

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

IAN MACLAREN THE BOY.

Mrs. Carr, wife of the Rev. Dr. George B. Carr, professor in Lincoln University, writes as follows on the above topic: "Just fifty years ago Ian MacLaren and I were going to school in the town of Perth, Scotland. Perth is the Muirkon so often mentioned in the stories and the place where Ian MacLaren, or John Watson, first went to school.

"John's mother and mine were friends, and as the whole town had to be crossed in going to school, they arranged that we should go together. I was a girl about 12 years old and he a wee laddie of 6. He then wore the highland dress—black velvet Glengarry cap with eagles' feathers, velvet coat with velvet buttons, Larban with ribbed stockings, bare knees and low shoes with buckles.

"As a child he had fair hair and blue eyes and was very sweet and gentle in manners.

"I have often wondered that in the many accounts of his early days no mention has been made of his first teacher, Miss Margaret McCraughton, who, with her sister, conducted the principal ladies' school in Perth for about forty years. She was no common woman and doubtless had her own share in moulding the character of the future story-teller.

"We went hand in hand to school for over a year, and then his father had a Government appointment to another town.

"When next I met him he had blossomed out into a Free Kirk divinity student, very opinionative and rather conceited. We lived in the same house for some weeks at that time and had many a tussle over the merits of our different churches. I, being descended from two of the founders of the older Secession Church, felt that his air of superiority was quite unwarrantable. But we were both young and we all know how catholic were his sympathies in later years, and since then the two churches have united. It must have been twenty years after that when one day my husband brought me a paper, saying: 'Tell me, who wrote that?'

"How I laughed and cried over 'The lad o' pairts,' and felt all through that I knew the folk mentioned and had spoken with them, but I could not guess who the writer was—this Ian MacLaren.

"Then we learned that my old companion was the artist who was making the people of the moor and parish live before the world.

"Drumtochty, or Logie Almond, is about ten miles from Perth, or Muirton, away up the foothills of the Grampians at the edge of the heather. It was there that John Watson had his first charge as a minister of the Free Kirk. My grandfather had been many years Secession minister at Methven, or Kildrummie, the adjoining parish. Our family burial place is in the old churchyard there.

"Many a summer afternoon have I spent among the old folks of the congregation. The doctor there was a special friend of my father's and one of the characters of the place. Our old nurse had retired there amongst her own people and in her sitting room we met Jamie Loubar and others belonging to both parishes.

"Mrs. McFayden was no keener sermon taster than our Lizzie Inwrie. I still think I hear her speaking as I heard the story of 'The Wise Woman.'

"Jamie Toubar, the mole-catcher, was to us familiarly 'Mollie,' and quite the outspoken, independent, kind-hearted fellow we read of. Many others I might mention, all characters. We often said, Oh, that some one would put them in a

book.

"I had been in this country a few years when Dr. Watson came to lecture for the first time. I must hear him for auld lang syne. After the crowd in the ante-room of the Academy of Music had thinned a little I went up to him and asked him if he knew me. A long look and a kindly grip of the hand and a hearty Yes, I do, and my maiden name. A few words of regret that he could not accept our invitation to visit Lincoln. Then others pressed to speak with him. In the speech of the Glen he has 'slipped awa' and we shall hear his voice no more, but he has left a rare remembrance for all who love the true, the pathetic and the beautiful in humble life."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Now if you should visit a Japanese home, Where there isn't a sofa or a chair, And your hostess should say: "Take a seat, sir, I pray,"

Now where would you sit? Tell me where.

And should they persuade you to stay there and dine,

Where knives, forks and spoons are unknown,

Do you think you could eat with chopsticks of wood,

And how might you pick up a bone?

And then, should they take you a Japanese drive

In a neat little "rickshaw" of blue, And you found, in Japan, that your horse was a man,

Now, what do you think you would do?

What I Would Do.

If I should visit a home in Japan, Where there isn't a chair or divan, And my host should say "O kake-naesare,"

(1)

I'd sit on a futon, (2) that's where.

And what if to dinner I'm asked to remain,

Where I look for knives and forks, but in vain?

Why! in my right hand I'd take up O hashi, (3)

And fare very well on rice and O kwashi, (4)

And if out advising they ask me to go, Ichi-nin-nori (5) or ai-nori noi! (6)

A man for a horse! omoshiro (7) my!

But for the riksha (8) man, O moshiroku nai. (9)

1. Be seated. 2. A cushion. 3. Chopsticks. 4. Sweetmeats. 5. Riding singly. 6. Riding doubly. 7. Pleasant. 8. Little two-wheeled buggy pulled by a man. 9. Not pleasant.—The Independent.

THE MAN WHO LIVES IN THE PANSY.

In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered, so that he can see the world.

But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for, when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be.

The next time you pick a pansy, see if you can find the man and his little foot-tub. Ex.

BROWN "JACK."

Jack was a wee baby bear and lived with his mother in the nicest kind of a house in the side of a mountain. One fine day Mrs. Bear told Jack that she was going out for a while to find something nice for dinner, and that he must be a good little bear and stay at home; and, kissing him good-bye, she started off.

Poor little Jack felt very lonesome after his mamma was gone, and wished he was big so he could go out, too. He tried very hard to be good; but he did want his mamma so very much, he thought he would just look out and see if she was coming, and, if she was, he would run to meet her. So he trotted to the door. He did not intend to go out unless he saw his mother, for she had often told him what dreadful things happened to little bears that went out in the woods by themselves; but when he got to the door, and could not see his mother, he thought he would just go a little way for surely she must be coming. So he went a little further, when all of a sudden he heard a dreadful noise which frightened him so that he did not know what to do. He called, "Mamma!" but heard only the same awful noise, and when he tried to run home he must have turned the wrong way, for he was lost.

Poor little Jack! He could not run very fast, and the dogs were very close now, for the noise that frightened him so was the barking of Mr. Hall's dogs. What should he do? Before he had time to think, Mr. Hall picked him up and put him in a big bag, and Jack heard him say: "He will make a fine pet and plaything for Harry."

Who was Harry, and what did pet and plaything mean, wondered the poor little bear. "O, I wish I had stayed in the house!" cried Jack. After awhile he heard Mr. Hall say: "Well, here we are; and what do you think I have in this bag for you, Harry?" Of course Harry could not guess, so his papa opened the bag and out rolled the little brown bear. At first Harry was afraid to go near him; but after Mr. Hall had put a collar on Jack, to which was fastened a long chain, he was not so frightened. He was delighted when his mother gave him a bowl of bread and milk for his new pet, and saw how eagerly the little fellow ate it up.

Harry and his father made a little house for the bear, and it was not long before Harry and Jack were the best of friends. Harry taught him many tricks. He would take Harry's arm, and walk about the yard on his hind legs, and he could turn a somersault as well as any boy. He would sit up in a chair and beg for a lump of sugar and, if he did not get it, would put his forepaw over his face and cry. Then he was pretty sure to get the sugar lump. When he grew large enough, Mr. Hall had a wagon and harness made, and Jack would take Harry fine rides.

Jack had such a good home that he soon forgot all about the house in the woods, and Harry often wondered how he ever got along without his little brown bear.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle that makes us valiant.