

delights of love and rapture that are promised through the voluptuous forms of his blackeyed Houris to the faithful Moslem, the sex are endeared to men of sense as patterns of every virtue; for truly it is said in the quaint verse of Sir Aston Cockayne,

Why are the *virtues* every one
Pictured as woman be,
If not to shew that they in them
Do more excel than we;

powerful, and almost omnipotent on earth is woman; the guide to Heaven on high, if left to her own ingenuous nature; the doomster of man to misery unutterable, if made by him a curse; she is the mother, the nurse, the preceptress, the solace, the friend, the consolation, of man, "proud man," from earliest infancy to decrepid age, and to the bed of death.

"One charm exists, and only one below,
To heighten pleasure and to lessen woe—
'Tis woman's smile, that gilds the cheerful day,
'Tis woman's love that laughs the storm away."

Well was it said by a French author, whose name I do not recollect, and whose words I quote from memory, that without woman, *les deux extrêmes de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.*

From the contemplation of the sex, as faithfully and amiably depicted by the muse of Marmion:

"When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou,"

the transition of idea is easy to the solemn one of Death, "last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history."

"Death," says Epicurus, "is nothing to us, because when Death is, we are not, and when