

Pastor and People.

THE LITTLE WORN SHOES.

A mother stood by an open drawer.
"These now are too small to use."
And she laid away, with a careless hand,
A little worn pair of shoes.

Then she took baby up in her tender arms:
She knew 'twas her rightful place,
And the mother imprinted a loving kiss,
On the upturned baby face.

Little soft golden rings of hair,
And blue eyes open wide,
A sweet little mouth and a dear little nose—
A baby who never cried.

But tired of laughing and toys and fun,
And tired of trying to creep,
The little head drooped on the mother's arm
And baby was fast asleep.

A year rolled on, and the mother's heart
'Twas chastened beneath the rod,
The house was still, with no baby voice,
For the baby was home with God.

The mother tried to forget her grief,
But she did not attempt to pray;
"She could not love God," she bitterly said,
"Who had taken her child away."

Again at that drawer the mother stood,
With a worldly and careless face,
But at something she saw a tear dropped down,
And hid in the folds of lace.

The little old shoes she held in her hand,
As she stood in the twilight there.
"I must see my baby again!" she cried,
And she fell on her knees in prayer.

In a sobbing voice she softly said,
"O God, Thy way I choose!"
And she tenderly kissed, and she clasped them close
The little worn pair of shoes.

THE GUID WORD, BY JOHN.

CHAPTER TWO.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH, NEWMARKET, ONT.

On the third day was a waddin' at Galilee-Cana; and Jesus' mither was there. And baith Jesus and the learners had a bode to the waddin'. And when the wine ran dune, Jesus' mither said till him, "The wine's a' dune!" Jesus said till her, "Aih, wumman, what hae I to do w'ye e-now? My hour'll be here, belyve!" But His mither counsell't w' the servants, "Whatsomever He bids ye, gang and do't!" And there were stan' in sax stane troughs, according as the Jews purify't their sels; and ilk wad haud two-three firkins. And Jesus tell't them, "Fill the water-troughs w' water." And they fill't them teemur' fu'. And He spak to them, "Dip out now, and tak it to the maister o' the feast." And they gaed w'it. As sune as the maister o' the feast had pried the water-wine (and kent-na whaur it cam frae; but the servants kent), he cry't to the bridegroom, "Ilka man wales out his best wine, to hansen the feast; and whan folk are weel-stocked then feshes the second wale; but ye hae hained the best wine till now." Thus Jesus begude to do His great warks in Galilee-Cana; and shawed forth His glorie; and the learners lippen'd him. And then He gaed down to Capernaum w' His mither and His ain folk, and the learners, and they stoppit there a wheen days.

And the Pasche o' the Jews was ner-hand; and Jesus syne gaed up till Jerusalem. And there He faund i' the temple the sellers o' nowte, and sheep, and dows; and the nifferers o' siller sittin'. And He made a pair o' tawse w' sma' cords, and ca't them a' out; and the sheep and the nowte beasts; and teemed out the nifferers' siller and coupit their tables. And tell't them that sell't dows, "Tak thae things awa; ye'se no mak My Faither's house a house of traffic!" And the learners min't how it was putten' down, "Thy house's zeal devours me."

Then up spak the Jews till Him, "What ferlie hae ye to shaw, gin ye pit out yer han' to sic like wark? Jesus said till them, "Mak an end o' this temple, and in three days I'll restore it!" Than cry't the Jews, "Sax and forty years gaed by afore this temple was a biggit; and are ye gaun to big it i' three days?" (But it was the no'lie temple o' His ain body He spak o'.) And sae, belyve, when He was risen frae the

dead the learners ca't to mind that He had said this till them, and they lippen'd the word and a' that Jesus had said.

And when He was at the Pasche, in Jerusalem, as the feast gaed on, mony begude to believe on His name, when they saw the ferlies dune aneath His hand. But Jesus didna lippen and gie Himsel' ower till them, for He ken't men; and need't na that ony s'nd tell Him about a man; for He kent what was in man.

PLAINNESS IN THE PULPIT.

A man who cannot make things plain is not qualified to fill a pulpit. First of all, let a preacher think out his subject so thoroughly that his ideas shall lie clear and distinct, like crystals, in his own mind; and then let him remember that a "straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and speak accordingly. What right has he to use an involved and tortuous manner when declaring the great things of God—darkening counsel by words without knowledge? What right has he to come before plain people in the strait-jacket of professional dignity, and talk of "volition" instead of will, "intellectual process" instead of thinking, and "moral obligation" instead of duty and the like, as if the very use of language were, as Talleyrand suggests, "to conceal one's thoughts?" What right has he to give his hearers the hard stone of metaphysics, when they are dying for the bread of heaven? What right has he to bring forward profound disquisitions and curious speculations, when the command is, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee?" And what right has he to hide that Christ whom he is to make known, amid the flowers of rhetoric, as Verelst in his portrait of James II. virtually hid his Majesty in a profusion of sunflowers and tulips? When the late young preacher, Erskine Hawes, was dying, he said, "I wish to live to preach the Gospel more simply." How many at death's door have felt as he felt?—*Dr. H. C. Fish.*

A WARNING.

