

away sunning her gaudy wings on a flower stalk, or for a sloth to sluggishly dream on the bough of some forest tree, because that is what butterflies and sloths were created for; but for us mortals—moulded in the image of our God, and endowed with minds and never-dying souls—life is too precious, by far too precious, to be thus misspent. The difficulties of life, like the fabled monster that haunted the neighborhood of classic Thebes, track our footsteps, and confront us at every turn; but it is our privilege to so live in this world that, at the end of life, we can say with Christ, "I have overcome the world."

Metaphorically speaking, the body is the prison, and life the jailor of the soul, and though there may be delays and reprieves, Death will surely issue his summons; then our souls will be the partners of life, and our bodies the victims of death.

But death is not annihilation; it is but a dissolution of parts. True, our bodies die and return to the dust, but not one particle passes out of existence. Let dissolution come when it will, it cannot terrify the Christian. When death first came into the world, it did not strike sinful Adam, nor yet Cain, the hypocrite; but Abel, the innocent and righteous son and brother, was its first victim; therefore the first soul that met death triumphed, and the first that left earth went to heaven. Accidents, evil passions, and natural causes are hurrying through the world, producing death on every hand. Under the so-called natural death there are five principal classifications, named from the peculiarities of the disease causing dissolution, viz.: scmatic, molecular, necroemia, comatic, and asthenic. Death has a deep meaning and many issues; none of us have seen both sides of it, and, we believe, there are very few who delight to think of it. Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece, had the motto "Consider the end," engraved on the walls of the Delphian Temple. Consider the end—consider death, for we are sure of its coming some time. Surely infidelity and atheism must eventually fall before the ever recurring proofs we have of life and death. To-day we may be conquerors, to-morrow we may be conquered; a Bruce may eclipse a Wellington. Napoleon conquered nearly all Europe, but was himself conquered soon after; but a Christian's conquest of death

is absolute and indisputable. The power of death is infinite to us, but limited to God; and what but Deity itself is more than a match for death? Speak of wealth, ambition, eloquence, love and life, death takes pre-eminence. Think of our Alexanders and Cæsars, our Livingstones and Wesleys, the power of wisdom, nations, kings, legislators, orators, and warriors, none of these dared measure arms with the King of Terrors:

All the myriads of human beings, irrational animals, and animated existence of the past, have been swept away by the irresistible arm; and what Death has done in the past and is doing in the present, he will undoubtedly do in the future. There is something grandly solemn in death wherever it occurs. Yet no one weeps when school is closed, and long absent children return home for good; no, all is gladness and rejoicing. So when the school of life is closed and our eternal vacation is begun, there will be rejoicing if death has been preceded by a righteous life. As others have lived and died, so we are living, and so we shall have to die. But what we call life is but a preparation for death, and death is but a passport into eternal life. L.

THE GOVERNESS.

(Continued.)

Persuasion would do no good even. His self-respect would not allow him to continue to plead his cause. The most satisfaction he gained was a promise to know the "why" of his rejection, at no very distant date, and with this Mr. Ballenger was obliged to be content. Next morning Miss Hilton asked for a private interview with Mrs. Morton, and announced her wish to resign her situation, stating at the same time her intention of not teaching in future. There was nothing could be done to make her change her determination, and, amid the regrets of all, Miss Hilton left L—. It was not until nearly six months afterwards, when Tom was getting tired of thinking about "Hope deferred," &c., that one morning a note in the well-known chirography of "The Governess" was brought to him. With trembling fingers he opened it and read the terse, but to him satisfactory lines: "If Mr. Ballenger is still desirous of hearing a story that was