

My Mother's Grave.

"Oh, I have wak'd at midnight, and have wept
Because she was not!" — COLERIDGE.

THERE is something hallowed in the spot, where lie the ashes of my mother. Years have passed, since she rested from her labors; and now, as my feet press the earth near her tomb-stone, a spirit seems ever to whisper, "This place is holy ground." The little village of sepulchres, where she sleeps, is in a wild, secluded part of the town, which was the home of my childhood. The blue violet and the sweet briar grow there, and there are heard the notes of many a forest bird. A gentle stream meanders near it, and its low murmurings, as it struggles along over its stony bed, fall with soothing cadence on the ear of the sorrowing pilgrim. The stone that marks my mother's resting-place is near the road side, and the passer-by may read the few lines upon that humble tablet, without entering the enclosure. The scenes of that ever memorable day, when we stood around the new-made grave, are fresh as if I had witnessed them but yesterday. Oh, it seemed as the earth closed over her coffin, that my heart was buried there.

Green was the grass on her lonely dwelling, when I last visited this cherished spot. Eighteen summers before, we laid her there; we then planted the evergreen at her headstone, and taught the rose and forget-me-not to bloom on the mound. There they still grew, alike tokens of filial love and emblems of the unfading wreath of those who die in the Lord. I love these flowers. They seem like faithful companions of her solitude—faithful when all besides have forsaken. Oft have I watered them with my tears, while I breathed a silent prayer that they might still live and flourish, to strew their petals on that grave.

How many scenes in which that dear departed one participated, have passed in review while standing there! She was a fond and tender mother. Even when obliged to be severe in her discipline, one might perceive how her heart yearned with maternal love, and in such circumstances, she would sometimes turn away her face to hide a tear. She was a godly mother. Many a time has she retired with her children, on whom she doated, to the mercy-seat, and poured forth her fervent supplications for their spiritual well-being.

Dear, dear guide of my erring childhood! I have grieved thee oft with my waywardness; thy tenderness have I many times repaid with ingratitude. Oh, I have forgotten thy counsels, in an unguarded moment, and told but too plainly how little worthy I was of such a mother. But with all my forgetfulness and neglect, I have loved thee fondly, constantly. Yes, blest one,

"He who counts, above
The beatings of the solitary heart,
That being knows how I have loved thee ever!"

Are not the spirits of departed saints allowed to revisit their friends in this world, on errands of mercy and love? I know not that there is sufficient warrant in the word of God for this belief; but to me it seems highly probable. Ministering spirits, we are expressly informed, the angels are to those who shall be the heirs of salvation; and why may not the redeemed ones, constituted angels, perform the same kind offices for those most beloved in this lower world? Oh, I may believe it. My heavenly Father will not chide me if it be an error. I will believe it and bind the dear truth to my heart. Thanks, sweet bard, for these lines:

"Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend—
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green—
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view."

My mother! thou hast gone, and I may not behold thee till the morning of the Resurrection; but methinks thou art my guardian angel still. Methinks ever and anon I feel thy sweet influence in guiding my feet, and in leading me onward to thy heavenly home. The thought shall cheer me in my journey through this wilderness; and I will bless my Father in heaven, that though I see thy face and hear thy voice no more, I am not utterly bereft of a mother's tender care. F. C. W.

THE WATCHER.

For the Calliopean.

A dread winter midnight came,
Anguish was that midnight's boon;
Sinking was a taper's flame—
Darkness would arrive too soon.

Where that taper's dying flame
Cast a gloom on household scene,
Sat a Mother—sat the same—
As at midnight which had been.
Cradled lay that mother's child;
Weeping were that mother's eyes;
Her sad mien and gaze were wild;
Her heart's prayers, its throbs and sighs.

Hours ere midnight came, the fire
Cheered not her, nor those she bore—
Near they sleep—she would retire,
Were the midnight sorrows o'er.

Day, its trials, conflicts had—
Days, their hunger, coldness, woes—
Nights, long gone, relief forbad—
Wanted rest she still forgoes.

Winds are howling round her cot—
Snows are drifting—frost is fierce.
Hapless is this wife's dark lot!
Keen, her breaking heart to pierce.

Waiting, watching, hoping, yet—
"May he come!" she often prays;
"Can he me, his wife, forget?
Long, oh long, his step delays!"

Every sound by her is heard—
Every sound to her is gladness—
Listening still, her fears are stirred—
All her hopes are turned to madness.

Morning dawns, and sorrows stay—
Weary, worn, and wild is she.
Mother, children pine to day;
Heedless of their pang is he.

Midnight misery there is—
There is one who will not come.
Thou hast bid farewell to bliss—
Watcher at the DRUNKARD'S home!

Cobourg, January, 1848.

THEOPHILUS ENDOS.

Time and Eternity.

Is it not strange that the only things we do not prepare for are those things which will inevitably occur; while those things which, besides that they are of inferior importance, only may occur, it is our aim and endeavor to be fully prepared for. We are so engaged, so absorbed in preparing for an uncertain life, that we omit to prepare for a certain death.

Heaven sees no spectacle on earth so melancholy as the sportiveness of souls on the brink of an unblest eternity.

If men make so much and so rapid progress in evil here, where there exists so many restraints and hindrances to evil, and so many means of good, what must be the progress of the impenitent hereafter—how swift, how awful! In hell there will be no restraint from evil, and no means of good—no Sabbath, no Bible, no good Spirit, no Saviour. He will be in the midst of such company, and surrounded by such examples, and uninvited to any effort at restraint, much less reformation, by any ray of hope that would in the least avail.

Tell me what is behind you, and I will tell you what is before you.

If, in time, men become so vile as to be the incarnation of evil, what must they not be in eternity!—*Nevins.*