

she is weeping, and there can be smiles through her tears, which, like rainbows, are signs of God's covenant with his people; she has volumes of sweet things to think, bright visions, the sounds of angelic music; and these things are not fancies, but infallible assurances.

Sorrow without Christ is not to be endured. The same is true of sickness and of pain. Who could endure it for years, if there were no future for it. The long, pining, languishing sick-bed, with its interminable nights and days, its keen susceptibilities, its burdensome epochs of monotony,—what would this be, if we knew not the Son of God, if Jesus never had been man, if his grace of endurance had not actually gone out of his Heart into ours.

In poverty and hardship, in the accesses of temptation, in the ardors of youth or the fatigue of age, in the successive failures of our plans, in the disappointments of our affections, in every crisis and revolution of life, Jesus is necessary to us and grows more necessary every year, and more wanted to-day than yesterday.

Thus indispensable in life, how much more indispensable in death! Who could dare to die without him? What would death be, if he had not so mercifully died himself?

ANTHONY.

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

'Tis well we won't here always live,
 But take our flight to worlds above,
 Where God a home to us will give,
 And show to us eternal love.

Millions of souls there daily meet,
 All clad in raiment white as snow,
 Each with a look serene and sweet,
 All praising God, nor wearied grow.

'Tis well we have such friends above,
 Who there with Christ will intercede,