

going down behind Ben Lomond in the happy summer time, touching with gold the grey old castle, deepening the green upon the belt of trees which fringed the eastern side of the park, and filling the park itself with soft, mellow light. A cricket match between two schools had been going on all day, and was coming to an end, and I had gone out to see the result, being a new arrival in Stirling, and full of curiosity. The two lads at the wickets were in striking contrast,—one heavy, stockish and determined, who slogged powerfully, and had scored well for his side; the other nimble, alert, graceful, who had a pretty but uncertain play. The slogger was forcing the running in order to make up a heavy leeway, and compelled his partner to run once too often. 'It's all right, and you fellows are not to cry shame,' this was what he said as he joined his friends. 'Buchanan is playing A1, and that but ought to have been a four; I messed the running. It was good form, of course, and what any decent lad would want to say, but there was an accent of gaiety and a certain air which was very taking. Against that group of clumsy, unformed, awkward Scots lads, this bright, straight, living figure stood out in relief; and as he moved about the field my eyes followed him, and in my boyish and dull mind I had a sense that he was a type by himself, a visitor of finer breed than those among whom he moved. By-and-by he mounted

a friend's pony and galloped along the racecourse in the park till one only saw a speck of white in the sunlight, and still I watched in wonder and fascination—only a boy of thirteen or so, and dull—till he came back, in time to cheer the slogger who had pulled off the match with three runs to spare—and carried his bat.

"Well played, old chap," the pure, clear, joyous note rang out on the evening air; 'finest thing you've ever done,' while the strong armed, heavy-faced slogger stood still and looked at him in admiration, and made amends. 'I say, Drummond, it was my blame you were run out. ....' Drummond was his name, and some one said 'Henry.' So I first saw my friend."

### A YOUNG MAN'S PSALM

(Psalm 119.)

By Rev. Wm. Robertson Nicoll

This young man's psalm may teach young men how to read and use the Bible. Needless to say that the Word in our possession is greater, fuller, richer, than the Word in which the writer of this Psalm so gloried.

1. The Bible is to be read with love. This psalm is full of loving thoughts of the law. As Ruskin tells us, in the Psalms it is always the law that is spoken of with chief joy. The psalms respecting mercy are often sorrowful as in thought of what it cost, but those respecting the law are always full of delight.

2. The Bible is to be read with prayer. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." God is His own interpreter. We cannot know the Bible, however minutely we may study commentaries. Its inward, spiritual meaning, by which we know it to be the Word of God, is revealed to the illuminated heart. Not the letter, but the spirit of the Bible, revealed by the Holy Ghost, nourishes the soul's life.

3. In order to get the best of the Bible we must instantly obey what we understand. An obeyed conscience is an enlightened conscience. A Bible obeyed is a Bible which continually issues further commands and promises, and never fails to help us in our time of need. "I made haste, and delayed not to keep Thy commandments."

## How can we put our Religion into our Sports?

BY HAVING FOR—

OUR CAPTAIN

JESUS CHRIST

OUR COMPANIONS

FAIR PLAY  
GOOD TEMPER  
UNSELFISHNESS

OUR PURPOSE

AMUSEMENT  
RECREATION  
GOOD HEALTH

OUR ENEMIES

ROUGHNESS  
BETTING  
NEGLECTED  
WORK

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