

And these words recall to my mind a bridge crossed many a time during my sojourn in the mountains some years ago. The road leading up to it through Monroe County was rough, stony and wearisome to travel, but crossing the covered bridge which divided the counties, we passed into Pike County, and found a beautiful road, naturally macadamized, and passing through a country where every turn of its many windings revealed fresh beauties of nature. However thorny our road through life may be, once we cross the covered bridge of death we shall find untold joys in another and better country.

In the Bible we find this: "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Took him where? to God's own home, where one of the many mansions, prepared for those who love Him, awaited his coming.

It is as if a child had been sent to school, and now, his education finished—his course completed—his father has come to take him home, where his place in the family circle and glad welcomes await him. Life is a long period of education and training to the child of God, but the hardships of school life will all be at an end when the Father's messenger, Death, summons him home.

Edwin Arnold, in his exquisite poem, "Death in Arabia," very beautifully says,

"For death,  
Now, I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life—which is of all life centre."

And another poet expresses a somewhat similar idea, when he speaks of this heavy load of Death called Life, which us from life doth sever.

We all know what great rejoicing

there is when a son and heir is born and no one thinks that his entering into life is an occasion for sorrow and gloomy forebodings, but we rather think of the blessings lying in store for him. Even so, there is joy in heaven when an inheritor of the kingdom draws this first breath of life, and becomes partaker of the blessings to which he is heir. Shall we not long, then, for this first breath of Life?

Yea, we do long for it; and there are but few amongst us who do not say with Tennyson—though we may not put it in just his words,

" 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;  
A Life, not death, for which we pant;  
More life, and fuller, that we want."

And this want will never be supplied till we draw the first breath of Life, called death.

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THE RUSH ROMEWARDS.—With unblushing effrontery, the perveyor of Roman Catholic paragraphs to the secular press takes advantage of the commencement of every dull season to secure the insertion in the daily journals—mostly those which are published in the evening—of the fictitious statements which are bred with marvellous faculty in his fertile brain. We have quite lately been treated to more details of the "rush Romeward," and it would be hardly necessary to state, were it not for a few alarmists who are so simple as to believe in the infallibility of the penny-a-liner, that the information in question is of the usual unreliable character. Thus the public is gravely informed that the "rush" has by no means spent its force, and that in the fifteen Roman Catholic dioceses in England the conversions