



The Caledonian

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The **CALEDONIAN**

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY
1901--1911

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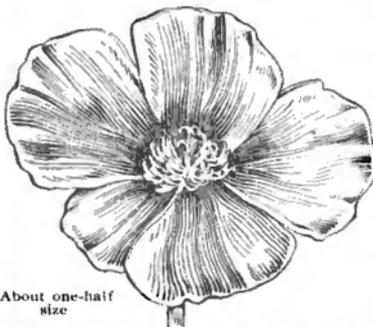
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An Open Letter to the MacGregors.

By William Henry Gregg.

(Author of "Controversial Issues in Scottish History.")

As my name indicates. I am of Scottish descent, my emigrant ancestor in the male line having been born in the city of Ayr, Scotland. He emigrated to New Hampshire, then a colony of England, and he and fifteen other families founded the Town of Londonderry, New Hampshire.

During my boyhood days in Rochester, New York, I was an ardent reader of Walter Scott's many novels, poems and histories, and of Burns' poems, and also of many other Scottish literary productions.

About twenty years ago, having retired from active business, I undertook the investigation of the origin and history of the family of Greg, and very quickly found that the following families were of one common descent; namely Grig, Greg, Grigg, Gregg, Grigor, Gregor, Grigson, Gregson, Grier, Greer, Grierson, Greerson, MacGrigor, MacGregor and the Gregory family of Scotland. The Gregory family of Scotland were entirely distinct from the continental Gregories, sixteen of whom were Popes of the Church of Rome. In the course of time, the name Gregory became a part of the title of the Pope.

I commenced my investigations partly in the indulgence of a hobby, and to employ my time, without any intention, at the beginning, to print and publish the results of my work, but finally concluded I would print it for the benefit of the members of the families of the above names, and others who may read the book.

Very early in my researches, I found that all of the above named Scottish families were of one common origin, namely, from Ciric, Grig or Greg, who was a king of Scotland from 875 to 893, A. D.

The very many old chroniclers and historians who have written of his reign and career have variously called him Ciric, Ciricum, Cirici (Latinized, G) Giric, Grig, Greg, Gregg, Grigg, Gregory, Grigor and Grigory and Gregory the Great; and have

placed him as descended from Fergus mac Eric through the House of Loarn, and connected him with the Alpin line of Kings, his father, King Dungal or Dungalus, having been a king of Scotland, and a cousin in the first degree of Alpin the First, the father of King Kenneth MacAlpin the Great.

As the reader will see, the above led me into the most important, interesting and romantic period of ancient Scottish history, that of the entire reigns of the Alpin line, beginning with Alpin the First, then his son, Kenneth Mac Alpin, A. D. 843, the first king of the united Picts and Scots, who in consequence of his success in war and diplomacy, has always since been called Kenneth the Great.

His direct descendants held the throne of Scotland until the reign of Malcolm Canmore, 1057, A. D., who was of the same line. Among Kenneth's direct descendants, Greg, Kenneth IV, was king of Scotland, and his descent and reign have never been disputed or questioned as far as I have been able to find. His grand daughter, Lady Gruoch, became the wife of the celebrated MacBeth, who claimed the throne through his wife, and also through his own family. His reign of thirty years was one of the longest and most beneficial to his subjects in the ancient history of Scotland, notwithstanding the false accounts of his career given by Shakespeare and other authors. Here I will quote from the Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan's *Early Scottish Church*, 1865, who was one of the two foremost Celtic scholars of the nineteenth century, and a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. Page 317: "Never were claims to an inheritance more righteous than those of MacBeth, whose memory has suffered much injustice at the hands of English dramatists. His wife was, in fact, the law

ful representative of the ancient Scottish kings."

George Chalmers and other historians have written to the same purport regarding MacBeth and Lady Gruoch.

Towards the close of all of the special investigations, I found I had covered in detail all of the reigns of the kings of Scotland from Fergus mac Erc, A. D. 503, to Malcolm Canmore, A. D. 1057; that is, I had really read and written a comprehensive resume of the History of Scotland for five hundred and fifty-five years.

Although I had written with the intention of devoting my work to the accounts of the Greg, MacGregor and other allied families, I decided that my production was probably worthy of the title of a history of the times covered, so I shall publish the work under the title, "*Controversial Issues in Scottish History*. Contrasts in the History of Scotland, as shown by a study of the Early Chronicles in connection with the work of modern historians. With over three hundred facsimile reproduction from old chronicles, and authentic works, and with maps and illustrations."

My investigations of the careers of the families of MacGregor, Gregory, Greg, Gregg, and other allied branches, will remain in the book without change.

In order that my readers may know the sources of my information, I will give a list of a large number of the chronicles, histories, essays, etc., upon which I have relied in the compilation of my account of the families above referred to. The list does not contain a quarter of the works I have examined and consulted, but comprises those which I consider the most important to my theme. I will here insert them in the order of their dates, or nearly so:

1. *The Book of Deer*. This work has no date, but is variously attributed to the ninth to the twelfth centuries. Thomas McLauchlan says of it: "The earliest specimen of Gaelic writing which can be pronounced to be Scottish beyond any doubt, is the Book of Deer, said to be a work of the eleventh or twelfth century."

The work is an illuminated book, such as many of the kind written by the monks and other officials of the churches and monasteries, before the art of printing was invented. The text was devoted to "the gospel of St. John complete, and portions of the

other three evangelists in Latin, probably of the ninth century." On the very wide margin there are comments on the prominent families of the region of Deer, especially of King Giric and his son, Domnal mac Giric, all written in the Celtic language of the time. This edition was "edited" by John Stuart, LL. D., for the Spalding Club, 1869, who took some liberties with the text, upon which I have commented in my work.

The English Government owns the manuscript, having paid six thousand and five hundred dollars for it, after it had changed hands several times. It is now in the British Museum in London. The Government issued a folio edition through the Ordnance Department, with fac-similes of the first four leaves, "Introduction, Comment and Description by Cosmo Innes."

George Grub also prepared a version of the book for the Spalding Club, 1869, the work being the fourth volume of a series entitled, "Antiquities of Aberdeen and Banff."

2. John of Fordun's *Chronicle of the Scottish Nation*, A. D., 1394, and an edition by Bowmaker, called "Fordun's Continuator"; also an edition by W. P. Skene and Felix J. H. Skene, 1872.
3. *Andrew of Wyntown*. Original, 1420. Edition of David MacPherson, 1795.
4. Hector Boece's *Chronicles of Scotland*, 1526. Edition of John Bellenden, 1821.
5. Raphael Hollinshed's *Scottish Chronicle*, 16th century. Edition printed by J. Findlay, 1805.
6. John Major's *History of Greater Britain*, 1520. Reprint by Eneas Mackay, 1892.
7. *Book of the Dean of Lismorc*. MS. 1512-1551. Gaelic Edition, 1862, translated by Rev. Thomas McLauchlan. Edited by W. F. Skene.
8. Bishop John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. *History of Scotland from 1527 to 1596*.
9. George Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, Aikman Edition, 1582.
10. William Camden's *Britannia*, 1586.
11. Bishop Scottiswoode's *History of Scotland*, 1665.
12. William Nicholson's *Scottish Historical Library*, 1702.
13. Sir James Balfour's *History of the Picts*, 1706.
14. Matthew Duncan's *History of the Kings of Scotland*, 1722.
15. William Buchanan's *Historical and General Essay on Surnames*, 1723.
16. Thomas Innes's *Critical Essay on Ancient Scotland*, 1729.

17. Thomas Ruddiman's *Answer to John Logan*, 1747.
18. Sir Robert Douglas's *Baronage of Scotland*, 1798.
19. John Sinclair's *Statistical Accounts of Scotland*, 1798-1799.
20. Robert Sibbald's *History of Fife and Kinross*, 1803.
21. David Irving's *Lives of Scottish Poets*, 1804.
22. George Chalmers's *Caledonia*, 1807-1824.
23. John Pinkerton's *Enquiry Into the History of Scotland*, 1814.
24. Nimmo's *History of Stirlingshire*, 1817.
25. Joseph Ritson's *Annals of the Caledonians, Picts and Scots*, 1828.
26. Alexander Smith's *A New History of Aberdeenshire*, 1842.
27. M. A. Lower's *English Surnames*, 1842.
28. M. A. Lower's *Patronymica*, 1860.
29. John Logan's *Scottish Gael*, 1853.
30. Thomas McLauchlan's *Celtic Gleanings*, 1851.
31. Thomas McLauchlan's *Early Scottish Church*, 1865.
32. Sir Walter Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.
33. Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*.
34. Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.
35. E. W. Robertson's *Scotland Under Her Early Kings*, 1862.
36. Count de Montalambert's *Monks of the West*, 1867.
37. Cosmo Innes's *Antiquities of Aberdeen and Banff*, 1869.
38. Wordsworth's *Rob Roy's Grave*, 1859.
39. William Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, 1875.
40. Alexander Smith's *New History of Aberdeenshire*, 1875.
41. Sir Walter Scott's *Manners and Customs of the Highlanders, and History of the MacGregors*, 1893.
42. Andrew Jervice's *Epitaphs and Inscriptions*, 1875.
43. Spalding Club's *Collections for a History of Aberdeen and Banff*, 1863.
44. J. Grant, *Rob Roy*, 1865.
45. W. F. Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*, 1837.
46. K. Macleay's *Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy*, 1881.
47. Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland*.
48. John S. Keltie's *Scottish Highlands*.
49. Georgiana Murray MacGregor's *History of the MacGregors*, 1898.
50. W. F. Skene's *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, 1897.
51. Dugald Mitchell's *History of the Highlands*, 1900.

I will here add citations from W. F. Skene's *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, by authority of the Lords Commissioners, H. M. Register House, Edinburgh, selecting those that treat of Ciric, Grig, Girg, Greg, etc., King of Scotland.

The readers will please understand that the Latin Words "fil," "filio" and "filius"

mean simply son, or "son of," and also that the Celtic (Irish) word "mac" or "mc" means the same, that is "son of." Until the 10th, 11th or 12th century, the word "mac" was not a part of a personal name, it having been used only as above stated. I will now quote the names of the *Chronicles* and their dates:

Text Page

9. *The Pictish Chronicle*, the 10th (supposed) century to "Ciric."
21. *Chronicles of Flann Mainistreach*, 1014 to 1022 A. D., as to "Girg mac Dungal."
29. *Historia Britannorum*, 1040-1042, as to "Giric mac Dungalle."
131. *Chronicle of the Scots*, 1165, as to "Grig filius Dunegaile."
151. *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, 1186, as to "Girg mac Dungal."
- 87-88. *Prophecy of St. Berchan*, 1094-1097, as to "son of Fortune," which, according to Skene, was "son of Dungale."
174. *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, 1251, as to "Girg filio Dungal."
178. *Metrical Chronicle*, 1152, as to "Grig Dungallid, Rex, King, G.) Scotlorum," "Grig filius 'Dungallid'."
204. *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, 1180, as to "Girg mac Dungal," of "Girg Dungal reigned twelve years."
209. *Chronicle of Huddington*, 1390, as to "Girg filius Dovenald."
230. *Tracts on the English Claims*, 14th century, "Gregorius Dungalli filius Scotorum."
277. *Tracts on the English Claims*, 14th century, as to "Gregorius primus Dungalli filius Rex Scotorum," and also states that he subjected a part of England.
287. *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*, as to "Grig filius Dungal."
285. *Chronicle of the Scots*, 1333, as to "Gyrg filio Dovenaldi."
299. *Chronicle of the Scots*, 1348, as to "Grig filio Dovenaldi."
301. *Chronicle of the Scots*, 1348, as to "Girgh mac Dungal, died in Dunna-deer, buried in Iona."
336. *Metrical Chronicle*, 15th century, as to "Greg Duodenis" and "Greg octo per annos."
400. No date. *Irish Version of Pictish Chronicle*, so called by W. F. Skene.

On pages 3, 98, 174, 175, 179, 180, 206, 289, 296, 302, and 336, he puts Greg, Grig and Grimus, King Kenneth the 4th son of Dubh, in his regular place as king of Scotland. In his preface to the work, p. cxlvi., he says: "The probability is that the king who now reigned was Kenneth son of Dubh, also called son of Malcolm, and that

he had a son Grig who may have reigned with him," and on p. cxlvii., "In Kenneth, son of Dubh, this line of kings came to an end."

In these chronicles, Mr. Skene gives place to three kings, Grig or Greg; namely, King Greg, or Gregory the Great; Greg, Kenneth IV., and his son, Grig or Greg. Strange as it may seem, he has never attacked the career of Kenneth IV., or his son Grig, in fact he has especially given both their places as Kings of Scotland.

As my readers will see, I have, in my book, given an account of all of the most important chronicles and histories of early Scotland, and all of them contain the births and careers of King Gregory the Great and of Greg, Kenneth IV., as kings of Scotland. In using the works of very many authors, I reproduced in facsimile between three hundred and fifty, and three hundred and sixty, statements made by them. In fact, my readers will read exact reproductions of the writing of all of the leading authors who have written histories or chronicles of ancient and mediæval Scotland.

Late in the 18th century, a new order of writers came on to the Scottish historical scene, beginning with George Chalmers, who, in his "Caledonia," 1807, 1824, was the first to attack the descent of King Gregory, as he had been called for many centuries; Chalmers was early followed by John Pinkerton, in his "Enquiry into the History of Scotland, preceding the year 1056," and in 1837, Mr. W. F. Skene in his "History of the Highlanders," commenced his attack upon

Gregory and the entire family, including especially the MacGregors.

Very many later writers have followed the above authors, but as I have certainly shown, the earlier writers gave us the true history of ancient and mediæval Scotland. Mr. Skene has especially attempted to destroy the descent of the MacGregors and allied families, and has endeavored to show King Greg's castle of Dunnadeer in the Garioch was located at Dundurn near Loch Earn. I insert in my work a map of Scotland, recently issued by the Ordnance Department of Scotland which shows plainly that Dunnadeer Castle is located in the Garioch, and not at a distant point on Loch Earn. In my work I have fully reinstated the MacGregor and allied families in the royal Alpin line of Scotland.

In closing, I must say that I have been surprised that some of the many writers of Scottish history have not long ago exposed the changes made in the accounts of the MacGregors and other families, by the Anti-Celtic school. As shown in my facsimiles, and other authorities quoted, there has all the time been a superabundance of testimony in favor of their descent from the House of Loarn and the Alpin line; and in fact no one need to look outside of the works of William F. Skene—Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, Dean of Lismore's Book, Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, his version of John of Fordun, and his Celtic Scotland, to show beyond a question that my statement herein is correct.

WILLIAM HENRY GREGG.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE SCONE STONE.

Dunstaffnage, on its lonely precipice, is not much to look at; but its history has been big with fate for Scotland. In the dim days of the Picts it stood for the seat of government and harbored the famous stone of destiny now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. A cranny in the castle wall was pointed out to the writer last summer as the sacred receptacle of the magical stone.

