

stay to see him die. I had not the courage to stand and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of Jesus, whom I had been taught to hate. And Charlie died."

"I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier; but last year at a prayer-meeting an old lady rose to testify for Jesus. At the close of her testimony she said. 'Oh, I have a soldier in Heaven. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and a Jewish doctor wanted to give him chloroform or brandy while he took off his leg. My dear Charlie was a soldier for Christ. He begged the doctor to let him go to Jesus without any stimulants; and the chaplain wrote to me that my boy prayed to God to convert the Jewish doctor.'"

"When I heard that I could not sit still. I rose and took the lady's hand in mine, and said. "God bless you, my dear sister your boy's prayer has been answered. I am that Jewish doctor, and the Lord has converted me."

"He finished and sat down. Many tears fell as he told his touching story during which the deepest silence broken by occasional sobs pervaded the whole congregation."—*The Watchward.*

COMFORT IN SORROW.

The day of death is a day of sorrow, parting, and desolation, and the world is full of such sorrow, and has been ever since sin entered and death commenced its reign. There are mourners going about the streets, and there are children who sigh in the sadness of their orphanage, there are mothers weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, yet in all this

world-wide sorrow, there are consolations for in the bitter cup God hath mingled love and mercy and blessing.

When we are called to part with those we love, we must not think merely of the loneliness of our own desolate hearts, but we must consider their condition, and find comfort in Christian hope. When our friends are taken from us, they are taken from the many burdens that they bore, from the world of bitterness, and anxiety and distress. Sometimes the night that brings to us a grief that break our hearts, brings to them the first calm, sweet repose they have known for many years. At last they have rest from their labors, no more tortured by disease, no more racked by pain, no more panting for the vital breath, no more burdened with anxieties and oppressed with woes,—all is now peace, and there is only rest and joy in store for them.

Sometimes our little ones are taken from us, and we mourn. But we must not forget that they are taken from a world of sorrow, from the many evils to come, from pains, bereavements and disappointments, from temptation and sin and shame. How many they are who, having lived long years on earth have in the days of their anguish and their sin, looked back and wished that in early life they might have been laid to rest in the silent grave! Then Job, the man of God said. Why died I not from the womb? and lamented that he had lived to suffer the ills that encompassed him, and that he had not rather been carried in infancy to the quiet grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But God had blessings in store for Job, so rich and full as to make him forget the sorrows that were past. He also has blessings for us and the life he gives us in our opportunity to receive them.

Not only are our little ones, when cut down by death, saved from much affliction and from many griefs which we