

when afternoon service was over, to watch him turn to his desolate home, passing close by the grave where lay those so precious to him, and whose gentle memories dwelling in his heart were almost enough to make him turn from his duties with the sickly feeling of utter loneliness. But Mr. Huntly knew that they were in God's hands, lent to him but for a season, and he tried to practise what he had so often to preach, viz., submission to His will.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Huntly; he was a frequent visitor at my uncle's, three of my cousins being teachers in his Sunday school. Charles Richley had, from being the first scholar, risen to be teacher, and was highly respected and trusted by Mr. Huntly. All spoke well of him; I heard everywhere what a good son he was to his sickly mother, what a help to his hard-working father, and what an affectionate guide to his blind sister. If any one required a kind action performed, a distant errand run, or a sick person sat up with, Charles was in universal request.

It was during my stay at C—— Hall that I accompanied my cousins to the Sabbath school, which was held an hour previous to the afternoon service. Charles was pointed out to me as he sat diligently engaged in teaching a class of eight boys, who seemed most attentive to their youthful teacher. I remember the earnestness with which he taught; nothing seemed to distract his attention from his pupils; so wrapped up in his subject did he appear, that the hour seemed all too short for all he had to tell.

After service, my cousins asked him whether he could spare time to assist them in preparing for the annual Sunday school pic-nic, which was always held in my uncle's grounds, and I was impressed with the pleasant answer and good-natured alacrity