ZACCHEUS.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

The state of the s

"ZACCHEUS, come down!" rang a call by the gateway
Just outside the fountain-cleansed "City of Palms";
"Make haste!" said the Christ, and the called one came
straightway—

Like one at the other gate, him who sought alms.
The Master could see (and was glad, and no wonder)
One heart where His Spirit might find a true home;
He knew how disciples around Him did hinder
The light-seeking, toil-weary sinners to come.

"He sought to see Jesus." The world called him sordid,
And never conceived that his spirit might pine,
'Mid the gold and the gleanings which husbandry hoarded,
For favour and fellowship with the Divine.
"He sought to see Jesus": How strangely he found Him!
How sweetly he proved, He had heart like his own,

But so tender and kind, all the sad ones around Him, Forgot all the sorrow and sin they had known.

"Zaccheus, come down!" What sublime condescension!
How gentle His calling! His purpose so clear!
How simply He seeks to secure his attention!
How easy He makes it for him to come near!
Afar as the heavens, the Lord seemed above him,
When lo, He appeals to "come down" to His side,
How could he forbear in that moment to love Him,
When love did come in where He came to abide!

"For I must abide at thy house!" (Such petition!)
Each house is a type of the Holy, above,
For love is of God, and the home its fruition,
And Jesus abides at the sources of love;
But, houseless and homeless, He lived (He the Holy,
The houseful and homeful One) waiting to come
To Zaccheus or Mary—to high-born or lowly—
The perfect completion of heart and of home.

"Salvation is come to this house." Then no wonder He scorns the low treasures which pleasures devise; One call from the Master had severed asunder The earth-bonds and anchored his hope in the skies. It was joy to his soul, this delightful salvation! Such gladsome and wonderful greeting He gave! He was "Abraham's son," and an heir of this nation, And Christ was his brother, and mighty to save.

The Elms, Toronto.