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If We Could See.

BY WILLIAM R. WOOD.

If we could see beneath our brother's frown,
Beneath the look, the hasty word, the deed,

That veils the inner, hidden, brother heart,
The toiling, struggling, off-defeated

The toiling, struggling, oft-defeated heart,
The weary, harassed life-discouraged heart.

Perchance less answering frown our brows would bear.

If we could know the longings, strivings, prayers,

That throb unceasing in its voiceless beat,

The fair ideals cherished, lived for.

More dear than life, but never, never reached:

If we could mark that failure's bitter pain,

Perchance the cutting phrase would die unsaid.

If when we look upon the worldling's course,
And view the madness of his race for

Or pleasure's gleaming bauble, or the wreath

Twined by the heartless mob, and labelled Fame,
We then could note his empty, anguished

heart,
Perchance our hearts would pity more than blame.

If we could feel, with them who have not won

In life's great inner conflict, all the pain, The deep, unutterable, ceaseless pain, Of life's defeat, the emptiness, the woe of looking back on life misspent and fied, Perchance our sympathy would quench our scorn.

If with the eye of love our hearts could

Upon the white soul of the little child, That we erewhile for childish fault reproved,

And see the battles in its child life fought,
Its strivings for the true, the pure, the

Perchance our very hearts with shame would blush.

If we could know how still the Father's heart Yearns o'er his erring children in their

wrong,

If we could know the prodigal's unrest,

And half-acknowledged longing for his home,

Perchance our love with clearer flame would shine,

And oft we'd bless where now we only blame.

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Give the first question in the Old Testament and the first in the New.

Answer.—The first in the Old Testament—to Adam—"Where art thou?"—God seeking the sinner. The first in the New, "Where is He?"—The sinner seeking Christ.