

WHY THE SNOW WAS SENT.

God sent the snow because the roads
And rough concessions were at fault,
And now the farmers bring their loads
By easy stages up to Galt.

God sent the snow, because, they say,
He loves the world where music dwells,
And with the slipping of the sleigh
He hears the chorus of the bells.

God sent the snow to keep the trees,
The roses and the rabbits warm;
The bugs and beetles cannot freeze;
The snow will keep them from all harm.

God sends the snow, if, everywhere
His wondrous deeds are understood;
The spring and frost, the earth and air,
Would teach us all that God is good.

—The Khan.

A GIRL OF INSIGHT.

Did you have a good time in town?"
"No-o; beastly hole; bores one to death."
"But there is such a lot going on now.
Did you not go to any theatres?"

"Yes, to every one: music halls, too; saw
everything there was to be seen. I suppose
did enjoy myself, but I have forgotten it."
The Girl looked at the Man steadily for a
moment, but he walked moodily on, uncon-
scious of her gaze.

"Were there any nice people staying at the
place?" she asked unconcernedly, but
all watching him.

"No-o; at least, I hardly spoke to any of
em."

"Who were those people you wrote about
those people you were with so much?"
"Oh, they were Irish."

Dead silence. The Man and Girl saunter-
along the beach, each intent on his or her
thoughts.

"What charming people the Irish are, as a
rule," the Girl said at length.

"Yes, awfully jolly," enthusiastically.

"Were these?"

"Oh, yes, they weren't bad."

"How many were there, and of what sort
of condition? Do rouse yourself a little
and try to be a trifle more entertaining."

The Man pulled himself together and made
effort. "What shall I tell you? About
Irish people I met? Well there was a
her, also a mother—awfully fine old lady
was—and a daughter."

"Was the daughter pretty? Irish girls are
as a rule, I think. Their eyes are so
beautiful. Had this girl beautiful eyes?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Was she a nice girl, clever and so on?"

"I'll tell you all about her."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell." The man
restive under the questioning; then he
tried to turn the conversation. The girl
entered on more slowly. She was a little
older than she had been, but a slightly mock-
smile played around the corners of her
mouth.

"How pretty those brown sails look out
there," she said presently, pointing to a little
group of fishing-boats far out on the glittering
sea. "Mark, I should like to go out sailing."

"Would you?" he rejoined, indifferently.

"Yes; let us go and have a nice long day.
I'll get some provisions while you get the
boat. Shall we go?"

"I should like it if you would." With a
more alacrity he moved off, while the
girl followed her way up the cliff path to the
severed on the top.

"Poor boy!" she said softly. "To be slangy,
hard hit, or thinks he is, which amounts
to the same. I am afraid he is very impress-
ible."

At sea there was a soft breeze blowing,
the breeze that made the hot sun bearable
and put new life and spirits into the two in-
boats; there was something so exhilarating,
free, so invigorating, in the very feeling of
gliding along over the smooth, sparkling
waters. Care seemed to be left behind, where
would not overtake them; anger, jealousy,
anxiety, seemed all to petty and mean
in this great open stretch of sea and
sky.

"Shall we have lunch now?" The girl was
sitting back in a perfect nest of cushions,
looking unspeakably comfortable and very
easy.

"You look so comfortable it is a pity you
did not move," the man said. "I will unpack
things and hand you all you want."

"My dear boy, I could not possibly eat in
this position, and loath as I am to disturb
myself, my spirit length for sustenance, I
am going to sit in the bottom of the boat."

"I will arrange some cushions at
back for me!"

He moved easily and deftly, and with an air in which
propriety and protector were curiously
blended, he arranged her nest.

"This is awfully fine," said the man, lean-
ing back, with his hands clasped behind his
head, and looking first at the girl, then at
the sea, and then back at the girl again.

"The sea is splendid. I could go on sailing away
forever. One seems to leave all worries be-
hind and forget all disagreeables."

The girl did not speak for a moment.
She was looking at the brown sails of the
boats that were passing.

"I do not know that I should care for it
the rest of my existence," she said at
length. "You are a very agreeable compan-
ion."

"Mark; at least, you can be," with a little
glance of her eyebrows, "but I think it would
be very stupid to pass one's whole life with
a friend."

"With one what?"

"Friend," answered the Girl, calmly un-
furling her sunshade and settling more com-
fortably into her cushions.

The Man stared at her for a few seconds.
Then he followed her gaze at the brown sails,
and for a moment they appeared to find
something of surpassing interest in them.

"I think it would be very jolly to bring
out Mina Armstrong one day, and her
brother, don't you?" asked the Girl.

"Ye-es, perhaps they would like it," in-
differently.

"Oh, Jack Armstrong told me yesterday
that he is devoted to sailing. He wanted me
to go with him—them—to-day, but I said
you were coming, and you would think it
odd if you found no one at home."

