

mena. As far as the time or manner of his coming is concerned, it is not like the night, but like a thief in the night, who is too regardful of his expected plunder to give any intimation of his approach, and who therefore cometh in a night and at an hour thereof when he is not looked for; and then, after his depredations have been committed, and he has made good his flight, the inmates of the house are apprized of his visit by the damage and loss they have sustained. Thus, man never knows when death is at the door, and too often he refuses to believe that he is near, until his own frame is clutched in the cold and stiffening grasp from which there is no release, or until he realizes the awful presence of the destroyer, in what to him is oftentimes worse than death,—the smitten, lifeless form of a darling child, a revered parent, an affectionate partner, or a bosom friend. The mother who retires to rest, thankful that she has heard her little prattler lisp his prayer by her knee, and that she has invoked upon his head her evening benison from the God of heaven, may awake to kiss his death-closed lips, or startle as she touches his frigid brow. The mail, which we expect to bring us only tidings of health and happiness enjoyed by loved ones in their far distant homes, informs us that other billows than those of the Atlantic now separate them from us. The young, full of promise and big with hope, are prematurely snatched away. The full grown man,