

## LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland, and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer 'Ten.' When Aleck understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day, he replied "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes sir," answered Aleck.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Aleck.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Aleck. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"O we all do it," said Burt reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Aleck. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Aleck bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime; but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-

room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Aleck Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Aleck never preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Aleck's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy -- the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his department' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list, had made truth noble in their eyes. — *Brit. Bang.*

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.