

## The Inglenook.

### The Shepherd Psalm.

He rested on his oars for a moment, and allowed the boat to drift on; in his honest brown eyes there was a look of intense satisfaction as he gazed into her clear blue eyes.

"And you are perfectly sure you are making no mistake, Jessie?" he said, rather than asked, after a pause.

Perfect happiness shone in her face as she answered unhesitatingly—"I trust you entirely, Jack."

"Dearest," he said fondly, "I do not deserve such happiness. I can scarcely believe sitting quietly here, that you are mine, actually mine, I cannot imagine what charm there was about me, that made me able to win you, sweetheart."

"Well, since you put it so plainly" she replied demurely, "Of course no one else would take you, so I had pity on you and—"

"Jessie!"

"Well, why do you be so ridiculous, you absurd boy, there is everything about you deserving of love. I really believe you are only waiting for a compliment."

"No, I want the truth. Could you—I mean will you—that is, would you mind telling me what you see in me?" he asked, with a lover's curiosity, then suddenly he exclaimed "Jessie, have you any idea how perfectly bewitching you are?"

"Jack, Jack, be quiet," she cried raising her hands to her ears, then very inconsistently adding gaily "you deserve something for that, Jack, it was very nice indeed, so I will begin. Was it a list of your virtues you asked for? In the first place then I need not tell you that modesty is one of them. You are really good looking, Jack, don't blush, that is almost a virtue, then you are honest, generous, I notice you never use tobacco, nor touch even wine,—you have a fair amount of this world's goods, that counts, too," with a smile, "you are clever, don't stop me," as he raised his hand in expostulation, "you asked me, and I will tell you this time. Don't be afraid I do not intend to spoil you," then suddenly growing serious she added, "I love you for all, Jack dear, but I could not feel the perfect faith in you that I do feel, if, behind it all, I did not know that you were trusting the Lord Jesus."

"All I am, or ever will be, I owe to Him, Jessie," he said softly.

"That is true, and I can say the same also, oh Jack, our home shall be a paradise for, as well as human love, we shall also have the divine."

"Our home" he repeated. "Jessie, I wonder if that sounds as sweet to your ears as it does to mine. Think how long I have been without a real home, I am impatient for the time to come, when we will be in our own home. Picture it to me, Jessie, what shall it be like?"

"Our home," said Jessie, dreamily, unconsciously repeating also; then with fresh energy she exclaimed, "I am so glad, Jack, that we can have a nice comfortable home, with plenty of pretty things. We shall have a real home, dear, and will not keep it all to ourselves selfishly, but will share it with others who are not so fortunate."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Well, when brother Jim first went into the city, he was very lonesome, mother or I did not know till afterwards. Any way he

went to the Y. M. C. A. rooms and spent his evenings there, made a few friends, but he is rather diffident you know, and would not force himself any where. One evening he was feeling rather alone, when one of the members came up and said kindly, "Will you come home with me and have tea." After a moment's hesitation he accepted the invitation and wrote us that he spent such a happy evening, and was made to feel so much at home with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, and ever since he has been perfectly satisfied. When I read that, I determined that when I had a home I would ask my—my husband (I did not think of you then, Jack) to invite any lonely young man to tea, I believe it is a true work for Christ, and it is not right that the hotels should have a monopoly of everything that is bright to entice a stranger."

Jack looked very bright as he replied, "I can appreciate that, Jessie, for I know too well, what it is to feel friendless, and I will help you all I can."

"Am I to picture a little more? well, is it too commonplace to bring before you visions of happy firesides, daily papers and nice books? Oh, I am going to stop now, I think I have said enough."

"Jessie you have set before me a bright future, and one that means much to me, love will you forgive me if I say what perhaps I should not, for I would not cast a shadow over the picture, but, dearest, dark days may come, we may not be exempt from trouble, tell me, sweetheart, what then?"

