

fond mother's blessing descended on their heads as they turned their steps to the door of Jesamine's pretty cottage home—the home of her childhood—with a promise soon to revisit it again. But alas! we know not what a day may bring forth!" Well has the sacred writer said, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." The evening of their arrival at S—, the bride complained of an unusual sensation of languor and fatigue, which was succeeded by severe pain in the temples. Next day she was unable to leave her couch, and symptoms of typhoid fever set in. Constantly did the faithful husband watch beside her bed; every remedy was resorted to; the best and most experienced physicians were summoned, but all in vain! Stern death his work must do; and despite all the impassioned prayers for her recovery the bride of a week was consigned to the dark and loathsome tomb, there to await the final reckoning. Called from the sweet home of her young husband, from all the endearments of life, and with changed countenance was sent away; the bridal robe was exchanged for the cerements of death, and the devoted partner of her love now weeps by his widowed hearth.

Oh! ye young and gay, whose forms are yet untouched by disease, whose spirits are buoyant with life and hope, to you this mournful event speaks in tones of touching earnestness—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." "I say unto ye all watch." Oh! come without delay and present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God which is your reasonable service. Oh! banish all thoughts