

IF EACH MOMENT.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

If each moment of infinite gladness
That unto us mortals are given,
Were not followed by infinite sadness,
Then this earth might seem dearer than Heaven.
If our joys were not followed by sorrow,
If our woes did not shadow our bliss,
We should not care for any to-morrow,
But rest well contented with this.

If our hearts were but sure of each pleasure,
If we saw not an end to each joy,
We should lay not in Heaven our treasure,
Where no rust can corrode or destroy.
But there is not a joy without sadness,
And there is not a bliss without pain,
And the pattering footfall of gladness,
Lies close to the drip of the rain.

He knows what is best for us over,
Or whether 'tis laughter or woe,
He leadeth our footsteps, that never
Can stray if He bids them to go.
The way may seem dark-some and weary,
And clouded and shadowed may be,
But the heart it can never be weary,
If only it lean upon Thee.

So close when the sunshine is fading,
And closer when shadow shall fall,
We follow Thy way without turning,
And go where the Master may call.
We answer Thee, Lord, without pleading;
Of whether by day by night,
Contented to follow Thy leading,
And knowing it endeth in light.

LIGHT ON THE DAILY PATH.

He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding.

The Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering.—The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Be ye . . . followers of God as dear children; and walk in love.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.—This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. Christ . . . suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.

HOME PIETY.

It is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly, giving a slap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets? The wife grows cold and unaimable too. Both are turned on one key. They vibrate in unison giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard—a kind of two legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. Is that what God meant the family to be—He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men come out of their caves to enjoy it? Some men make it a great point to treat every other man's family well but their own—have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one must be rude to any, let it be some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollections painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.