

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Bottle the Sunshine.

(Lizzie De Armond, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,  
And lay it safe away;  
Hammer the cork in good and tight,  
Keep for a rainy day.  
For clouds will come and showers will fall,  
And earth and sky look sad;  
Then fling the cheery rays about,  
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,  
Sweet temper lay away;  
Carry through life a smiling face,  
And let your heart be gay.  
There's sorrow plenty in the world,  
And strife and bitter pain,  
So line the clouds with golden beams,  
And sing a glad refrain.

## 'Let Me Carry It For You.'

'Let me carry it for you. Oh, no, it will not trouble me a bit! I will just take it right up on my wheel. You will find it all safe when you get home.'

So the heavy bundle was taken out of the cramped arms of the poor old lady, and transferred to the wheel of the stout young man, who then sped down the street.

'I wish everybody were as good as that man!' the old lady thought, watching him as he sped out of sight around the corner. 'There are so many tired arms in this world!'

So many tired arms!

Would it not be fine if you and I were to think more about these weary arms as we go up and down the world? It surely would help us to forget some of the things which make our hearts tired; for there is something about doing for others which rests the one who thus lightens another's burden.

As he whirled away homeward with the burden he had lifted from the hands of the dear old friend who had no one to help her on the lonely way of life, I am sure there must have been a joy in the young man's heart. God put that feeling of happiness there. It was the blessing which comes from having done a kindly deed.

The other day, a little girl sat in a railway train all alone. At one of the stations a number of passengers came on. The car was now crowded. A young gentleman asked to share the seat of the little one. He had a travelling bag, an umbrella, and an overcoat, on his arm, so that the seat was well filled after he had settled down into it.

By and by, the lights of home came into sight. The little girl turned her eyes upward toward a heavy satchel that some one had placed there for her at the other end of the journey. She was a bit anxious about it, for it was too large for her to lift down, or to carry after it was down from its high place above.

The young man saw this troubled look, and when the train rolled into the station he said, 'I'll get it down for you, little girlie. Don't you worry about it. We'll manage it all right.'

'But you have so many things of your own.'

'Oh, we will fix them! You take your other bundles, and I will carry these.'

So, gathering his own bag, the umbrella, and the overcoat up in one arm, the young man tugged the little girl's heavy satchel out in the other hand. It was a load; but what of that? All the way, the little girl told him the story of her journeying all alone far across the state to meet her dear father in the great city. She was so tired, and she had wondered how she could get the big satchel out alone. But now it was all right and she was so thankful!

What are aching arms and tired shoulders by the side of joy in the heart? The fuller the sense of happiness, the lighter seems the tugging at the strained muscles.

When shall we begin to think about lifting the loads from the hearts of others? There will be a chance this very day, if we have our eyes open for it. The wood box

will get empty, and some one must bring in the wood to fill it. It may be mother, or perhaps sister.

'Oh, well, there isn't much fun in filling the wood box!' we say. 'It is different when you can carry bundles, and big satchels. Somebody besides your own folks will say, "Thank you," then!'

I wonder if it really is true that it is harder to do the little things that must be done right in our own homes than it is to do them for strangers? Is a 'Thank you' from some one's else mother sweeter than one from your very own mother? Oh, no, I am sure that is not so! And I know, too, that if there is any place in the world that a blessing will come for being good and kindly and thoughtful it is right at home.

The boy who sees things to be done in his own home and does them willingly and cheerfully, is the one who will see them away out in the world. I would not give much for the lad who is always ready to help those he meets on the street, but who never sees the cares and the tired arms in his own home.

I know of another who keeps watch of all we do. His great heart is glad when he sees one of his boys do a kindly act for the man or woman who is staggering under a heavy load along life's rough road; but sweeter still does it seem to him, I am sure, when they say to father and mother and brother and sister, 'I'll carry it for you,' and say it brightly, cheerily, and with a joy in the very soul.—Edgar L. Vincent, in 'New Guide.'

## Beaten.

(Fergus Mackenzie, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

On the fringes of Monrimmont Moor there flourished, three-quarters of a century ago, a race of crofters, stern, upright, self-respecting, fearing God. They toiled at the intaking of the stubborn moor with a strength and courage that were heroic. Accustomed to endure they were practised in the virtue of self-restraint; mingling little with their kind they were reticent and rarely gave expression to their emotions, although they were capable of the deepest feeling. Their hearts, like black mountain tarns, were of a depth invisible; once in a lifetime they might be betrayed into revealing their soul, but they blushed with every remembrance of such a revelation.

