

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was thirteen year's since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried.

Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them had passed my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realise that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she had so often kissed in her excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday; as if the blessed sound of her voice was even then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it even now agonizes my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently, for they told me she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the maid to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said "and will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was won't to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed, without bidding my mother "Good night." But when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead! She never spoke to me more; never smiled upon me again. And when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold it made me start. I bowed down at her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude.

But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."—*Children's Friend.*

TEACHERS' CORNER.

Brompton, July 10, 1849.

Sir,—Since the receipt of your July number, containing a notice of Ebenezer Sabbath School, Owen's Sound, I am constrained to express a wish for its success, and would hope that in succeeding numbers of your interesting periodical, I may hear of more of such schools springing up throughout Canada. I agree with the writer of the article in question in deploring the apathy of the clergy as shown by most of them to the wellbeing of such works of love. Sectarian differences are a great hinderance to the progress of vital religion, but self-satisfied ignorance is a complete barrier, in many places, to improvement. Allow me to offer a few hints suggested by what I have observed in this country. The memory is too much taxed to the total exclusion of the understanding and practical bearing of the Holy truths contained in the texts upon the heart and conduct. It is far easier to learn by rote, a hundred verses, than to act upon one. "My son give me thy heart," is neither felt nor acted upon. There is a pride in getting and repeating a chapter in the