"You were very kind," he answered a little
sulkily. "I am sorry to have kept you at
home."

"Oh, it does not matter. I can go another
day. I wanted to see you, you know."

"Thanks; but why not go in his boat to-
morrow instead of having him here? You
would enjoy it more, probably."

"I don't know that I should," musingly.
"Besides, I want you to know Mina. She is
such a dear little soul, and so pretty. I am
sure you will quite fall in love with her."

She looked at her companion for the first
time, then quickly lowered her sunshade, for
the dignified amazement of his expression
was too much for her gravity. For minutes
silence reigned in the boat. The Man was
wondering if it could really be possible that
the Girl regarded him simply as one of her
many friends, and was quite indifferent as to
whether he cared more for another girl or not.

It had never occurred to him that other
men might admire Ruth so much as to wish
to take her from him. He looked at her in
his endeavors to fathom it all. He looked at
her, and then he no longer wondered. She
was really very pretty. When he looked at
her she was leaning on the side of the boat,
her head resting on her arm.

"How perfectly idyllic this is," she finally
said. "What a comfort it is to be able to
sit silent when one feels inclined, and not
feel one is playing the bore. It is a sign of
true friendship, Mark. I could not do so
with any one but you, but you understand."

She looked at him with a sweet grave smile.
"We ought to be good friends after knowing
each other all these years, oughtn't we?"

Mark nodded. "Friend" always seems
to me such an inadequate, cold word," he
said. "Friends and acquaintances are the
same to me."

"Oh, no, oh, no!" she cried. "Acquaint-
ances mean so little, they are nothing. I have
so many, but of friends so few. You are one
of my chiefest, and"—

"I always thought we were more than
friends," he said.

"You silly boy, how could we be?" she
replied, with a little laugh, but the laugh did
not ring true.

"Well, you know what the old folks"—
"Mark, do you know that it is nearly 4
o'clock, and that I promised to be at Arm-
strong's at 4.30? We must really go in now."

Later that day it occurred to the Man that
he had not thought of the Irish girl for
several hours. He did not think of her un-
til the moon rose, and he went out on the
headland and sat alone with his pipe.

"Ruth, do you feel inclined to come for a
stroll?" The Girl was sitting in a large basket
chair in the garden on the cliff-top; in
her hand she held a magazine, but she was
not reading it, she was looking out over the
sea, thinking, thinking of something that
called up a little smile to her lips.

She looked so sweet and fresh and cool, her
soft white gown showing her pretty, sun-
burnt cheeks, and the glorious color of her
hair. Mark approached her with his request
almost diffidently. During the last week or
two he had found that she did not jump at
his suggestions with her old alacrity; in fact
it had taken him all his time and all his tact
to secure her company at all, and so occupied
had he been that he had had no time to think
at all of the Irish girl; at least he had only
found time of an evening over his pipe, and
two of those evenings he had spent in think-
ing of Ruth.

Today, however, Ruth willingly consented
to accompany him. "Let us go on the
heather," she said, "and you must talk to
me, for I am feeling fearfully lazy."

So they strolled along the lane inland un-
til they came to the moor where great straggly
beds of purple and white heather stretched
away for miles and the low hedges were
draped with festoons of honeysuckle and
"old man's beard." Close to one of these
hedges they found a seat, or at least Ruth
found a seat; Mark did not want one, he lay
on the heather beside her.

"Mark, this is an earthly paradise," she
exclaimed, as she leaned back against a soft
cushion of sweet-scented thyme. "If I was
superstitious I should say it was too good to
last."

