

[pg 48a]

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[pg 48b]

[Newspaper Clippings]

LIVING BY THE DAY

“I COMPARE,” says John Newton,
“the troubles which we have to undergo
in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry today, and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday’s stick over again to-day, and adding tomorrow’s burden to our load before we are required to bear it.”

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth’s weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbour,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas ! by simply dying?
Then lips to chary of their praise
Will tell our merits ever,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
One steep hill, path, will scatter flowers