

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

A Visit to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

AMONG THE GRAVES.

Evidences That Our Dead are Not
Forgo ten.

THE MONUMENTS ANDEPITAPHS.

The Grave of a Youthful Grenadier—
How One is Affected by a Visit to
a Cemetery—Beauties of
Mount Pleasant.

MOUNT Pleasant Cemetery is to
Toronto what Greenwood is to
New York.
There in their narrow, green-
robed, flower-decked habitations
are laid the remains of many of Toronto's
best and truest fathers and mothers, sons
and daughters.
It is the resting place where the living
hold communion with the spirits of the
past—spirits of those who have completed
their earthly labors and escaped their mortal
environments.
In the cemetery they seem to come back
to those who are following their unfinished
farrow, to encourage and inspire them to
faithfulness and honor until their release
comes.
It is a pretty idea, the beautifying of the

consolation of retrospection. Of their grief
only themselves can know. But even the
stranger, straying within the gates, is con-
scious of a purifying incense of sadness that
rises from mourning tears. He feels that
the ambitions which an hour before were
important enough to shape his life are

shrunk to insignificance. In their place
have sprung up
HIGHER AND NOBLER ASPIRATIONS.
He reads epitaph after epitaph on the stones
that shadow the remains of people who a
few years, or months, or days ago were
struggling at his side, and how brief and
little a thing is life.
The other day I spent a couple of hours
in Mount Pleasant. The gardeners have
been busy and their care and taste is
shown by the grass, the flowers, the shrub-
bery, the trees. Nature lends herself to
the adornment, and never was Mount
Pleasant more beautiful.
I cross the stream, whose music murmurs
with hushed sweetness as it flows under the



Another :
"Weep not, for she may be bending o'er us,
In quiet wonder when we too shall come."
Near a monument, from which a shrouded
urn has been removed and a statue of Hope
put in its place, were these sweet lines :—
"There is rest in Heaven."
And
"Tis better with Jesus."
Over a tiny little mound with sweet
flowers budding on it, is a marble pillow,
which says :—
"We called her Eva—Budded on earth to
bloom in Heaven."
The inscriptions are not all happily chosen.
A young mother, 25 years old, and a seven-

breast. The passion of patriotism is as
broad as humanity. When we see or read
of a people who have sacrificed the flower of
their manhood under its brave impulse,
a bond of sympathy draws us to them, and
we think we should be proud to be of them
and of their country.
What one of us can read of the stout
struggles of Saxon arms, as far back even
as the battle of Hastings, or of such bril-
liant feats of British courage as at Water-
loo or in the Crimea or anywhere, without
thrilling with pride that he is descended
from such a people? What wonder that
the soldier graves that crowd their ceme-
teries should have taught them love of
country?
I am standing before the heavy drab
monument, beneath which rests the bullet-
scarred remains of one of Canada's sacri-
fices.
THOMAS MOOR
died from the effects of wounds received at
the battle of Batoche on the 12th May, 1885.
It is a warrior's monument, with shield,
helmet, swords and other weapons en-
graven on it. The figures "10" are to re-
mind posterity that he fought with the
Royal Grenadiers, and under the stirring
slogan, "Ready, Aye Ready." I should
like to see the Union Jack or our Cana-
dian flag planted in the soil
over his breast. The custom of the people
of the United States of placing on the graves
of their soldiers the Stars and Stripes is a
beautiful one.
The cemetery is 200 acres in extent, but
the plots that are taken up do not cover one-
half of it. How long before the whole will
be occupied? Calculate the number of plots
there are in the 200 acres, then the average
number of graves that are dug in a plot.
Then hunt up the average annual number
of burials since the opening of the
cemetery. But why puzzle ourselves? There
will be room for all of us, no doubt, and
what more do we want?
Passing along the vault plots I come to a
new and empty vault. There are six al-
coves—are there six members of the family
for whom it is prepared? I don't think I
should like the thought of a grave open to
receive me. The strongest enlightenment of
civilisation is powerless to lift our minds
from the unaccountable influence
WE ARE CHILLED AT THE THOUGHT
of our bodies drifting in the dark, cold
undercurrents of the sea, the prey of un-
known monsters. A horrid repulsion
sweeps over us at the thought of loathsome
worms and reptiles crawling through the
decaying wood of an humble coffin, to make
their nests in the discarded coils of our



resting place of the earthly tenements of
heaven-born souls.
And when you feel there the presence of
those gone before, you are glad that nature's
fairest adornments should embellish it.
A field of cloth of gold was prepared for
the meeting place of men with temporal
coronets.
The souls with which you hold commu-
nion at the quiet grave sides are crowned

