

## WHERE GREEN GRAVES LIE.

*Dear Beauteous Death, jewel of the Just.*—Vaughan.

—τοὺς δ' ἤδη κατέχεν φυσίζοος αἶα  
 ἐν Λακεδαιμόνι αἴθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ  
 —*Iliad*, III. 243.

Nothing so marks the brutalization of our age as its sentiment towards the grave and burial. Death is regarded as an inevitable happening; and after "the last sad rites," which have often the vulgarity of a social function or the coarseness of a low Irish wake, the Dead are hurried away to be imprisoned in a repulsive vault or in a modern cemetery, hardly distinguishable from a public park. There is no longer the slow, mute procession to some sequestered spot of Nature's handiwork, where the Dead are laid down tenderly, to rest forever "in Earth's soft arms reposing." It is in this gracious mood that Henry Vaughan thinks of the spiritual significance of "Dear Beauteous Death, jewel of the Just," and Homer of the φυσίζοος αἶα as our last resting-place, wherein we sleep as tired children in the soft, warm arms of a mother.

When I go home again—  
 And be it soon or late—  
 I shall not bide  
 By glade or moor or glen,  
 By field or fen,  
 Where now the lone bird calls  
 At eventide  
 Unto his mate:—  
 'I weep,  
 I wait;'