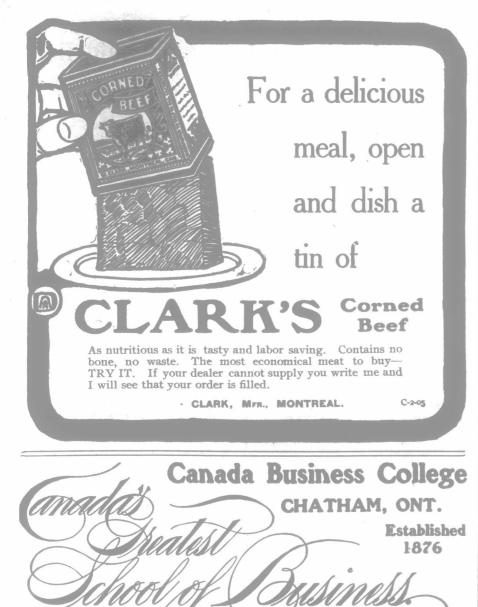
AUGUST 24, 1905.

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REOPENS FOR FALL TERM, TUESDAY, SEPT. 5th.

If you have not seen the Catalogue of this high-grade business school, you are not familiar with the best Canada has to offer in the lune of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Type-writing and Penmanship. 370 STUDENTS PLACED IN GOOD POSITIONS through this institution and our Grand Rapids business school during the year ending June, 1905. Would you like to see the list of those placed? the list of those placed?

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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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 be-fore 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 bumble 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 prayerthat 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 up 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

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted

Perhaps your par' 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 degarding or base ?

What is a lady? Is it not one