

pendence upon each other more deeply, and watch over each other with silent, inexpressible love.

The fond union of youthful hearts seem very close, and causes them to dwell in an elysium of joy; but the husband and wife seldom know how much they love each other until they mourn together, weeping for their children because they are not.

How quickly are the little dissensions and variances of life stilled by the presence of death! How sternly is selfishness rebuked, and with what yearning of the heart towards Heaven is the resolution made to become more tender, more affectionate, more gentle, and more faithful in the whole conduct of life!

Such is the natural influence of sorrow shared in common. Hearts which rejoice cannot come so near to each other as hearts which grieve. Tears mingle more perfectly than smiles, and the chain of family love on earth becomes much stronger when some one of its links are in heaven.

If this be true, the house of mourning may be better than the house of feasting, and they who sow in tears may reap in joy. Not only as a preparation for the future, but even in this world, our sum of happiness may be increased by sorrow. We do not speak ignorantly nor coldly, nor as those who never felt the agony of bereavement. We know what it is to look upon the dying child, and to watch over the parent's failing strength. We know how deep the grave seems when open to receive those whom we love. But we also know that in the severest grief we bear, if we hold to our Christian faith and continue in the performance of our duty, we are coming nearer to God, nearer to him who suffered on the cross, nearer to those