

was lowered down the child burst forth into uncontrolable grief. The little boy had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with a customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and in turning to the child, he added—

“She is not to remain in the grave forever. As sure as the grass, which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few short months, so true shall your mother rise from that grave to another life—a life of happiness, I hope.”

The attendants then shovelled the earth upon the coffin, and some one took William, the little child, by the hand, and led him from the lonely tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying-ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time reading the names of the dead; when, recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends.

To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently at some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place. It was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I could not win his confidence until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

“Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come out of this grave?” interrogated William.

“I did.”

“It is true—is it not?” asked he, in a tone of confidence.

“I most firmly believe it,” said I.

“Believe it!” said the child, “believe it; I thought you knew it. I know it.”

“How do you know it, my dear?”

“The minister said that, as true as the grass grew up, and the flowers bloomed in spring, so true would mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seeds on the grave. The grass came green in the burying-ground long ago: and every day have I watched for the flowers, and to-day they came up too. See them breaking through the ground! By and by mother will come again.”