

# The Home Study Quarterly

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## The Hindered Christ

The Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day  
To speak a message of cheer  
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad,  
And weighed with a mighty fear.  
He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite  
With my own affairs from morn till night.

The Lord Christ wanted a hand one day  
To do a loving deed ;  
He wanted two feet, on an errand for Him  
To run with gladsome speed.  
But I had need of my own that day ;  
To His gentle beseeching I answered " Nay!"

So all that day I used my tongue,  
My hands, and my feet as I chose ;  
I said some hasty, bitter words  
That hurt one heart, God knows.  
I busied my hands with worthless play,  
And my wilful feet went a crooked way.

And the dear Lord Christ—was His work un-  
done  
For lack of a willing heart ?  
Only through men does He speak to men ?  
Dumb must He be apart ?  
I do not know, but I wish to-day  
I had let the Lord Jesus have His way.  
—Alice J. Nichols

## Making Room

"What are you doing?" asked the friendly passer-by.

"Making room for the flowers," was the laughing response from the one weeding in the posy garden.

There are a good many ways in which we all make room for flowers in the garden plots

of our lives. It is not enough that we plant flowers there. No matter how many are sown, few will flourish and bloom without proper care, or without having their share of room.

For instance, there is the beautiful plant, the desire to please. It is easy-growing; most of us have it in our gardens. But if it is crowded by the weeds of selfishness it will make but little headway toward blossoming into actual deeds of pleasant service.

Or suppose there have been planted in the garden the fruits of the spirit—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. If the weeds of unrighteousness are allowed to creep in and grow, flourishing and choking the better things, they will be but weak and stunted.

The poet says truly that :

"It's everybody's business,  
In this old world of ours,  
To root up all the weeds he sees,  
And make room for the flowers.

"So that every little garden,  
No matter where it lies,  
May look like that which God once made  
And called it paradise."

## Climbing Upward

By Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, M.A.

Fastened to a twig on a huge oak tree hung a tiny acorn. It was thinking hard. Then it took to talking, and this was what it said: "I must be doing something. I must be helping somebody. I mustn't swing idly here all the time." The acorn thought of the