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Art sad, My child? Was it thy fond belief
The sun of joy for thee would never set?
Remember, I have trod the way of grief
And consecrated sorrow. Patience yet;
Patience; if need be, through heart-breaking years
The burden of thine anguish to sustain,
And thou shalt win the blessing of thy tears,
And the high gladness born of vanquished pain;
It is thy comfort that thy woe shall be
Some kin to that I bore on Calvary.

Misunderstood? Reviled? Betrayed? 'Tis well!
I would not have it with thee otherwise.
Darkness loves not the light, and they who dwell
In darkness needs must walk with blinded eyes;
The liker thou to Me, the fiercer foe
The world will prove; but shrink thou not from this;
It is thy glory that thou sharest so
With Me the scoffing and the Judas kiss;
Didst think, O mourner, they who mocked at thee
Mocked not Thy Saviour on the Calvary tree?

— L. M. Montgomery in *Zion's Herald*.

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