

homes of our race, to be convinced that to man, in many of his interests, it is an implacable foe. Wherever it goes on its errand of destruction, what desolations it carries in its train!—what proofs it presents of its inherent hostility! Its very aspect is that of an intruder; nor had it originally any rightful place and prerogative in that fair creation which, when it came from the forming hand of God, He pronounced to be very good. Amid the innocence of Eden it was unknown, and it is to have no admission into the heavenly world. Only here on this sin-stained earth does it assert its resistless and relentless authority over the hopes and fortunes of mankind, as that enemy to which all must yield, for “it is appointed unto men once to die.”

In contemplating the spectacle of Death going forth as the enemy of man, on its appropriate mission amongst our race, let us confine our view for a little to the physical changes it produces in the human frame,—whose strength it wastes—whose beauty it consumes—whose intricate organization it destroys: and as we behold how, under its touch, the once active frame becomes inanimate as a stone; and the eye which beamed with intelligence turns glassy, and dull, and unmeaning—how the face that was wont