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Hoping and Waiting.

Lam. iii. 26. BY DAISY EARLE.

I had told the "old, old story," To my precious class that day; I had striven hard to win them, From the error of their way; I spoke of Jesus' glory, I spoke of Jesus' love, But, alas ! their eyes were holden, Though I tried to rend the vail— To them the "old, old story," Was a tedious, twice-told tale.

Strong in faith in Jesus' promise, I had wrostled hard, and prayed, Till it seemed as if the answer,

Could not longer be delayed ; Waiting for the Spirit's blessing, Months, aye years, had passed me o'er,

So I wept in anguish bitter, For my heart was very sore.

Softly fell the evening sunshine, Athwart each dusky nook ;

Lighting up the well-worn edges, Of the dear familiar Book.

And I raised it from the table, And sought, nor sought in vain,

From its sacred page, a promise, Just made for me, to gain. "As the rain and snow from heaven Return not unemployed— So my changeless word shall never, Turn again unto me void.

It shall prosper where I send it, And my purpose shall fulfil, From my mouth it goes forth mighty To accomplish what I will."

Not, perhaps, as I had wished it, Swinging wide each bolted gate,

E'er I learned for God's salvation, Both to hope and quiet wait.

I'd been groaning 'neath a burden The Lord alone could bear, This was the way he taught me To cast on Him my care.

Then I knelt down in the darkness, For the light had faded quite, And I prayed to Him who seeth

In the darkness as the light ; And I told Him all my sorrow.

And spoke sweetly with Him there ;---Then I rose up calm and strengthened, For I knew he heard my prayer.

An Old Man's Advice to Preachers.

[This ADVICE is applicable to Sunday-school Teachers. Be full of prayer whenever you attempt to leach, and go from your closet to your class-room.—ED. S. S. B.]

SEE that you personally know and daily live upon Christ. Be full of prayer whenever you attempt to preach, and go