

light of all eyes that but lately beheld her in the freshness of her opening womanhood—the pride of many hearts—the very life of her home—and around whose young existence so many bright hopes and cherished anticipations clustered. But how changed now! Her fond dreams of life all scattered by the hand of the great despoiler—Death—which also pierces with many pangs the hearts of weeping friends around her as they bid her the long farewell. Surely, here, too, is Death seen and felt to be, as the text describes it, an enemy—a relentless enemy.

Enter that sick chamber, where saddened countenances and anxious hearts surround the death-bed whereon a kind parent lies in all the helplessness of approaching dissolution. It may be the Mother, whose gentle, loving nature has so often prompted her to self-sacrifices for the welfare of her offspring. Or it may be the Father who toiled for the support of wife and children, but whose arm is powerless to aid them now. In vain would affection in the anxious hearts of the inmates of that humble dwelling, impel them to long and labour to defeat, or delay, the final blow aimed by Death at its victim. And when at last the narrow house receives its occupant, how much of the happiness of that household, thus despoiled, is buried for the time in that