

ANSWER TO THE THORN QUESTION IN THE MAY NUMBER.

BY P. E. BUCKE, OTTAWA.

Were all the world a bed of flowers,
 Our wishes filled on sea and land,
 And all the thorns on shrubs and briers
 Were smoothed by nature's wealthy hand;

Had we no toil our limbs to tire,
 No hills to smooth, no vales to raise,
 What motives would our souls inspire;
 How should we reap our Maker's praise;

"Well done thou good and faithful one,
 On earth thou tried'st thy best to do,
 Thy course through life is safely run,
 Enter a state of rest into."

What are our trials, troubles, here,
 Our disappointments and our sin,
 But thorns that shoot up everywhere
 To vex and pinch our lives within.

What makes the northern nations strong?
 What most improves the human race?
 But energy to overcome
 The thorns that spring in every place.

In history we often read
 That good hath out of evil sprung.
 How John did sign at Runnymede
 The charter from his evils wrung.

How our salvation was procured
 By persecution's fiercest hate;
 Which else this beauteous world had seared,
 Had good not come through evil's gate.

Then let us bless both thorn and flower,
 Which He doth plant in dale and dell,
 Content to know that by His power,
 On earth "He doeth all things well."