

My friends, remember this. Prayer is not the defeating of our wishes—the breaking and crushing of our wills. Rather it is God's wondrous and gracious means by which He turns our feet into His pleasant ways. It is the tender loving method through which He works His wise and righteous will, and yet crowns our hopes. His will must be accomplished. We may rebel against it, and be destroyed and overwhelmed. We may walk in harmony with Him, and become the partners in His triumph and reward.

Which will we do ?

GEO. H. WELLS.

Montreal.

FAITH.

As the evening radiance witnessed streaming thro' the shattered rack,
Gilds the earth and clouds and heavens, throwing gleams of splendor back :

Hill-side follows vale to darkness ; mountain peaks, light-haloed, stand
Jutting from the dusky foot-hills, crystals in a waste of sand :

Till, withdrawn, the glory fading tint by tint at sunset flies
From the low earth steeped in shadow to the crimsoned pillared skies.

So the light of faith shall heighten, growing on from more to more,
Through the shadows that surround us through the years that lie before.

Mounting in the changing ages up from cliff to cliff sublime
To the mountain peaks of promise towering o'er the hills of time ;

Till God's message borne of angels, call it death or call it birth,
Into perfect glory brings us raised from out the dusk of earth.

R. McDougall.