

to their posterity, by example and precept, a spirit of reverence and solicitude for the burial places of their dead, more enlightened, but not less active or pervading. Let us have the "field and the cave which is therein and all the trees that are in the field," and "that are in the borders round about to be made sure" for "a possession of a burying place," (Gen. xxiii) was the language of the patriarch. And there "Abraham buried Sarah his wife." This touching narrative of the earliest ground ornamented, as from nature's hand, and set apart securely to its sacred purpose, is fresh with interest and instruction. It suggests to the living the duty of securing a respectful attention to the disposal of the remains of their friends; it shows the careful solicitude with which the patriarch cherished the memory of one with whom he had been so intimately allied in life; and it gives us a model of taste and beauty in the selection of spots designed for permanent burial places which may always be safely imitated.

The rural or ornate cemetery in the vicinity of the city, is the common ground upon which all parties can meet in forgiveness and harmony; it is the lap of the common mother which receives at last, in no unkind embrace, all her children, however widely sundered in their lives by the jarring controversies of their day. Then, if ever on earth, must peace terminate the angry and embittered strifes of men, tranquillity calm the troubled and contending spirits, and there must the pervading influence of the place, as it raises the thoughts upwards and beyond, throw the veil of oblivion over acts and deeds of omission or commission, which may have chafed the temper, wounded the spirit, or rudely crushed the affections of the heart. Let no man tread with levity or profaneness the mazes of the cemetery ground; it is the christian's commentary on the truths and the hopes he holds most sacred. To the cultivated mind it is a volume of the book of nature and of human destiny, which is ever read with interest and profit; and to the mass, of whatever grade in life, it is the faithful and true record and memento of their common lot.

The *Mount Hermon* cemetery recently formed within three miles of this City is in point of situation unsurpassed for beauty, in a secluded spot, on the brow of a hill looking down on the river St. Lawrence, it will, in a short time be an inviting place of resort for the citizen oppressed with the sorrows or wearied with the toil of life, and when a few years have passed and handsome monuments are erected, it will afford to the stranger sojourning by the way, a holy spot for wholesome reflection. Such places of resort, serve reverently to honour the dead, perpetuate the memory of their virtues and confirm a last estimate of their good deeds, whilst they reflect honour on the living and bear testimony to the cultivation of the best feelings of our nature.

The distance of *Mount Hermon* from the city, has been made an objection by parties who could not have given the subject proper consideration, much has been uttered and written, both in Europe and America on the subject of interment in crowded towns or cities; the agitation of the question has resulted in a decided public opinion against the practice. This topic has occupied the pens of medical men of great eminence; evidence of injurious effects has accumulated on every hand, till doubt itself has been forced to yield. Who would make the last home of a mother, a wife or a child in a crowded thoroughfare, close to noisy taverns or busy workshops, 'mindst the din of carts and wagons, where throngs of pedestrians hurry by with thoughtless jest or irreverent conversation, when a rural spot like that of *Mount Hermon*, remarkable for its romantic beauty, beyond the probable approach of active business or private dwellings, is within reach.

The directors of *Mount Hermon* cemetery are about to erect a handsome lodge at the entrance to the grounds, and in a few months a monument on an extensive and costly scale will be raised to the late Mr. Pozer whose memory will for many years be respected in Canada as a cheering example to those who would be the architects of their own fortunes. Captain Ferguson who was one of the first persons to observe the peculiar adaptation of the soil and general situation of the place to the object to which it has been devoted, now sleeps within its quite bounds. Let, then, this cemetery be reverently encouraged and supported by the class for whom it was projected. To the beauty of nature let the skill of the sculpture be added, the graceful taste of the florist and the chastened design of the architect. Let genius and talent combine to throw around the whole, their most exalted strains of poetry and religious feeling, and *Mount Hermon* will be a sacred ornament not only to Quebec but to British America.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

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'No, I do not understand it, Edward, nor do I wish to understand it,' added she; 'but, dearest, as you love me—as you love our children—risk nothing.'

'Love you, little gipsy! you know I'd die for you,' said he—and, with all his sins, the prodigal spoke the truth. 'Come, Nell, kiss me again, my dear—no long faces—don't take a leaf out of my old mother's book; you know the saying—'Never venture never win—faint heart never won fair lady! Good-by, love—'by Ned—good-by mother's darling,' said he, addressing the children as he left the house.

He reached Doncaster; he paid his guinea for admission to the betting-rooms; he had whispered with, and slipped a fee to all the shrivelled, skin-and-bone, hal