The devil is a cunning angler; if he cannot land his trout by hook, he will take to tickling. As the sensation is grateful, comforting, he seldom fails. Who does not like to be sought after? Who does not appreciate the golden opinions of his fellows? A young man, rather than be considered strait-laced, accepts an invitation into questionable society. A compliment has been paid him, and he does not quite like to say "No;" but when it is borne in mind that his presence at one midnight carnival, besides jeopardizing his earthly prospects and putting his own soul in peril, will label the whole proceedings as respectable, and be referred to with pride as a precedent for others equally respectable, the profound importance of the step will be at once apparent.

There is current to-day a devilish maxim that every young man must have his fling. No stone will be left unturned to convert you to the same opinion. You will be urged to add to your knowledge by seeing life in all its phases at theatres, music halls, dancing saloons, gambling hells, and gin palaces. You will be wheedled into these white-washed charnel-houses, these gilded soul-traps, these vile manufactories where the raw and loathsome material of vice is worked up into captivating and marketable shape. For God's sake, beware! Give heed to the warning of Scripture, and the danger-signals standing at every inch of the way. These pure minded, high principled young men—these young men who tell you they know what's what—only just go in to see, that's all—go in pure, come out corrupted—go in rich, come out beggared—go in in the prime of health and manhood, come out sapped of their vigour, shorn of all nobility, bearing away the undying germs of death. Then the old home, once a place of joy, becomes the abode of lamentations.

Get, then, where the heavenly voices can reach you, and be swift to act upon their blest communications. Wait but a little while, and the other voices will all be hushed. In a few short years these flash young men will be no more. They tread a path bestrewed with fading flowers, but which is but a short cut to the grave. Not many years since, I knew a young fellow, respectably connected, who heartily subscribed to this maxim that every young man must have his fling. He was very consistent and practised what he preached. He swore well, drank

well, was a good hand at cards and billiards. He could crack a foul joke, and boast most truthfully of his numerous excesses. Yea, he was a very hero, a kind of planet, round which large clusters of minor satellites revolved. His light burned brilliantly, evoked applause; but lacking power of continuity, suddenly went out. A virulent disease, with bull dog ferocity, fastened upon his body, seized his very vitals, and would not leave go till its fangs had met; then it flung its mangled victim into a dishonoured grave, and left it there for decent folks to bury. Yet he was deemed a good-natured, generous-hearted young man, and a jolly good sort of fellow; but he cracked his last joke at thirty!—*The Quiver.*

PSALMS OF DAVID.

Lives there a weary, travel-stained pilgrim, who has never come to this fountain and been refreshed? Its waters are clear and sparkling, reflecting the image of a heart laid bare to the all-searching eye of God. In the desert of life here is an oasis, a sweet resting place. Here is a healing balm for every wound the world may inflict. Here is a cordial for the faint, given by the hand of inspiration. In its waters there's a virtue, and to the taste sweeter than the honey and the honey-comb.

"As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," is a sweet draught to a soul thirsting, longing for a more intimate communion and fellowship with the Father.

Have you sorrows, have you joys, have you thanks? Go with the sweet singer of Israel, and with him lay them at the Master's feet. David laid bare to God his whole heart. Ah! the sweet communion and fellowship of David and his God was far closer and more intimate than the friendship of Jonathan and David. "Judge me, O God," was his continual prayer. There was ever a sweet confidence and trust in the "Rock that is higher than I," a refuge "under the shadow of thy wings." How strikingly beautiful is David's confidence in God's grace! "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Are you weary? Like David, "rest in the Lord." Are you forsaken? "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Are you in doubt as to the right path? "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with Mine eye." Are you impatient? "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart." Are you in the midst of troubles? "My times are in Thy hands. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." Are you procrastinating? "To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Is your heart broken, tender, easily touched? "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Would you pray? "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray." Would you sing? "Come before His presence with singing." Would you tell of God's love to you? "I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart." Do you love God's house? "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Are you humble? "I am a worm and no man." Do you trust in God's grace and power? "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Do you wish for the joy you once felt? "Restore me unto the joy of Thy salvation." Would you praise God? "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name." Have you been tempted? "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." Are you brought to an extremity? "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." Are you living near to God? "I am continually with Thee; Thou hast holden me by my right hand." Are you overwhelmed with sorrows? "The day is Thine, the night also is Thine." Do you weep? "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Is there solicitude as to worldly prosperity? "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Are you entering the dark valley of the shadow of death? "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit." Do you rejoice at the thought of the resurrection? "I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—*Mrs. L. Richards, in Christian Index.*