Kenneth II. thought the stone would be safer in his Abbey of Scone; but, as it turned out, its transference only made it easy for Edward I. to carry it off to Westminster. Thirty-two years later one of Edward's successors covenanted to return the stolen

symbol to Scotland but perfidiously forgot the promise. The stone, as every Scot knows, bided its time till King Jamie came over the border to sit on the English throne, and so fulfill the famous prophecy:

Except old seers do feign,

And wizard wits be blind,

The Scots in place must reign

Where they this stone shall find,

—London Chronicle.

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him, she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."



WILLIAM HENRY GREGG.

Notable Scotchmen.

GREGG, WILLIAM HENRY, manufacturer, was born in Palmyra, N. Y., March 24th, 1831. His father John Gregg, having settled in that town was married to Anne, daughter of William Wilcox, and granddaughter of Gideon Durfee, one of the first settlers of Palmyra, who had emigrated from Tiverton, R. I. He is of Scotch ancestry, being descended from the Greggs of Aberdeenshire, the name there being spelled variously, Greg, Gregg, Greig, Grig, Griggs, Grag and Gragg. His original American ancestor was Captain James Gregg, who in 1690 emigrated from

Ayr, Scotland, to Londonderry, Ireland, and in 1718 to New Hampshire, being one of the sixteen heads of families who settled at and founded the town of Londonderry, N. H. Maj. Samuel Gregg of Peterboro, N. H., his great-grandfather, was born in Londonderry, N. H., served in the Colonial Army during a part of the French war, and took part in the Revolution as a major in the New Hampshire militia. His brother, Col. William Gregg, was also an officer in the Continental Army, and held an important command under General Stark at the battle of Bennington. Our

subject first came to St. Louis in 1846, after one year returning to Palmyra. In 1849 he took up permanent residence in St. Louis, where he has since resided. He was a clerk for Warne & Merritt in the hardware, woodenware and house-furnishing business from 1850 until January 1st, 1854, when he was made a partner, the firm becoming Warne, Merritt & Company. In 1856 he retired from that firm and became a member of the firm of Cuddy, Merritt & Company, owning and operating the Broadway foundry and machine shop, at that time one of the largest concerns of the kind in the country. In 1858 he retired from that firm, and formed a copartnership with John S. Dunham in the steam bakery business, and later, with Mr. Dunham and Mr. Charles McCauley, in the commission business, under the name of C. McCauley & Company, both firms being operated from the same office. In 1856 Mr. Gregg retired from business, and in 1867, with other parties, organized the Southern White Lead Company, of which he was elected president, holding the office until 1889, when the company was sold out to parties, transferring it to the National Lead Company. The Southern White Lead Company, was a very successful one, owning a factory in St. Louis and one in Chicago, and selling its product in every State and territory in the Union. Since 1889 Mr. Gregg has been out of business, devoting himself to travel and social life. During his business career he was a director in the Mechanics' Bank, the Mound City Mutual Insurance Company, and a member of the boards of arbitration

and appeal, in the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis. He is a member of the Scotch-Irish Society; Sons of the Revolution; and Society of the Colonial Wars. In 1855 he was married to Orian Thompson, who is a descendant in the maternal line of the Lawrences of Groton, Mass. They have five children.

Mr. Gregg though an energetic and successful business man, has been a voluminous reader, and has for a number of years contributed valuable articles to periodicals. Some twelve years ago he wrote on "The Fishes of Florida," a book which had an extensive sale, and is considered a standard work. But the great work of his later years is "Controversial Issues in Scottish History," a book of six hundred pages, which is a library in itself. During the last thirty years he has researched all libraries for books bearing upon Scottish history, and he has republished the salient points of the early historians from whom some of the Anti-Celtic writers differ, especially as to the origin of the name Gregory and his reign. The summary which Mr. Gregg gives of the writings of these ancient historians, is invaluable to those who have not access to these books.

Mr. Gregg is of a very genial and social disposition and is very entertaining, especially on any subject bearing upon Scotland. In spite of his nearly four score years he is hale and hearty and greatly respected by a large circle of friends. His "Controversial Issues in Scottish History," is a monument to his energy and studious habits.

Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. J. Massey Rhind, one of the leading sculptors in the United States, whom Edinburgh is proud to claim as her son, is engaged upon a colossal seated portrait statue of Dr. Andrew Carnegie, which is to be placed in the center of the grand foyer of the Carnegie Library and Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa. This magnificent statue will be presented by the members of the Carnegie Veteran Association as a

testimonial of their esteem for their honored president.

The cut is a study of Mr. Carnegie's head, modeled from life, and has been approved by his family and friends. On the chair are presented the robes of the Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, and the chair itself is decorated with the heraldic Scottish lion, and the symbols of Industry and Education. Mr. Carnegie has given



(Copyrighted by Massey Rhind)

Mr. Rhind several sittings, and the result is one of the finest pieces of sculpture we have ever seen, reflecting great credit upon both sculptor and subject.

Mr. Rhind is also working upon a colossal equestrian statue of George Washington, presented by the city of Newark, N. J., and is to be placed in Washington Park of that city.

This superb statue is in bronze, and is fifteen feet high. The designers who competed for the statue included many of the leading sculptors of the United States,

and it was due to the unique composition suggested by Mr. Rhind that the commission was awarded to him. It is doubtful if there is any other statue of the kind known, showing the figure standing beside the horse.

We understand that the Canadians are contemplating the erection at Quebec, of a statue of the late King Edward. We should be glad to see a design of this made by Massey Rhind, for we believe he would present something original instead of the conventional figure, that we have seen for so many years.

"THE ROARING GAME."

This year the want of ice in Scotland prevented the usual annual bonspiel, at Carisbreck between the curlers of the north of Scotland and those living south of the Forth and Clyde Canal.

The match however is taking place at present indoors on the Scottish Ice Rink in Glasgow. There are about two thousand competitors and it is expected that the bonspiel will not terminate before the 4th of this month.

The Tercertenary of Our Authorized Version of the Bible.

The celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the publication of King James' version of the English Bible is a great event in the history of the Christian Church.

Christian Church are the *Vatican*, *Sinaitic* and the *Alexandrian*.

The Vaticane Ms. is in the Vatican Library at Rome. It was carefully written by Jerome from the Hebrew and Sceptuagint



On March 21, 1911, King George, on being presented with a copy of the Bible in London by a deputation of all Christian bodies, in commemoration of the occasion, said in expressing his thanks for the gift, "that he hoped that English speakers would never cease to cherish what is the spiritual significance of the most valuable thing the world affords."

HOW WE GOT OUR BIBLE.

The three oldest manuscripts in possession of the three great branches of the

about the year 385. He first completed the New Testament and afterward applied himself to write the O. T. though not a great Hebrew scholar. *The Vatican* has been in the Library at Rome for over five hundred years. It is about twelve inches square and has over seven hundred leaves written on vellum. It is one of the oldest and most valuable versions extant.

The Sinaitic Ms. was found by Dr. Teisendorf, a German scholar in St. Catherine's Convent, at the foot of Mount Sinai,

in 1844. He had many difficulties in securing a copy, and after various attempts of fifteen years finally succeeded. The Ms. is in the Greek Church in St. Petersburg, and dates from 300 to 450, A. D. They were the Mss, which existed soon after the death of the Apostles.

The Alexandrian Ms. in the British Museum, London, is the latest of the three. It was presented to Charles I by Cyril Lucar Patriarch of Constantinople, 1628, A. D. Probably it is one hundred years younger than the other two, and was written about the beginning of the fifth century. The British received the scriptures not from Rome, but from the missionaries of Columbia in Iona, Scotland, who went to England and preached the gospel to the people.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The first Anglo-Saxon versions of the Bible were in verse. As early as the seventh century, Caedmon, a monk of Whitby, England, wrote a poetic paraphrase of the Old Testament history, and some other portions of the Scriptures. In the following century, Aldhelm and Guthlac translated the Psalms, and the Venerable Bede the Gospel of John and the Lord's Prayer. Late in the ninth century, King Alfred the Great translated parts of Exodus, and was working upon a version of the Psalms at the time of his death in the year 901. A number of years later, Aelfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, furnished a translation of the Gospels and seven books of the Old Testament.

JOHN WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE.

John Wycliffe and those who immediately followed him wrote in the fourteenth century. Wycliffe was a priest who loved the common people, and for their sake he began his great work. He began with the Apocalypse, and about the year 1381 completed the New Testament, and before his death in 1384 had translated a part of the Old Testament. His version was made from the Latin Vulgate. In 1388, his friend, John Purrey, published a revision of Wycliffe's Bible in which the Old Testament was much improved. Wycliffe himself had begun this revision, but was not able to finish. This translation was made before the invention of printing, and was therefore in manuscript.

TYNDALE'S BIBLE.

William Tyndale was also a priest of the church, and believed that the great need was an English Bible translated from the Greek and Hebrew. Printing was now done with movable type, and it was Tyndale's desire that "a boy that driveth the plow shall know the Scriptures." He was driven from England, but in 1525 he published at Worms, Germany, his first English edition of the New Testament. In spite of all the efforts of King Henry VIII and others to prevent the circulation in England, hundreds of copies were circulated and read, although many were seized and burned. Tyndale also translated parts of the Old Testament, but met with constant opposition, and in the year 1536, having been betrayed by a false friend, he was strangled to death near Brussels, Belgium. His last words were: "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." This prayer was answered in less than a year, when the whole Bible in England was freely circulated throughout the country by the order of the King himself. Tyndale was a man of noble character, a thorough student and a conscientious translator. While he translated from the Greek and Hebrew, yet he consulted the Latin Vulgate and Luther's German Bible, and was guided by Wycliffe's versions. In some respects Tyndale has never been surpassed.

In 1535, MILES COVERDALE published an English version which was the first complete English Bible of the sixteenth century, and he was the author of many of the beautiful words and phrases now familiar to us.

MATTHEWS' BIBLE was published in 1537. It was edited by John Rogers, once a Romish priest, but later an earnest reformer, who suffered martyrdom under Queen Mary. He was a friend of Tyndale, who had left him with some of his unpublished translation. Rogers was really the editor, using Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions, yet he was careful and painstaking. This Bible was licensed by King Henry VIII, and the sale encouraged.

THE GREAT BIBLE was so called on account of its size, 15 inches by 9 inches. It was a revision by Coverdale and others of Matthews' Bible, and an order was issued that it be placed in the parish churches. A

public document declares: "Englishmen have now in hand in every church and place, almost every man, the Holy Bible and New Testament, in their mother tongue."

THE GENEVAN BIBLE.

The Genevan Bible was made by English exiles who fled from England during the persecution of Queen Mary, and took refuge in Geneva, Switzerland. A company of these men, including Whittingham, a brother-in-law of John Calvin, John Knox and Coverdale, published this version in 1560. It was a very careful and scholarly translation, and was very popular for fully fifty years after the publication of the King James version. It was issued soon after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and was dedicated to her. It was printed in Roman type, with verse divisions, summaries and notes, and in a cheap and handy size, and was adapted to the needs of the common people. It is said that John

Knox accepted it in place of Tyndale's, and carried it to the first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk in Edinburgh.

THE BISHOPS' BIBLE was undertaken by a number of bishops to take the place of the Genevan Bible, which was rather Puritan and Calvinistic. It did not become popular.

KING JAMES' RELATION TO THE REVISION OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

At a convention held at Hampton Court, in January, 1604, to hear points of difference between the Prelatic and Puritans parties, Dr. Reynolds, the leader of the Puritans, addressed the King: "May your Majesty be pleased that there be a new translation of the Bible, such as are extant being corrupt, and not answering to the original." Bancroft, Bishop of London, objected, saying: "If every man's humor might be followed, there would be no end of translating."



JAMES I. OF ENGLAND AND VI. OF SCOTLAND.

The king upheld Dr. Reynolds and said, "I profess, I could never yet see a Bible well translated in English; but I think that, of all, that of Geneva is the worst. I wish some special pains were taken for a uniform translation, which be done by the best learned in both universities, then reviewed by the bishops, presented to the Privy Council, lastly ratified by Royal Authority to be read in the whole Church, and no other." Fifty-four men, including Anglicans and Puritans, theologians and linguists, were chosen. Six companies were formed, and each man translated the part assigned to his company, and submitted his translation to his associates.

The new version was published in a large folio volume, at London, 1611, and dedicated as follows:

To the "most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland."

Nearly three years were needed for the completion of the work, and it was finally published in 1611. This King James version has been in use for three hundred years—a fact which alone shows its real worth. The Revised Version of 1885 and the American Version of 1901 have by no means taken the place of the Authorized Version of 1611.—EDITOR.

THE BIBLE.

"Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!

Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star, which rose on time
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation, drifting slowly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and, to the hills of
God—

The everlasting hills—pointed the sinner's
eye."

ROBERT POLLOK.

Jack Rose.

BY F. BEATRICE BUTTREE.

Of course Jack Rose wasn't a flower growing in the gardens of Glendale Terrace. He was the son of Derrick Milton, the owner of the estate, and a young man far from flower-like. He was tall, strong and dark eyed, with the body of an athlete and the will of an independent man. When Jack Milton said "no" he meant that "no" was exactly what he wished understood.

However, this obstinacy was not mulish, for, if you could convince him that he was wrong, he would yield with the best grace. But there was one thing you could agree with him at all times and any time you'd meet him and always de-

part vanquished, and, that was that Roslyn Bayard wasn't his destined wife.

Jack's father argued this question upon several occasions and was beginning to see the hopelessness of attempting to lead his offspring as he would a child.

"But he's just a lad for all his twenty-three years," he would say to Mrs. Milton after every discussion. He'll get over his nonsense. A Milton marry a florist's daughter! How absurd!"

Yet things seemed to be tending to an action of that kind. It really looked as if Jack Milton would marry Roslyn Bayard, the village florist's handsome daughter, if he could, but, as the girl had re-

fused him several times, in as emphatic a manner as a shy and gentle little nineteen year old beauty can, there was doubt as to whether he could.

When Jack first walked into the little flower shop where rows of delicate carnations and fragrant roses were massed together, in artistic confusion, he saw only one portion of the pretty picture, and the girl, trying to appear that she did not know she was the object of silent admiration, fondled the roses and, taking her shears, lavishly trimmed the plant which happened to be nearest her.

That was the manner of the first stage of Jack's courtship; he would come in and buy flowers, standing to talk about the weather for a few minutes, then tip his hat and go. Afterward, when he had declared his love and had been refused as often as he broached the subject, Jack bought his flowers as regularly as before but his attitude portrayed something like hopelessness.

But, at length, when Roslyn learned that some of Jack's friends had commenced to tease him and to call him "Jack Rose" she was determined to give him his final answer.

"I wish you wouldn't come here for flowers so often," she said, cutting the roses he had asked for and making a tasteful bouquet as she spoke; "everyone knows that you spend half your salary for flowers and roses, and that you never give them away. People say things which I do not like. If you must buy flowers please go elsewhere. Mr. Milton, for the last time, I say that I cannot marry you. Our social positions are different and I cannot make you the object of slights from your friends and the anger of your parents. I would not place myself in such an aspect, not because there is a real difference, for my family is quite as good as yours."

Jack attempted to speak in protest but the girl silenced him.

"Good bye. Go please," she said, tremulously, and hastened into the garden at the back of the shop.

