

death had come, and his victim must go. Sadly he must have learned that these words were applicable to him—

“ Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine,
Whom I have bought so dear?”

But far away from the city of which we speak, in a quiet country village, whose chief charm is the sweet peace which every habitation bespeaks, “There was Crape on a Door.” Within, all is sad. The house is silent. We look around, and wonder why that aged occupant, whose years have stolen upon her so gently, is holding converse with grief alone. “Why is it thus?” she murmured so in her anguish. We ask no questions. Soon we hear heavy footsteps slowly coming up the gravelled pathway; and, as they are mounting the stone steps, we look up in amaze. Why should tears gush forth from eyes unused to weep? and strong arms tremble, as they reverently bear the casket in, and place it silently down? Let us look in. We have gazed on that sweet face before. We have heard pleasant words from these cold lips, and seen them wreathed in smiles. We knew how precious the jewel was that this still clay once contained; and, bathed in tears, we turn away, in unutterable sorrow, to think of the doubly-crushing bereavement which has fallen upon the once happy home. An absent mother returns with the bitter consciousness that now she is written childless. Deeply they mourn, as we also do; yet through their tears they see the gain of their loved one. They feel, as they gaze on the form, so beautiful even in death, that her voice, so sweet on earth, is tuned to a nobler song above—a song of praise to the Redeemer she loved while here, and shall still delight to serve in heaven.

Yes, there will be crape on the door for all of us. Then let us strive to live that we may not fear the approach of that dread moment. Let us work manfully onward, “heart within and God o’er head,” until we arrive at our journey’s