

The Teachers Monthly

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A missionary in British Columbia asks for two or three small libraries of good books for Sabbath Schools on his field. The Editors of the *TEACHERS MONTHLY* will be glad to hear of any schools that have books to spare, and will give them the name of the missionary. Please notify us without delay.

Professor Walter C. Murray's booklet on Child Study will be the first of a series of five for the Teacher Training course. It will be out shortly. Professor Murray is an expert in this field. His book will be no mere class book, and will be eagerly awaited by a very wide circle—by all, in fact, who love children, and wish to know more of their thoughts and ways.

"JOY COMETH"

By Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A.

Life is full of weeping: "never morning wore to evening but some heart did break." That is not all, however. The tears are forever being dried, and through their mist the sunshine of hope is continually stealing upon the sad eyes. As the morning draws on, a still small voice says, "Joy cometh."

If life never "is, but always to be, blessed," what else is that but blessing? The man who is always looking for a to-morrow to correct the wrongs and heal the sores of to-day, has learned the happy secret of true living.

"Joy cometh." It is the soul's invincible surmise. The way we walk to-day may have no blue arching sky. Clouds and darkness may hang above us and grief may be our close companion, but at the turn of the road just ahead, we shall meet the outriders of

relief hastening to us, and crying, "Joy cometh." Just beyond the dark horizon the dawn brings in the glorious day, and our world is continually rolling into the larger light of the future.

As the sailor coming home scents, in spite of the fog and rain, the hills and their forests he well knows, and then listens for the cadence of the village bells, assured that they shall ring on the Sabbath morning, so life's voyagers, whose course is to the Homeland, may hear assuring voices above the jangled and harsh sounds of life, singing, "Joy cometh."

When the affections feed upon God and the will waits mute before Him, till His command quickens it to action, the only assurance beside that of His wisdom that dwells in the heart's room, is that "Joy cometh." With some, grief has been so frequent a visitor that they are prone to think joy is dead. The grief of disappointment, of defeat, of delayed success, seems to be the only heritage of humanity these joyless lives can see. "Tell us of rest," they say; "speak of release from care, of repose in the quiet grave, or teach us how we may forget; but speak not of joy."

What shall be said to these? This word—"Weeping is only a guest who has come in the evening. In the morning you shall hear the shout of joy." The mistake of many is to estimate life by one short span of it, and that too often a bitter experience. As if the wind always blew from the east; as if the only birds were crows and buzzards; as if the winter of discontent could never be silenced by June.

Our work is often negated. Certainly