

## THE BABY'S SHOE

Up in the garret I found to-day—  
Carefully laid in a box away—  
Tied with a ribbon of faded blue—  
A tiny worn little baby shoe.  
Worn in holes at the turned-up toe  
Where the little foot rubbed to and fro,  
Worn on the sole, grown brown with  
age.  
Of the shade time leaves on a vellum  
page.  
Creased into many a tiny fold  
By the dimpled foot that it used to hold,  
And the chubby hands, so soft and weak,  
In this shoe that my darling used to wear!  
The days that I thought were past and  
gone  
Come clearly back to me, one by one,  
As memory wakens, strong and true,  
At the magic touch of the baby's shoe.  
I hear again, as I used to hear,  
The baby laughter, sweet and clear,  
And the chubby hands, so soft and weak,  
Steal gently up to caress my cheek,  
And the dewy lips to my own are  
pressed,  
And the dear head nestles against my  
bosom.  
And I hold him close, with a throb of  
joy—  
My precious, beautiful baby boy!  
But alas! I am dreaming of days and  
years  
That time has blotted with bitter tears,  
And I wake with a sob and a weary  
start,  
With empty arms and a weary heart,  
And the little shoe I lay away  
With the sweet, sweet love of a long  
passed day,  
And I kiss the ribbon of faded blue  
That so long had guarded the baby  
shoe.

—Maud Knibbs.

The Way Jesus Went.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"It's so hard," sighed Anastasia to herself hopelessly, "to keep one's thoughts on the things that are Christ-like and heavenly; there are so many things to draw one away from such thoughts."  
"Ye—s," answered busy little Dollie, scarcely looking up from her sewing to answer; "that is, I don't understand what you mean. It seems to me there are so many more things to help me think of Christ than there are to forget Him."  
"O, I might have known I wouldn't get any sympathy from you," Anastasia replied a little impatiently. "I never do. You're such a blunderer, Dollie."  
"I know I am. That is, I looked the word up the other day, and it means one who goes about, slowly. That's the way the Lord travelled, you know, and so that helps me to think of Him. I never do. You're such a blunderer, Dollie."  
"Why, Dollie Marshall! The idea! But you are so queer. I suppose you'd call it a help to meditation to have some poor ragged, dirty child come and give you the horrors with its pinched face and hungry, staring eyes, just as you were beginning to get a glimpse of the look that must have shone on the face of the Master as He took His last look at His disciples and ascended above them toward the blue sky out of view. That's what I call meandering meditation." "Ugh! It makes me shudder yet to remember how uncanny that child looked and what a start she gave me."  
"Which way did she go?" queried the practical Dollie, with quick emphasis in her voice as well as an undertone of tender concern.  
"Why, Dollie Marshall! Have you not a Sunday-school scholar so long and don't know which way the Saviour went when He ascended?"  
"No, no," said Dollie; "I mean which way did the pale, hungry child go? It must be the same one Miss Marsh was telling us about at the last prayer-meeting. There's a new family moved in that no one knows much about yet. They must be very poor."  
"There you go again with your everlasting talk about poverty, and all that, when I come to talk with you about religious hopes and aspirations. But you haven't a bit of reverence in your soul, Dollie Marshall. You would pass the Saviour by, if he were on earth, to get to some dirty child."  
"O no, wouldn't either, Anastasia. For Jesus would be there before I could hope to get near. That's what I thought you wanted to talk about—getting near to Him, I mean."  
Anastasia made no further reply, but she sat pretty close on the sofa, rather impatiently for a moment, and then she rose with another sigh, as though the subject was one to which she could not hope to do justice, and left the room with a not very cordial "good-morning."  
"But busy little Dollie was too much occupied with something else to notice the scant cordiality of her companion; and she too left in a moment more, denouncing a servile, water-proof, dead and a pain-bait that which she could fasten so securely that no wind could blow it off, and which was so suited to all kinds of weather that the rain would not hurt it."  
"She was gone in a minute, never thinking of the discomfort of a walk on such a day, or sighing once over giving up the interesting book that she had laid down when Anastasia came in."  
"It is so stifling in here," Anastasia said, after sighing and brooding a little; "and I just can't think now. Dollie is the most disagreeable person to talk with. I really hoped she would help me drive away the shock that this morning's little thing gave my nerves. This morning, and get back to the point where I was almost ready to take wings and fly away after my Master, but, instead, she made me more restless than ever. Would she have found the ragged child before?"  
"She just on her things for a walk, thinking that perhaps the cool air would be a relief to her throbbing head, and that she could lose herself in meditation while she engaged and get back again to the height of ecstasy where she might behold the Saviour in all His transfigured radiance, and take home a vision on which she could feast for many a day to come. The way her idea of an exalted religious experience—a life carefully shielded from all that contaminated by word or example, and an inward contemplation of the beauties and rewards of religion, which rose at times into imaginations which she called

