

me; an' all the b'ys is a-comin', be-in' Sunday; an' ole John's goin' to have sich a sind-off to 'im that I hopes he'll git so good a reception where he's goin' to.

"Give us your grip on it, yer riv'rince. It shall be a clane fun'ral, or, bedad, we'll bury more'n old John."

At the time appointed, the little room was packed with humanity, exhumed from the lower strata of society. There were rum-sodden old men, and devil-may-care young men, and here and there the frowzy head of an unsexed woman. No hat was removed. Every mouth held its pipe or cigar-stump, and through the thick smoke one could discern the shape of the coffin, and through the din of voices catch the drunken wail of the chief and only mourner.

"B'ys, the clargy's come!" announced the caller of the morning. "Tak' off yer hats and douse yer tabakkay!" The last order met with general disapprobation, expressed in such terms as, "Th' clargy 'll no care!" "John 'll no smell it!" An ominous show of shirt-sleeves on the part of the leader, and the injunction, "Ob-sarve th' civil'ties!" from some of the most venerable ones, were, however, effective, and the meeting was soon reduced to a degree of order. Elbowing and anklng my way to the head of the coffin, I read a few verses of Scripture, with the accompaniment of such Selahs as—

"Stop yer scrougin'!"

"Wad yez tip the corpus?"

"Na, be aisy in prisince o' the dead."

"I'll put yez in wi' John, if ye na mind yersil'."

"Riv'rince the clargy!"

With the first lull, I began.

"My friends, we have—"

At which point a serious-faced old soaker said: "Wud yer riv'rince 'low a sintimint? As ye

said, we's frinds, frinds together, an' John's frinds. The clargy's right."

"We know'd 'im, though. Sivinteen year wi' 'im on ship-board, an' niver out o' me eye since was John."

"We know'd 'im," chimed a dozen voices.

"Well," said I, "if you knew him so well, why did no one of you go to see him when he was sick? He told me that none of you had come to give him a kind word. It is well to bury his corpse honourably; but don't you think that it would have been better to have cared for his poor body when it could have felt your kindness?"

"But, mister, what cud wes folk be sayin' to a cove what's dyin'? We's not praste folk," said one with real honesty of face and manner.

"True," said I, "you of yourselves could tell him nothing about death and life beyond; but you could have told him you were sorry for him. You might have sat by him during some of those long nights, and helped him to a drink. And maybe his hand would not have grown cold so soon if some of you had now and then held it for him in real sympathy."

"By's," said a dilapidated creature, who tried to straighten himself against the corner so as to attract attention, "b'ys, the clargy's right. Yez orter be more shim-pathitic. We's drinkt wi' John whin h' was on 's feet, an' we's orter coddled to 'im whin h' was on's back."

"Our friend who has departed," resumed the preacher, "in telling me something about his life, confessed that he had been a very sinful man, and—"

"Sinfu' is it," said one to another. "John was no sinfu'."

"But," replied the man so ad-