

he is. Thank God for the little dear. Who knows that he ain't praying to God for *you* now?'

Lizzie was a stout, red-faced, what you would call almost a common-looking girl, but her mind was not common. How could it be, when she thought all day about God and pleasing Him, and her dreams at night were all about angels and the beautiful world to come, where she should see her God?

The next evening she came again to the Morrisons', to find baby Johnnie lying in a lovely little coffin, painted white, with blue lines.

The master let *John* make it,' said Jane, half smiling, half crying. 'Ain't it beautiful! But, Lizzie, he won't have a carriage from Friarleigh, not even a hearse, on Thursday. He says he will carry the little un, and the children follow. That'll look mean, won't it?'

'Mean!' said Lizzie. 'It'll be beautiful, and it is only a quarter of a mile to go. Oh, John, he do know what's nice, for all he's so silent. Don't I hate to see the funerals coming back from the cemetery, and the men all laughing, and pulling up at the "Cock," with the poor souls inside cryin'. It makes me blaze, it do. I wouldn't have one of them touch little Johnnie, for all it's only his little body. And the children—John's quite right. Their black frocks are nice and good, but the white pinnies will 'mind us of baby, and make 'em look real pretty. Missis says I may go, since Dr. Davis says you're not to get up on any account, or put a foot to the ground. Dear little Johnnie! Mrs. Morrison, you're glad, ain't you, for him? Ain't it lovely to have him safe and beautiful with the Lord, now? Him as suffered so much, dear little lad.'

Lizzie looked as rapt and happy as if she saw the sweet vision of the babe in paradise.

Then she jumped up, for John was calling down below.

He had some cards in his hand—memorial cards from the printer—patterns to show Janie.

'Come along up,' said Lizzie, 'and bring the lot with you.'

John came and spread the cards out on the white counterpane.

'They are only to show the sort,' he said; 'we can have what we fancy for the little un, but I thought I'd like the children each to have a card framed to remember him by, besides the grandfather and grandmother expecting one. Here's a broken pillar, and a weeping willow, and a shell, and what they call a scroll twisted round an urn.'

'Oh, don't have them black things for the little dear,' said Lizzie; 'look here, this is pretty.'

It was a violet-bordered card, very simple, but it rested the eye. There was a little cross on the top, and the name, date, and a verse under.

'Why, it's Mr. Searle's little girl at the Castle; it's her card,' said Mrs. Morrison, interested. 'Who'd have thought it!' She spelt out the words—

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried,
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

'Those are pretty words, John.'

'Yes,' said John.

'Shall you start our card with "Departed this life"? This one hasn't got it.'

'I'd like to put "Fell asleep" for our Johnnie,' was the answer.

'And a weeping willow?'

John paused. 'If you didn't mind I'd as soon not. It's for the children. I'd rather they were happy that Johnnie's safe with his Saviour. You see, being so young, he never could sin.'

'Without fault before the throne of God,' said Lizzie eagerly. 'Oh, Mr. Morrison, don't that seem to mean Johnnie? But I've a lot of verses and texts put down in a book which I'd like to show you. I'll leave the door on the jar, and run this minute for it.' And off she went.

'Ain't she a good girl?' said Mrs. Morrison. 'She's of your way of thinking, John. No crying and crape for our baby. She's just like lifted up when she thinks of him. I see her eyes shine. She goes after him into heaven. I can't.'