Our Religious Column.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

The Changes that Fifty Years Will Witness.

SOLEMN CHOLY REFLECTIONS

Life—Death—Soul—Heaven—Hell—And Eternity.

Readers, friends, old and young, grave and gay, stop and think. A few days, a few weeks, a few months, when you leave home or fireside, and where will you all, where will we all, be? Thirty-three years rolling on—swift generation, the whole time race is run—from the sunlight and shadows of earth. For some hence, and nearly a third of all the thousands to whom the Caucasian will find its way, will have laid down their perplexing cares of care and sorrows, cares and pleasures, hopes, fears, ambitions and desires; and some—some! Fifty years hence, and a few weary and withered evergreens, alone, will remain. And where the woods and orchards, touched by Autumn's fairy fingers, robe themselves in the crimson and gold of October, 1871—only fifty short years from to-day—scarce one of us all, rich and poor, high and lowly, the humble and the lofty, standing on the shores of Time. He who reads and the worldly, editor and subscribers, all, all will have fallen, like billows smitten by the storm of death—all vanished—all gone out from life. Fifty years. How brief the period. A month, long as it seems, when the moonlight and sunshine, and cold, unwelcome frost, will have passed, leaving the forest trees bare and leafless, will have swept under the snow, the flowers, the lark and robin will have fled, their work, for many months, done, and the summer songs of the cicadas, the chirpings of the grasshoppers, and the warm days, will have vanished, their swaying pennons, will have ceased from their waving, and the sere and yellow leaf, health, science, death, and the cold sepulchral earth will have taken possession of the fingers, will have blanched the cheek, many summers, many years, will have passed, the roses will have ceased to bloom, and our gardens be desolate, and the flower which so many options, will have ceased their odorous fragrance, through the dark streets of our quiet churchyards and houses.

Fifty years—A few short years, and to fifty days, until some of people. Who will it be? Who? Reader? Reader? Reader, reader? Perhaps it can't be long. Perhaps, perhaps, it may be years. Who knows? Maybe, God willing, we shall see the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the flowers, and the lovely fruit, and the beautiful, and the lovely, and the day or hour may come, and the grave, and the dark, cold, damp, and the worms, and the dust, and the ashes, and the silence, and the darkness, and the dreams, and the sleep, and the dreamless sleep, and the dreamless sleep, and the dreamless