

lost to posterity because the remembrance of the bad and insignificant is also preserved. To the feeling and contemplative mind there can be no more gratifying employment than to peruse the records of departed worth as engraven on their tombs. Even the sight of those representatives of departed youth, age or virtue calls forth our respect, and claims our regard for the spot where they repose. While contemplating these, we enter into their histories, trace their progress through life's changeful scene, and fancy we behold their friends weeping over them such tears as true affection sheds. We can in the contemplation of such a scene fancy a lover bending over expiring worth and beauty—see his tears moistening her feverish hand as he kisses it; she dies on his breast, in a delirium of anguish he kisses those cold pale lips, which but a short time before had poured out blessings upon him. He follows her mortal remains to the grave and his sorrow moves the most obdurate heart among the beholders. We can imagine him, when the friendly shade of evening conceals him from the prying eye of curiosity, repairing to her grave, and mingling his tears with the dews of night. The tears of heaven are not more pure. View him again, his manly form seems wasted; the sickly hue of deep seated grief and heavy melancholy is diffused over his visage, that visage which was but a few short days back, lighted up with the beams of cheerfulness and content. He clings fondly to the silent turf which now covers all he knew of happiness. Death the only comfort he now can welcome, aims at his heart, he shrinks not at the blow, but anxiously courts it. The mighty conqueror strikes and he calmly resigns himself to the same grave. Turn to another grave, and you may fancy you hear the father sobbing aloud for the loss of his only son, the sole stay and comfort of his declining age. View an amiable wife breathing her last breath in the arms of a disconsolate husband. See age gently and without regret quitting life, surrounded by weeping children and friends. Behold the survivors following the dead to the yawning grave where they blush not to let their sorrows flow freely; you may fancy you hear the venerable pastor with mild and comforting voice, pronouncing the sublime service for the dead. See the uncovered circle gazing with tearful eyes upon the unconcerned sexton while he performs the last duty and closes up for ever from their view a parent or relation they loved in life so dearly—still they linger near the spot as if unwilling to quit it, and envy the sexton that unconcern which long custom has enabled him to assume. These mourners are in their turn mourned over, and receive from those they leave behind them, the same evidences of esteem, because they had given them to others before.

Such reflections as these are but too seldom indulged in considering the value they ought to have as incitements to virtue; and no means should be left unaccomplished which can have a tendency to arouse them. Nothing for this purpose could have a more powerful effect than a little more attention to our grave yards. At present many of them are either too uninviting, or too disgusting to engage the attention or attract the eyes of decency. A little more regard to their order and arrangement would not only be gratefully and readily complied with by the survivors who have friends or relations deposited