

ward. And the English Church and race is the richer because of the life work of this humble man of God, "the all-believing Thomas Scott."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now,
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser head than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath

Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WILL YOU HAVE IT?

"OUR little boy is gone." And as he said it the lip quivered and the strong frame shook, for the father's heart was sore wounded. "Yet he's better off. I know he's better off; I wouldn't wish him back; only it's hard to give him up."

"Yes. He is better off. To depart and be with Christ is very far better. The little one is perfectly happy now. Tell me, you hope to meet him some day; are you one of Christ's?"

"No, I'm not a Christian. I'm not a

bad man; perhaps I'm better than many who profess to be something. But—I'm not a Christian."

"Have you thought much about the matter?"

"No, I can't say that I have. When I do think about it, I seem always to come to one conclusion, that the Bible requires more than a man can do. Man is weak; he's a poor shape at best, and he can't be what he ought to be; at least I can't."

"I think you are right in that conclusion of yours. It's the very conclusion God desires to bring every man to. The Lord Jesus Himself said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' And if we know ourselves at all, we must know that no man can be what God wants him to be until he has been born again. The first man that Jesus said that to had been doing everything that he could to meet God's requirements, but after all his effort he had to acknowledge that he had not been able completely to come up to them. And when he came to Jesus to find out how it was, the Lord told him plainly that it was because he had not been born again. Believe me, if you had that new birth, you would find everything very different, and many of your difficulties would be gone."

"I don't know. I've seen so many who profess to be something, and they're not, and I've known several who started out well, but have not come to anything. I don't know about it all. I don't want to be like the first, and how can I avoid being like the last?"

"I think, so far as the first is concerned, you need have no fear. There are, indeed, counterfeit Christians—too many of them; but there are some real ones, too. Your mother is a real Christian, is she not?"

"Yes, mother is indeed a real Christian."

"Isn't the same blessed Saviour who made her a Christian able to make you one also? Then about your being able to hold out; the Lord Jesus is responsible for that. 'He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him,' and 'Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless.' What you've got to do is to come to Him, tell Him you want Him to be your Saviour, and trust yourself to Him, that He may do everything for you that needs to be done."

"I'll think about it."

"Don't think about it; do it. God says, 'To-day, if you will hear my voice, harden not your heart.'"

"But there is so much involved in it. I can't decide it all just now."

"Have you not been looking at the matter something in this fashion: That God, in asking you to be a Christian, had laid down for you certain rules to which you were required to conform your life; these things you ought to do, and these other things you ought not to do? And you have looked out upon the path set before you, and you have felt yourself not equal to it. Let me read to you of a man whose description, I think, fits your case:

"There is at Jerusalem a pool called Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, *Wilt thou be made whole?*'

That would seem to have been a strange question to ask the man; one would suppose that his having been there at the side of the pool so long would have been sufficient evidence that he desired to be made whole. But see, the Lord had a purpose in asking him that question. The man had all those years been thinking about his *ability* to be made whole, but when Jesus stands beside him it is no more a question as to *ability*, but only of *willingness*. If the man is *willing*, Jesus is *able*. Dear friend, Jesus stands here beside you now. He is able to do all for you that you need; able to save, able to keep, able to make you a Christian. Are you willing? There are a good many steps to take, but we may be glad that there's only one to be taken at a time, and the first one to take is to tell Him you are willing. Shall we kneel down and tell Him that?"

"Lord Jesus, I am willing, if Thou art able. Lord, make me whole." M.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

RELIEF OF THE POOR.

IN this winter season the old, old problem of the poor again calls for attention. Some things ought to be done, and some things ought to be avoided, and the reader will perhaps suffer a few hints upon both sides