The man walked homeward, slowly, as in a daze, realizing that he had received

his final answer. He had lost because of his father's money, which would some day be his. How he hated it just then. No, he wouldn't go home yet. He'd return to get one glimpse of Roslyn, unperceived. Then he'd go away somewhere—it little mattered where.

How pretty the girl looked among the flowers. There were traces of tears on her face, Jack imagined. The girl was too proud, nonsensically proud. What did he care for his friends' opinions? He felt confident that his parents would yield, as usual, when they had to.

He rambled on past the florist's shop, followed by the villagers' curious gaze. He did not seem to know where he was going and there was a queer expression in his eyes. Could it be that the young man was intoxicated? And even Jack wondered if he was, himself.

"Look out! Step back!" cried a terrified voice and a medley of strange voices echoed the cry.

The man had walked in front of an automobile and killed himself!

What were those people yelling about? What was all this jargon? His head felt light and the blood on the pavement hurt his eyes. Was it his blood? Who was that who rushed from the florist's shop and pillowed his head on her pretty white dress, crying "Jack?" so despairingly, tenderly? Roslyn?

"Roslyn," he tried to speak but he could not articulate. Then he lost consciousness.

It was several weeks later and the June roses were at their best, and the very air in the florist's garden seemed rose laden.

A much bandaged young man leaned back in the garden seat and drew a deep breath.

"Roses!" said he, happily, "They're so beautiful, dear, but not as lovely as you. How glad I am that I was hurt! Tell me your favorite flower, my rose."

"I've told you so many times. But, Str Vanity, it is the Jack rose, of course."

And Jack seemed perfectly satisfied. Who would be otherwise with such a bride as Roslyn Bayard?

The Reformation of the Prisoner and His Return to Social Life.

BY JOHN JOSIAH MUNRO.

As the cost of crime in the United States is considerably over a billion dollars a year, it is only reasonable that the people should know what the State authorities do in the matter of carrying out the sentence of the law, as well as what is done on behalf of the prisoner's reformation.

With a view toward making this work as much of a success as possible (as far as our State authorities are concerned). Governor Hughes signed a bill appropriating the sum of \$125,000 for the selection of a site, and the commencement of the construction work on a modern prison, that shall take the place of the present plant at Sing Sing, N. Y. For several years the State prison authorities have recommended the erection of a new building on higher ground further up the river, because of the poor sanitary conditions that surrounded the old plant at Ossining-on-the-Hudson, but have refrained from taking any final action on account of the enormous expense involved in such an undertaking.

Previous to 1828 the two large prisons of the State were situated in New York City and Auburn. The New York Prison, which was known as Newgate, was situated in the neighborhood of Christopher and Washington streets, where it stood for over thirty years. This was known as the Village of Greenwich, which was a suburb of New York during the first half of the nineteenth century. For over twenty years the people of Greenwich had been objecting to the unsightly prison in their midst, just as the residents of Ossining-on-the-Hudson have objected to the presence of Sing Sing in their midst, but for years their protests went unheeded.

On March 7th, 1824, the Legislature passed a law providing for the appointment of a commission of three persons to select a proper site for a penal institution

somewhere on the Hudson river and provide for the erection of buildings. After much deliberation the commission selected a piece of land thirty-one miles from New York, where was found a partially developed limestone quarry. The commission thought that the State should buy this property and the convicts work it. After much delay the land, which consisted of one hundred and fifty acres, was purchased by the State authorities and the ground for a new prison laid out on the river front. The sad mistake of the authorities at the time was in erecting the prison originally on filled in land on the river flats, which during floods and freshets was the cause of much sickness.

After the grounds were selected and laid out by the State Surveyor, Captain Lynds, Principal Keeper of Auburn Prison, was authorized by the Superintendent of Prisons to select one hundred convicts and proceed with all haste to Sing Sing and help in the work of construction.

Captain Lynds, who had been for many years in the United States army, marched his men, with the entire outfit, consisting of beds, bedding, clothing and food to last several months, to Syracuse and then took them by boat over the Erie Canal to Albany and then down the Hudson river to their destination.

Captain Lynds and his men arrived on the flats at Sing Sing on the morning of May 14th, 1825. Before night they had erected barracks and sheds for housing prisoners and stores. Twenty-four hours afterwards they were blasting rock for the new building. In three years they had erected a wall, store house, houses for officers and keepers and a dormitory containing six hundred cells.

The original plans of the prison proper called for a building five hundred and forty feet long, forty feet wide and three stories high, which allowed six hundred double

cells, but additions were made from-time to time as the prison population increased. The cells were built in blocks divided by a passageway in the centre and a staircase at each end of the building. But before this new cellular building was finished it was found to be inadequate and a fourth story added. These cells are 7 x 3½ and seven feet high. The walls are eighteen inches thick and the ceiling stones about the same. The cells are approached by galleries, which are supported by iron brackets.

Besides the sleeping accommodations, there are buildings for offices, kitchen, hospital, guard house, store house and shops. One of the latest additions to the prison was the death house, erected in 1889, in which murderers sentenced to death are kept, which contains the electric chair.

This prison which has stood on the east bank of the Hudson for nearly seventy-five years will soon be demolished, but the machinery, tools and the entire industrial plant will be removed to the new building as soon as it is erected.

In England when a man is sentenced to prison for a felony, it is invariably accompanied with hard labor. This means that for several hours daily he will be compelled to work the tread-mill. This work, which is said to be exceedingly laborious, permits the prisoner to work an hour and rest an hour. And what is harder still, it has to be done on a diet that is barely sufficient to keep life in; and nothing but real illness will prevent the authorities from compelling him to perform his daily tasks. But there is no tread-mill in our American prisons, nor anything like it. It is needless to say that many persons who are sent to our American prisons rebel against work of any kind. Some time ago I had occasion to speak to the principal keeper of one of our large prisons, on the question of how far he used force in compelling men to work. He mentioned the case of a couple of crooks from this city, who refused point blank to leave their cells to work. I asked what objections they had to work. He replied that the only reason they gave was that "They never worked in New York and would not work now in his 'bum' establishment." I said, "Did you compel them to work?" "Oh yes," said he, "when we got through

with them they went to work in a hurry." "What did you do," I asked. He replied, "We put them in the cooler, for a few days and fed them on bread and water. After that you could not keep them from the shops with a Gatling gun." "There is another class in our prisons who will not work, if they can help it," said the principal keeper. "We will call them the 'Make-believes.' They tell you that they have rheumatism, back ache or some chronic trouble that unfits them for any place in the prison but the hospital." "What do you do with such people," I asked the official. "Well," he said, "we are compelled to kill or cure their delusions. And we never fail to do it, otherwise our hospital would be full half the time. I confess," said the principal keeper with a smile, "we are sometimes compelled to use heroic means, but we always succeed."

After the newly arrived prisoner enters the Sing Sing reception room, he is interviewed by Clerk Westlake, who forthwith takes his pedigree. If the prisoner happens to have any money or valuables, he is relieved of the same and a receipt given him. They are returned when he leaves the premises.

As soon as the reception is over, he is taken by a keeper to the State shop. This is the store house for clothing. Here he receives a suit of clothing, including underwear, shoes, stockings and cap. The next place is the bath house, where the prisoner has the privilege of staying fifteen to twenty minutes, after which he dons his prison garments and is sent to his cell for the night. "Some men have a natural aversion to water and refuse to take a bath when they come here," said the principal keeper of a large State institution, as he showed me around his establishment. Being anxious to know what they did in such a case, I asked, "What then?" "Oh," said the principal keeper with a twinkle in his eye, "we fix 'em all right." I said, "How do you do it?" "Well," he said, pointing to a corner of the large stone bath house, "we set 'em up there and turn the hose on them. The fact is," said the principal keeper, "we give the kickers a good soaking and then tear the clothes off their back and they never rebel against a bath afterwards. It cures 'em, sure."

This is the first step in the transformation of the prisoner. Next day he is taken before the P. K., who carefully interviews him to know just what particular work he is best fitted for. The principal keeper may interview him daily for three weeks or even a month before sending him to one of the shops. If his health is not good, the prison doctor may be called in and if suffering from some contagious disease he is sent to the hospital, or if it is found that he is suffering from incipient or chronic tuberculosis, he will be sent to Napanoch in the Ulster Mountains or Clinton Prison in the Adirondacks.

These steps in the reformation of the criminal are little known to the outside world. But they are all necessary and important and carefully observed in all of the State prisons.

The proper classification of the inmates of our prisons is a most important part of their treatment in looking to their reformation. This is something that has been sadly neglected in the past in nearly all of our prisons and reformatories. Elmira Reformatory is the exception, as it comes the nearest to proper Classification of Prisoners of any institution in the country. It is nothing less than a crime to allow novices to associate with hardened offenders, either in shops or yards, where they can freely converse together. Such association soon changes the first offender into a real criminal, who goes forth when his time is finished with his brain all aflame with criminal ideas.

The Penal Code authorizes all judges who sentence men to prison for a felony, to declare that they shall be detained therein at hard labor. But there is no such thing as hard labor at the present time. The prisoners as a rule have the easiest of times. Indeed, in some of the prisons and penitentiaries of the State (not Sing Sing), the convicts go to the shops in the morning and remain practically idle all day, and were it not for the magazines and other papers given them to read their lives would be miserable.

It ought to be said that politics is largely responsible for a good deal of the enforced idleness in many of our prisons and county jails. By such means the old parties bid for the labor vote. This whole subject has been so fully advertised al-

ready in magazine articles and legislative discussions, that it is unnecessary to do more than simply allude to it. We are convinced, however, from what we know of the subject, that it is possible under the best management to make our prisoners self-supporting and at the same time reformative.

If a sensible policy were carried out which would keep the prisoners fully employed, it would relieve the people of an immense amount of money in taxes, which they are at present compelled to raise simply because not one-half the prisoners in our State institutions are given steady employment, and the work that is done by prisoners is kept out of the great arteries of commerce in deference to labor leaders. Giving the prisoners continual employment under wise management would not at all conflict with the great end in view, which is to reform men by moral, educational and industrial means. But this cannot be done until our prisons are taken out of politics.

In the prisons of this State we have from 10,000—12,000 inmates from year to year, charged with every kind of crime on the calendar. Yet in the management of these places, as well as the expenditure of large sums for supplies, politics shows a large hand. The great need of our prisons to-day, if we want intelligent management, is to have a trained penologist in charge, not a ward politician. This applies to every official from the highest to the lowest.

Railroads and other large corporations have trained experts as managers of their interests. They are compelled to do this to safeguard life and property. They would no more put a man in such a position whose only qualification was practical politics, than they would an imbecile. For a dozen of years we have recommended that only trained men manage our prisons, not political heelers. Such a change would save the State much money and manhood.

In many of the large prisons outside of this State, the reformation of criminals and their return to social life again never enters the mind of the officials. All they care for is simply to hold their charges in safety until their term expires, then turn them loose again no better than they were before. The one great reason for this is

that the heads of departments are politicians, and are given office simply because they are a controlling power in their ward or county. They well know when they take office that their tenure is exceedingly brief, and they must make hay while the sun shines, by disappointing their enemies and rewarding their friends.

One of the great obstacles in the way of the prisoner's reformation is the present attitude of society. I am afraid the church and society at large are woefully ignorant of the needs of the prisoner. They know little of his trials while undergoing punishment or his temptations after he secures his freedom. And with all the light on the subject such ignorance is almost unpardonable. Indeed, few persons seem to have any right intelligent ideas on how to deal with criminals after they secure their freedom, and not a tithe of the people believe that their reformation is possible.

Society as it exists to-day, is the greatest obstacle in the way of prison reform, and must be reconstructed before it can help this unfortunate class. When a person comes out of prison to begin life

again, society considers him a marked man. It extends no sympathy to him and will not employ him nor forgive him. Unless some Christian people come to his rescue, he will soon be a backslider in crime. If he is to be saved, something must be done to get him on his feet again. He must be fed, clothed, housed, advised and encouraged, at least for a season—levelled up as it were, not shunned or ostracised as ex-prisoners often are. Without such help the man just out of prison is worse off than the man going in.

With all deference to private agencies now at work for the restoration of the discharged prisoner, there should be a State Labor Bureau fully organized and in touch with the great commercial centres of the country, where the ex-prisoner could be sent at the expense of the State, and where he could find a market for his labor and then begin life anew. Such an agency could be conducted under the watchful eye of the present Superintendent of Prisons, Hon. C. V. Collins, and would be another step in the line of prison reform.

JOHN J. MUNRO.

Killarney Roses.

BY EDITH SCOTT MAGNA.

Sudden! I should think it was—to be apparently well, and then at a moment's notice to be told by a gray-haired doctor that I had to go into the hospital. The word itself was enough to scare one to death. It always brought to my mind a vision of endless white cots in rows, and soft-footed, white-capped women in attendance; but then I had never been in one, so just how true to life my visionary pictures were, I could not say. Nor am I a coward, though perhaps it's not for me to say so; but I felt a particularly cold wave creep up my back when my sentence was pronounced.

My friend with the gray beard slowly adjusted his eye-glasses, sat back in his

chair, and placing the tips of his fingers together, announced calmly that my stay in the hospital would amount to from three to four weeks. Then, too, I was to enter as soon as possible. The suddenness of it all was most startling, and I could have wished for a little more time, for in a way I was unprepared. Not that there was anything special I should have done had I been acquainted with the facts weeks before. My partner—Claxton—could ably take care of our business affairs, and it being a dull time of year, I could be spared nicely, but—well, it was just a week since Helena and I had quarrelled, and I wanted to see her first. I do not like to use the word "quarrel," either.

"Misunderstanding" sounds better, and I'll admit, too, that it was my fault, though for the life of me I cannot see why. It was only lately that I admitted even to myself that I loved her, but now my first thought was: "Will Helena care?"

But, had I been able to solve that problem, I would have been the happiest man alive. You see, she had everything in the world, and while I was on the road to a higher standing, it was a lot to ask her to share what I could give her. Surely, a man has a right to tell a girl he loves her, but I was at heart a coward, and I was afraid to lose. Somehow I don't believe I could have played a losing game so very well, but then I never was a sport.

A week ago I dined with Helena. That in itself was like wandering to the heights of Olympus, just to catch a glimpse of the gods. I have never seen her more beautiful than she was that night. After dinner, in the fire-light glow, she sat in a large chair—a small, perfect figure dressed in white, her gown cut "V" shape at the neck, and at her breast a cluster of pink roses I had sent her—Killarneys. They were just as near like her dear self as any flower I could buy. I wanted to—but one didn't act impulsively with Helena; they asked permission first. I had been telling her about a deal we had been trying to put through, and that led up to the misunderstanding. You see, I babbled along about business because I was very near the danger line. I really did not like to talk shop with her, for she always had some suggestions to make, and that was all right, too; but with all her education and wit, her ideas on business and mine didn't trot in the same harness. Perhaps my views were old-fashioned, but I never have believed that women could run a man's work for him. She started to suggest something, then trailed off into her dear little feminine ideas, and finally caught me napping.

"Karl, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself—you're not listening."

Now I ask you how a man could listen to her prattle on when his heart was in his mouth and eyes.

"Of course," she went on, "I'm only a woman, and you think I don't know."

