

BOYS AND GIRLS

Grannie.

'What makes ye sae canty, granny dear!
Has some kin' body been for ye to speir?
Ye luik as smilin' an' fain an' willin'
As gin ye had fun' a bonny shillin'!

'Ye think I luik canty, my bonny man,
Sittin' watchin' the last o' the sun sae gran'?
Weel, an' I'm thinkin' ye're no' that wrang,
For 'deed i' my hert there's a wordless sang!
Ken ye tke meanin' o' canty, my dow?
It's bein' i' the humour o' singin', I trow!
An' though nae sang ever crosses my lips
I'm aye like tae sing whan anither sun dips.
For the time, wee laddie, the time grows lang
Sin I saw the man wha's sicht was my sang—
Yer gran'father, that's, an' the sun's last
glim

Says aye to me, "Lass, ye're a mile nearer
him!"

For he's hame afore me, an' lang's the road!
He fain at my side wud hae timed his plod,
But, eh, he was sent for, an' hurried awa!
Noo, I'm thinkin' he's harkin' to hear my
fit-fa."

'But, grannie, yer face is sae lirkit an' thin,
Wi' a doun-luikin' nose an' an up-luikin chin,
An' a mou clumpt up oot o' sicht atween,
Like the witherin' half o' an auld weary
mune.'

'Hoot, laddie, ye needna glower yersel' blin'
The body 'at loos, sees far through the skin;
An', believe me or no', the hoor's comin'
amain

Whan ugly auld fowk 'ill be bonny again!
For there is One (an' it's no' my dear man,
Though I loo him as nane but a wife's hert
can)

The joy o' beholdin' Wha's gran' lovely Face
'Ill mak me like Him in a' 'at's ca'd grace.
But what I am like I carena a strae
Sae lang as I'm His, an' what He wad hae.
Be ye a guid man, Jock, an' ae day ye'll ken
What maks granny canty 'yont fourscore an'
ten!

An Angel in Her Way.

(By Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

Ruth Lenox was not satisfied with the double first that she carried away from Olome Institute on her graduating day. Indeed, her success there made her more anxious to drink deeper from the wells of knowledge. At the beginning her last week in college, Grandaunt Jean Oxley had announced her intention of visiting her old home in bonny Scotland during the following year, and without having consulted Ruth regarding her plans after receiving her diploma, informed that young lady to hold herself in readiness for a journey beyond the seas, as it was her intention to take her with her as a 'sort of a companion' in her travels over the Old World. Ruth knew very well what 'sort of a companion' would mean under Aunt Jean's cranky control, but she was so eager to broaden her life by the advantages such a trip would insure, that she determined to submit to Aunt Jean's crankiness, and for the good of the years to come, to make the most of her unpleasantness. Hence, plans for this grand outing entered largely into her arrangements for her senior year, and as the end of her school life drew nearer and nearer, her eagerness to start on the long anticipated journey to the Old World deepened almost into a passion. What made the prospective visit doubly desirable was the fact that Alice Maitland, her roommate and most intimate friend, was going, too. They had kept together in school from the time they entered the primary grade in their native town until they received their diplomas from one of the best colleges in the country. They were kindred souls, and many happy hours had they already spent in imaginary walks in and around places of antiquity where once had lived and loved and suffered the heroes with which their histories were peopled. But alas for all human hopes and plans! Just when Ruth's expectations were about to be realized, when her modest wardrobe was com-

pleted and her trunks packed ready for the ocean steamer, Aunt Jean, by a misstep, fell down a flight of stairs, injuring her back in a way that the doctors said it was almost certain that she would never again set a foot under her. Of course this put a stop to her European trip, and Niece Ruth's as well, for though Aunt Jean could have supplied the necessary funds without a strain upon her bank account, she was far too selfish to think of spending money in a way that would bring her no return. She liked Ruth, and because she could make use of her had proposed giving her a much desired pleasure; but now that she was compelled to give up the trip herself, and endure excruciating pain besides, she looked upon Ruth's disappointment as a very trifling thing indeed, and never for a moment thought of compensating her in the least for a service she had not rendered.

It almost broke Ruth's heart to see Alice and her father and mother go off without her, and for several days she moped about disconsolately, making every one around her as gloomy and unhappy as herself.

One morning when she was lamenting over her misfortune, her grandfather looked up from the big Bible on his knee, and asked, gravely: 'Daughter Ruth, do you not think that the hand of your heavenly Father may be in this trial?'

'I do not think that a God of love would take delight in thus disappointing His children,' Ruth replied, a little sullenly.

'If you are His child, my dear, there is no doubt but that He feels an interest in all you do,' returned grandfather. 'We have His own word for it, that "All things work together for the good of those who love God;" and I have been wondering this morning if there might not be "an angel in the way," blocking up your passage to the land over the sea. You remember how the angel stood in the way of Balaam to turn him aside from a journey which was not pleasing to the Lord. Balaam did not see him, though he had a sword drawn in his hand; and three times did he try to force a passage by different ways before his eyes were opened to the danger he had just escaped. In a like manner I believe that God sometimes hedges us in, thwarting our plans and placing an unseen angel in our path to oppose us. We ought to be very careful how we strive against our disappointments, lest we might be found fighting against God.'

