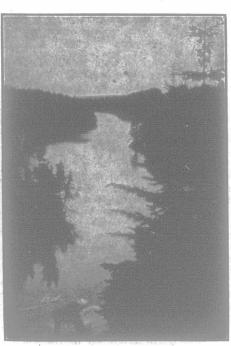
for something without which she feels that her aching heart can hardly live. Why should she not be glad in the midst of pain, when she knows that God is cutting and polishing for her eternal adornment the priceless jewel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is too costly to be won easily? Though Sarah was not called to offer the sacrifice on Mount Moriah, she was called to stay quietly at home, leaving her only son confidently in stronger, wiser hands. could do that, and so can mothers-though not easily-and we can always trust God not to ask impossible things of any of us.

But there is another side to this question. We should not only try to trust God, both in sunshine and in darkness, but we should also be worthy of trust ourselves. It has often been said that women, as a rule, have not such a fine sense of honor as men. If this be true-and I am neither admitting nor denying it-let us see to it that the rule has numberless exceptions. Woman's very weakness often tempts her to secure by underhand methods what she can't obtain openly. Rebekah is not the only woman who has schemed to deceive her husband, and has obtained by wrong means something which she considered was hers by right. And yet, true loyalty should make her even more careful to be trustworthy out of sight than she would be if every action were suspiciously watched. Of course, Rebekah's disloyalty was made even more dishonorable by the fact that Isaac was blind-she actually traded on his infirmity. To put confidence in anyone who thinks that the only disgraceful thing about a dishonorable action is the "disgrace of being found out," is like trusting in a bruised reed, "on which, if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it." And yet, to trust a person is generally the best way of rousing all that is best in him. This is certainly true in dealing with children; distrust them, and they will probably try to deceive you; but show that you have confidence in their honor, and they will scorn anything of the nature of deception. I have lately been giving special

study to the Wilderness Journey of the Israelites, which is such a wonderful allegory of our journey through this wilderness, and the great lesson of trust stands out in bold relief as the one which God tried patiently to teach them over and over again. Brought face to face with danger and want, they failed continually to put any confidence in His power and willingness to supply all their needs; although He saved them from enemies, gave them food in the barren wilderness, and even brought water stony rock. He also took out of a care to provide for their most trifling everyday needs. As Moses reminded them: waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty And yet, how weak was years." In every fresh diffitheir trust ! culty they looked only at their own weakness, and saw no way of es-Our Lord was disappointed cape. also because his closest disciples failed to trust Him. On one occasion He said to them, "How is it that ye do not understand?" when, as He sadly reminded them, they ought to have remembered how easily the wants of great multitudes had been supplied a short time before. Instead of trusting their Lord were troubling about the fact that their bread supply was rather scanty. How often He might say to us: "How is it that ye do not understand?" Each breath we draw is a proof of His watchful care over us, and yet how very quickly we are dismayed when danger or difficulty confronts us. We can always trust, but how seldom we do it, unless we can see a way out of the difficultyand that, of course, is not really

trusting at all. The text that I have chosen is part of the message to the men of Judah, sent by God in answer to their request for help against a triple alliance. Though Edom, An mon and Moab were banded togeth.

against them, they were forbidden to be anxious about the matter, as It was in safe hands: "The battle is not yours, but God's." And how pleased He must have been with the implicit confidence they showed on this occasion. They did not even wait until the promise of help had been fulfilled, but at once began to praise God for His great deliverance, taking it for granted that the victory was already theirs. And what was the result? Why, when the singers which went before the army began to sing and to praise, their



Scene near Montague.

three enemies started to fight among themselves, and when Judah's hosts arrived on the field the battle was already over. All that was left to be done was the easy work of taking away the riches and jewels: "They were three days of gathering of the spoil, it was so much.'

If we could-or would-trust God like that, we also should rejoice; we also should fear not, nor be dis-God is constantly testing mayed. us in small ways or in great, and if we study this great lesson of trust every day, we shall soon learn to rest in untroubled peace on His ever-Those who wait lasting strength. on the LORD will surely find that He is "their arm every morning," not only in the times of great need.

One ripple in its flow; Without one quiver in the trust, One flicker in its glow."

I must again express my earnest thanks to those of our readers who have sent so many kindly words of encouragement. God has been very good in giving me this glad work which brings me into living, quickening fellowship with many of His friends, and which also forces me to go to Him constantly for seed to sow. To hear that He has really allowed me to help any of you is indeed a joy.