"But, Helena," I argued, "a woman cannot be expected to know the fine points"—

"Fine points! Yes, Karl, but you

weren't even listening—you don't care what I think."

"Care, Helena! If you only know how much"—

But she stopped me.

"No, I don't believe you do, Karl. Every time I say anything about business it's the same thing. You think I'm just good for an ornament, without brains or character. My business opinions are not so very bad. Anyway, you could be good enough to listen to them."

I was certainly perplexed. I had never seen her quite like this before, and I put it down that she was not feeling well. No argument I could offer proved favorable, and my lady left me to myself, and in anger.

There is just a bit of coquette about Helena, and when she left the library a pink rose fell to the floor. I put it in my pocket, and from that time on I have been asking whether or not she dropped it on purpose.

I thought she would get over it, but one whole week and no word! Every day I sent her Killarney roses, so that she might have an excuse to write or phone, and here I was to be cooped up for weeks—not dangerously ill, you know, but down and out, and lonesome enough the Lord knows! Of course, Helena's only way of learning about it would be if Claxton told her. I rather fancied he would, for he realizes how matters stand between us and would help me out all he could.

I was just about to enter the greenhouse to pick out my daily offering, when there she stood—pink and white and radiant—against a background of wonderful roses. My heart bounded and I hurried towards her crying:

"Helena!"

But the rushing sound in my ears prevented my hearing her reply.

"Helena!" I cried again.

"You're all right now, Mr. Bradford—the operation's all over"—this in a woman's voice from the side of the bed, and the nurse smoothed down the clothes in a methodical way.

Gradually I became conscious of the bed and the room, and ah! yes, there on the mantel opposite stood two vases filled with Killarney roses.

I smiled contentedly and went to sleep.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

CHAPTER II.

A SQUALID STORY.

(Continued.)

Fraser stepped on dry land with a sigh of relief. Albeit the storm was as high as ever, and the clinging mist as all-encompassing, still the fickle sea had been left behind. And now his elbow was gripped by his friend from the cutter.

"Your patient's at the change-house," said he; and they went forward into the fog. All Fraser could discern was that for a time they traversed a stretch of sand, and then for a space a stretch of grass and heath. At length an indistinct bulk of building seemed to advance on them suddenly, and through the vapours a point of light showed, marking a low doorway. But even as they came up to this place, some dark figures issued from its portal, staggering under a heavy burden borne on an osier hurdle. One glance at the stark outline of its covering told Fraser and his companion that they had come too late; and they stood for a moment with uncovered heads until the little group had moved off into the mist.

"They're for Sunivaig," said the old man. "His wife's people belong to that side. But, come your ways in, sir, and rest. This is the Inns, as you'd say in the South, and so I'll bring you to the landlady."

The surgeon followed him through the dark of a passage into a long, low-ceilinged room, poorly lit by one deep-set window, and scantily furnished with several chairs and a bare table. In a deep roomy fireplace a cosy fire of peats glowed warmly, and standing facing it and looking away from Fraser were a man and a woman.

"The doctor from the big ship, Mrs. MacNeil," said the surgeon's guide.

The couple before the fire wheeled round. Fraser noted that the landlady was of the customary buxom and garrulous type, but her companion gave him

pause; he had an air of breeding, his clothes fine, his white hair in a roll, his bronzed oval of a face delicately featured. Instinctively, even as the landlady curtseyed, the surgeon addressed the man.

"I am too late, I see," said he.

"'Tis what I have been saying of myself to Flora, here," said the stranger. "Oh, no," he added in answer to Fraser's quick glance of enquiry. "I'm no surgeon, but in a wandering life I've picked up a few trifles of leechcraft, and some of these good people, finding I was in the Isle, unearthed me."

"Sir," said Fraser, bowing, "had we been in time, I should have been glad to have worked with you. I am but a surgeon's mate."

The old gentleman laughed. "And I not even an apprentice," said he.

"But you'll have to be going, sir," interposed the landlady, a trifle uneasily, her hand on the stranger's arm. It seemed to Fraser that her anxiety was too plainly lest there should be further conversation with himself: and he stood aside stiffly as the other passed him.

"I am honored in this meeting, sir," said the man, bowing. "Good-bye."

Fraser returned his salute in silence, and Mrs. MacNeil showed her companion down the passage. It was at this juncture that the surgeon for the first time noted that his old sailor friend had disappeared, and he turned to the doorway to look for him. As he did so, a hurried whispering from the lobby came to his ear, and a name was several times repeated that took his fancy strangely. "Drumfin-Drumfin" was the word. Then a door closed, and the landlady bustled cheerfully ben to turn the peats and bewail the weather.

"Such sleet as this fog has now turned to! You came indoors in time, sir." she

cried. "But it's soaking you are all the same. You must change, sir,"

Fraser threw aside his sea-cloak and protested himself as comfortable as he could desire.

"It's your death you're courting, sir, if you'll no do as I bid you. . . . Yet, surely, now you'll take my commands in the matter of cordials then; and it's the good French aquavity I'll be bringing you. . . . Mr. Fraser? Is that the name, sir? Maybe you'll have the Gaelic, sir?"

"The Gaelic?" said Fraser, smiling. "No; but my father had it before me, if there's any virtue in that."

"Do you tell me?" cried the good dame, and her face flushed with pleasure, as she busied herself with stoup and glasses.

And now Fraser saw that her Highland pride was aroused. He saw, too, not without anxiety, that her next enquiries would involve a trying climb on his part into the heights of his genealogical tree, and in sheer defence he led off the subject at once.

"Is the old gentleman a laird in the Isle?" he asked, choosing the first suggestion of memory.

On the instant the woman dropped a glass, and thereby hid a sudden change of countenance, as she stooped to pick it up. It was a keen glance she flashed at the surgeon before she answered.

"Not what you'd call a laird, sir; maybe a laird's doer, or factor might be nearer it, maybe. He's a fine man, but it's just his name I'm aye forgetting. But, eh, sir, isn't it a woeful business this killing of the Chisholm man. And in my house of a' houses, sir! What's to come of it? What's to come of it?"

It was clear that she had but followed Fraser's example in leading off from the subject proposed. It suited his mood, however, and he coaxed and coaxed her into the details of the tragedy, until finally she rehearsed the tale connectedly. How much of her volubility depended on her interest in the story—how much on her desire to take her hearer off the track of her late visitor, were questions that came often uppermost in Fraser's mind in after years. At present, the narrative itself absorbed his attention.

"This is the way of it, sir," said she,

"and little enough does my decent change-house deserve to be mixed up in it. The like never happened to me when my dear man had life and was with me. But this is the way of it:

"There's one Angus MacLean lives here—only a tacksman in Craigmore, 'tis true, but still a second cousin to the MacLean over in Isle Aros yonder. And now he's an old man, this Angus MacLean, but twenty years ago he was young and gay; and it was then he married a wife, just before the time of Tearlach Og (Prince Charlie), you ken. The wife—well, as for her, there was another she loved—a Chisholm man from Strathglass he was. But he had jilted her, had the Chisholm man—jilted her sorely. And so what does my lady do, but up in a fit of rage, and marries this MacLean I speak of to spite the man she loved—such creatures are women, sir. Mo thruaigh, mo thruaigh! (my sorrow). Do you follow me, sir?" Fraser nodded.

"She rued, and she rued, and she better rued; and the drink did the rest. And all her days these twenty years gone has she mourned, old wife as she is, for her early love—the sorrow of it! And still the drink and the drink; and the Goodman nigh demented at the sight of her and the thocht of her. But I'll be just bothering you, and you so wet and weary—?"

"Never the bother," said Fraser. "It's the good tale you're giving me. Go on."

"Oh, my sorrow! But worse to come! The first lover came back, sir—oh, he came back—an old man, a mariner-man, a man of dreadful ongoings, they tell me, among the Paris Highlanders after the Scrape,—an old man, I say, he that had given the lass no word but the waiting one in the days gone by—a story he had told to many a girl, if all tales be true. He comes back, this old runt of a sailor, and he is drinking heavy in this very change-house every day; and aye stirring at the old thoughts about the Prince."

"The Prince?" said Fraser. "You mean—?"

The woman's face flushed. "Let it bide at that, sir—we'll name no names. But about this sailor-man—every day he's drinking, I say. And one day in his cups he says something he better never have said, and some hearing it and being friends

to Angus MacLean, carried it to him. A lie it was, but the rumor of it got about till it was ever in the ears of Angus MacLean—this lie from the lips of his wife's old jo, as gallant with the tongue as ever. And, oh, sir,—ah, if you but had the Gaelic, sir, till I could put it to you in the good language—he came down to the Inn, did Angus MacLean, the jilted woman's husband, and he found his enemy sitting over this very fire, sir, his punch steaming in the eyes of him. They say that the others tried to soothe them, but there were high words between the old fools, and before you could turn a bannock, the Chisholm was knifed almost to the heart. And then Angus MacLean, with blood on his fingers, walked home to his own hearth, its peats white in the ash, and a drunk woman skirling upstairs. And there he sat him down as still as a stone. That was yesterday, yet there they say he still sits over a dead fire, never stirring or speaking. But Lord send he stirs before Deaf Alan returns, or there will be blood on more than one man's fingers."

"Deaf Alan?" asked Fraser, "the pilot to the big ship—the man who exchanged for me?"

"The same, sir; and kinsman by way of marriage to this man that's dead. Oh, Deaf Alan's just Deaf Alan, sir; until you ken him, there's no description of him will serve. And when all's said and done, Mr. Fraser, he's better unkenned."

"And that's the true word, Flora," said a boyish voice from the doorway of the chamber.

Looking round, Fraser beheld a slight figure, clad in a dripping cloak, surmounted by a pale face with aquiline features, a wisp of straw-coloured hair falling over over the low brow.

CHAPTER III.

A MAKER OF MAPS.

"Mr. Cattanach!" cried the landlady. "And in such a storm! You'll have done little map-making the day, I'm thinking."

The youth laughed lightly, and coming forward, tossed off his sodden wrap-rascal, and bowed to Fraser.

"This is the surgeon from the big ship," said Mrs. MacNeil, "Mr. Fraser by name, sir."

"Sir," said the young man, saluting

again, "a glass of wine with you, if you'll honor me. My name is Cattanach. I have heard of your merciful errand, and of how you have lost touch with your ship. Lord! how I wish my task in life had been somewhat after your pattern."

Fraser bowed in reply, and accepted the invitation to wine.

"In chirurgery now," went on the youth, seating himself, glass in hand, to steam his legs at the peat fire, ". in chirurgery there might be something of newness day by day—a limb to mend, a life to save. But in cartography—at least in cartography of these parts, look you, all one can do is to say amen to the markings of old Timothy Pont's wonderful maps."

"I've heard them praised before now," said Fraser.

"Sir," said the youth, "they're the very devil."

The surgeon studied the young man as he blustered thus. There was something of effeminacy in his face, yet had he airs of decision that were not unmanly; and, as the night wore on, his conversation was engaging as to a degree. And so it came to pass that after the first bottle of claret, when Fraser discovered that the new-comer was to lodge there that night, an arrangement was made that they should forthwith sup together. With the first of the viands the talk came back to Deaf Alan.

"What is this I heard at Scarinish, Flora?" cried Cattanach to the landlady, who waited on him as he carved the capon. "Deaf Alan has been blaming me, they say, for hounding on those two old fellows to a quarrel? Is it so?"

The good lady blanched a little. "That was the tale, sir," she said.

"I'll not deny I told old Angus of the scandal this Chisholm was talking," said Cattanach. "And I did rightly, I think. For I'm far from saying I disapprove of spirit in an old man, when it's such a virtue in youth—eh, Flora? Even if it goes the length of killing"—he lunged with his carving knife at the breast of the fowl. "But, keep me, Madam! never a word to Deaf Alan as to what I did then or what I say now. You see," he added to Fraser, "he's kin to the dead man, and fell handy with his oxter-knife."

"This Deaf Alan," said Fraser, "is a

minister, is he not? And yet I hear oftener of his knife than of his Bible. Read me the riddle, Mr. Cattanach."

"Minister," said the other. "Aye, but an unfrocked one—for some dirty casuistry in a pamphlet some years ago, published—where do you think?—in no less a place than London, sir. T'ree and London. What do you think? Stap me, he's a wonder, is Deaf Alan. And his Bible, say you I think the old Highland customs are his Bible, sir; they come first with him everywhere, I'm told. And I doubt not but that if he returns, he'll order things so that Norman Cattanach makes acquaintance with some Highland customs little to Norman's liking. But enough of Alan, Mr. Fraser. For the present our skins are whole, so come, let us talk of these wonderful Americas you have but left."

And thus they sat far on into the night, talking of the Canadian campaign, Fraser rehearsing the rumors of it as he had heard them in Virginian waters, and Cattanach supplementing these with a wealth of details from some obscure French sources to which he seemed to have the fullest access. This youth's mind the surgeon discovered to be as acute as any he had ever encountered; yet there was something a-wanting in the fellow—something that caused Fraser to bridle his tongue at times when his utterance was frankest. Already he noted that he had been drawn by Cattanach into an avowal of partial sympathy with the American colonists in their troubles with the home government. He remembered, too, with a start, that he was still a King's officer, and that it behooved him to be circumspect. Do what he would, however, the talk drifted on to a discussion in high politics.

"Heard you never a whisper in Virginia now," said Cattanach, "that with all this pother in Canada and in India—with our Americas restless and France hostile, a new Stuart rising would be an easy matter?" The map-maker spoke in a low tone, his glance on the chamber's door to see that they were private.

"Heavens, man no? never a renewal of that old madness, surely?" said Fraser.

"But yes, none other, sir."

"Ah, no. There was a time, let us

allow, when that cause may have been worth red blood in streams. But nowadays—well, the thing's a bubble—a breaking bubble that deceives no one, Mr. Cattanach."

"Of that I am not so sure, sir. But deceive or not, do you not see, Mr. Fraser,—let the bubble break, or let the bubble soar, least it would distract England by either performance, and so serve England's enemies—France especially."

The surgeon smiled a negative with the wise air of a man a few years older than his companion.

"Mr. Fraser," said Cattanach earnestly, in reply to this smile, "how long have you been away from home waters?"

"Two years."

"Three months are enough for a scheme of the kind I speak of, sir."

Something in the youth's air startled Fraser, and he eyed him questioningly. The other returned his glance and nodded as if in answer.

"What would you give, Mr. Fraser, to avert such a disaster as a renewal of this old Stuart folly?" said Cattanach, suddenly rising, as if with a determined air; and crossing to the fireplace, he faced suddenly on the surgeon, his eyelids narrowed, his wisps of blond hair falling over them. "What would you say, if I told you that the work of planning another Stuart rising is on foot now, and in this very isle, sir?"

"What madness—what utter madness!" said Fraser slowly.

"If I read ar'ght, sir" went on the other, with something of missionary zeal, "you are a man with ideals—one who would serve his country's good, be the cost little, be the cost much. I, too, have my visions, sir. Here is our opportunity, and here let us seize it. I am but a travelling student, you a surgeon, and neither of us seems trained for the work of a spy. And here we are, set as by Providence in the midst of a coil of conspiracy. For the agent of the Prince himself is here in hiding, fast weaving the nets for his master to draw—taking these poor islemen's silver for a cause already lost."

