

The Inglenook.

Ardorna.

"CLANRANALD" IN CHRISTIAN LEADER.

It was a brave March morning in Glen Orna. The coronach of the winds in the scaurs of Ben Darach found echo in the loyal soul of Norman Morrison. It was a Sabbath morning of sainted memories. Days of ladhood, buoyant and mystic, were around him; the ragged prayer at the edge of the red corrie; the hot vow, and the sweet light in mother's eyes when she stood at the dear door, and sped him to the big city with a benediction her very own.

Now, Norman was a licentiate of the church of his fathers, and a candidate for the vacancy at Ardorna; and when he entered the little, whitewashed vestry, serious misgivings possessed him. But Roderick M'Ruari, session-clerk and precentor, was his good friend, and Norman put on the glossy gown with wonderful composure. M'Ruari was such a man as you will find in many a glen in Scotland—a man of granite, yet tender of heart, and holding in the blood of him the valorousness of his race.

It was an unordinary sermon that the kirk of Ardorna heard that day. The text was from Joel. Donald Macrae, shepherd and saint, was very glad. The schoolmaster a graduate of Oxford, liked the terse sense of the sermon. And as for M'Ruari, he was quite sure that no man could preach a finer "disco'urse." But Murdo Munn thought it was a poor affair, and was very certain that the Reverend Silas Orme was an abler preacher.

In the evening Norman went with the shepherd to pray with a poor aged woman. She was passing to God through the last gloaming. The sun was sinking in a sea of fire behind the firs, and the only sound near was the leap of the waters over the brown rocks. In soft strenuous Gaelic, Norman went with Mhaira again to the waiting Saviour, and when he opened his eyes the peace of the star over Ben Darach was in Mhaira's eyes.

When the call came to Norman, he was surprised. For he knew how masterful was Munn, and he knew that already he was a licentiate of seven years' standing. Munn, of course, refused to sign the call. The Reverend Silas Orme was a gentleman's son and Norman Morrison was not. That was Murdo Munn's main plea. "But," said M'Ruari, "Norman Morrison is a scholar, a man of God, and a true gentleman."

After his settlement, Norman called on Munn. Munn was rudely obdurate. He declared he would never again enter the kirk of Ardorna, nor would he give a penny to the funds. Now Munn was a man of means, and this determination to withhold his contributions might have saddened Norman Morrison. Yet when he sat down again before his study fire, he felt that God would not desert His cause in Ardorna. And when M'Ruari dropped in for the Psalm list, Norman's heart was quiet, for M'Ruari ever looked higher than the mist on Ben Darach.

"Ye'll have seen Murdo Munn, I'm thinkin', Maister Morrison?"

"I have, Roderick; but I fear—"

"Hoots, man, we'll no' talk that way. The Lord will speak to him yet. He's dour, nae doubt—Murdo Munn was aye dour; but, of coorse, we're a' dour when we dinna get oor ain way."

When M'Ruari had gone, Norman turned with courage to his Hebrew Bible.

"It's a sair, sair b'ow. I'm fearin' that when he left us he was defyin' God. But ye'll ca' on him, Maister Morrison?"

"Yes, Donald, I'll call on him."

The shepherd inwardly thanked God for His great gift to Ardorna in Norman Morrison.

Murdo Munn received Norman with surprising meekness. "Step upstairs, Maister Morrison. My wife told me about your visit to Mhaira. No, there's no hope whatever; but she wants to see you."

That night Norman Morrison led Murdo Munn to the feet of Christ. And a week after, behind the hearse, on its way to the back of the clachan at the foot of Ben Darach, was to be seen Murdo Munn leaning heavily on the strong arm of Norman Morrison, minister of Ardorna.

Divided.

MOIRA O'NEIL IN LONDON OUTLOOK.

It's well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye weary, stony hill!

An' I'm tired, oh, I'm tired to be lookin' on ye still!

For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far, An' all your heights and hollows are between us, so they are.

Och anee!

But if 'twas only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown, I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin' down!

Then sure the great old sea itself is there layin' to bar,

An' all the windy wathers are between us, so they are.

Och anee!

But what about the water when I'd have ould Paddy's boat?

Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an' go afloat?

O, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon or star,

But there's colder things than salt waves between us, so they are.

Och anee!

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to come to me,

An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea!

'T is the same if he is near me, 't is the same if he is far,

His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are.

Och anee!

Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of force to grow, will then declare themselves.—Carlyle.

The Jew's Kiss of Gratitude.

A STORY OF THE EAST END OF LONDON.

Do you ever think of the Jews? And do think of them with tenderness?

They are a most wonderful race. Do you know that the Scriptures we value so much—which we cannot value too much—were written by Jews? The light would die out of our lives if that which the Jews have done for the world were forgotten.

It is said that there are more Jews in London to-day than there are in Jerusalem. Their Sabbath comes on our Saturday, and there are some streets in the East-End on that day where they can be seen walking. Some are very wealthy and gay; some appear to be very poor and miserable.

There is a very old English woman in the East-End whose neighbors are Jews. She became much interested in them; she thought of them daily as she read the Bible. She remembered that Jesus was a Jew.

One day a friend called on her, and a remark was made about them. "Some say they are not good neighbours," she replied, "that they are taking all the work. But, there, let me speak of them as I find them. Do you see that archway over there? Well, believe me, three or four Jews sleep there every night. How they manage to live I kn w not. They have my sympathy, and I think they know it. But they cann't speak my language, nor I theirs.

"And what do you think! One morning as I was going to take down my shutter—you see how heavy it is, one of them saw that it was too much for me, so he runs across, puts me aside politely, and takes it down for me. I thanked him very much, and I know he understood.

"Then I began to think what I could do for him, for he did this daily. I pray for the Jews, but I could not tell him that. I am so poor, you know the parish helps me a little; I have not one ha'penny to spare.

"Well I thought that when I took breakfast I would make him a cup of tea.

"But he gets the better of me every time! You must not laugh, it is so pretty.

"He gives me two kisses! When I give him the cup he kisses my right hand; when he gives it back he kisses my left!

"Ah! if you could see these hands you would think them worth kissing. Thin, sinewy, toil worn and brown, but beautiful. Well had they served their owner for eighty years. If one had a cast of a hand like hers, in bronze on the table, it would prove a daily inspiration.

"And to hear the dear old w man tell her story, think of her tender heart, and the Jew's kisses of gratitude, it would go hard, but your eyes would grow dim with tears.—William Main, in Christian Leader.

The Origin of a Word.

Tantalize. A long time ago a wicked king named Tantalus lived in Phrygia. And in order to punish him the gods put him in a large tank almost full of water. Near him grew trees loaded with nice fruits, and the boughs leaned down close to him. It looked as if he might have all he wanted; but every time he reached up to take an orange or a pomegranate the limbs of the trees would wave beyond his reach and he could not relieve his hunger. Every time he bent his head to drink of the water that surrounded him it would shrink away from his lips, and he never could reach it. From the name "Tantalus" we get our name "tantalize." To show some good thing just ahead and yet keep the hopeful person from reaching it is the worst kind of teasing. It is really tantalizing.