

## Child's Department.

## A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them, is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not prize, he cast a gloom over my mind, which no deprivation had produced. I remember how sorrowful and heart-smitten—(not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes)—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman preached too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying-ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was holding a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the silent group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the eustorment of exhortation to accept the monition, and he prepared; and turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendant sheathed in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Like in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, viewing the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many young or then myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I tried to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly tokens. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all monuments for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have

left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" he asked in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers blossom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed, on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper!—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do?—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown these would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labours and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are fruitless and vain.—*U. S. Gazette.*

London contains 1,263,595 inhabitants, covering a space of more than seven leagues: with 70 public squares, 8000 streets, 160,000 houses, 394 churches, 14 courts of justice, 14 markets, 14 prisons, 30 learned societies, 299 charity schools, 147 hospitals and infirmaries, and 1700 other establishments for the aid of distressed persons.

From the C.

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Messrs. Editors. Some mornings ago, in a room, my attention was attracted by a collection of lilac wood which lay there for a moment, and drew more closely to me to be enjoying them. I had caused them preceding winter to creep into the collection; and in the winter economy, winter he brought them. All seemed, though they were brought exposed to the weather beneath a large tent.

Winter passed, and the cold came, and the collection was divided in blocks. Some were as allotted to serve as a "bar" small sticks, the sleepers awake thinking the sea come; they can serve their master. They passed to and when they with a cheer of hurry in preparation for little time for careless, or were exposed. I did not near the verge of one or more of below. They life was extinct did not decrease others came for cause into life regard the lost. fore, as if in pe insects increase their behalf. for their rescue per upon which reflections which mind; some multitude and carried them ground. Man refused the kit own course to ment one or I then took the the block, and clinging to it. left it again, and perished in seemingly un cause them to face of the blo collection into run to the little many from me. Being warned that my hour