"Who is this?" asked Fraser.

"MacLean of Drumfin—straight from St. Germain's but a week ago, if you please."

(To be continued.)

The Scottish Race and Kingdom.

BY SIR JAMES FERGUSON, SHERIFF OF ARGYLESIRE.

(Continued.)

II

Of the character of the conquest by Kenneth Macalpin, it seems clear that it was rather a dynastic triumph than a racial subversion. The mediaeval Chroniclers embellish it with romantic episodes, such as the device employed by Kenneth to rouse the faltering spirits of the Scottish chiefs by the apparition of a man clothed in a robe covered with fish scales to represent a heavenly messenger, and the invitation of the great lords of the Picts to a banquet, where the seats were undermined, and those who occupied them slain easily in the hollow places into which they were precipitated when the supports were withdrawn. There are, however, historical facts sufficiently significant, whether these stories be artistic inventions, or traditions founded on real facts. One is the weakening of the Pictish power by the Danish invasions. Another is the extent to which the Pictish rule of succession had already been weakened by the descendants of Angus MacFergus. It only required the presence of a king strong enough, while having a good personal claim under the Pictish law, to alter it permanently in favor of his descendants, and even under Kenneth's successors there seems to have been one case in which the Pictish custom cast its weight into the scale. Most important of all were the facts that the two peoples were of kindred race and common language, and the influence of the Columban Church. The close connection of the Picts with the Angles of Northumbria had resulted in the supersession of the Columban rule by that of Rome, under Nectan MacDerili, the Pictish King, in 710, and the expulsion of the Columban clergy from the Pictish territories east of Drumalban in 717. The great Angus MacFergus had founded the monastery of St. Andrews before 747. The connection of his successors with Dalriada led, however, apparently to a revision of friendliness to the Columban Church, and when the

church of Iona had been plundered by the Norwegian pirates in 794, burnt by them in 802, and the community of Iona slain by them in 806, Constantin MacFergus founded the church of Dunkeld, and the influence of the Columban Church again began to affect the regions of the southern Picts. The Pictish Chronicle records that in the seventh year of his reign over the Picts, *i. e.* 851, Kenneth Macalpin transferred the relics of St. Columba to a church which he had built, and Dunkeld became the head centre of the Scottish Church.

That there was any wholesale extermination of the Pictish population seems most improbable. One of the old legends of the earlier Pictish settlements says that the Picts conquered Alban from Cath to Forcu, but 'without destroying the people.' The Scottish conquest might well be expressed in the same terms. There is probably much truth in the traditions of dire misfortune overtaking the chiefs and nobles of the Picts. There would be forfeitures and replacements, and as time went on the higher positions and rights of property and overlordships would more and more pass into the hands of Scots connected with, or rendering good service to the royal house. The chief line of invasion and immigration would be from Dalriada, through Breadalbane, and down the Tay, the Earn, and the Pass of Leny, and a population of Scottish race would tend to increase and preponderate on these lines in Atholl, around Dunkeld, and in the vicinity of the capitals at Forteviot and Scone. Indeed, the true relation of the Scots to the other Celtic races seems to me to present a remarkable parallel to that of the Normans to the other Teutonic races. Not numerous in comparison with the others, they seem to have been the bravest warriors, and exemplars of the highest type of religion in the ages of their supremacy. The notion which presents

them as barbarian invaders, destroying a higher civilization established among the Picts, seems quite untenable, and their superiority, and the introduction of their law of Succession, Church, and customs was in its day a development and advance, just as in a later age Queen Margaret's reforms, and the establishment of feudal charter rights, were an advance on their own. The one hundred and fifty men who, according to the Tract on the Men of Alban, crossed the Irish Channel with Fergus Mor, had developed under Aidan into a military kingdom, which carried its arms to the Forth and the Cheviots, and even, according to one entry, to the Orkneys. In spite of reverses and disasters, the race rallied to such an extent, that under Kenneth Macalpin it had established the center of its kingdom on the banks of the Tay. He and one or two of his successors are still found recorded as Kings of the Picts, but in a generation or two the name of Pict is forgotten, the country north of the Forth as far as Moray is Scotia; and when the direct line of the royal race fails with Alexander III., four hundred years after King Kenneth's day, the repeated invasions of the Danes and Norsemen have left no permanent conquest, and Norman Saxon, Pict, Briton, and Scot, from the Cheviots to the Pentland Firth, are welded into one whole as the Kingdom of Scotland.

The chief steps in that process may be briefly summarised. The succession followed the Gaelic rule of tanistry, giving preference to brothers over sons. Kenneth was succeeded by his brother Constantine (863), who fell in battle with the Danes in Fife in 877, and he by another brother Aedh, who was slain at Inverurie in the following year. Under Pictish law the succession then fell to Eocha, son of Run the King of the Strathclyde Britons, whose mother was a daughter of Kenneth Macalpin, and the Pictish party prevailed for the time, Eocha being placed on the throne while Ciricius or Grig, known to the mediaeval historians as Gregory the Great, also of British descent, was associated with him. Both were driven out after eleven years, and Donald, son of Constantine, the heir by Scottish law, succeeded and reigned until 900,

when he was killed by the Danes at Dunottar. He was succeeded by Constantine, son of Aedh (900 to 940), in whose time the old line of the British kings of Strathclyde failed, and the Britons elected Donald, Constantine's brother. Constantine, retiring in his old age to the Monastery of St. Andrews' was succeeded by Malcolm, son of his predecessor, Donald, who after having Cumbria or Strathclyde handed over to him by the Northumbrian Saxons, was killed by the men of the Mearns at Fetteresso in 945. Under his successor Indulph (954-962), Edinburgh was surrendered to the Scots. He was succeeded by Duff, slain at Forres in 967, and he by Cullen, who was slain by the Britons in 971. His successor, Kenneth, fortified the fords of Forth, 'gave Brechin to the Lord,' and was slain at Fettercairn in 995. His successor, Constantine MacCulindin, was slain two years after. Kenneth, the next king, fell in 1004 in 'a battle among the men of Alban themselves.' Malcolm, the next king, after defeating the Saxons at Carham in 1018, extended the frontier of Scotland to the Tweed, while the line of the British kings of Strathclyde, descended from the Scottish Donald, terminated in his time, and Strathclyde is henceforth found as a principality under the son of the Scottish monarch. He died in 1034, leaving no male issue, but his grandson by his daughter Bethoc, who had married Crinan the lay Abbot of Dunkeld, 'the gentle Duncan,' succeeded him. He was murdered by Macbeth, who held the kingdom in alliance with the Norsemen of Caithness who had overrun the northern provinces, for seventeen years (1040 to 1057). The short-lived career of Macbeth's relative 'Lulach the fool' does not break the historical record. Under Malcolm Canmore (1057-1095) the kingdom was further consolidated, and after the reign of Donald Bane, the last example of succession according to the law of tanistry (1093), Duncan (1093-4), Donald Bane again and Eadmund (1091-1097), Edgar (1097-1107), Alexander I (1107-1124), reduced the rebellious province of Moray. David I (1124-1153) was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm (1153-1165), who finally subdued the recalcitrant provinces of Galloway and Moray, from the latter of

which Fordoun, with probably some exaggeration, says he removed the native population 'and scattered them throughout the other districts of Scotland, both beyond the hills and on this side thereof so that not even a native of that land abode there, and he installed therein his own peaceful people.' William the Lyon (1166-1214) put down revolts in Galloway and Moray, and subdued the provinces of Ross and Caithness. His son Alexander II. (1214-1249) subdued Argyll, which had been practically independent under the house of Somerled, and his son Alexander III. (1249-1285) defeated the Norsemen at Largs and completed the consolidation of the kingdom, by the annexation of the Western Isles. With his grand daughter, the Maid of Norway, who died in 1290, on the way from Norway, to take possession of her kingdom, the direct line of the monarchy of the Scottish Celtic race terminated.

The three great branches of the Dalriad Scots were the Cinel Gabran, the Cinel Lorn and the Cinel Angus, to which is sometimes added the Cinel Comgall or the descendants of Comgall, the brother of Gabran. The Tract on the Men of Alban also indicates further subdivisions of these houses. Thus 'the three powerful' of the Cinel Lorn were the Cinel Fergusa Salach, the Cinel Cathbath, whose *jugulatio* is recorded in 701, and the Cinel Eachaidh, son of Muredach. In recording the descent of Kenneth Macalpin, two versions continue after the reference to his father Alpin: 'Son of Eachach, son of Aeda find, son of Domangart; *here branch off the Cinel Gabran and the Cinel Comgall*; son of Domnall Breach son of Eachachbuidhe; *here branch off the Clan Fergusa Gall, son of Eachach Buidhe id est, the Cinel Cathbath and the Clan Conall Cerr, son of Eachach buidhe id est, the men of Fife in the Sovereignty id est, the Clan of Kenneth, son of Alpin, son of Aedan; here branch off the Clan Eachach buidhe, the men of the halfshare of Conaing (of the half land, son of Aidan, son of Gabran, son of Domangart, son of Fergus Mor, son of Erc; here branch off the Cinel Lorn Mac Erc, the Cinel Angus, the Cinel Gabran and the Cinel Comgall.*'

The first reference as to the branching off of the Cinel Gabran and the Cinel

Comgall after the name of the later Domangart seems to be a repetition and clerical error, caused by the existence of the two Domangarts, for it was of course from the sons of the first Domangart that these houses came.

Thus in addition to the four great tribes, we have descendants of Eachach Buidhe, known as the Clan Fergusa Gall, and the Clan Conall Cerr who are described as the men of Fife, the Clan Eachach Buidhe and the men of the halfshare of Conaing. It seems possible that here we have indications of settlements either then or at a subsequent date in Fife and possibly in Galloway, where Eachach Buidhe reigned and where the Scottish name Ferguson is frequent, and the family of Craighdaroch on the borders of Galloway and Dumfriesshire, said to be the oldest in the south of Scotland, carry the lion rampart on their arms. The family of Kilkerran in Carrick, who carry different arms, similar to those borne by the same name in Atholl and Aberdeenshire, time of Robert the Bruce. The race of by tradition came from Atholl before the Conaing have been located in Kintyre.

The district of the Lennox was originally the British territory of Reged, and in the end of the tenth century the Scottish King killed by the Britons, found it desirable to fortify the fords of Forth. By the twelfth century, however, it was occupied by a Gaelic population, ruled over by Earls, whose alleged Saxon descent, as given by the earlier peerage writers, seems erroneous, while their names correspond with the Celtic origin attributed to them in the Irish pedigrees. It is probable that the district was occupied by Scots, and curiously enough, it is found associated with one of the clans mentioned in the Tract on the Men of Alban, and the only one whose name corresponds to that of a modern clan. The Annals of Ulster record that in 1216, 'Trad O'Mail-fabhail, chief of Cinel Fergusa, with his brothers and many others was slain by Muireadhach, son of the Mormaer of Lennox.' It must, however, be kept in view that, apart from the Scottish Fergusons from Ayr and Galloway who settled in Ulster at the Plantation and in Covenanting times, there was an old Irish Cinel Fergusa, descended from Fergus, son of

Eoghan, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. It is, however, unlikely that an Earl of Lennox would be fighting in Ireland so late as the year in which William the Lion died.

The district of Atholl was the territory of the lay abbots of Dunkeld, and on the settlement of their line on the throne, in the person of Malcolm Canmore, the earldom was conferred on a branch of the Royal House, the first of whom was Melmare, brother of Malcolm III. The oldest clans of the district were the Fergusons, who always followed the Earls of Atholl, and were numerous there and in Balquhider, who have been described as the oldest clan in the Highlands, and to whom tradition and the bards attribute descent from King Fergus, and the Robertsons, who are descended from and were apparently the male representatives of the old Celtic Earls of Atholl. Both of these clans may be safely set down as Scots proper, and of the race of Fergus.

How or when the family of Alpin acquired its connection with Fife, and to what extent Scots, as distinguished from Pictish Gaels, settled there it is impossible to tell, but undoubtedly the province was closely associated both with the house of Kenneth, and, after the defeat of Macbeth, with that of Malcolm Canmore, and its recognition as a bulwark of the Scottish monarchy is attested by the privileges conferred in the Law of Clan Macduff. That the families of Arbutnot and Spens were of Scottish, or, at least, Gaelic, descent to some extent is indicated by their claim to participate in these privileges, in virtue of their kinship to the Celtic Earls of Fife. The old Earls of Fife were admittedly of Celtic and probably Scottish descent, and the Strathbogie Earls of Atholl were a branch of their race.

Two of the greatest names in the borders suggest that the founders of these families were Scots who settled there after the conquest of Lothian. One is that of Scott, which speaks for itself as the designation given by a Saxon or British population to one of another race, and the other that of Kerr, which is a descriptive Gaelic denomination.

The extent of the Scottish element in Galloway is impossible to ascertain. The people were the last to retain the name of

Picts, yet they had been for years in subjection to the Angles of Northumbria, and had been subsequently, at least so far as coast districts were concerned, under the domination of the Norwegians. In the twelfth century it is found under the rule of native chiefs of Celtic descent, the first of whom is Fergus, Prince of Galloway, of whose birth and lineage no trace exists. Whether he was a Scot or a Pict it is impossible to say, but the Galloway over which he ruled included Carrick, where the Gaelic population was probably a Scottish one, superseding an older British one, and between which and the Galloway Picts, the feelings, even in comparatively modern times, were far from cordial. His name suggests that Fergus was of Scottish blood. The Kennedy Earls of Cassilis, are descended from the old Celtic Earls of Carrick, themselves the progeny of Fergus of Galloway, through Roland of Carrick, who got a charter of the headship of the clan as 'Ken Kynol' from Earl Neil before 1256, and John Kennedy of Dunure, 'Captain of the Clan Muintircasduff' (the people of the blackfeet), about 1346.

The original territory of the Scots in Dalriada or Argyll and the adjacent islands had, in the period between the ninth and twelfth centuries, been swept and subdued by the Norsemen. With the weakening of their power, the native tribes arose, under Someled, whose father's and grandfather's names are Gaelic, and the result was the founding of the great house of the Lords of the Isles, and the rise of the great clans of Macdonald and Macdougall. I see no reason to suppose that the race of Somerled were Picts rather than Scots, and indeed some pedigrees trace them to a younger son of Fergus, and the chief seat of their power was in Islay, which had been Scottish territory, while the physical characteristics attributed to them in an old Irish poem correspond with those that distinguish the Milesian stock.

The Irish genealogies of several of the Highland clans, which date from about the year 1400, and on which the MS. of 1467 in the Advocates' Library is based, indicate that the Highland clans fall into several classes. The older descent is mythical and obviously fabulous.

The Story of Rob Roy

BY A. H. MILLAR, F. S. A.

(Continued)

Chapter VI.

