



“ARE YE NOT MUCH BETTER THAN THEY.”

BY MRS. E. R. STEINHAUER.

Sometimes unnerved by doubt, we helpless lie,
And call to God to speak,
Our uncrowned work, has brought the bitter, Why,
Art Thou so silent, though the days go by?
Answer our prayers, and tears, 'ere courage fly
For now our hearts are weak.

We rise and listen, but we only hear
The whisperings of the air,
All's bright without, within all's dark and drear,
All's peace without—within all's restless fear
Faith leaves us, and we say, “God is not near,
He does not hear our prayer.”

If He our pain, our fear, our weakness, knew
This stillness He would break,
And our dark sky glint with the rainbow's hue,
Nor wait till these doubts, from our struggling grew,
But a token send—like the asked-for dew,
That fell for Gideon's sake.

We turn away—all heavy with our grief,
And bear our own distress,
God's thoughts so high, but ours so far beneath,
Read not His ways, in each slow-budding leaf,
And lose the answer told for our relief,
“God works in quietness.”

The summer skies bend low in noiseless night,
And earth fulfils her troth,
The sun in quiet majesty gives light,
Repeating still, “nor day shall cease, nor night,”
While silent forests cover from our sight,
The pulse-throbs of their growth.

If Nature's every want, God fills each day
So silently and free,
Shall He do less for us? or turn away
And leave unmet the want which makes us pray?
Shall God feed flowers? but say to man's want, Nay
I'll answer all but thee?

Fisher River Mission, Manitoba.

