

father. Reader, mourn not for the dead, but weep sore for the living."

'I saw that my uncle was watching me with his eyes full of tears.

'He told me the sad story you have just read, sitting beside that grave in the dim twilight. How much I respected the undying love of the faithful heart, that never sought to spare himself in the mournful narration.

"Ah," he said, rising from his recumbent posture, and speaking in a cheerful, hopeful voice, "How little we 'know of the spirit of which we are made.' I have reason to rejoice—ay! and I do rejoice—that God gave me such a son, and that he died a true Christian martyr, forgiving and praying for the wretched sinners that caused his death."