

following the children, also in tidy black that she had bought for her brother's child, and she had white flowers in her hand too. One or two neighbours had asked to follow, and a mate of John's had begged leave to lend a hand with the baby burden.

Mr. Searle from the Castle, driving in his grand carriage, met the funeral. He pulled up his prancing horses by the side of the road, and bared his head as it went by.

'Do you know whose child is being buried?' he asked a bystander.

'John Morrison's little baby, sir.'

'What a beautiful, sensible, Christian funeral!' he said. 'No furbelows, no nasty crape, but those little white-frocked children with flowers, and the father carrying his child. Ah!'

He sighed deeply. *He* would have liked to have carried that little girl of his who died so recently, but rich men do not always have their way, and she had had the hearse from Friarleigh, and a number of men in black fussing about her—men she would have shrunk from in life, poor little girl!

And now I have told you all about Johnnie Morrison's funeral.

There were no bills to pay; except those two sovereigns and the memorial card, there had been no expenses at all, for John's master—a cabinet-maker—had refused to take anything, either for material or loss of his man's time, in the matter of that little coffin.

I have known families crippled for weeks by the cost of a funeral, but then they had had to pay for rusty-black carriages, and hired men, and stoppages at the 'Cock,' and so on.

A simpler burial of our dead surely better befits Christian men, combined with greater reverence among those who carry the poor body to the grave.

'John was right and I was wrong,' says Mrs. Morrison now. 'Johnnie had a beautiful funeral; and even the little un, she thinks that God has taken him into the sky to live with the lilies. They all put their lilies in his little grave, you see. Well, perhaps we shall have the flowers again in heaven, and I'm sure we shall have Johnnie.'

'None of them to die any more,' said John.

Teach us to Pray.

A NURSE with two little children in charge was seated in an omnibus which conveyed people from a seaside town to the bathing-place. Suddenly the boy cried out, 'Oh, nurse, I came away and never said my prayers.' He knelt down on the floor of the carriage and put his hands together.

A young woman sitting by, who had never prayed in all her life, was so struck by the action that she spoke to the nurse. This led to her seeing a clergyman, repenting of her sins, beginning a new life, and dying a happy death. She was in a consumption at the time when the little boy's simple action struck her.