Whilst Donald Stewart was on his way from Dunkeld to Balquidder, he encountered Killearn, who had been searching all the district around Lochearn for Rob Roy's retreat, and Atholl's chamberlain put himself under the command of Montrose's factor. By diligently cross-questioning some of the natives they discovered that the chief had gone south to Loch Katrine, and they determined to follow him. Taking the most rapid routes known to Killearn they soon reached the ancient haunt of the Macgregors at Portanellan, and divided their company that they might reconnoitre. Graeme and Stewart kept together, attended only by one servant, and proceeding cautiously around the shores of the Loch, with which Killearn was but imperfectly acquainted they stumbled upon a natural cave in the rock, which promised shelter until the day should dawn. Ellen's Isle, the refuge of the Clan Gregor, lay at some distance from the shore, and they purposed, whenever the increasing light would permit, to unite the scattered band and make a descent upon the place where they believed Rob Roy was concealed. They had travelled a long and dreary road, and had been baffled at every step by contradictory statements as to the hiding place which Rob had chosen. Their forced march had tired them out, and they lay down gladly around the rude fire which their attendant gathered for them.

As they lay thus waiting for the dawn Killearn discussed with his new ally the plans he had formed for the capture of Rob Roy. His recollections of his last compulsory visit to that quarter were still fresh in his mind, and he dwelt with gleeful anticipation upon the sweet revenge he would now take upon the robber who had so terrified him. Stewart had never met the outlaw in actual life, and had no personal grudge against him, but the treatment which his master, Atholl, had received at

Rob's hands was sufficient excuse to him for his death. There was perfect concord, therefore, between the two companions as they debated the momentous question of when and where Rob Roy should be hanged, never a doubt crossing their minds as to his apprehension.

While the confederates were agreeing as to how they should dispose of their victim, they were startled by the noise of some movement in the inner recesses of the cave. Fearing that the place had been chosen as a place of refuge before their entrance by some of the Macgregor clan, the three men sprang to their feet and rushed towards the spot where they had placed their weapons. Their fears were realized. By the fitful light of the fire which they had kindled, they beheld the figure of a stalwart Highlander, dressed in the well known Macgregor tartan, standing betwixt them and their arms, and brandishing his claymore in a threatening fashion. Stewart knew him not, but Killearn and his servant at once recognised the rebel chief and turned and fled precipitately. Rob Roy fired one shot from his pistol merely to accelerate their retreat, and turning to Stewart he sternly bade him depart and return no more if he wished ever to see Dunkeld again. The Chamberlain had no choice but to obey, and somewhat crestfallen he took his way from the presence of the man whose disgraceful death he had planned but a short time previously. Killearn's party had met with little better success than their leader, and they were constrained to return to Buchanan House with sorrowful hearts to relate their discomfiture to Montrose.

After this adventure Rob Roy again occupied his old quarters at Monuchaltuarach in Balquidder, and Atholl and Montrose having heard of his location there, applied to the Government for aid in his apprehension. A detachment of troopers was placed under the command of Graeme of

Gorthie—a kinsman of the Duke of Montrose—who proceeded to Balquidder in search of the outlaw. Intelligence had been received of his settlement in his old place, and Gorthie led the horsemen rapidly by the shores of Loch Voil to Rob Roy's farm ere he had notice of their coming. His house was surrounded and himself taken prisoner before he had time to summon his followers to his aid, and with unabated speed Gorthie fled with his troopers and their captive in case the Macgregors should rise to intercept them and release their chief. Passing King's House, they took the road towards Strathrye, intending to reach Stirling by way of Callander and Doune. Their plans, however, were speedily frustrated. They had placed their prisoner on horseback in the centre of the troop, but they had not taken the precaution to bind him, thinking that escape from their midst was impossible. But as the road wound downwards to the shores of Loch Lubnaig, it became too narrow and precipitous for them to march in other than single file, and the pathway was most unsafe for horses unaccustomed to the locality. The hill which rose above them was closely wooded and covered with furze and shrubbery, whilst the river that flows between Lochs Voil and Subnaig was visible at the bottom of the glen far beneath the way they were traversing. It was no easy task for the troopers to look after the footing of their horses, and their attention was diverted for the time from their prisoner. Rob Roy was not slow to recognize his opportunity. One of the horses behind him, scared by the unwonted position in which it was placed had grown restive, and thus delayed the portion of the troop which followed it. The troopers in front, unconscious of this interruption, were moving forward rapidly, and Macgregor thus found himself separated for a moment from his captors. To spring from his steed and dash swiftly up the hill was but the work of an instant. The horse, which he had left, startled by his action, had rushed forward upon the foremost portion of the troop, whilst the horsemen in the rear could not advance so long as their restive leading horse refused to move, and long ere the astonished troopers could prepare to fire after him Rob Roy was far beyond

their reach. Neither horse nor horseman could follow him up the steep hillside, and his enemies were compelled to confess that he had defeated them in the very hour of victory.

Annoyed by these repeated proofs of the impotence of his soldiers when acting against the Highlanders upon their own ground, General Carpenter persuaded the Government to refuse to send out any more of the regular army against Rob Roy. The pursuit of the outlaw was thus left to the unaided efforts of Atholl and Montrose, and the former nobleman decided to proceed against him in person.

Anxious to retrieve the credit he had lost by the repeated escapes of Rob Roy, Atholl pursued his plans for his apprehension with vigour, but each new episode in the outlaw's career, each daring raid and critical adventure, served to make Macgregor more popular with his friends, and more formidable to his foes. Many of the Highlanders of the other clans, who had been the sworn enemies of the Macgregors for generations, shared so fully their aversion to Sassenach rule that even a standing feud would not have tempted them to betray the chief, and Rob Roy thus enjoyed an immunity from danger in this quarter, whilst he was regarded as the champion of Celtic rights and privileges. The task of apprehending him became thus daily more arduous, and Atholl soon saw that his revenge to be complete must be speedy. But he was doomed to defeat on every hand.

The Duke assembled twenty horsemen from his estate of Glenalmond, and directed them to proceed without delay to Balquidder. The duty was not a pleasant one to them, for they feared that they would never be able to capture Rob Roy whilst in the midst of his friends, and had doubts of their ability to retain him in custody even if fortune favored them so far as to place him in their power. There was little enthusiasm, therefore, as they took their way southwards, and it rapidly evaporated when they came in contact with their foe. They were travelling a dangerous pass in the Breadalbane country, which led through a narrow and rocky defile, where the moist rocks rose precipitously on each side of them to a great height, obscuring the vision beyond

their outline. The contracted path which they had followed had forced them to advance in Indian file, and the bravest among them had taken the lead, and urged the cavalcade to a trot, so as to escape from the dangers, which an attack upon them in this situation would have entailed. They were not active enough to shun the difficulty. Ere they had reached the point of egress from the glen they were confronted by a mounted Highlander, whose garb and appearance unmistakably proclaimed him to be the chief of the Clan Gregor. Beyond him could be seen the bonnets and claymores to the contracted vision of the Athollmen, to an interminable distance, and the boldest trooper could not be ignorant of the danger which threatened them.

Rob Roy advanced at a rapid pace towards them, and brandishing his claymore, he bade them stand and declare their business. Their faltering utterance and manifest trepidation could not be mistaken, and though he had but few followers with him, he determined to terrify his assailants. Assuming a bold attitude he charged them with coming to the district to compass his overthrow.

"I know whom you seek," he said. "It is no other than myself, Rob Roy the sworn foe of your weak and treacherous master, the Duke of Atholl. But know that I defy both him and you. Dare but to lay one finger upon me and the clansmen who await my signal, will sweep you from my path. Return to your lord and tell him if he sends any more of his pigmy race here I will hang up every man of them, and leave their bodies to feed the vultures."

This bold address terrified the Glenalmond men beyond measure, and when the chief put his horn to his mouth and blew a shrill blast, which was answered by the shouts of his scanty followers, the intruders turned and fled, to avoid the destruction that seemed imminent. A stray shot or two accelerated their speed, and Rob Roy had again won an easy victory.

Rob Roy was again settled at Monuchaltuarach in Balquidder, and had grown so fearless of his enemies that he had brought all his family back to the old homestead. Whilst Atholl was silently preparing an expedition against him, Rob's aged moth-

er, after a protracted life of trouble and anxiety, had been permitted to breathe her last in peace under her son's roof-tree, and great preparations had been made to render the final tribute of honor to her. She was herself a Campbell, one of her daughters was married to Campbell of Glenfallach, and Rob had adopted the surname of Campbell long before, so the Clan Campbell were to join with the Macgregors in the funeral rites of the chief's mother.

Ere the invited guests had arrived Atholl suddenly descended upon Balquidder and made his way to Monuchaltuarach. Placing his followers in positions which commanded every point of egress, the Duke rode up to the door himself and called loudly for the chief. This attack took Rob Roy wholly by surprise, and fearing the worst, he seized his weapon and appeared at the doorway to answer the summons. One glance at the array, which was presented before him showed that he could not oppose it with the force he had then at his command. Had the Campbells and Macgregors arrived he might have given battle, but at that time it was impossible and his only hope was delay. He determined to fight Atholl in his own fashion.

Assuming an obsequious attitude, he "humbly thanked his Grace for the great honor he had done him in coming unbidden with so large a company to attend his mother's funeral. It was a proof of his friendship and condescension, which he valued all the more because he had not expected it. Would his Grace be pleased to dismount and partake of such hospitality as his house afforded?"

Atholl rudely assured him that he had no such intention, and ordered him at once to make ready to accompany his party to Perth, where he would meet a fitting reward for his conduct. In vain did Rob Roy protest against this harshness, and plead for permission to bury his mother ere he submitted himself as his prisoner. He knew that if he could detain Atholl until his own friends assembled his rescue would be certain, but the Duke was inexorable, and Macgregor was forced to prepare to accompany him.

His former experience of Rob Roy's adroitness had taught Atholl to be cautious

of him, and he determined not to suffer him out of his sight until they reached their destination. Whilst Rob re-entered his home to bid farewell to his family and relatives the Duke dismounted from his horse, and taking his pistol from the holster followed him and watched his movements closely. It would have been folly to have attempted an escape at that time, and there was nothing for it but to trust to fortune and wait his opportunity. When he left the threshold of his house his weeping women folks accompanied him bewailing loudly his hard fate and denouncing the inhumanity of Atholl at such a time. Atholl was not to be moved either by their abuse or entreaties, but sternly bade his men surround the outlaw and proceed on their way to Perth.

However rugged his exterior may have been, Rob Roy had an affectionate heart, and the sad circumstances in which he had been placed, somewhat unhinged him. The lamentations of his wife and sisters touched him keenly, and, forgetful for the moment of the odds against him, he suddenly drew his sword and by a few well-directed strokes laid several of his captors low on the sward. The Duke expecting him to fly covered him with his holster-pistol and fired. By a fortunate mischance Rob's foot slipped and he fell at the moment that the bullet passed over him. His sister, the wife of Glenfalloch, thinking that the shot had taken fatal effect, and that her brother was slain, sprang furiously with lightning-speed upon the Duke, and seizing him by the throat bore him to the ground and held him firmly there. Rob Roy rose to his feet and stood on the defensive, then seeing the Atholl men retiring before him he rushed towards the place where the Duke lay prostrate, and after taking his sword from him bade Glenfalloch's lady release him. At this moment several of the expected Macgregors appeared on the scene. Alarmed at the sound of an affray they clustered round their chief, and when Atholl rose to his feet he found himself surrounded by a band of wild Macgregors whose drawn claymores kept his followers at bay. The tables were turned upon him, and he was now the prisoner of the man whom he had apprehended. The invited guests began to appear in great numbers, and

with downcast look and crestfallen air Atholl was forced to remount his steed, place himself at the head of his troops, and retreat discomfited towards his own stronghold.

For considerable period after this adventure Rob Roy remained in peace at Balquidder, unmolested by his enemies and pursuing his vocation with some regard for the property of his neighbors. His political connection with the Jacobites led them to count upon his assistance when the unfortunate attempt at invasion was made under the Duke of Ormonde in 1719, and he took part in the battle at Glenshiel, which terminated for a long time the efforts of the Stuart partisans. When his lease of Monuchaltuarach expired, Montrose entertained some hope of evicting him from the place, but he failed to find anyone courageous enough to attempt the arduous task. Over and over again the men he sent were defeated, and Rob grew insolent when he found it so easy to thwart him.

(To be continued.)

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

There seldom is offered to the investing public an opportunity to participate in a six per cent. bond issue in which their money is absolutely guaranteed. On page 47 of this issue we print the advertisement of the Nicholls-Ritter R. and F., Co., 411 Flatiron Building, New York city. This firm is offering six per cent. first mortgage gold bonds on New York property, backed by their written guarantee that interest and principal will be promptly paid. As this company has been established since 1885 and has very satisfactory references, and a reputation for conservative methods, we do not hesitate to advise our readers who are looking for a safe investment to write to the above address for full particulars.

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

Founded on a fact, related by a minister, at the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Union, at Sheffield, June 1812.

"Mama!" a little maiden said,
 Almost with her expiring sigh;
 "Put no sweet roses round my head,
 When in my coffin dress I lie."
 —"Why not, my dear?" the mother cried:
 "What flower so well a corpse adorns?"
 —"Because," the Innocent replied,
 "They crown'd our Saviour's Head with
 thorns."

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Mount,
 Sheffield.

December 1910.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Second Lesson (Continued)

"IN SPIRIT AND TRUTH."

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth.—John IV:23, 24.

These words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria are his first recorded teaching on the subject of prayer. They give us some wonderful first glimpses into the world of prayer. The Father seeks worshippers: our worship satisfies His loving heart and is a joy to Him. He seeks true worshippers, but finds not many such as He would have them. True worship is that which is in spirit and truth. The Son has come to open the way for this worship in spirit and truth, and teach it us. And so one of our first lessons in the school of prayer must be to understand what it is to pray in spirit and truth, and to know how we may attain to it.

To the woman of Samaria our Lord spoke of a threefold worship. There is first, the ignorant worship of the Samaritans: "Ye worship that which ye know not." The second, the intelligent worship of the Jew, having the true knowledge of God: "We worship that which we know, for salvation is of the Jews." And then the new, the spiritual worship which He Himself has come to introduce: "The hour is coming and is now, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth." From the connection it is evident that the words "in spirit and truth," do not mean as is often thought earnestly from the heart, in sincerity. The Samaritans had the five books of Moses and some knowledge of God; there was doubtless more than one among them who honestly and earnestly sought God in prayer. The Jews had the true full revelation of God in His word, as thus far given; there were among them godly men, who called upon God with their whole heart. And yet not "in spirit and truth," in the full meaning of the words. Jesus says, "The hour is coming, and now is:" it is only in and through Him that the worship of God will be in spirit and truth.

Among Christians one still finds the three classes of worshippers. Some who in their ignorance hardly know what they ask; they pray earnestly, and yet receive but little. Others there are, who have more correct knowledge, who pray with all their mind and heart and often pray most earnestly, and yet do not attain to the full blessedness of worship in spirit and truth. It is into this third class we must ask our Lord Jesus to take us; we must be taught of Him how to worship in spirit and truth. This

alone is spiritual worship; this makes us worshippers such as the Father seeks. In prayer everything will depend on our understanding well, and practising the worship in spirit and truth.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth." The first thought suggested here by the Master is that there must be harmony between God and His worshippers; such as God is, must His worship be. This is according to a principle which prevails throughout the universe; we look for correspondence between an object and the organ to which it reveals or yields itself. The eye has an inner fitness for the light, the ear for sound. The man who would truly worship God, would find and know and possess and enjoy God, must be in harmony with Him; must have the capacity for receiving Him. Because God is Spirit, we must worship in spirit. As God is, so is His worshipper.

