



CHILDREN'S OBITUARY.

JOHN CRAIG, Junior, of Oxford.*

"In the midst of life we are in death"

DIED in Oxford, at the residence of his father, John Craig, Esq., on Sunday morning, the 1st instant, John Craig, Junior, aged thirteen years, ten months and fourteen days. Few young persons (that "have gone the way of all the earth.") are more deeply regretted by a large number of friends and relations, than the departed youth. He was admired and beloved by all who were in anywise acquainted with him. He was of a mild and heavenly disposition, and well may it be said of him, that

"His mind was tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks were seen."

The deceased suffered a very painful and afflicting disease, during twenty days, which ended his earthly career; and during the time of his illness, he was never heard to complain; he received his afflictions as "the well intended chastisements of a merciful Saviour." The departed youth was born of pious parents; parents that trained up their infant offspring "in the way that he should go," trusting, that as he would grow up, he would never depart from the instruction they imparted to him. He was early taught to read "the pure and undebled Word of God;" and what he read he remembered, and while he was on earth, he showed that he was profited by what he had read. He was taught that he was a sinner, and that nothing could make him happy, either in this world, or that which is to come, but only by giving his heart to God. And during his affliction, he was frequently asked by his pious parents, if he was willing to die? and he always replied that "he was willing to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Hopes were entertained until a few moments before his death, that he would recover, but these hopes were blasted; and while a few were sitting around the bedside of the departed youth, death came, and his immortal spirit took its everlasting flight. Thus terminated the life of one who promised fair to be a blessing, not only to his parents whom he always obeyed, but to the whole of his associates; and while his pious parents are left to mourn his loss, they are not called to mourn "the those that have no hope." He was a constant attendant of the Sabbath School, and no one ever found his seat vacant. He loved to read the Word of God, and wherever the Word of God was preached (in its purity), there he was found to worship his Heavenly Father.

His clay tenement was removed to the place of interment in the village of Kemprille, and a very appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. James Elliot, Superintendent of the Circuit, from the 2nd chapter of Lamentations, and part of the 39th verse, "Wherefore should a living man complain." At half-past four o'clock, P. M., his mortal remains was laid in the silent tomb, there to mix with its kindred dust, and to slumber "till the morn- of the resurrection." May his friends, and all his young associates be prepared to meet him in the skies, and rejoice with him for ever!

Kemprille, March 6th, 1846.

JOHN HURTON.

* This obituary was written for another journal, but we think it more suitable for the present place.—EDITOR.

For the S. S. Guardian.

JOHN LANDER, of Belleville.

John Lander, the son of Mrs. James Whiteford, of Belleville, was born January 30th, 1846.* From his infancy, he was of a feeble constitution, and the subject of much bodily affliction, and was consequently very small for his age. In early life, he was favoured with that best of earthly blessings,—a praying mother. And her pious counsels and fervent intercession were not in vain; at the tender age of 13 years, he was found with others at the altar of prayer, seeking the Pearl of Great Price. He sought and found, the Lord set his soul at liberty, and he was enabled to rejoice in his pardoning love. During the last six months of his life, his afflictions assumed a more serious aspect, and he was constantly and severely troubled with palpitation and enlargement of the heart; so that several times he was thought to be on the verge of the grave. In the first part of his illness, although he had an evidence of his acceptance with God, he frequently expressed a desire to get well; but as he drew nearer to the promised land, and ob-

tained clearer views of his heavenly inheritance, he was not only willing, but anxious to depart and be with Christ.

For the last twelve weeks he was confined to his bed, his sufferings being constant and severe. Yet, during these days and nights of extreme affliction, not a murmur or complaint was heard to escape him; but he constantly manifested a happy composure of mind, which astonished those who knew not the source from which the child of God obtains support. His physician at first thought it prudent not to acquaint him with his danger, fearing that it might, by agitating his mind, hasten his death; which he suspected, said to him one day, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die." His step-mother (who loved him as his own son,) asked him if he did not wish to recover? He replied, "I hardly know what to answer you; I know that if it were the will of the Lord to raise me up, I ought not to despise life; but I think it would be better for me to go now."

The writer of this notice visited him frequently during his illness, and always found him composed and happy, even when suffering excruciating bodily pain; when speaking to him one day of his protracted affliction, he replied, "Oh, I am far happier here, with all my bodily pain, with the love of God in my heart, than those who have health and every worldly comfort, and are yet sinning against their Saviour; I could not exchange conditions with them." At another time, when he appeared very much exhausted, on being asked if he was worse? "Oh no," said he, "I am better to-day, my mother has just been reading to me from the Testament, and I got so very happy that I could scarcely contain my feelings,—Oh, that is a good book!" One day when very weak, he said to his mother, "I fear I had wrong thoughts last week when I was better; I felt as if I should be glad to get well, and I fear that was wrong." His mother replied, "But surely you did not think that you would forget the mercy of God, should you recover?" "Oh no," said he, "I thought I would preach the Gospel."

His last day on earth (Sabbath, February 15th, 1846,) was a good day to his soul. He seemed to have a sweet foretaste of that eternal Sabbath, upon which his happy spirit was about to enter. During the whole of the day heavenly radiance lighted up his countenance; and frequently when spoken to, a smile of joy would accompany his reply. He talked with great composure of his death, as being near at hand, and then calling over the names of his near relatives, he said, "I hope I shall meet you all in heaven." Observing his mother in tears, he put his arms around her neck, and kissing her affectionately, said, "My dear mother, I do love you, but I am the Lord's child, and I am going to Him." When she spoke of his sufferings, he replied with emphasis, "Oh, mother, my dying pillow is very soft; the Lord is good to me, very good." About 11 o'clock, P. M., his breathing became difficult, and the coldness of death seemed stealing upon him. A female friend who was near him, then asked, if he was going happy? He raised his languid eye once more, and with all his remaining strength repeated,—"Happy! happy!" These were his last words; and just as he closed his last Sabbath with his weeping friends around him, he entered, we trust, upon that Sabbath of rest, where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," but where all these things are forever done away. I need scarcely add, that John was a Sabbath School scholar, and his cold remains were followed to "the dark and narrow house," by nearly all the boys of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School in this town.

How important a thing is religion! How important to seek it when young! A learned man, without religion, when dying, said with horror, "I am taking a leap in the dark." Our dear young friend said with confidence and joy, "Mother, I am the Lord's child, I am going to Him." Another wicked man shrieked in the agonies of death, "Oh, I cannot die! I cannot die!" John Lander's last words were, "Happy! happy!" My young readers, how do you wish to die? How are you living?
I. E. H.

Belleville, March 18th, 1846.

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* The copy has been, and we are unable to correct it.—EDITOR.