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passionately, though we may say, as Job did: "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments!"—if we could hear His voice saying that He would give us exactly what we asked for, surely none of us would dare to take the risk.

"God holds the key of all unknown,  
And I am glad.  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if He trusted it to me,  
I might be sad."

There is a story told of a hermit who was once travelling about with an angel. They were given a warm welcome in a humble cottage, but the angel's strange return for this kindness was to rise in the night and kill the baby in the cradle. He explained to the astonished hermit that the child would have grown up to break the hearts of his good parents. What seemed to the peasant and his wife to be needless cruelty was really truest kindness. Next night the travellers were entertained by a rich farmer, who was rejoicing over a plentiful harvest. The angel set fire to his barns, telling his companion that only through the loss of the wealth on which their host's heart was set could he be brought near to God. Some day he would be deeply grateful for the very thing which at that time seemed a dire catastrophe. The next evening the angel and his friend entered a cottage, where a man knelt beside his dying wife, praying passionately for her recovery. He loved her more than God, and, when the angel said: "Wilt thou that thy wife should be raised up, whether for good or ill?" he boldly declared that he would. His prayer, in effect, was, "Not Thy will but mine be done!" The angel sadly gave him what he demanded, restoring his wife to health, but telling the hermit that the man who would not submit to God's will must learn—through the sad experience of his answered wilful prayer—that his life would have been far happier if he had been willing to submit to the tender Hands that were shaping his life. "Thy Will be done!" is the only safe accompaniment for all our prayers; if we really pray that with all our hearts, it is always safe to pray. When God doesn't want us to ask for anything, He will let us know, telling us as plainly as He did Moses; but He has told us to bring to Him all our desires, always leaving the final decision unreservedly in His hands. It may seem unnecessary to tell Him anything when He already knows both what we want and what we need, but it is most necessary for us. We are commanded to be "anxious" for nothing, but in "everything" to make our requests known to God. If we disregard this command we shall not only miss many a blessing that might have been ours, but also miss the strength and gladness which springs from constant communion with the Holy One. Those who patiently, but submissively, present their petitions at the foot of the Throne will one day joyfully own that they have been swiftly and gloriously answered, even though at the time the Lord may have apparently rejected or disregarded them. Not only in the Millennium will the promise be fulfilled: "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

HOPE.

**Sometime, Somewhere.**

By Robert Browning.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?  
And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne;  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep the incense burning there  
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries: "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere."

**The True Lady.**

Some time ago the writer read a poem in one of our Sunday-school periodicals, entitled, "What is a Gentleman?" The thoughts in that poem suggested the one given below:

What is a lady? Tell me, I pray,  
Is it one decked with jewels and costly array—  
Is it one whose chief aim is to follow the tide  
Of fashion so gay, and to exhibit with pride  
The latest of styles, in costume complete  
From the hat on her head to the shoes on her feet?

What is a lady? Is it one who tries most  
To keep up with the world, disregarding the cost.  
Unheeding the trouble this ambition can make  
For father or husband who toils for her sake,  
Who worries their lives with her ceaseless demands  
And saves her best smiles for "society friends"?

What is a lady? Is it always one  
Whose white hands never an hour's work have done,  
Who sits in idleness, day after day,  
While life's earnest hours are passing away,  
Who speaks with disdain of the "working-class"  
And deems honest labor degrading or base?

What is a lady? Is it not one  
Who, for the dear ones who make up the home,  
Unselfishly tries, with a true woman's worth,  
To make home the dearest spot on earth;  
Whose smiles are its sunshine, whose love is its light,  
And whose faith in God is its anchor bright.

Who is the lady? Is it not she—  
Whether high or lowly her lot may be—  
Who is always neat and wears a smile,  
Though her dress be plain or out of style:

To whom a pure mind and a heart sincere,  
Are the fairest jewels a woman can wear.  
What is a lady? Is it not one  
Who so well and wisely guards her tongue,  
That no slang, nor idle gossiping word  
From her pure lips is ever heard,  
Who would scorn to betray a confidence given,  
By whom friendship is prized as a gift from heaven.

What is a lady? Is it not one  
Who can patiently bear adversity's frown,  
Who is brave and strong in sorrow's hour,  
And tenderly cares for the sick and poor;  
Who truly rejoices with those that are glad  
And in sympathy weeps with the weary and sad.

Who is a lady? Is it not she  
Whose life is a record of purity,  
Who is gentle to all, with a womanly grace  
And hallowed modesty shines in her face.  
Be she rich or poor, be she matron or maid,  
Of virtues like these the true lady is made.

Corinth, Ont. M. C. HAYWARD.

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