



EASTERTIDE.

LIFE! How all nature craves for it! What a fierce struggle for existence is going on about us! Mother earth, after shrouding herself in her mantle of snow and ice, is flinging it off with exuberant life revived in her teeming bosom by the sweet kisses of the dazzling sun, more dazzling than ever as it flashes from the melting crystals of dying winter. Soon the first leaves will be sprouting, and the flowers budding, and the insects humming, and the birds chirping, and every living thing that grows, or creeps, or walks, or flies will be tingling with life renewed, and stretching itself out unto life as complete as it can compass.

Of all beings that live and die, none is so fond of life as man. Even when, mummified by age, or stupefied by disease, he merely vegetates, yet does he cling to his shred of life and grapple with the grim destroyer, as if there were something more than bare existence at stake. Should reason be dethroned by excess of mental anguish, the animal within us will often take a new lease of life,