

From Our Neighbors' Gardens

Selected Samples of Choice Fruit Grown on Other Trees than Ours

My Service.

I ASKED the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him;
To fight amidst his battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill;
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,
They seemed of earth alone;
I, who had longed for conquests bright
To lay before His throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more
That He would give me work for Him
And open wide the door;
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came,
"My child, I hear thy cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring the victory,
The battle has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."

—From *The Quiet Hour*.

A Scot Indeed.

By Ian MacLaren.

HE had demanded that afternoon to be told the truth, and the doctor, himself a young Scot, had told him plainly that he could not recover, and then he had asked, as one man speaking to another, both being brave and honest men, when he would die, and the doctor thought early next morning.

"Aboot daybreak," said the Scot, with much satisfaction, as if, on the whole, he were content to die, and much pleased it would be at the rising of the sun. He was a characteristic type of his nation, rugged in face and dry of manner, an old man, who had drifted somehow to this English city and was living there alone, and now he was about to die alone, without friends and in a strange land. The nurse was very kind to him, and her heart went out to the quiet, self-contained man. She asked him whether he would like to see a clergyman, and said that the chaplain of the infirmary was a good man.

"A've nae doot he is," said the Scot, "and

that his meenistrations wud be verra acceptable to English fouk, but a've never hed ony dealin's wi' Episcopalians. He micht want to read a prayer, and I cudna abide that, and mebbe I cudna follow the texts in his English tongue."

The nurse still lingered by his bed. He looked up to her and assured her he was in no need of consolation. "Saxty year ago ma mither gared me learn the wale (choice portions) o' the Bible, and they're comin' up ane by ane to ma memory, but I thank ye kindly."

As the nurse went back and forward on her duties she heard her patient saying at intervals to himself, "I know whom I have believed," "I am persuaded that neither life nor death." Once again she heard him, "Although the mountains depart and the hills be removed," but the rest she did not catch.

During the afternoon a lady came into the ward whose service to the Lord was the visitation of the sick, a woman after the type of Barnabas and Mary of Bethany. When she heard of the old man's illness and his loneliness, whom no friend came to see or comfort, she went to his bedside. "You are very ill," she said, "my friend."

"A'm deein'," he replied, with the exactness of his nation, which somewhat fails to understand the use of graceful circumlocution and gentle phrases.

"Is there anything I can do for you? Would you wish me to sing a few verses of a hymn? Some sick people feel much comforted and soothed by singing; you would like, I think, to hear 'Rock of Ages,'" and she sat down by his bedside and opened her book, while a patient beyond, who had caught what she said, raised his head to enjoy the singing.

"Ye're verra kind, mem, and a'm muckle obleeged to ye, but a'm a Scot and ye're English, and ye dinna understand. A' ma days hev I been protestin' against the use o' human hymns in the praise o' God; a've left three kirks on that account, and raised ma testimony in public places, and noo wud ye send me into eternity wi' the sigh of a hymn in ma ears?"

For a moment the visitor had no reply, for in the course of all her experiences, during which she had come across many kinds of men and women, she had never yet chanced upon this kind of Scot. The patients in the infirmary were not distinguished by their religious scruples, and if they had some prejudices they turned on large and full-blooded distinctions between Protestant and Catholic, but never entered into subtleties of doctrine.

"You'll excuse me, mem, for I'm no ungratefu'," he continued, "and I wud like to meet yir wishes when ye've been so kind to me. The doctor says I canna live long, and it's possi-