

experience is like a rainbow, made up of the drops of the grief of earth, and beams of the bliss of heaven." In this present dispensation of God's providence, there is unusual scope for complacent reflection. Is it not most delightful to think that in our brother's experience "life's long shadows have broken in cloudless love?" But a little while ago he stood like the rest of us with the time-haze above his head, and sorrows and griefs and doubts and memories and disappointments and fatigue giving him sighs and tears; and then suddenly at the call of God, the night of weeping and pain was transformed into the endless morning of everlasting joy; no more pain; no more sorrow; no more sighing; no more sickness; nothing but eternal light, eternal love, and eternal glory. Such a thought as this—and the thought is but a dim symbol of the great original reality—is surely calculated to shed a gleam of sunshine into the heart of the most despondent. A lady was telling me, not more than two weeks ago, of a beautiful incident that associated itself with a sad experience in her own life. She had lost her husband, a godly man of the finest type. The loss was felt to be a very bitter one. In the family was a little girl about six years of age, who was also very much aggrieved on account of the death of her father. The little afflicted child was in her own room, lying on the bed, and shedding bitter tears. The mother, constrained by the sound of the sobbing young voice, went into the room where the youthful mourner was prostrate; and as soon as the child heard the footsteps, she raised her bowed head, and with a gleam of genuine delight shining out through her tears, she said. "But oh mamma! how happy papa must be!" And the lady in relating the incident, assured me that this loving, earnest, childlike utterance, this out-burst of pure joy from the midst of acute sorrow, was as the sweet oil of consolation to her own wounded heart. It sent a thrill of ecstasy through every fibre of her being, and went far to subdue the intensity of succeeding grief. And so it is. When a Christian dies, there are two sides to be looked at. There is the fact of human loss—a thing which we cannot but contemplate with pain. But there is also the fact of the eternal gain, of the departing to be with Christ which is far better; and when we think of that brighter phase, it brings joy and gladness to the heart.

And then again, confining our view to the human side of the question, when a good man dies, is there nothing left but to mourn his loss, to bewail our misfortune in being deprived of such a kind friend and faithful co-worker?