

do they think that place is above all others "God's acre,"—the seclusion where peace and reconciliation is made with his erring children,—and far away from the stigma of an earthly tribunal there is rejoicing.—It is that band of ministering spirits, attributes to a Love sublime, welcoming to their better home a sister long lost, but now restored.

## XLVII.

I may be wrong in my views of the abandoned and condemned ; but though I oppose, in this respect, those of a more rigid orthodoxy, still do I claim that none of these people have lived in vain. The book of their justification may be sealed, and the little story of a life's secret die, but it leaves its seed in precept, and their part, even to posterity, is not all a desert of barren dust. For their sake, then, I trust, it may not be the concatenation of an idle chimera to assume that, as in the sterile waste of fallow ocean, there is planted a treasure more precious than gold, so in the slums of the most ignoble career abides a "pearl of infinite price ;" and though the wages of sin be "death," may we not hope therein lies the soul's equity of redemption.

While the good and ill of life are the effects of caprice and circumstance, it's only in the last flickering impulse of our vital energies the spirit grapples in a conflict whose quietus is eternal amnesty. Condensed within the narrow scope of a death-pang, there is a boundless measure of expiation—it may not be contrition, but it has