

A FUNERAL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Early one Saturday morning, a rough-looking farmer about thirty years of age was ushered into my sitting-room, who said, with neither "good morning" nor any other preliminaries: "Will you tell the parson the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock?"

Having heard nothing previously of an approaching funeral, and knowing of no death among our parishioners, I immediately concluded that he had been shown into the wrong sitting-room, as the Church of England clergyman lived in the same house. I told him that I thought he had made a mistake and that I presumed it was the Church of England minister he wished to see. He looked puzzled, said he did not know, eyed his boots steadily and nervously, and uneasily thrust his hands into his pockets, immediately withdrawing them again. At last we heard a step, and on looking up, saw Mr. G. approaching. The farmer's face became radiant as he exclaimed, "That thar's him!"

On entering, Mr. G. was greeted with the same information: that "the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock," to which he replied: "Oh, is the old man dead? and when did he die?"

The "old man" referred to had been one of the pioneers of that rough country, a terrible drunkard and a notable fighter. During his last illness, which extended over a period of two years, all of which time he was confined to bed, he had ample time to repent his folly, which I think he sincerely did, and sought the only forgiveness.

But there was no time for further comment, we had to start at once, as the distance to be covered was some ten or eleven miles, and the roads anything but good. Away we went in our cart, up-hill and down-hill, over bogs, through marshes, the fox often starting from just beneath the horses' feet, and the cry of the wild cat continually resounding in our ears.

Arriving at the place where so shortly before the Angel of