

tion, like that old cemetery. It seemed to him, as it were, to fence up every street. He could not get the impression off from his mind, that whatever else he might meet with, he was sure to find the graveyard everywhere.

And so it is with us all. Most of the events of our lives are uncertain. Such of them as we anticipate, may, or may not happen. But death is sure to come. Go where we will, in the city, or in the country; travel East, West, North or South, by day or by night; on business or for pleasure, we can't get far from the graveyard. We are liable to come suddenly up to the wall and to open the gate, when we least expect it. There is no turning into some cross street, or by-way, so as to avoid it. There it is, right before us. It may take a little longer or a little shorter time to reach the wall, and when we seem to leave it, by taking another street, like the stranger in Boston, we are sure of being brought dead against it, and it may be more to our surprise than it was to his.

The merchant takes the cars for the city, to lay in his Summer stock of goods, but never returns. He is suddenly and fatally dashed against the wall of some graveyard.

The physician, whose profession it is to keep us clear as long as possible from the graveyard, goes abroad to increase his skill for prolonging our lives, and is himself in like manner dashed against the wall, without a moment's warning.

The gay and thoughtless youth goes abroad, whither he will, with leisure and money to take his fill of pleasure. The last thing he thinks of is the graveyard, except, perchance, with companions as thoughtless as himself, to visit Auburn, or Greenwood, or some other beautiful rural cemetery. He is too young and too happy to think of dying; but the next we hear of him he is laid there in his long last sleep.

The happy father embarks with his wife and family for an excursion of health and pleasure on one of the float-

ing palaces of the river, or lake. The waters are smooth, the heavens are serene. Surely there is no danger on that short trip, of coming near any graveyard. But, ah! the uncertainty of human life. A fire breaks out, shrieks rend the air, and they suddenly reach the place they least thought of, the walled home of the dead.

The long train of cars filled with intelligence, reputation, age, youth and joyous heart-leapings for happy homes, leaves the city, on a beautiful spring morning, never dreaming of any danger. Ah! that awful plunge! Where are the fifty fathers, mothers, children, who but a moment before, were apparently as far from the graveyard as any of us; but how many of these burying-places have been opened to receive their mutilated remains. I saw the doating widowed mother, and the beautiful accomplished daughter, laid together in the grave. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

And so it is, whether we go abroad or stay at home, we are never, any of us, far from the graveyard. There may, when we feel most secure, be "but a step between us and death." Some disease or accident may bring the most healthy person up to the wall to-morrow. And if he should recover and try ever so much to shun it in time to come, by sheering off to the right or left, or by taking some flowery path which seems to lead quit in the opposite direction, it may imperceptibly sweep round, and the first he knows bring him back for the last time.

What remains, then, but that we prepare for death, while we are in life and in health, that we "stand with our loins girded about and our lamps always trimmed and burning, so that whether the Son of Man shall come at evening, at midnight, at the cock crowing, or in the morning, we may be ready." "Go to, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow, we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; where ye know not