

bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a new made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude gravestones, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said—

“Our little Willie sleeps here. We's too poor to get a tombstone; *we* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough.”

“Are you not afraid to be here alone?” I asked.

“O, no; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet.”

“How old was your brother?” I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.

“He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and had such beautiful eyes, but he couldn't see a bit!”

“Indeed! Was he blind?”

“You see he was sick a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright, as the blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know that he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked,

“Is it a white rose, Dora?”

“Can't you see it, darling?” asked mother.

“No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark.”

“Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces, to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God and Heaven, and angels. “Then never mind, mother and Dora,” he'd say, ‘I'll see you too, when you go away from this dark place.’”

“So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we're too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them, *I know*, when they learn that *our little Willie sleeps here.*”