Ruth was a Christian, and she took her grandfather's gentle reproof to heart, and the more she thought of his searching words, the more she became impressed that she had not been turned aside from this journey without there being a purpose in God's plan. Before night her father came to her burdened with a headache forced upon him by the conduct of his only son, Ruth's dear elder brother, Jerome. He had been counting much on her influence over Jerome, and now, though sorry for her disappointment, was glad that she would be Jerome's companion during vacation. His hope was that she might save him from his wicked associates, who were ruining him.

That night she sat down and studied the matter all over, prayerfully as well as tearfully, and the result was a delightful trip to Europe by proxy—not only for herself, but for Jerome, too. If they could not look upon the historical wonders of antiquity with their own eyes, there was no reason why they should not see them through Alice's vision, and as the first letter, which she was certain would be replete with interesting items concerning the ocean voyage, was almost due, she enlisted Jerome's sympathies in the proposed journey, and by consulting ocean charts and reviewing special points in navigation, they were ready to enter intelligently into the description of an ocean voyage by the time the letter arrived.

Alice was now taken into their plans, and began her sight-seeing with a double purpose in view, knowing, as she did, that two other pairs of eyes were looking at the Old World through her orbs. What a searching of histories and geographies, and tracing of maps and charts, the new study developed. Jerome soon became as enthusiastic a traveller as

Ruth, and the evenings devoted to study soon enlisted the interest of the younger members of the family, while father and mother enjoyed the journeyings from place to place, and even grandfather fell into the habit of sitting up an hour later than his usual bedtime to follow the tourists and add some reminiscences from his own experience, especially while the travellers tarried for a time among the highlands of his bonny Scotland.

Three evenings in the week were devoted to the journeying in foreign lands, and the other three week evenings were taken up with amusing games, music, and pleasant intercourse with friends, thus leaving Jerome without an hour to waste upon his companions. After the first few weeks he lost his relish for such associates, and, ashamed of hanging useless upon his hard working father, he sought and found employment, a circumstance that served the double purpose of keeping him busy and of adding something to the family income. Ruth enjoyed this labor of love, and long before the year expired she acknowledged the wisdom as well as the mercy of the loving Father who had crossed her will and obstructed her way by placing an unseen angel in her path.

The cross proved a blessing in disguise, and when, during the following winter, Jerome gave his heart to Jesus, her gratitude was unbounded, for she knew that it was through her influence that he had been turned Christward, and that in the home beyond the skies she would wear no starless crown.

How Sweet Plum Saw The Foreign Devil.

(By Dr. Phillips, Newchwang.)

'Foreign Devil! Foreign Devil!' The tired, hot man, plodding on a weary pony through the Manchurian village, turned and smiled lazily at the little plump, brown, naked figure, four quaint pigtails, tied with red, dancing on his shaven head, that pattered along in the dust, raising such a shrill outcry on the summer air. 'Foreign devil! Foreign devil!'

It was only Sweet Plum, and he meant no harm; merely to show his wonder and surprise that a man with such queer hair and such funny clothes should ride through his village. Sweet Plum was six years old, and his big black eyes looked out of a cherub, yet when he was cross he could say things that—but there, he was only copying the folk around him. Sweet Plum lived with his father and mother and all the little Plums, in Three House Village. There was big brother, 'Happy Days,' who was almost a man, and went to school, and had a proper pigtail, because he was engaged to be married; and his sister 'Cinnamon Cloud,' who, poor girl, was having her feet bound; then came 'Sweet Plum,' and last of all the baby girl whom mother called 'Little Beauty.'

The Plum cottage was made of brown mud, with a roof almost flat. It was only one storey and the windows were of paper. But still it was nice and warm in winter, when the north wind blew outside, and Sweet Plum snuggled down, with all the family, on the brick bed, so cosy with the fire below. It was cool, too, in summer, for you just poked your finger through the paper windows and then you got all the breeze. And round the house was a fence of millet stacks to keep in the hens. All the other mud houses in the village were like it, and stood in a straggling row down each side of the road, which, when it rained, was like a lake, full of great ruts, nearly deep enough to drown a cart.

Sweet Plum was a very happy small boy. In summer he and his friends, without troubling much about clothes, chased each other and the squealing black piggies down the lanes between the tall millet that grew as far as one could see away to the blue hills. And in winter, a round, fat bundle of wadded coats, he played at shuttlecock, kicking it with his shoes while his hands were warm, deep in his long sleeves. Or else when the north winds blew hard, and it was bitter cold, so that the rivers froze to the bottom—for then he dared not go out lest Jack Frost