And what does this mean? The woman asked our Lord whether Samaria or Jerusalem was the true place of worship. He answered that henceforth worship is no longer to be limited to a certain place: "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father." As God is Spirit, not bound by space or time but in His infinite perfection always and everywhere the same, so His worship would henceforth no longer be confined by place or time, but spiritual, as God Himself is spiritual. A lesson of deep importance. How much our Christianity suffers from this, that it is confined to certain times and places. A man, who seeks to pray earnestly in the church or in the closet, spends the greater part of the week or the day in a spirit entirely at variance with that in which he prayed. His worship was the work of a fixed place or hour, not of his whole being. God is a Spirit: He is the Everlasting and Unchangeable One; what He is, He is always and in truth. Our worship must even so be in spirit and truth: His worship must be the spirit of our life; our life must be worship in spirit as God is Spirit.

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth." The second thought that comes to us is that this worship in the spirit must come from God Himself. God is Spirit: He alone has Spirit to give. It was for this He sent His Son to fit us for such spiritual worship, by giving us the Holy Spirit. It is of His own work that Jesus speaks when He says twice, "The hour cometh," and then adds,

"and is now." He came to baptize with Holy Spirit; the Spirit could not stream forth till He was glorified (John I:33, VII: 37, 38, XVI:7). It was when He had made an end of sin, and entering into the Holiest of all with His blood had there on our behalf received the Holy Spirit (Acts 11:33), that He could send Him down to us as the Spirit of the Father. It was when Christ had redeemed us, and we in Him had received the position of children, that the Father sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts to cry, "Abba, Father." The worship in spirit is the worship of the Father in the Spirit of Christ, the Spirit of Sonship.

This is the reason why Jesus here uses the name of Father. We never find one of the Old Testament saints personally appropriate the name of child or call God his Father. The worship of the Father is only possible to those to whom the Spirit of the Son has been given. The worship in spirit is only possible to those to whom the Son has revealed the Father, and who have received the spirit of Sonship. It is only Christ who opens the way and teaches the worship in spirit.

And in truth. That does not only mean in sincerity. Nor does it only signify, in accordance with the truth of God's Word. The expression is one of deep and Divine meaning. Jesus is "the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." "The law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Jesus says, "I am the truth and the life." In the Old Testament all was shadow and promise; Jesus brought and gives the reality, the substance, of things hoped for. In Him the blessings and powers of the eternal life are our actual possession and experience. Jesus is full of grace and truth; the Holy Spirit is the spirit of truth; through Him the grace that is in Jesus is ours in deed and truth, a positive communication out of the Divine life. And so worship in spirit is worship in truth; actual living fellowship with God, a real correspondence and harmony between the Father, who is a Spirit, and the child praying in the spirit.

What Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, she could not at once understand. Pentecost was needed to reveal its full meaning. We are hardly prepared at our first entrance into the school of prayer to grasp such teaching. We shall understand it better later on. Let us only begin and take the lesson as He gives it. We are carnal and cannot bring God the worship. He seeks. But Jesus came to give the Spirit: He has given Him to us. Let the disposition in which we sent ourselves to pray be what Christ's words have taught us. Let there be the deep confession of our inability to bring God the worship that is pleasing to Him; the child-like teachableness that waits on Him to instruct us; the simple faith that yields itself to the breathing of the Spirit. Above all, let us hold fast the blessed truth—we shall find that the Lord has more to say to us about

it—that the knowledge of the Fatherhood of God, the revelation of His infinite Fatherliness in our hearts, the faith in the infinite love that gave us His Son and His Spirit to make us children, is indeed the secret of prayer in spirit and truth. This is the new and living way Christ opened up for us. To have Christ and Son and the Spirit of the Son, dwelling within us, and revealing the Father, this makes us true, spiritual worshippers

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Lord! I adore the love with which Thou didst teach a woman who had refused Thee a cup of water, what the worship of God must be. I rejoice in the assurance that Thou wilt no less now instruct Thy disciple, who comes to Thee with a heart that longs to pray in spirit and in truth. O my Holy Master! do teach me this blessed secret.

Teach me that the worship in spirit and truth is not of man, but only comes from Thee; that it is not only a thing of times and seasons, but the outflowing of a life in Thee. Teach me to draw near to God in prayer under the deep impression of my ignorance, and my having nothing in myself to offer Him, and at the same time of the provision Th u my Saviour makest for the Spirit's breathing in my childlike stammerings. I do bless Thee that in Thee I am a child, and have a child's liberty of access; that in Thee I have the spirit of Sonship and of worship in truth. Teach me, above all, Blessed Son of the Father, how it is the revelation of the Father that gives confidence in prayer, and let the infinite Fatherliness of God's Heart be my joy and strength for a life of prayer and of worship. Amen.

(To be continued)

WENDELL PHILLIPS' RETORT.

Wendell Phillips, according to the recent biography by Dr. Lorenzo Sears, was on one occasion lecturing in Ohio, and while on a railroad journey, going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy returning from some sort of convention.

One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips, and asking him: "Are you Mr. Phillips?"

"I am, sir."

"Are you trying to free the niggers?"

"Yes sir; I am an abolitionist."

"Well, why do you preach your doctrines up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?"

"Excuse me, are you a preacher?"

"I am sir."

"Are you trying to save souls from hell?"

"Yes, sir; that's my business."

"Well, why don't you go there?"

The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctioned laughter.—Catholic Columbian.



Scottish Societies



CONCERT AND BALL OF THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

On the evening of the 10th ult., their annual concert and ball took place in the Grand Central Palace, East Forty-third street and Lexington avenue. It was certainly one of the most enjoyable and successful in the history of the club. The Caledonian Clubs of Philadelphia, New Haven, Yonkers, Paterson, Jersey City, King and Queens Counties, etc., were well represented, as were also all the Scotch organizations in Greater New York and vicinity. The immense dimensions of the concert hall require a voice of more than ordinary compass and in this respect, and in all respects, Mr. W. L. Cockburn was the "star" of the evening. His magnificent voice was heard with delight in the most remote parts of the hall, and he sang with his wonted nerve, intelligence, sincerity and sympathy. The wail of anguish regarding the homeless MacGregors "landless, landless, landless," touched the large audience. He was recalled again and again and acquitted himself, admirably. Miss Mary E. Cairns was heartily applauded. She gave an excellent rendering of "cam' ye by Athol," "The Scottish Blue Bells," "Loch Lomond" and especially of "Angus MacDonald." Miss Barbara Foster was equally successful. Her fine contralto voice was heard to great advantage in "Auld Robin Gray," "Down the Burn," "Cutter Herring," etc. Mr. Macfarlane Brackett, from Glasgow, Scotland, has a tenor voice of rare quality and acquitted himself exceedingly well in "The Lass of Ballochgingie," "Afton Water," etc. Mr. J. G. Anderson, the popular comedian, was very successful in all his mirth-producing songs. If hearty laughter promotes good health the large audience will be free from the expense of medical attendance for a long time to come.

The exhibition of Highland Dancing and afterwards of International Dancing by the Gordon Fraser Troupe was truly admirable and reflected the highest credit on Mr. Fraser, the accomplished instructor of the troupe. During the evening the New York Scottish Highlanders Pipe Band (James Cooper, Pipe-Major), played with marked ability and great success "The Campbells Are Coming," "Highland Rosy," "Miss Drummond O' Perth" and "Sleepy Maggie." "Auld Lang Syne" sung by the artists and audience brought the concert to a close.

After the hall had been cleared the Highland Guard commanded by Captain W. G. Reed, preceded by the Pipe and Drum Band, entered the hall and were reviewed by Chief

James Morrison. Afterwards the guard gave an exhibition drill and went through the various movements with a precision that called forth hearty plaudits. The ball began about midnight—the grand march being led by Chief Morrison and partner. Dancing was heartily engaged in by the merry revellers for several hours, and it was after three o'clock on Saturday morning when the happy company left the hall and faced homeward gaily. Mr. Lester Frank was accompanist; Mr. William G. Sorlie, piper, and Mr. James Elliott, stage director.

The committee of arrangements included Ex-Chief Robert Foulis; Ex-Chief Andrew Wallace, Ex-Chief Neil Mackay, Ex-Chief William G. Reid; Chieftain Daniel Sinclair, Ex-Chieftain H. G. McKinlay, Ex-Chieftain J. W. Taylor, Chieftain P. Gray and also Clansmen, Hugh MacPherson, A. M. Leod, J. McGiboray, James Elliott, William Love, J. Mackie and R. Stark. The reception committee comprised Chieftain Peter F. Gray, Ex-Chieftain Thomas McNab and Ex-Chieftain Andrew Murray. All those worthy Caledonians are entitled to the highest praise for their excellent management which resulted in such a conspicuous success.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER.

Thursday evening, March 16th, the annual dinner of the New York Scottish Society took place in the Hotel Brevoort, Eighth street and Fifth avenue. There was a good attendance and great hilarity and enthusiasm prevailed. After a sumptuous banquet had been served, the President, Mr. John McLean, cordially welcomed those present. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. Andrew Wallace, Mr. William Rennie, Rev. Dr. D. G. Wylie, Mr. Thomas Nicholson, Mr. George Milligan, Mr. A. Long and Mr. Robert Baxter. Mr. Andrew Gillies sang in his own unapproachable style, "Hielan' Rory" and "I Love a Lassie." The hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne," brought a most delightful Scotch gathering to a close.

A beautiful souvenir of twelve pages containing the menu, toasts, songs and the names of the officers of the society, with a cut of St. Andrew's Flag and Scottish Thistle, from the press of Mr. Thomas J. Blain, Port Chester, added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

A GRAND NIGHT FOR ARBROATH FOLK.

The thirty-second annual concert, supper and ball of the New York Arbroath Association, came off successfully, at Turn Hall.

Brooklyn, on the evening of the 15th ult; Mr. Andrew Wallace, presiding.

A fine musical program was admirably rendered by Miss Helen Cruickshanks, Miss Grace Allan and Messrs. Cummlison, Lambert and Riddle. Master Nisbet danced the Highland Fling and Sword Dance, with rare grace and ability. After an excellent supper, eloquent address were delivered by Mr. Andrew Wallace, Mr. James Stewart and Mr. W. K. Murray. Dancing was kept up with zest for several hours, and it was long after "twal" when the happy Arbroathians started homeward bound.

VERY GRATIFYING.

On the 13th ult., the Highland Guard of the New York Caledonian Club met at the club house. Captain William G. Reid presided and congratulated the members on the splendid appearance they made at the club ball on the 10th ult. The officers are making arrangements for an outing in the summer, on a date and to a place not yet fixed. Drills are held in the club hall every Monday evening.

THE YONKERS CLAN PROSPERING.

Clan McGregor, O. S. C., Yonkers, N. Y., has been nineteen years in existence and is in a state of full and flourishing activity. At a social gathering on the 15th ult., medals were presented to seven clansmen, who have been successful 'n adding to the membership.

Handsome gold medals were presented to Chief Jackson and the Secretary Clansman, Alexander Orr. Songs were well rendered by Miss L. Gressich, Miss Cairns, Mr. John Enright and Mr. William Porteous. Dancing followed and was greatly enjoyed by the merry revellers.

Mr. Hugh Best, 113 Warren avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, represents "The Caledonian" in Eastern Ohio. Scottish societies in that locality please report items of interest to him before the 20th of the month.

Mr. George Smith, 503 Stone street, Saginaw, Mich., represents "The Caledonian" in Southern Michigan. Scottish societies in that vicinity please report to him before the 18th of the month.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Mr. Editor:

Such a mustering of the Scottish people and their friends has not been witnessed indoors in this city for many long years, and to my recollection, never exceeded in numbers that which gathered at the fifty-first anniversary of the Caledonian Club concert and ball. We had Mr. W. L. Cockburn with us for the first time, and his powerful sonorous voice filled the large and new Turngeminde Hall in the warlike strains of "Scots wha hae" with impressive strength and sound. But it was bad committee management in having no tenor singer for what is

a Scottish concert without a tenor; to me it is like the play of "Hamlet," with Hamlet left out. Scotland's sweetest songs in which she is most prolific, are written mostly for the tenor voice.

Miss Esther Hood sang with wonderful power and expression, and delighted the audience in her duets with Mr. Cockburn. She is a great artist. We shall be glad to hear Mr. Cockburn soon again in songs worthy of his talent.

Miss Cotterall was not at her best in the large hall. We have heard her before to better advantage; Miss Isabel McKinnon was the little dancer, and was heartily cheered by the large audience for her skillful foot work; as was also Mr. R. F. Faichney in comic songs and character. His changes were so diverse one could hardly believe him to be the same man, so different were his impersonations, one of which gave him the opportunity to show his skill as violinist playing with much feeling, "Auld Robin Gray" for which he was warmly applauded. The Pipe Band too came in for cheers and great enthusiasm for their stirring selections—the whole evening's proceedings were a great success socially and financially with something good left over for our treasury.

At a business meeting of the club, March 2nd, Colonel A. R. Gunn, who on that evening was fifty years a member, gave a very interesting speech, reminiscent of the club's history. He served all through the war, and was wounded by a bullet in the leg, which sometimes still gives him painful reminder of his soldiering days. He told us when he was two years at the front, he wrote to the secretary asking how much he owed in dues, and received reply, The "Caledonian Club" exempts all members for dues as long as they remain in the war, and they will be welcomed back in good standing on their books. He was listened to with the utmost silence and attention, and when he sat down was greeted with great applause; many members shaking hands with him in congratulation and the hope he should be long spared to give faithful service and wise counsel as he had always done in the past. The Monthly Literary was held March 16th. Dr. R. L. Gray gave a lecture demonstrating the power of X Rays, which was highly interesting and instructive; a concert of fine talent filled out the evening. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the club held their sixth anniversary March 20th, in the form of a tea party, and it was a refreshing change from the ordinary, and in reality a pleasant time for all present. They invited all the officers of the different Scottish societies in the city, and had a goodly gathering to provide for, but had plenty on hand for all. They have thus inaugurated an era of good-will and fraternity, and we hope the men will keep up the spirit of it, and soon form a permanent body of representatives from all Scottish societies, and so bind them all in harmony in the City of Brotherly Love.

Yours truly,

PETER MILLER.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

A special meeting of the Scots' Charitable Society was held at Tremont Temple Monday evening, March 20th, at which President Pottinger presided. He entered fully into the project arranged by several members of the Board of Government, for obtaining funds whereby it would do away with the necessity of borrowing from the permanent fund to help out the charity work. The meeting was not largely attended but after hearing of the good work already done by the committee, in raising the funds necessary for the expenses of a concert and ball to be held in Symphony Hall, the members present became enthusiastic, and pledged themselves to do their utmost to crowd the hall on the evening of April 27th.