"visions," almost beatific while they lasted, but quite a strain on the imagination if prolonged, and apt to be followed by quick reaction into despondency and morbid brooding, giving her the headache for the next two or three days, that she scarcely any one about the house dared speak to her.  
She had thought of going out to the boulevard along the Lake front, where the breeze from the water would beat in her face and perhaps aid in driving away her dejected mood. But whether it was the tugging of the gale at her hair, or Anastasia's hat was an entirely different affair from Dollie's, or whether it was some other influence, she turned off the broad street, and before she knew scarcely whither she was going, was in a narrow alley behind rows of tall buildings which sheltered her from the wind except when she crossed another street or alley at its intersection with the one she traversed.  
The alley was one that had been neglected, and was dirty and foul smelling; but perhaps Anastasia did not notice this at first, as she was debating with herself.  
"If He were on the earth to-day—of course it's foolish to suppose such a thing; but then Dollie suggested it a minute; I must think it over—if he were, and I wanted to find Him, would it be on the thronged thoroughfare where the carriages of the rich jostle against each other? Would He be looking out from their bows and smiles? Would He go to the Exchange to watch gold flowing from one man's pocket to another's, or to the officials of the city to court favor with them? Or is it possible that He would do—just as He did—when—"  
She said the last words with a deliberation that seemed to grow with each one, as though some irresistible force were forcing itself home upon her.  
Then she glanced up and noticed for the first time that the street on which she was walking was mean and wretched, and the glimpses of the people revealed nothing better. She shuddered at first, but the question she had asked herself a moment ago seemed to be answered itself on her in still milder detail: "Would He have come to this street and to this people?"  
Just then Anastasia caught sight of something that made her hesitate a second before going farther. It was a woman who had started. It was the same pinched and piteous face that had given her such a start that morning, looking more woe-begone if possible; and then something she caught her eye, too—the child was not alone. The cloaked figure behind her trudged along through the storm she could not make take. Something impelled her to follow. She hastened her steps. They turned in in ahead of her. Up a flight of stairs she followed, panting and exhausted, from the unwelcome exercise but still determined. Once she was just about calling out, as they turned a corner in the long, dark corridor, but she had not spoken enough yet, and she struggled on after them as best she could.  
She did not catch sight of them again in the hallway. Some of the doors she passed were open, and a hasty glance failed to reveal the figures of whom she was in search. She was about to turn back and ask some one, when another door ajar just enough to give her a glimpse within without being seen, showed a scene which made her pause. It was a sick man propped up in a most wretched-looking bed, gazing with famished eagerness on a large orange which he was scarcely able to hold in his weak hand. On the other side of the bed and leaning over it was that same pinched, pitiful face, yet lighted up and made almost beautiful, she thought to herself, by a look of unselfish enjoyment in the enjoyment of the other.  
Bustling around the room so that now and then she could catch glimpses of her was another person whom Anastasia was sure she knew.  
She did not mean to be an eaves-dropper, but there was something that would not let her go. She stood and watched the scene, successively in her piece, in a greedy, ravenous way, as though he might not have tasted anything palatable for days, and as though his worst ailment might be the need of something to eat. The little girl was served too, and ate with the same famished hunger, but not without keeping her eyes fastened upon her father—Anastasia took him to be—as though she half expected some morsel of food to come from him, and for the better, now that success had come.  
And, while this was going on, swift hands, used to such work, were flying about the room, from one to another, tidying up here and setting to rights there; removing unsightly things from sight and letting in light and sunshine, besides shedding the sunshade that was a more than ten times as without the sunshade of a child's sympathetic soul touched with the pity and love that had moved her Master to go into such places and help such people in His earthly ministry.  
"Would you like to have me read to you?" Anastasia heard a voice full of cheer and suggestive of interest ask, after the physical comfort had been ministered to. And the hands that had been so busy about the other things turned to the pages of the well-known Bible in the most familiar way, and the eyes that looked into his were so confident that the answer seemed to have been taken for granted, and the preparation for the matter of fact was made in the most matter-of-fact way.  
Why did the little girl raise her head in a half-started way? Why did the man hesitate and cough as though he had not been so sure of himself and could not? His first sentence expired.  
"If it's the same thing all want to read to a fellow—about God and the like, I'd sworn to any one yesterday that had offered to do it. He took her mother away from me and left me sick to die like a dog, and no one to speak to me or look after Jeannette; but—"  
"Why," broke in the cheery voice, "don't you know that it was He who sent me to her to-day?"  
"It must have been some good power, Miss; for another day and it would have been too late."  
"But you're only been here three days and we did not know of you until

last night, and made plans to come right away, because it is the King's business and needed to be done with haste. Come, what you have received already of His message has done you good, and I'm sure the rest will do you more good."  
"His message?" gasped the man in evident bewilderment.  
"Why, yes; the fruits and encouragement came from him, and not from me. I'm only his messenger. I am just trying in a poor way to do what He did when He was here, and what He would do if He were here now. Listen?"  
And then, before he could object further that he wanted to do, she glided so naturally from conversation about Him to the reading of His own words to the distressed and forsaken that the man was compelled to listen, but with a new meaning in the words at which he had often scoffed and rebelled.  
Then, bowing her head over the bed, the girl made the transition from reading God's Word to talking with God—just as naturally as she had made the transition from talking about Him to repeating His words; and, when she had finished, there came low sobs from the bed, and two heads remained bowed for a minute—that of the father and little girl.  
"Was the girl whosepe first?" "Don't you see He has sent her, papa, just as she says? And of course He could not come Himself when He is so far away in heaven. But if mamma is there, and He is here, for He is pity, and hard things against Him. Let's talk and feel just as if He had come to-day. He would, you know if He had been here, and let's play He has come and will not let us think He has forgotten us any more."  
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