Mrs. Hayward has excelled herself in her latest poem, "The True Lady," which certainly holds up a high ideal for all women to strive after. A King's daughter will not only be careful to keep herself as far possible outwardly fresh and dainty, but will set her heart on becoming "all glorious within," where only God's eye can see her. Even if the time of the Bridegroom's coming were not so uncertain, His Bride -the Church-would still sacredly hold herself always in readiness to be "brought unto the King." glad duty is to be always listening for the voice of her Beloved, ever standing in readiness to obey His call, "Rise up, My Love, My Fair One, and come away !" Good reason has she to obey his command . ' Fear not, nor be dismayed !'' when she is leaning always on Him who has said, "Thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is His Name." Christ, who is "altogether lovely '-with a spotless soul loveliness which inspires us to purify ourselves, even as He is pure—says of His Bride: "As the lily among thorns, so in My Love among the daughters'; and, because the Bridegroom is fairer than the children of men, each virgin soul that waits for His coming delights to prepare herself, as Esther did, that she may obtain grace and favor in His sight, and that the King may greatly desire her beauty. As it has been beautifully said:

"My duty as a Lily of the Lord

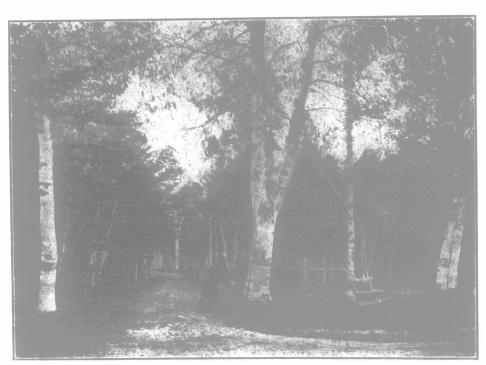
1. To rejoice in the strength of my white purity :

2. To drink in the dew of heaven

and bathe in its sunshine To shed abroad the fragrance

of a blameless life.'

HOPE.



An Autumn Day in Victoria Park, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Then their peace shall be like the theer of Ezekiel's vision, which flowed from God's altar and steadily grew teeper and more mighty until it was a river that could not be passed over, a river that brought healing and removed life wherever it went.

I reason to mela at could be thus,— Marife that mouth to know the second Thy peace without

Recipes.

Ginger Sponge Cake.-1 cup molasses, 1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 3 cups Five Roses flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon soda, and 1 tablespoonful ginger.

Ginger Cookies.-1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1-3 cup vinegar, pinch salt, I teaspoon soda, I tablespoon ginger, 1 egg, enough Five Roses flour to make into dough. Roll thin.

A Holiday in Prince Edward Island.

WE VISIT THE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS.

Amongst the many kind arrangements made for the pleasure and instruction of the members of the National Council of Women assembled in Charlottetown from every point of the Canadian compass, so to speak, was one especially looked forward to by them, viz., a visit to the consolidated schools, built, equipped, and to be in a large manner supported for three years by the munificence of that patron of Canadian education, Sir William Macdonald.

The press had made the outing known, carriages were ordered, the ferry company had kindly provided free passages for all, our Monday morning's session had been taken in advance, upon what was meant to be the previous Saturday afternoon's holiday, so that everyone might be free to enjoy the lovely drive for several miles through scenery of typical beauty to Hillsboro', where the children of six districts had already begun to meet daily for education on lines more complete and comprehensive than it had been possible previously to provide for them in small schoolhouses with just one teacher in charge of each. Well, the teachers expected us! The children were on the lookout for us! The vans were marshalled for our inspection and probable use, but the skies frowned upon us and sent down such a deluge of rain that the drive had to be given up on that occasion at least. However, the sun in Prince Edward Island apparently does not hide its glory in summer, whatever it may do in winter, for many hours at a time, or if it does, the farmers know the reason why and are content with the results, and so it came about that although in greatly diminished numbers, the remnant of our goodly company, who still lingered upon the island, drove out upon a day of exceptional beauty to pay the postponed visit to the Hillsboro' district schools. And such a day it was! A day not only of sunshine, but of vivid tints and delicious scents. Sometimes the scent would come from the rich clover of the fields, then from the hawthorn still in bloom in the hedges, whilst between both crept the wholesome lungstrengthening odor of the pines, with whiffs of ozone from the ocean itself, of which we could catch occasional glimpses through the spruce and silver-barked birch trees which lined our road, or both roads, I should say, for our return trip was taken by another route quite equalling, if not surpassing, the former one in We found the school at the beauty. crown of the hill, or rather rising

ground, a well chosen site for healthfulness as well as for its appeal to the natural love of beautiful surroundings, which is not without its seed root in the mind of

every child.

Disappointment seemed again to await us, for no hum of children's voices, no peep through the windows showing a curly-headed girl or sunburned boy rewarded our enquiring Holidays had not begun surely! We were unexpected visitors, it is true, but we had counted upon seeing the youngsters at their tasks, and there were no youngsters to see! The fates were unpropitious indeed.

"We will go inside and investigate," said Dr. Anderson, our host and cicerone. "We shall soon find the reason why," and so we did, for on the programme slate for the day was marked the cause of the exodus, viz., an excursion to the woods for botanical specimens, and, more prosaically, "for pea-sticks' for the children's gardens. These gardens we had examined previously with great interest as a very wise provision for developing individuality of taste in the pupils of the school. Whether to the praise of their practical common sense (in view, perhaps, of the probable exigencies of their future lives), at the ex-

pense of the more æsthetic side of their natures, I may as well here remark that cabbage plants, peas, radishes and cress rather prevailed over the pansies and mignonettes which occasionally showed their modest little heads between Some of us, who, remembering the early days, when we thought that we almost owned creation when a small plot in the home grounds was allotted to us