SUFFERING

Wherefore is there ice and snow, chilling winds and bitter nights? Is it to mock the earth for its sunshine? No, not so! We forget that sunlight is impossible without shadows; that for every day there is a night; that for every joy there is a pain; that for every laugh there is a sob. Progress is never a straight line upward; always it is down and then around. Because life is a symphony it must have its C Minor. Days there be when we hear only a discord of sharps and flats, and we wonder whether harmony will ever be restored. On other days we hear only an ominous, deep strain which seems to say that hope is fled. But why this chill despair? Symphonies are a blending of many tones, high and low, over and under, major and minor. One day cannot make of life a whole any more than shadows can make a picture or minor notes a symphony. We need to hear life's song, not as the discord of a single day, but as the completed harmony of all the years. Then will today's sorrow and tomorrow's disappointment ring forth in major key as glorious melody.

—W. Waldemar W. Argow, Th.D., Syracuse, N. Y.

Observed by GEO. W. OLINGER, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.