open—probably had not been closed at all through the sultry night. His eyes were fixed on the beautiful blue sky, but fixed in death. Charles's bright vision of the glorious future was now unfolded to his gaze. He had evidently passed away without a pang or struggle, so calm and peaceful was the expression of his face: so, "Died by the visitation of God" was the verdict rendered.

On the next Sabbath afternoon he was buried; the school was closed for that hour. We all stood in the churchyard whilst Mr. Huntley read our beautiful Church service for the dead. Last Sunday he had been with his class at school; gone with them to the holy sanctuary; and now the dark grave had opened for that bright and youthful saint. Tears and sobs resounded through the church, as, after the funeral, Mr. Huntly preached from the text, "He is not dead, but sleepeth," and drew his lesson from the sad event which had filled all hearts with sorrow, and with the dread certainty that "in the midst of life we are in death."

I need scarcely tell you how Charles was missed. Not a cottage was entered but we heard of some act of his kindness. Here a gate mended for a poor cripple, here a shelf put up, here a rude cradle made for some peevish child—small things in themselves, but all tending to show his generous kindness to all. One poor old blind woman wept as she told us of his nightly