

A smile of exulting hope played upon the features of the boy, and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "It is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with earnestness; "here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was seen this year."

I looked around, and saw the tiny foot of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been its attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper! What mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her son bending in tearful but hoping trust over her grave?

"But William," said I, "it is in another world that she will rise;" and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mother is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do, I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of scripture; "you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William; let me go, that I may rise with mother."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which was sown there would not have come up if it had not been ripe; so you must await till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then shall I see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child; "but I thought I should see her soon. I thought I should meet her here."

In a month William ceased to wait. He died, and they opened his mother's grave and placed his little coffin on hers. It was the only wish the child expressed when dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and, young as the little sufferer was, he had already learned that all the labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

A GOOD WIFE.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." The regard that arises from colour and complexion is transient and unsteady. Beauty is deceitful;