

the certainty of man's latter end, when he lieth down to sleep "the sleep that knows no waking" to the scenes of earth and time. As confidently as we expect the dawning day to decline, a few hours hence, into the darkness of night, so surely should each man reckon on his approaching death. The day of life may be long or short, calm or troubled, well spent or misimproved, but its close is in the deep cold gloom which every opening grave projects upon our path. No law which regulates the seasons in their course, and makes them productive of that variety which is so accommodating and agreeable to the inhabitants of this world, is more unyielding or uncontrollable than this. The terms of the irrevocable fiat read thus—"It is appointed unto men once to die." And we are daily witnessing the mournful effects of this appointment, as the king of terrors ceaselessly plies his cruel work, driving right and left his well-aimed, fatal shafts, sparing neither youth nor beauty, dignity nor wealth, usefulness nor honor, but hurrying away the subjects of his resistless power and universal dominion, regardless of their rank, and character, and connections, to replenish the dark but spacious storehouse of the tomb. Wherever there is life, whether in the crowded city or secluded hamlet, the gorgeous palace or the dingy attic, there will be seen sooner or later the grim features of death ; there will be felt his terrible, relentless work.