

THE SUNBEAM

Vol. I.

JULY 17, 1880.

No. 14.



AT THE GRAVE.

THIS is a picture of a very common scene in a graveyard in France or Germany. The people of those countries have a very pretty custom of bringing flowers and wreaths to lay upon

the graves of their departed friends. In the market you can buy these wreaths ready-made. They are sometimes woven of "immortelles," a dry-leaved sort of flower which never fades—hence its name. You will see the wreaths and crosses and high stone wall in the picture. This little girl has lost some one very near and dear to her. See how sad her face is, and how lovingly she strews the

flowers upon the grave—perhaps her father's or her mother's grave. Did it ever strike you, my dear children, in visiting a graveyard, how small some of the graves were, and that there were more graves of the young than of the old? There