

haunts of vice. He has broken every vow which he made not two years ago at God's altar, when she stood by his side a happy trusting bride. There is no peace for her except in the grave; and as she presses her baby closer to her breast, she prays that they may soon rest there. We turn away from the sad sight, but oh! how many like her!

The shutters of one of the windows of yon elegant mansion are open. Through the rich crimson curtains the moon sheds her bright light. Surely all are at rest in that abode of wealth. We will give one look into the splendid apartment. Who is that pacing the room with an expression of agonizing sorrow imprinted on his face? It is the master of that proud dwelling; but what are riches to him now? Has he not that day buried out of his sight in the silent tomb, the one that made life bright—his fair loved wife? In vain he calls on her name—no voice in loving accents answers. She was his idol—and she was taken from him. He approaches the window—the calm beauty of the night distresses him more. Quickly he draws the curtains to shut out the light, he cannot bear it. All must be dark like his sorrowing heart. He is but one of those in this sad world who are mourning for their dead.

Through the curtainless window of a miserable garret we are now gazing. On a bed of straw, with the moonlight shining on his ghastly features, lies an old man. He is dead—and in the grasp of the King of Terrors, he tightly clutches a bag of gold—his idol, for which he has lost his soul! There is no expression of peace on his face. It betrays the agony of his last hour—his utter hopelessness