

to be lit up with the play of the emotions grows pale, and wan, and wasted; and the lips which oft had whispered words of affection, or roused other hearts to action by the eloquent appeals they uttered, are silent now that death has placed its seal upon them: when, in short, we behold what was recently a living being, animated with the hopes, the aims, the energies of existence, borne forth from all further intercourse with living men, and laid in the silent grave, we instinctively exclaim over the desolations which Death thus accomplishes, "surely an enemy hath done this!"

We may have admired some venerable temple, in which successive generations have assembled for the worship of Almighty God, and whose fine proportions are attractive to the man of taste. But while men sleep the midnight incendiary approaches it with stealthy step and wicked purpose. He ruthlessly applies the torch. The grand old edifice becomes a prey to the flames. Its blackened walls tottering to their fall, or tumbled into the shapeless heap of ruins which only remain of all that architectural beauty, but too plainly disclose the hostile intent with which the wicked deed was done that laid the venerable pile in ruins! But Death destroys a nobler temple than human hands