

---

*HABITUAL TEMPER OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

---

The flowers are radiant with the bloom of a most bewitching beauty. The very trees clap their hands.

But there are other seasons when the conditions are reversed and it is hard to trace the glory of the Eternal behind the veil of gloom. Ah, me! Who has not experienced them, or at least felt the cold chill of their depressing shadow as they have fallen upon others that are near and dear? "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." There are days when the light seems to have gone out from the heavens above us and the beauty to have vanished from every scene which we were wont to gaze upon with delight. There are periods when sorrow crushes in upon our lives like an avalanche, blighting our fondest hopes and shivering our most cherished ideals, when the future has little to invite us to but dreariness and desolation. In the one instance thankfulness is natural and easy; in the other it is unnatural and difficult.

The apostolic injunction says, "In everything give thanks." Can I ever come up to it? I may be stolidly resigned, but can I be thankful for what pierces my hand with thorns, for what desolates my heart with sorrows? Can I kiss the rod that smites me? That is what the text enjoins. How can I comply with it?

Sure I am of this: that I must believe with unshaken confidence in my heavenly Father's love first. I must believe that He knows all about me,