

*Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. (Psalm 30:4-5)*

Cold, bleak, desolate days of winter drag on and on. One bitter cold wave follows another; and in the midst of it one is inclined to think it will never end.

Sorrow, pain, grief sometimes seem to overwhelm our souls. Like Job, while we are receiving tidings of one disaster, the ill news of another arrives. When we are hurting physically, it seems impossible for us to think of anything else. When death snatches away our loved one, our dearest companion, the light of our life, it seems like the dark night has fallen upon us never to rise again.

Yet there is an end to the winter. The soft warm breezes of Spring, the bright cheerful sunshine and the song and fragrance of God's creatures inundate the earth and clothe it with new life.

There is an end also to our sorrow, our suffering and our estrangement and loneliness. Weep, we may; but we shall not weep forever. Joy does indeed come in the morning, and with it all grief and heartache evaporates as if it never existed.

This is the basis of the song of the saints of God; and none but the redeemed can sing it. God chastens His children. He orders their trials and permits their enemies to assail them for a short time. Our sins invoke the display of His Holy but fatherly wrath. But such wrath is but for a moment. He will correct and strengthen His children and then comfort them.

Not so with unbelievers. Those who will not confess and forsake their sins, who will not be warned by the gospel of God, and who refuse to glorify their Creator have no morning to look forward to. God's wrath abideth on them. There will be no joy ever.

Oh, that all men might love and obey God. They would surely find Him gracious; and they would also be able to gratefully sing praises unto Him.

-C.M.