

says ; but I guess we can take one o' these poor little motherless creeturs. Can't us, mother ?”

“Course we can,” said his wife Jerusha, her great motherly heart already enfolding the little orphan in its wealth of love.

“Motherliest woman that I ever see,” said Hophni proudly. “She nusses all the sick lambs, an’ raises chickens that ther own mother gives up. Even the calves an’ pigs thrives better under her than anybody else. Powerful smart woman she is.”

So the poor children all found homes among these humble but brave-souled people. Even the baby was adopted by a young mother who had just lost her own “pretty little Izall,” and “who knows but the Lord had sent her this in its stead,” she devoutly said.

On the day of the funeral, although it was the height of the wheat harvest, the whole neighbourhood assembled from near and far to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the mother of the children thus adopted. After reading the Scriptures and prayer amid the solemn hush that always falls upon a house in which lies the unburied dead, the plain black-stained coffin, amid the sobs of the children, was carried to a rough waggon and borne to the school-house, which was near the little God’s acre already set apart as the seed plot of the sowing for the harvest of the resurrection morn.

In the seats near the desk sat the motherless children, the younger ones with a look of wondering curiosity on their faces, and other relatives of the deceased. It was touching to notice their attempts to provide symbols of bereavement—the faded and threadbare mourning dress, the meagre black ribbon, and the little wisps of crape.

In the solemn presence of the dead, Lawrence faithfully addressed the living on the momentous lesson of the occasion—a lesson which, in his simple community, had not lost its force through frequency and familiarity. As he prayed for the bereaved ones at the close of his sermon and for the orphaned children, hearty amens went up from many lips, and, we doubt not, from every heart.

The relatives of the departed then approached the open coffin to take their last long lingering farewell of the beloved form that