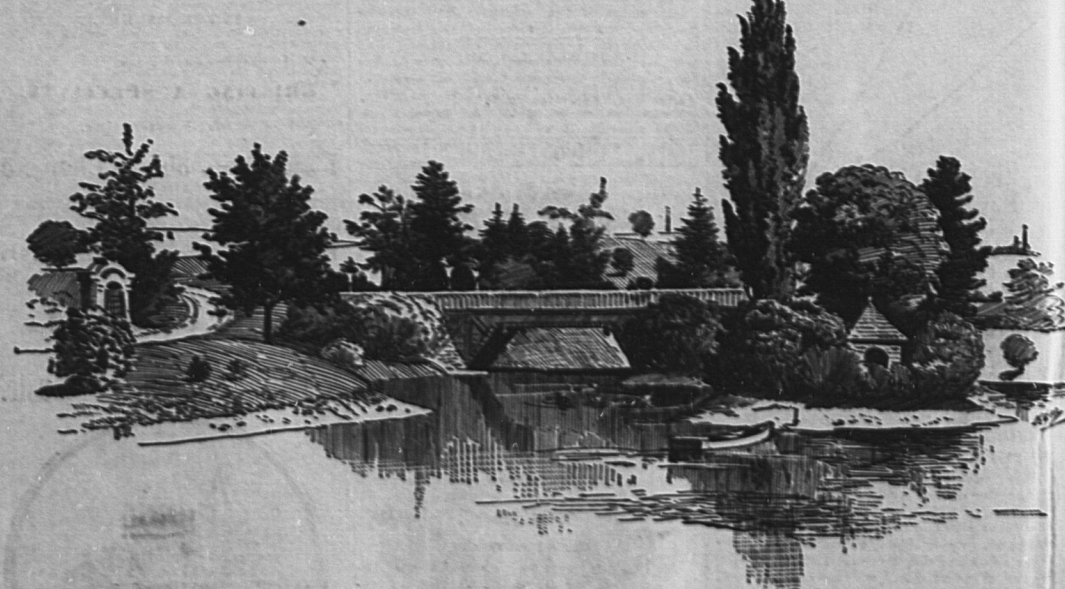


SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE.

trees that clothe either side of the cool
ravine. The side of the ravine is steep and
some steps lead up to a small plot over
which resinaceous trees clasp friendly
hands. In this quiet spot a solitary mound
is guarded by a stone. A seat is by the
grave, and, as I read the inscription on
the marble slab, I wonder if it is mother,
widow or daughter who every Saturday
night, it may be, brings fresh flowers and
sits where I am sitting. Did he choose the
plot himself? How cool and quiet and
restful it is.
The Bible is full of promises of future
life. Like beacons of hope, they light the
path of the dying, along the darkening
valley, down to the gates of death. On the
columns that rise over the bodies of those
who have tested them, the promises
are as messages from the other world.
"He that liveth and believeth in Me shall
never die."
"I am the resurrection and the life."
"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."
"Neither can they die any more, for they are
equal unto the angels."
"If a man keep my saying he shall never see
death."
"The gift of God is eternal life."
"Death is swallowed up in victory."

months' child lie side by side, and the stone
which records their death bears this in-
congruous quotation :—
"In the morning it is green and groweth up,
but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and
withered."
"She made home happy" was the eulo-
gium of a wife and mother. What better
could be written? What a life of unselfish-
ness and loving forbearance is pictured by
those four simple words!
I came to where a husband lies with his
three wives beside him. Curiously I look
at the ages, carried on the pedestal of the
statue of Hope that, leaning on her anchor,
raises her face toward heaven from the plot.
The husband was born in 1807 and died in
1880; his first wife was four years younger
than he and died in 1842; the second wife
was 15 years his junior, and was laid beside
the first in 1863; the third, the companion
of his old age, was 24 years his junior and
passed away in 1874—six years before her
husband.
THE QUESTION
the Sadducees put to our Saviour comes to
my mind. Therefore, in the resurrection,
whose husband shall he be of the three?
And the reply :—"For when they shall rise
from the dead, they neither marry nor are

mortality. Why should people care
whether their bodies returned to dust by
the slow process of time or in the great
hurry of cremation?
I would not hide me from my God,
Or from the grandeur of the place,
Beneath the cold and sullen sod,
As if I would conceal my face
Forever from the circled sun;
In fear or shame for evil done;
Nor in a gloomy bed of clay
Would I with reptiles rot away.
But in a fiery, shining shroud
Ascend to God a wroathing cloud
At once, and glad as gala day.
It looks dry and sunny in the vaults, and
if one were assured that the cement is quite
waterproof such a resting place might be
coveted. In another vault I see that two of
the eight apartments are sealed. They
contain husband and wife. The husband
died at the age of 48 years in 1868, but the
wife was left until 1876 and she was
61 years of age. Then she was
laid beside him. How odd their ages look.
He is ever so much younger than his aged
wife, although when they were married she
was his junior. He was laid to rest when
little past the noonday of his life, but she
had passed into the deepening twilight of
age before they were re-joined. With him
the sunlight of manhood was still high, but
she had journeyed into the sunset, until she
must have begun to experience a change in
their relationship, and if but a few more
years had been added to her life, it must
have changed from husband to brother, or
even son. When I passed out of the gates
of the city of the dead it was like the re-
entry into a world from which I had been
absent.
J. E. A.



with an eternal diadem, and shall they be
counted less than men?
What a soothing effect has a few hours
spent in a cemetery, wandering around the
quiet streets and avenues of the silent city!
I was almost about to say there is a better
word, and has about it a breath of the soft-
ened feeling a visit to God's Acre produces.
Those who carry to the newly-made grave
a wild anguish, unchastened by the lapse of
time, wrap themselves in the sombre folds
of their clinging sorrow, seeking bitter

"And there shall be no more death, neither
sorrow nor crying."
These and many more, familiar from our
youth, read with
A NEW ELOQUENCE
and carry a new force when we see them, as
though chided by the spirit hands of
those who, like ourselves, heard them on
earth but would not have us see the full
meaning in their simple phraseology
that they are now experiencing.
Compared with such grand inscriptions,
how weak and paltry are some of human

given in marriage; but are as the angels in
heaven."
There are in our Canadian churchyards
few battle-filled graves. It is frequently
told us that a national sentiment is a plant
that must be watered by the blood of
patriots. It is true that the plant may
have a slow growth until strengthened by
the purple irrigation of a battle field; but
is not patience better than the sacrifice? The
cemetries of other countries are peopled by
thousands, the simple records over whose
last bivouac stir the blood in every human