

The poor woman cried a little softly.

'Don't ye,' said John. 'There, there.'

Lizzie came back with her book—a red copy-book full of careful round-hand writing.

'I copied all these out of a book missis lent me when my brother's child died,' she said, 'but I couldn't send them in time, and they'd put "Affliction sore" on their card first. She was a dear child, and had consumption fifteen months. Here, now, "*Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*" Or, "*Lent to the Lord.*" Or, "*Jesus called a little child unto Him.*" Oh, ain't those all nice! So suitable.'

'So they are,' said John.

'I think I'd like a bit of a verse,' said Mrs. Morrison, 'that you can say over and over.'

'Well, here's one,' said Lizzie. 'It reads like as if it was written for Johnnie, too.'

'God took our darling child away;
Shall we not meekly bow, and say,
His will be done; to us a loan,
The child is wholly now His own.

Or here's another:

'God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence.
Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.'

'Yes, I like that,' said Mrs. Morrison.

'Oh, but stop!' Lizzie was eagerly turning over the pages. 'Here is such a lovely story, written by a father whose little baby son had died. It begins, 'I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old.' And then Lizzie read aloud that beautiful poem of Mr. Moultrie's, called 'The Three Sons.'

John's coat sleeve came into play again here, but Mrs. Morrison had her hand fast on his other arm, and felt braver.

'There's a beautiful bit in that,' she said when Lizzie stopped, quite out of breath; it's about knowing the little one is at rest, and our going to meet him some day.'

And then John must have the book to read the verses over again, and Lizzie was obliged to go, for the hotel dinner-time was coming near.

'You can keep it awhile,' she said, as she bid good-night; meaning the red book.

John and Janie were very busy for an hour longer, till the children began to wonder if father had forgotten to call them to bed altogether.

At the end of that time John had written neatly out on a piece of paper the words to be put on Johnnie's memorial card.

You will like to hear what they were.

FELL ASLEEP JULY 16, 18—,

JOHN ARTHUR MORRISON,

AGED 6 WEEKS.

I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear
and I)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every
eye.

'It's beautiful,' said the mother gently.

'And now, John, I want one thing more. Call the little ones and let them kiss Johnnie before me. Things will be hurried in the morning, and I'm always bad then. You can carry him in here, coffin and all, for a bit.'

John did as he was asked, and the children came solemnly upstairs and kissed the little white face, in the pretty white box on mother's bed. Then they put their hands together while father said, 'God bless us all, and fetch us up to Johnnie one day.'

Next day Johnnie was buried, and the neighbours said they had never seen a prettier sight than that funeral. The six little girls walked two and two in plain black frocks and hats, their clean white pinafores kept in place by a black band, and each held in her hand a beautiful tall white lily. They grew plentifully in the cottage garden just now. Then the tiny coffin in the father's arms was covered by a soft white pall, on which lay a small cross of the purest white flowers. Mrs. Merton had sent that.

There were no black carriages or feathers to frighten the children. There were no hired men wondering how soon the job would be over and they could rattle back to the public-house. It was all quiet and peaceful, and sweet to look upon.

Mrs. Morrison was at the window watching as the procession moved on. Lizzie was