

breast regards it, is it a friendly hand which is thus tearing up the fibres of strong affection in that mother's heart, and wresting from her so great a treasure of her soul? What other foe could more cruelly despoil her? What other assailant could so sorely wound her? What trial so severe as that of parting with her child—yielding up to inexorable death the darling of her heart!

Look, too, at that young man cut down in his prime, the only son of his mother, and she a widow—her stay—her hope—perhaps her worldly all! Gone from her in the dark hour of her affliction, and *she* left to pursue her solitary way to the end of her days, with no hand of her kindred to help her now over the rough places of the journey! Death, which has thus overwhelmed her with so crushing a bereavement, has surely come to her as an *enemy*—remorseless in the pursuit of its purpose to the bitter end of extinguishing a young life, and with it the last earthly hope and comfort of an aged traveller through this vale of tears!

So, too, with that youthful maiden, whose innocent light-heartedness has given place to the languor, the feebleness, the wasted frame, and the hectic flush, which but too truly reveal the inroads of the fatal malady that is hastening her to the grave. The de-