She looked up with a bright smile—"I did not say anything about that, Jack," she said "but I have thought of it. I trust I am not wrong when I say I almost hope that life will not be all sunshine, it might not be good for us dear, you remember the old lady who was always so happy, and when asked if she never had clouds in her sky, replied, "why, yes, where else would the blessed showers come from," and only last Sunday in church Dr. Harris said, I remember it distinctly, 'God's presence in the trial is much better than exemption from trial. The sympathy of His heart with us, is sweeter far than the power of His hand for us,' so, Jack, will we just trust and not be afraid?"

"We will, Jessie."

"I had a dear old grandmother" continued Jessie, "she was very much attached to me, I am called after her you know, she was delightfully Scotch, and she would often say to me—"Jessie, the Guid Book speaks well about a new song, and I'll no say but there is comforting thoughts in some o' the new anes, but to my mind, there is just one song that satisfies when the heart is full o' either joy or sorrow.' My heart is full to overflowing just now, Jack, and I am thinking of Grandma's 'ane song.'"

"Can you sing it, Jessie?"

"Yes, if you help me," and presently over the calm waters floated the words of the Shepherd Psalm, the two voices blending harmoniously together—

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie,  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

They sang on, verse after verse to the end, then Jack leaned over and said earnestly,—  
"Jessie, together we will trust Him and make Him head of our home, and then—after—  
In God's house for ever more  
Our dwelling-place shall be."

In one of the cottages over looking the river, an old lady sat, and beside her on a stool was a young girl.

"Are you sure you are as well as usual, Grandma?" asked Flora Grant, anxiously.  
"Aye, my lass, I canna complain, I'm no sick, child, but I'm to tired and weary like. Oh my lassie, I'm tired and weary like, oh my lassie, I'm thinkin' it's home sick I am, and just longing for a sicht o' the hickier, o' home, o' Heaven, it may be."

"Is there anything I can do for you, Grandma?" "Na, na, Flora child, its aye guid to me ye are, I'm thinking o' your mither, dearie, ye're like her, my girlie, I can see her in ye're een, and the pretty turn o' ye'r heid, but ye'r hair is like your faither's" she said, a moment later, running her fingers lovingly through the brown locks. "But 'tis ye'r mither ye are like," she continued, then suddenly she cried out, "Oh, my bairn, my Jeannie, me heart is sair for ye to-day."

Flora moved uneasily—Grandma dear she said "Don't cry so, please don't, it hurts me." "Weel do I mind her," went on her Grandmother more quietly, "Tika day since she was put in my arms, with the sweet blue een, and golden hair,—I can see her coming to me with her little troubles, 'Mither,' she would say 'I's scratchit my hand,' and I would aye comfort her and kiss her. I can see her as she gangs to schule, and even then young Allan Grant would follow her to carry her buiks—I can see her a bonnie lassie leaving me, leaning on the arm of brave Allan, your faither, oh, brave bonnie young Allan, he sleeps in India the noo, but Jearnie's heart was broke and I can see her coming hame to me, to dee, and she gaed you to me, my lassie, and says she 'Mither ye will aye be guid to my baby, and then she slippt awa', oh my Jeannie." Flora was weeping softly, but her grandmother's eyes were dry now and she was perfectly calm. "Flora lass," she said "God is aye guid. Forgive your grandmither" she continued as Flora made no reply, "And tell me, lassie, are ye goin' to keep Charlie waitin' much langer, he is true, my girl, I ken it weel."

Flora hid her face in her grandmother's lap—"I will not keep him waiting longer, Grandma, I told him 'yes' last night."

Mrs Campbell raised her trembling hand over the bowed head and said "The Lord bless thee and keep thee."

They sat quietly together, each busy with her own thoughts, and suddenly the sound of voices floated into the room, sounding sweetly over the water—

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want  
It makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

Flora raised her head to speak, but Mrs. Campbell stopped her with a gesture. Again came the sweet voices,

My soul He doth restore again  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness  
Even for His own name sake.  
Yea though I walk through death's dark vale  
Yet will I fear no ill,  
For Thou art with me and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

A step sounded outside and presently a young man entered. At a motion from Flora he stood perfectly still, while she crossed the room and watched the two lovers sailing by, and singing the "ane song," but her grandmother sat still with an expectant look on her face. The singing continued:

My table Thou has furnished  
In presence of my toes  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint  
And my cup overflows.  
Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me