

## A CONTRAST.

A BEAUTIFUL young woman, surrounded by her husband and family was about departing to that country from which no traveller returns—Consumption had completed its work of death, and now one whose life had been wasted in the pleasures and gaieties of a fleeting world was face to face with death, the king of terrors. Raising herself on her bed as much as her little remaining strength permitted, she grasped the hand of her husband, and with an accent of despair pronounced these words:

“Oh! William, I do not know where I am going, but all is dark!”

Alas! there was no one there to speak to her of Jesus, who only is able to make the death bed a scene of joy and triumph. The husband of this poor dying one was an avowed infidel, one of those who call themselves “free-thinkers,” and he could only make an effort to dispel her fears in assuring her that there is nothing beyond, and that death is only a cessation of life, of existence.

She passed from the scene of this world with the cry: “All is dark.”

“Be not deceived, God is not mocked.” Death leads to eternity, an eternity of indescribable joy and happiness in the presence of God, or an eternity of inexpressible misery in hell.

What a contrast to the following scene!