

grave. He has had the long rank grass cleared away from it, and flowers planted, and a neat stone cross placed at its head. It looks very pretty now. There is not a prettier grave in all Linwick churchyard. Ah! if he could cover the sad memory of his parents' suffering and their death, as he covers their grave with flowers;—if he could hide that bitter, bitter past, as he hides that turfy mound with spring's sweet violets and snowdrops;—if one precious word of forgiveness, one single message of love, could come to him from his father or his mother now, to say that all is well;—if the care he gives to the living could atone for the pain he gave to the dead, Phebe's brother need not look so sad as he stands by the stone cross in Linwick churchyard. But the past never changes; no flowers can cover it, no repentance blot it out. Hard words cannot unsay themselves, nor scornful thoughts be taken back, and Jim Brown, though brave and good and useful, can never be a quite happy man now. Dear children, be loving and dutiful always to your parents, and then the fair flowers that you plant, when parting has come, upon their graves, will tell of hope and not of regret; and the holy