

the name, than the words föd (born) and död (died), with perhaps a text of Scripture.

Such simplicity is befitting the repose of the dead. During life men may assume the meretricious ornaments with which vanity would clothe herself; but death comes to take them away, and to reduce all to the one common level of the tomb. How disgusting, then, is gaudy show or idle panegyric in such a place!

This cemetery is a favorite place of resort to all classes of the citizens of Copenhagen. Here the children and youth come to deck with flowers the borders of the grave of a parent, or brother, or sister, or friend. Here the more advanced in life come often, it is to be hoped, to reflect upon the uncertainty of its prospects and the nearness of its end. "It was only towards the close of the last century," says Professor Nyerup, "that a man of singular virtue and probity was able by his example to put an end to that superstitious and pestilential practice of burying beneath the churches, and thus infecting the living with the mephitic exhalations of the tomb. On the brink of eternity he felt conscious that he had wrought no ill to his fellow-men in his life, and he could not bear the thought that after death his mortal remains should poison the air they breathed; his dying wish was to rest beneath the free heaven. He was buried here A. D. 1785, and a plain marble tablet bears the initials,—J. S. A.,—of his name, with the words *benè vivit qui benè latuit*. From that time this place has rapidly extended, until it has become the garden of the departed, where they repose in peace beneath their flowery covering. It is a holy and solemn place, where the wanderer is awakened to deep and sincere devotion, and memory consecrates her offering of a tear to departed friends."

We visited this spot often, and never without being deeply affected. There is something in its stillness, its tender associations, and its abundance of sweet flowers, which is extremely soothing and calming to the feelings of irritation and vexation which we permit the cares and trials of life too often to excite. We have spent hours here in the beautiful season of Spring, when all nature had but just put on her livery of green. And we have spent hours here when Autumn had assumed the sere and yellow leaf, and every plant, every leaf, seemed to announce not only its own decay, but ours also. It is a place where one may go to learn both how to live and how to die."