

have ever built, when it shatters the temple of the human body which has been "so fearfully and wonderfully made." The hand that lays this living temple in ruins would seem to write, in the very corruption to which it consigns its victim, the proof that it is the hand of an enemy that has been concerned in the deed.

But let us take a nearer view of the triumph which Death achieves, that we may mark the character and extent of its enmity. With those heralds of its approach, disease and sickness—the various maladies "that flesh is heir to," Death claims admittance alike into lordly halls and lowly cottage-homes. The most robust frame it strikes down in utter helplessness. Youth is no safeguard against its approach. Wealth cannot purchase, even with all its accumulated treasure, an exemption from the power of the great destroyer. Beauty cannot charm it away. The feebleness of old age is but the welcome to its approach.

Behold that mother, who, with all the solicitude of maternal anxiety, has sat through the long hours of many a wakeful night, by the little cot in which her darling but drooping babe lies in its feebleness—evidently about to be snatched from her by Death's cruel messenger. As nature within her