THE AGED PASTOR.

in his desk, that grave old man, e still bright, though his cheek is wan, or white locks are backward rolled oble brow of classic mould ; m, though bent by weight of years, of its primal beauty wears. the page of the Sacred word-sper, nor low nor loud is heard-y assumes a serious look deth the words of the Holy Book; thoughtless and gay grow reve

os his lins in silent praver. nds as the grave old prophet stoed, ming the truth and the living God ; f on the ears of men re at ease in their folly and sin, re of guilt still unforgiven, ltted, unmeet for heaven.

Oh, who can but honor that good old man As he neareth his three score vears and ten? Who has made it the work of his life to bless Our world in its wos and wickedness, Still guiding the few who were wont to stray In paths of sin, to the narrow way?

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did before. Even a lost low be replaced; or should the old be too deep too staunch we cover and hide it away, ashamed, as well be, to own an incurable sore. But it ferssion, if really a profession, is a the man; other privations are but for him wince, this is denying him water; overy day want, a perpetual blank it tates him at every turd. Ho would it

harm rather than doing no Effingham was very restle The dull despondency of res and unremitting la in its place was a f desire for change, a ness, which is of it longings, and a re-that discontent whi

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