

visits to read to her from the pages of Sacred Writ ; another, lame, for whom every morning he would fetch in her supply of wood and water for the day. Wherever we went this truth was apparent, " Though he was dead, yet he spoke."

Many years have passed since Charles Richley's body was committed to the silent grave, but not so his memory. In the village he is still fondly remembered, and little children who were then unborn have been taught to lisp his name, and pray that they may be enabled to follow his bright example, whose whole life was in strict accordance with the golden rule, " To do to others as we should wish them to do to us." No stone with its eulogistic epitaph marks the spot in that quiet churchyard where rests his mortal remains, but the grave is still kept by the village children sacred from all desecration, and many a cottage garden is despoiled of its bright blossoms to decorate it, and carefully is every unsightly leaf removed off it. His kind deeds have outlived him ; he needs no epitaph from the sculptor's hand, for it is engraved on the hearts of those for whom he performed so many kindly deeds. Both old and young, for miles around that pretty village, revere the name of him

" Who though dead yet speaketh."

I have now come to the conclusion of the verses chosen by my late pupils for illustration, and I would, in conclusion, say a few words to you all, my dear young friends. Time is going on, and fast bearing us all away from this perishing earth. Let me then, as a sincere friend, exhort you to be more earnest in seeking after the things which tend to your eternal happiness. Do not turn away from serious thoughts to seek the frivolous pleasures of life ; they are as fleeting as the shadows, capable of