

panied Jesus, the Master, to the grave of Lazarus. Let her maternal hand guide us while we offer to the Lord our prayers and good works in their behalf, bedewed with the tears of affection. Let us chant with her, "*Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.*"

On November 2nd we may find ourselves, in one of those country graveyards, lying peacefully in the shade cast by the walls of a consecrated church. There is no gloom here. God is in the air, and we are sensible to a sort of "real presence" of Souls!

Two visitors enter the walk betimes in the morning; a couple still young and charming. They kneel in silence by a cross-marked, verdant mound. The young wife does not know the meaning of ingratitude, and so does not forget the mother who died last year. In the height of her happiness, loving and beloved by her worthy husband, she has left her two lovely babes asleep in their cradles, and conducts her life-companion to the maternal tomb. Both have wept, both have prayed, and then they return home, pensive, hand in hand, and loving one another still more tenderly in consideration of the beloved dead. "She was so good," says the young wife, on recalling the memory of her mother. "How much she resembles her," says to himself the young husband, as he thinks of the rare good qualities of his wife. And so "the *Aves* of their hearts fall bathed in tears.

Again it is the 2nd of November, and we are before one of the neat, well-shaded cottages of a village. The young mother has just come home after a visit to the cemetery; her husband has gone to his daily work. She has wiped his tears and revived his courage, by giving to his sorrow the form of Christian hope. Suddenly her babe runs out to meet her.—
"Mamma, where have you been?"

"In the garden close to the Church."

"In the garden where grandmama sleeps?"

"Yes, darling; but God, our dear Father in Heaven; will awaken her."