

Sorrow, even the sorest, passes away and joy comes again, not one glad note hushed, its music even enriched by its experience of sadness.

"No note of sorrow but shall melt  
In sweetest chord unguessed;  
No labor, all too pressing felt,  
But ends in quiet rest."

Thus in a Christian life no shadow lingers long. Then it will be but a little time till all shadows shall flee away before heaven's glorious light, when for ever life will go on without a pain or a sorrow.

There is another ending: we shall come to the end of life itself. We shall come to the close of our last day; we shall do our last piece of work, and take our last walk, and write our last letter, and sing our last song, and speak our last "Good-night;" then to-morrow we shall be gone, and the places that have known us shall know us no more. Whatever other experiences we may have or may miss, we shall not miss dying. Every human path, through whatever scenes it may wander, must bend at last into the Valley of Shadows.

Yet we ought not to think of death as calamity or disaster; if we are Christians, it will be the brightest day of our whole life when we are called to go away from earth to heaven. Work will then