

feared to see a spirit there. The grave
is filled, and the brown sods laid upon
it—the procession passes slowly from the
lonely place. It might be that those
who wept, turn to look at the mound
they are leaving behind, as the
iron-gate closes behind them; but it
is only a glance—they turn away and
sigh—then step into the waiting carriages
and are whirled away. The lonely
grave remains behind—and the rain
falls, and the sobbing autumn wind
whirls the wet and withered leaves ^{around} ~~about~~
It is a dreary picture. ~~Let~~ ^{Let} me paint
another, as full of light, as this is of
shade. Let me speak of a grave upon
a sunny slope in green and beautiful
Vermont. A grave not very long nor
very wide—but long and wide enough to