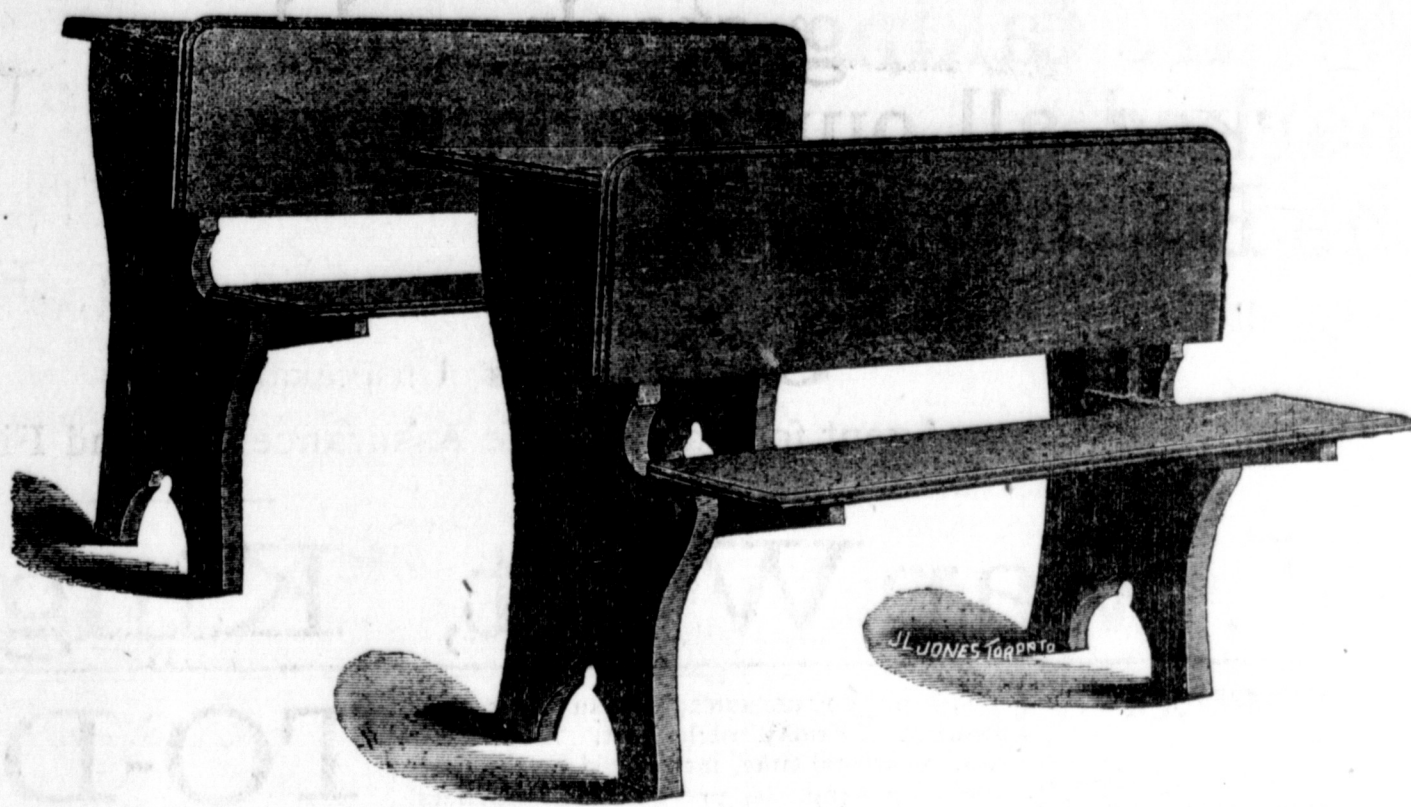
"I think it is," said Mark, rather mourn-
fully. "We seldom have a walk or anything
together now, Ruth."

"No?" She was not prepared for this
sudden attack, and grew confused. The
Man noticed it, and determined to make the
most of it. "Ruth, dear, you have changed
lately; we are not such good friends as we
used to be. Why is it? Tell me!"

He looked up at her, and from his lowly
position could see every change in her face.

"Don't be silly," she said, studiously aver-
ting her eyes. She stooped and gathered a
handful of heather, which she promptly be-
gan to destroy and scatter in little showers
over her white gown. In a moment she re-
covered and became herself again. "Get in-

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"But, Mark, how about that other girl,
that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—
care for her?"

"Pooh!" said the man with unfeigned
scorn. "Care for her? I never did. One
may flirt with a girl like that, but as to lov-
ing her, or—marrying her—well, I pity the
poor fool who does. She flirts abominably."

Then the girl smiled again, a triumphant
little smile, quite unintelligible to the man.
She knew that her course of treatment had
been successful, the cure was complete.

"Why do you smile?" asked the man, per-
plexed.

"Because—oh—because I am so happy."

"Happy! Do you mean that?" catching
one of her hands and kissing it passionately.
"Then it is to be—may I tell the old folks
that it has all come about as they wished?
Look at me, child, and tell me you really
mean it, that you do care."

Still she looked away, intent on tearing up
the unfortunate heather by her side. The
man watched her in silent dismay; he could
not understand her in this variable mood.

"You do not care," he said at last, when
the silence had become unbearable. "You
do not care, and you cannot make yourself."
There was a great sadness in his voice, his
face seemed in a moment to have aged and
grown haggard. He turned over and propped
himself on one elbow, with his face well away
from hers.

Something was laid on his bowed head. It
was Ruth's little hand, "Mark," she said,
softly.

"What is it, Ruth?"

"Look up; I want to tell you something."
He obeyed her, and turned a very miser-
able pair of eyes towards her. "Never mind,
little woman," he said bravely; "I know you
can't care."—He stopped; something in her
face making him forget what he was saying.

Her eyes were bright and shining, a deli-
cate flush crept up over her cheeks. "You
are making a mistake. I do care, very, very
much," she said earnestly. "It is all right
now," and leaning towards him she took his
face between her two hands and kissed him
gently on the forehead.

"You dear little soul!" he cried, astonished
at this unusual outburst on her part. But
she had buried her face in her hands to hide
the crimson that dyed her sweet face.—The
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