

" Oh, hearts bereaved and sore distressed
Here is for you a place of rest
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast."

There earthly sorrow and heavenly joy will mingle, and you will feel the blessedness of being at one with Jesus, and knowing that those you love and mourn for are at one with Him also.

Some will think "yes—but after all is it not hard for him to have to die so young? He was not sixteen."

I will not use the heathen but beautiful sentiment "that those whom the gods love die young" as a sufficient explanation, but it has occurred to me that God loves variety in nature, wonderful and profuse variety. He loves variety in human beings so much that though all are of the same type no two are indistinguishable; and may it not be that by the same law He loves variety in heaven; if heaven were to be peopled by souls which had all spent seventy years in this world, and died tired of all human things, full of labor and sorrow, would it not tend to something akin to monotony,—and so we find that persons of all ages are taken, and so they begin their immortal careers after varied exper-