

well-being we are required to promote by all the means adapted to our nature.

The theme on which I have now allowed myself to expatiate, would be deemed by you neither trivial or unimportant, did you set yourself to realize the certainty, that within no distant period, the dearest of those that are now entwined in your affections, and are the delight of your homes, will die; and that, a day or two after, you will be constrained to say to some one in the language of the Father of the faithful, "give me a possession of a burying place with you that I may bury my dead out of my sight." And sure I am, if nature in that hour of sorrow were allowed its fair scope, and if the heartless negligence of the community did not trammel you, you would bear out your dead, not to the cramped and slovenly and ill-adorned receptacle into which this city's dead are now cast and forgotten; a place which you could not revisit without the laceration of every feeling;—where you could not plant and tend the flower above their dust. Ah! yon is not the place of flowers, though the turf that covers the Christian might well and properly be garnished with them;—where you could guide a friend in the hour of your tender remembrance to commemorate the virtues that never perish. No—this is not the place which in the hour of your grief you would select;—but you would choose one like that which Abraham selected for his Sarah in