Dr. Matthews had been summoned from Glenbruar to one of the crofts. He had been told there was no hurry, but that he might take a step up in that direction some day soon and see what was wrong with old Elspet Maclean. The doctor did not wait an hour, but set off with grave misgivings, for these crofters never sent for him till they were at death's door. A little more than a mile from the Glen he left the highway and, striking westward, held along a deeply rutted cartway thickly grown with broom and whin and carpeted with grass. On one side was a belt of Scotch firs, on the other a moor luxuriant with heather, from which the bloom had already passed. Pursuing his way between wood and moor he came to a clearance in the forest, which was occupied with Saunders Maclean's croft and the small thatched cottage where Elspet lay sick.

When the doctor's visit was over, Saunders accompanied him across the moor.

'Weel, doctor, an' what think ye o' her?' he asked. From Saunders's unconcerned tone one would have imagined that Dr. Matthews was a veterinary surgeon, and that the question referred to some of the livestock on the croft.

Dr. Matthews felt that Saunders had not apprehended the gravity of his wife's illness. 'I had better tell you the truth at once, I suppose,' he said with a certain brusquerie in his tone, for he did not quite relish the indifference of this cold-blooded husband.

'Of course! What are you paid for?' the other retorted gruffly.

'Sometimes for holding my tongue!'

Dr. Matthews felt this man was unbearable. It would be no great loss to his patient when she was set free from such tender mercies as she was likely to experience in her illness.

Saunders made no reply to this speech; he was gazing at a distant corner of the wood.

'She will not leave her bed again,' the doctor added after a pause.

Saunders Maclean slowly withdrew his gaze, gathered himself together like a man about to make a supreme effort, but contented himself with saying, 'Ay, doctor,' He meant to add something, but checked himself. Then he asked, 'An' what like is the matter?'

'She is worn out; the tabernacle is done.'

'Dune!' the other exclaimed, turning upon the speaker with flashing eyes—'dune! What business has she to be dune? She's no' o'nything like so auld as I am, an' yet I'm no' a preenheid the waur. I'm ower the fourscore twa years gane, an' she's no' oot seventy-five. Whatever's the matter she canna be dune.'

'She has remained on her feet till she could stand no longer, Saunders, and she will never rise again. She is worn out, I tell you,' the doctor said almost angrily.

'Ay, man, that's terrible,' Saunders said perplexed. 'I aince had a mare that gaed that wey, an' it was a serious loss. I was ruggin' oot tree roots wi' her, an' she was an awfu' willin' beast. I had haen her at it a week on end, an' ae day when there was a terrible root to draw, an' she was tearin' wi' ilka nerve an' fibre in her body, didna she juist drap doon whar she stood, an' that was the hainmost o' her. But Elspet canna be dune! That wad be waure than the loss o' the mare yet. Ye see, doctor,' he continued earnestly, 'wi' me bein' seven year aulder than Elspet I had made up my mind that I was to slip awa' first; noo gin she's ta'en that upsets a' oor arrangements, which will never do.' Saunders looked at the doctor with an expression on his face betokening a much ill-used man.

'The tabernacle is done, Saunders; she will not leave that bed again till she leaves it for that narrow house, so make up your mind for that, and be kind to her as long as she is left to you, that you may have the less to regret afterwards.'

'Imphm, we'll see!' he answered sharply, and gazed across the valley. It was late autumn, and a glorious sunset dyed the sky crimson and gold, and the fir wood stood inky black around them. What Saunders's thoughts were as he watched the glories of fading day puzzled the doctor, who made a motion to depart.

'I must away, however, I shall call some day soon, but I can do nothing. Give her anything she has a fancy for. Good-bye. What an obdurate old villain Saunders is,' he said to himself, as he leaped from tuft to stone when crossing the plashy moor.

In outward appearance the doctor and Saunders Maclean were the antipodes of each other, the former being tall, thin, and delicate, with sharp features, keen blue eyes, and sandy hair; Saunders was thick-set and burly, and black as a stump of the black oak he sometimes hauled from the depth of the bog, and as durable. The doctor would not be a long-lived man; eighty-two years had made little difference to Saunders except to make him slower in his movements. His health was untouched; he could not understand those who did not sleep at night; and if any could not eat he ascribed it to want of work. His face was dark, his eyes deep black with the glow in them still, and age had scarcely grizzled his locks. Shaggy eyebrows overhung his eyes, and his square-set, determined under-jaw bespoke the man of iron will, while his great strength and endurance had enabled him to carry out most things he set his heart upon. He did not know what to be beaten was, and when he made up his mind that Elspet was to outlive him he would not readily let the arrangement be upset. He