

For there is sweet consolation in the words, "The earlier death, the sooner immortality."

"There's Crape on the Door." Enter; look on that cold, pallid face. See what there may be read. Tale of sorrow! An outcast, you say? Yes, an outcast. Poor erring sister! How my heart aches to learn of your departure from the paths of virtue! Once she was as pure as that tender babe. In fondest hopes of her future a mother built an airy castle, and a father's eye kindled to behold her lovely form. But in an erring moment she fell. The fair castle was laid in ruins, and fond hearts were crushed beneath the blow. She would have returned, so these colourless lips seemed to whisper; but the world was so harsh, so relentless, so uncharitable, that her poor heart trembled; and up over the door of her hopes were written the words, "No return." Those who should have been the means of her redemption drew their mantle more closely around them, and passed on. O deluded and unsympathising world, when wilt thou exchange thy blindness and cruelty for charity, which extends the warm hand of fellowship to all? Would that it were now! Why should we act so unfeelingly, when He who is the just Judge of the world, while incarnate, found it in His heart to forgive the vilest? Yes, it seemed to be His heart itself to relieve the distressed, and reclaim the wandering.

"There's Crape on the Door." Entering, we find ourselves within a mansion of elegance. The finger of wealth had embellished all the surroundings. Luxury reigns supreme. On an elegantly-carved stand rests the burnished casket. Naught but wealth could command such. We gaze again upon the dead. The eyes are, indeed, closed; but weary, oh! so weary with some vain struggle, seems the brow. The lips are parted, as if even yet expressing some unsatisfied longing. Gold was gained; but, dread thought! the soul was lost. Boundless wealth could not bribe the messenger of death, not even to grant a few short years. Most willingly would he have made the exchange; but