

**WITHIN SIGHT OF HOME:  
A SERIES OF READINGS  
FOR THE AGED.**

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Within sight of home: a series of readings for the aged. by Forbes E. Winslow

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**FORBES E. WINSLOW**

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## WITHIN SIGHT OF HOME.

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### *The Light and the Darkness.*

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WHEN we look at a beautiful picture all glowing with light and colour, we are apt to forget the fact that there are two sides to that picture.

On the side turned towards us, we may see a wonderful representation of some event in the life of our suffering Lord, which moves us almost to tears by its pathos and feeling. Or we may be brought face to face with a stirring incident of history, which strangely quickens the beating of our hearts, and makes us hold our breath as if we were real spectators of the scene. Or, again, we may gaze upon some vast expanse of country, our eye may roam

over fertile hill and dale, as seen in the lovely summer time. The mirror by the artist's skill is so held up to nature, that we forget for the time being we are only looking upon a picture. We fancy we breathe the scent of the new mown hay, we are wandering beneath the shelter of over-arching trees, we hear the white-crested waves of the distant sea murmuring on the beach.

But take this picture, so full of life, pathos, and poetry down from the wall, and turn it round, what do we see there? A piece of common, unattractive canvas, darkened and made dingy by age and dust and dirt!

We are going to treat old age as a picture; to look on its two sides, its two aspects. One we shall find full of sadness, and melancholy, and darkness; the other abounding in joy and consolation.

We shall consider the dark side first, so as to bring the bright side into greater contrast.

Let not, then, my dear readers be discouraged at the first part of this book, for I

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am only following out the plan upon which our heavenly Father works, He keeps the best things until the last ; He causes us to sow in tears, hereafter to reap in joy ; He tells us that sadness endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.

After speaking of the troubles and trials and sorrows of old age, I shall speak of its infinite consolations ; after showing you the dark, sombre, unattractive side of the picture, I shall turn it round and show you the canvas all glowing with light and life and colour : old age displayed thereon as shining in the reflected light of our true home, as rejoicing in tribulation, as already enjoying the first fruits of its assured victory.



### The Merry Road.

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EVERY human being has his own peculiar sorrows and trials, known very often only to himself, unsuspected even by his dearest friends, but none the less hard to bear for all that.

We can understand how a poor man can have trouble after trouble, as his whole life is made up of one continual struggle. When we look around his mean, squalid home, bereft of the commonest decencies of life, and see his pale-faced children and anxious, care-worn wife, we can indeed feel for him and give him our best sympathy. We must not, however, forget that the poor man is not the only one who suffers in this world, that all ranks and conditions of man have their own especial trials, varying of

course with circumstances, but all very real and hard to endure.

As the rich lady rolls by in her carriage, cosily wrapped up in the warmest of furs, the half-starved labourer's wife standing at the cottage door, shivering as the winter wind pierces through her scanty clothing, cannot help thinking, "Oh, if my husband and I could only have but a few of those comforts which that lady enjoys, how happy we should be!" And yet that rich lady is not a true object of envy; she has a beautiful house, a grand park, handsome children, and a large body of servants at her beck and call, but with all this, she has her cares and anxieties. Most gladly, had she the chance, would she change places with the humblest cottager on her husband's estate. The more the wealth, the greater the responsibility; the more talents God entrusts to our stewardship, the more serious will be the last final account.

Every profession has its especial anxieties. The farmer regards with anxious look the

sky, the wind, and the clouds, for his daily bread depends more or less upon the weather.

The parish priest has numberless anxieties perpetually weighing him down as he goes about his parish. He is continually asking himself how he can best do his duty by his people, and so render to God a good account of his stewardship. He is indeed troubled as he finds how hard it is to get at the heart of a hardened sinner, to counsel an erring soul, to bring back a wanderer to the fold of Christ.

The doctor's life is one of continual care, as he goes from one scene of suffering and sorrow to another. Go into the streets of London and watch the crowd of business men pass by, you will see a strange troubled look upon the faces of nearly all. No wonder, poor souls, many of them are anxious, for upon their labours and success many helpless ones depend.

Now what is true of all ranks and *conditions* of men, is also true of all