

There's Crape on the Door.

'T WAS evening in the great city. Daylight was gradually passing away, and twilight as calmly and silently throwing its mantle o'er us unawares. Just pause a moment! What a glorious sunset! How could any one, with such a transporting scene before him, deny the presence of a God? In His majesty and love, He seems represented there. Yon crimson clouds, like piles of fiery fury, rise up before, heap on heap, and above them a soft blue expanse, like a fairy lake, kissing with its limpid waters the margin of that burning mass. Higher up, we behold mountains of fleecy clouds, rolled up together, as if, on the other verge of those smiling waters, there might be an immense cataract causing the foam-piles thus to gather. Beautiful! beautiful! was the exclamation. What pen fails not? what pencil is not laid aside, with a sigh, when attempting to portray? The scene was, indeed, enchanting; and as we gazed, the thankfulness of our hearts ascended as incense to the God of love, who so bountifully scatters universal blessings.

On such an evening, we started for a ramble; but, before proceeding far, changed our course. Turning into a byway to our left, we happened on an old dilapidated house. Drawing nearer, and observing more closely, we involuntarily started. "There was crape on the door." Entering the house, within was not at all inviting, but repulsive in the extreme. Every article of furniture declared, in language more forcible than words, "The drunkard's home." Three or four ragged children were sitting in a corner sobbing bitterly, not so much from grief, methinks, as from hunger; for surely the blossom of love in their young hearts had long ere this been nipped by the chilling frosts of unkindness. The poor broken-hearted mother's cup of misery seemed running over. But, "there was crape on the door."