

Never bars—she doubled up her body in
 destruction—stretched out, and was no more.
 with vain I looked for glimpses of a
 —a life; it had indeed been consumed,
 all destroyed, it was not; and in its place
 will, is left nothing of the unfortunate vic-
 ed, but a festering mass of worms, the
 all, with of earth's most tempting entice-
 —I know its."

My tale is ended! my story is done!
 ; the moral remains to be pointed. May
 red be not, many of us, trace the analogy to
 flight in our own case, and ask ourselves, can we
 heat from God beseeches for the early bud
 ly have our love, offer Him the withered blos-
 mise of life, after time has opened its
 h h of life, and earth's sun exhaled their fra-
 in grace. Ought we, who see our Father,
 Mr the higher glories of His greatest
 with mark, that of Redemption, give the
 rougher stalk of a worm eaten and

SAINT-SUPP