

cast on it by the radiance of the setting sun seemed to play as a halo round his head. How little either of us thought at that moment how near he was to that unseen land! He spoke again of the wonder which must encompass the soul as it passed from this perishing earth into the presence of the Eternal. He said, "how often he fancied what a feeling of delight and astonishment it would be to his sister, Mary, if her eyesight was suddenly restored, so she could gaze on what to her was a sealed mystery—the light of day." He then told me of the sudden death that morning of an aged Christian woman, and then exclaimed with much fervour, "Fancy what joy hers must have been—she closed her eyes in sleep, and awoke in heaven." To me sudden death had always been, as it is now, associated with an indescribable feeling of dread, and I said so to Charles. He answered me, "If we live as if each moment was to be our last, we could not fear; death is but the commencement of a new and holier existence, and should have no terrors to any but the wilfully impenitent."

Before I went to bed that night, I repeated this conversation to my uncle and aunt, and they remarked that "if every one lived as Charles did, they need not fear when the shadow of death descended."

It was while we were all seated at breakfast next morning, talking over yesterday's *fête*, that my uncle was called out of the room. He was absent some few minutes, and when he returned his first exclamation was, "Charles Richley is dead. Every voice was hushed, every face paled as the words fell with startling distinctness on our ears. Dead!—it did not seem possible—that bright boy, so full of life and health but yesterday!—surely there must be some mistake. Alas! it was but too true. My uncle informed us that it had always been