

# The Home Study Quarterly

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## JUST BE GLAD

**O**ll, heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm we  
couldn't  
Have, you know!

What we've met of stormy pain  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow!

We have erred in that dark hour  
We have known,  
When the tears fell with the shower,  
All alone:—  
Were not shine and shower blest  
As the Gracious Master meant?  
Let us temper our content  
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And, through all the coming years,  
Just be glad.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Winter is past. The glad springtime is at hand, and the long, bright days of summer. Many schools, where the families are few and scattered, have been closed since the fall. We welcome them once more into our circle as they resume work. In the case of some, the Home Department has kept them in touch. They have followed the ministry of our Lord Jesus from its beginning. We enter now on its closing weeks. Gethsemane and Calvary, with their sad memories, are to be before our eyes, but glad things, too, as befits the season, the raising of Lazarus from the dead by the word of the Lord from heaven, and, again, His own glorious Resurrection. There is the uplift, all through the lessons of the quarter, of the words to the mourning sisters of Bethany, "I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

## TWO GLIMPSES OF A BOY

It is acknowledged on all hands that Henry Drummond, whose name is known the world over, was one of the most attractive of men: genial, frank, chivalrous, gentle and loving, but absolutely without fear in the face of duty. It was always with Drummond, his friend first, himself afterwards.

There are two glimpses given us in his biography by Professor George Adam Smith, and just published by Fleming H. Revell Company, which show that the boy was indeed the "father of the man."

He was at school in Stirling, a lad of twelve years of age. The Rev. James Robertson, a famous preacher to children, was holding a service for all the Sabbath-schools of the town in Erskine United Presbyterian Church. The Free North School was the last to arrive, and, the church being already crowded, one class was arranged on the pulpit stairs, and Henry and two other boys were taken into the pulpit itself. Mr. Robertson began his sermon by saying that the Bible is like a tree, each book a branch, each chapter a twig, and each verse a leaf. "My text is on the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig, and the seventeenth leaf. Try and find it for me." Almost immediately Henry slipped from behind him and said: "Malachi, third and seventeenth." "Right, my boy; now take my place and read it out." Then from the pulpit came the silvery voice: "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels." Mr. Robertson laid his hand on the boy's head, and said: "Well done, I hope one day you will be a minister."

With this picture we may take another, which we owe to the good fortune that John Watson (Ian MacLaren) came to Stirling High School shortly before Henry left it for Crieff:

"It was in the King's Park more than thirty years ago that I first saw Drummond, and on our first meeting he produced the same effect upon me that he did all his after life. The sun was