

in life's sore battles, but shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

A FUNERAL IN COSTA RICA.

A familiar sight in Costa Rica is a death procession. When some one is dying the friends send for a priest to shrive him. The latter comes not silently and solemnly, a minister of grace and consolation, but accompanied by a brass band, if the family are rich enough to pay for it (the priest receiving a liberal commission on the business), or, if they are poor, by a number of boys ringing bells and chanting hymns. Behind the band or bell-boys are two acolytes; one bearing a crucifix and the other swinging an incense urn. Then follows the priest in a wooden box or chair, covered by a canopy and carried by four men, wearing the sacramental vestments, and holding in his hand, covered with a napkin, the Host—the emblem of the body of Christ. People upon the streets kneel as the procession passes, and then follow it. Reaching the house of the dying, the band or bell-ringers stand outside, making all the disturbance they can, while the priest, followed by a motley rabble, enters the death chamber, administers the sacrament and confesses the dying soul. Then the procession returns to the church as it came. Going and coming and while in the house the band plays or the bells are rung constantly, and every man, woman and child within hearing fall upon their knees, whether in the street or at their labour, and breathe a prayer for the repose of the departing spirit.

Funerals are occasions of great ceremony. Notices, or *avisos*, as they are called, are printed and posted upon all of the dead-walls, like announcements of an auction or an opera, and printed invitations are sent to all the acquaintances of the deceased. The priests charge a large fee for attendance, proportionate to the means of the family, and when they are poor it is common for some one to solicit contributions to pay it. The spectacle of a beggar sitting at the street corner asking alms to pay the burial fee of his wife or child is a very common one, and quite as often one can see a father carrying in his arms to the cemetery the coffin of a little one, not being able to pay for a priest and carriage too.—*W. F. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

DEACON AINSWORTH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

Deacon Ainsworth's daughter Mary had been in heaven three months. She had been his favourite child, and he was not himself since the new grave was made in the cemetery. Somehow, the world seemed very different, and heaven appeared very near, now that Mary was with the angels.

At the breakfast table on Thanksgiving morning, he said to his son, "Ben, you must rig up old Dan and take your mother and the girls to church."

Catching the surprised look on the face of his wife, he added, "I think I will not go to-day."

"Are you not feeling well?" she asked, anxiously regarding the strange light in his eyes.

"I am not ailing", Janet, but I have a bit o' work to look after, that will keep me out o' meetin' this mornin'," he replied evasively.

"Why, father, it is not like you to absent yourself from the ordinances. I never knew you to work on 'Thanksgivin' before, and I am sure there is nothin' pressin' now" urged Mrs. Ainsworth, feeling that his trouble had "turned his head."

"It's a dooty that can't stand over, Janet, and I hope you will say no more, for my mind is settled on the subject," he replied.

When ready to start, his wife said, "Hadr't you better re-consider your decision, father, and go with us to Church? It seems lonesome like to leave you here alone." But he only shook his head and made no move to satisfy her request.

It is very strange, seein' you have attended every 'Thanksgiving service for twenty odd years, and that so soon after she is gone," said Mrs. Ainsworth gravely.

"That's the reason I can't go, Janet—because Mary is not here," he answered, drawing his coarse sleeve across his wet eyes.

"Now, father, you don't mean to say that you're goin' to find fault with your Maker! 'I ain't right nohow, and it is our dooty to submit to the will o' the Lord at all times."

"Seein' now you misunderstand me, Janet, I'll tell you all about it. Since Mary went, my heart has been tender, and I have been thinkin' that I have not done my whole dooty by the poor folks