A concert will be held from eight till ten, and dancing will follow until two a. m. The price of the tickets will be one dollar each, and out of a membership of six hundred, it should not be difficult to bring two thousand people together, especially for such a worthy purpose.

The Boston Tam O' Shanter Company gave their now famous Scottish concert at Jordan Hall, March 9th, before a splendid and enthusiastic audience.

The O. S. C. bowling league will close their season March 24th. At this writing it is impossible to predict which team will be the champion. Clan MacGregor, Clan Mackenzie and Clan Ramsay are all up in front, and the Farquharson, Lindsay and Mackintosh teams are not far behind.

The second annual banquet of the league will be held at the Hotel Langham, Monday evening, April 3rd, and at that time it is expected that applications for entry for next season will be received from nearly every clan in Greater Boston.

The old Scottish game of curling has received a great impetus in Boston since the opening of the new rink hall at the Arena. Every afternoon and evening from two to four, rinks are in continual use, and many interesting matches are being pulled off.

A complimentary banquet was tendered James L. Williamson, Ex-Chief of the Caledonian Club, at the Boston City Club, Monday evening, February 27th. Presiding Pottinger of the Scots Charitable Society as chairman. Robert E. May was the toastmaster, and opened the after-dinner speaking by introducing those present to each other, giving thumbnail sketches of their history, especially in relation to their importance in Scottish society affairs.

Royal Chief William Patterson, made the presentation speech to the guest of the evening. Mr. Williamson being made the recipient of a handsome illuminated testimonial in colors and gold, inscribed with the names of the twenty gentlemen present.

When Mr. Williamson rose to reply, he was

greeted with cheers and shouts of "Lucky Jim." He acknowledged in a feeling manner his pleasure and pride at being so well received, and spoke of the never-falling friendship and help accorded him by those present.

Chief James Sinclair spoke for the Caledonian Club; 1st Chieftain James Urquhart for the Order of Scottish Clans; Ex-President John Green for the Scottish Border Club; John Ballantyne for the Knights of Pythias; John Adamson for the press, and Acting Mayor Walter Ballantyne spoke on city affairs.

Every one present contributed some way to the evening's enjoyment, and every minute was replete with pleasure.

James Gillanders and William Patterson were the leading spirits in getting up the testimonial and deserve great credit for the way in which it was conducted.

In view of the misleading reports regarding the Burns Memorial Association, given prominence in a contemporary, it may be as well to state that at no time were the funds of the association in danger through the stockbroking exploits of the absconding Robert E. Davle. His contribution was given with no string attached, and as at that time he was seemingly in good financial standing and a prominent business man, there was no reason why his donation should not be accepted.

The developments which arose after his hurried departure, aroused the members to action, and as soon as it can be ascertained to whom to return the money received from him, this will be done.

The ladies who have already done so much, determined to complete the fund. A preliminary meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Robert E. May, at which forty-three ladies were present, and it was decided to hold a fair at Tremont Temple, November 30th, December 1st and 2nd, and work has been started and tables organized.

Scriptor Hugh Cairns, to whom the association had voted several years ago to award the contract, stated at a meeting attended by a number of the members, that he would prefer an open competition.

At the next meeting of the association, that vote was rescinded and an open competition arranged. Mr. Cairns still promised to enter the competition, but before the date of closing, he entered an action for breach of contract, and did not enter his model. As no contract had ever been drawn up or signed, the association are fighting his action.

When the judges awarded first place to the sketch model submitted by Mr. H. H. Kitson, the association voted to accept their decision. The art commission have accepted this design, and the matter rests for the present until Mr. Cairns action is decided.

LETTER FROM EASTERN OHIO AND ADJACENT.

The writer will attempt to give a news letter and represent "The Caledonian" in this neck o' the woods.

The local Scottish societies in Youngstown have been holding soirees, socials quite often lately. Clan MacDonald, No. 39, on February 28th, celebrated the 23rd anniversary of its institution by holding a public concert and soiree.

The Daughters of Scotland too, have been quite lively.

There should be Scottish clans in Akron, Canton and Alliance, judging from reports I hear.

If a Burns Club can exist in Akron and Canton; McKinley's old home, a branch of the Order of Scottish Clans should be able to make a good start.

Nathan Sharp, who has been laid up with pneumonia is reported convalescent.

It is reported that the following persons expect to visit Bonnie Scotland this summer: David R. Thompson and sister, Agnes, Kate Forbes, John Wilson and "Bob" Hunter.

They say "Bob and Jock" are going to Airdee, to hear the "Auld Band." Ye Ken Jock is a tenor singer and "Bob" is a fiddler.

Soor Milk Cairt is Jock's favorite song. Everybody in Youngstown kens Jock, and if they don't ken his name he is that Scotchman onyway.

If ye will gang oot, Market street beyond Kyles Corners, ye will see "Airdrie Hoose" up on the brae to the South at Pleasant Grove.

This is John Wilson's new home. Ye ken Jock says, "Burns is nature's ain poet and Jock to getting back to nature oot there wi' his ain kail grown in the garden."

SHARON AND VICINITY.

Andrew Wilson, Chief of Clan McIntyre, No. 202, has returned from Pittsburg, after attending the funeral of his sister's husband.

William A. Maitland, chaplain of Clan McIntyre, real estate and hardware dealer may take a trip to Scotland this summer.

William Fleming, financial secretary of Clan McIntyre, has purchased Garl's confectionery or sweetie shop on State street, and is now devoting his attention to the business like an old timer.

Clan McIntyre is indebted to Clan Grant, No. 17, of Cleveland, Ohio, for moot banners and other paraphernalia.

Clan McIntyre is very grateful for the donation, which shows the Ohio Clan believes in encouragement of the substantial kind.

Matt McIntyre was unable to attend the last clan moot, on account of serving on the jury at Mercer.

When the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band visited Sharon last November, Past Chief McIntyre invited them to be his guests for a few days at his country place next summer.

Wee MacGregor, in fact all the boys who partook of Mr. McIntyre's hospitality, ken what it means to have a McIntyre for a host.

Needless to say the invitation was accepted, but no date decided upon.

Rev. Albert Joseph McPartney pastor of The First Presbyterian Church and a Scot, who loves his motherland, and who delights in telling of his visits there, has resigned his pastorate, to work in another field. He goes to the Kenwood Evangelical Church, Chicago, Ill., at a salary of \$8,000 per year. His salary at Sharon was \$3,000 per year. Some time ago he told one of the members of a church of which he was formerly pastor, that he would give him his fine driving horse when his salary was \$6,000 per year.

This was in conversation when the party was trying to buy the prized animal, which the preacher would not sell. So the party in the nearby town hearing of the pastor's good fortune, immediately went to Sharon and put in his claim for the animal.

HUGH W. BEST,
An Ayrshire Scot.

CLAN MACDONALD, BROOKLYN.

Clan McDonald is still making its presence felt in and around Brooklyn. We are getting in new members all the time, and the meetings are attractive. We hope to remain as we have been for years, the premier clan in this State. We are to have a vaudeville entertainment in Schwaben Hall, on April 28th. On Saturday, April 15th, the usual meeting is to be given over to the ladies, and Tanist Alex Anderson has got to gether a very good program for that night.

H. S. BARRIE,
Secretary.

CELTIC REVIVED

We are glad to see again *The Celtic Review* after a lapse of several months, owing to the insolvency of the former publisher.

The February number, 1911, is of a high literary merit.

Prof. Mackinnon contributes an able article on the "Dual No in Gaelic." "The Pictish Race," by Sir James Ferguson and "The Songs of Wales," by H. I. Bell, and "Aras of the Sea" W. John Whitty, are some of the leading articles. Price \$2.00 a year.

Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage. Application in youth makes old age comfortable.

Add not trouble to the grief-worn heart. An evil heart can make any doctrine heretical.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

CALEDONIAN HOSPITAL

The annual meeting of this society was held on the evening of March 8th. It was well attended. The following is the address of the President, D. G. C. Sinclair:

"Our past year's work has been strenuous. Meetings were held thrice a month; with desire to lay the foundation of a hospital that future generations might have a constitution and set of by-laws that are good and that will stand the test of years to come. Our work socially, especially in the way of giving entertainments, has been left to the ladies, who at the beginning of the year had full arrangements made for a series of entertainments occurring at very frequent intervals. In fact, it would have been impossible for us to get a date even if we had had the needed time to devote to such an undertaking. However we have all on each occasion purchased and disposed of tickets which helped, in part, to make each entertainment a success financially.

"The report of our secretary will show a substantial gain in membership and especially 'sustaining membership' at \$20.00 per year. The annual dues for membership were raised to \$5.00. This was necessary as 25 per cent. of the previous dues went to pay for the postage and paper used to notify the members of our meetings. This, as you will admit, was poor business. This change will increase our annual income from dues 100 per cent. Some members may be lost and if this be true, we believe that the gain will more than compensate for the loss. You will be pleased to know that since our increase in dues we are getting an increase in membership.

"Our membership, as you are aware, is made up principally outside of the homes of our Women's Auxiliary, many of the husbands feeling that they cannot join us and believing they are well represented by their wives. The increase of dues does not apply to the Women's Auxiliary as a clause has been inserted in our by-laws exempting them. The dues will, for them remain at \$2.00 per year.

"The treasurer's report will show fair receipts with large expenditures, which, of course, were necessary owing to our purchase of this property, putting it in repair, paying the taxes, etc. We expect, however, for the present year that the tax commissioner will exempt us from payment of taxes, which will be a saving of \$650.00. Application for that relief has been made and we believe it will be acted upon favorably.

A profitable year has passed into history. We have our charter, our property, all oils paid and a working balance in our treasury. A lot of work has been done and a lot of experience gained. My recommendation for our future work in the way of concerts and entertainments can be summed up in a few words—not so many of them, but larger and possibly better ones with both the men and women working jointly in commit-

tees and as workers—working together to the one end—success. When small affairs are frequently held the same people are approached and too frequently the burden becomes hard and it dulls enthusiasm.

"Since our last annual meeting we lost a good worker; one who worked hard and faithfully for this hospital. She is gone, but her memory will never be forgotten; her labor was not in vain. She laid a strong foundation in the Women's Auxiliary; she brought into your midst many able women with the thought undoubtedly of some day leaving the burden to them when she could no longer carry it. Some one will rise to the occasion and your work so well begun so well continued, will go on for good. For over a year, our dear departed suffered, but hid her illness under pleasant smiles.

"May our enthusiasm never die in this good work until our goal is reached, and we have a hospital that we may point to with pardonable pride. For the constant loyalty and consideration shown me as your President in the past, I thank you one and all and may that all seeing Eye reward your every effort when the spark of life has responded to that call from above."

Book Reviews.

"MASTER AND MAID."

BY MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER.

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Current Events

DUNDEE.

The annual convention of the Church of Scotland's Women's Guild, held during the first week of April, in Dundee, was represented by five hundred delegates from all parts of the country. The Hon. Mrs. Scott, president of the Guild, and co-workers discussed with earnestness and power various questions and subjects. The addresses by the Marchioness of Tullibardine and Sir Andrew Frazer were delivered with force and eloquence. The delegates were quickened with enthusiasm.

At the Budminton tournament at Dundee, on Saturday, April 1st, teams representing Aberdeenshire and Rest of Scotland competed for the championship. The Rest of Scotland won by fifteen matches to eight.

Sir Edward P. Tennent, who has been recently made a peer, will take the title of Lord Glenconnar—the name of a distinguished ancestor.

Scotland lost her fourth international football game, at London, on Saturday, March 25. England defeated her by 13 points to 8.

The thirty-second anniversary dinner of the Old Caledonian Society of London, held in the Holborn Restaurant, was a brilliant gathering. There were noted representatives present from many sister societies.

CULLODEN.

The 165th anniversary of the defeat of Prince Charles and his army, by the Duke of Cumberland, and the Hanoverian forces, was celebrated on April 16th. Mr. Theodore Napier, of Edinburgh, was the leading spirit. Excellent speeches and patriotic songs were listened to with interest by a large gathering. Wednesday, February 8th, was the 324th anniversary of the beheading of Queen Mary at Fotheringhay Castle. Mr. Theodore Napier paid his ninth annual visit from Edinburgh in order to put wreaths upon the reputed site of the scene of her martyrdom. But Lady Wantage and Mr. Southam, her tenant farmer, opposed, and would not allow Mr. Napier to enter the grounds. This has called forth storms of resolutions from many Scottish societies in London and elsewhere.

The celebration of the 252 anniversary of the execution of King Charles I, was held on January 30, at his statue, Charing Cross. The wreaths this year were more numerous and varied in character.

Fencing clubs are organized in Edinburgh and Glasgow, by ladies and gentlemen. Much interest is taken in this old and graceful art.

A movement is about for a union of the various Scottish Societies in London.

A Wallace Document will be one of the most interesting relics for the Glasgow exhibition. It is a loan of a letter of Sir Wil-

liam Wallace which has never been before publicly shown in Scotland.

VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN.

The Hon. R. B. Haldane, who has been recently elevated to the peerage retains the office of Secretary of State for War. He chose as his title his own name and place. Lord Haldane is a bachelor. He is one of the leading jurists and scholars in Parliament, and is said to have no enemies.

Lord Dunedin was given the freedom of the city of Perth, on April 29th, after opening of the new city hall.

Angling on the Tweed for sea trout is most encouraging this spring.

LONDON.

The annual dinner of the London Galloway Association was held in the Midland Grand Hall, Thursday evening, March 30th. The Earl of Galloway presided. The association has a membership of 400.

The annual dinner of the London Lothians Association was held the same evening. Lord Pentland presided.

The Glasgow and Lanarkshire Association concert was held on Friday evening, March 31st, in the Crown Room, Holborn Restaurant. It was a success. The association has a membership of 700.

NEW YORK.

A great spiritual force has come to New York in the person of Rev. John H. Jowett, D. D., the new pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, formerly of Birmingham, England. The large church is not able to contain the people seeking admission to the Sunday services. The Trustees of the church have given their new pastor a fine manse at \$8,000 rental, in addition to his \$12,000 salary and has also given an automobile for pastoral work.

We congratulate "The Presbyterian" in passing its eightieth milestone. We wish it many years of blessing and prosperity.

The Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, D. D., late, of Portland, Oregon, was installed as pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York, on Thursday evening, April 27th. Rev. Dr. George Alexander, Moderator of Presbytery, presided. Rev. Dr. Malcolm MacLeod, of the Colgate Church, preached an able sermon. Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, former pastor, offered the installation prayer. The Rev. Dr. William Foulkes, of Kansas City, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Dr. E. W. Work charge to the congregation. It was an interesting service. The Rev. William H. Foulkes is a most promising young man, of fine presence and ability. The Rutgers Street Church has been highly favored in the past with great preachers and scholarly ministers, and we believe Dr. Foulkes will be a worthy successor.

ANNIVERSARY WEDDING.

On April 30th, Mr. and Mrs. Ewen MacIntyre, who are eighty-six and seventy-four years old respectively, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. MacIntyre is the oldest pharmacist in New York, and also the oldest elder in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He is the oldest living graduate of Columbia College of Pharmacy, and was its president for fourteen years. Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre have nine children living and many grandchildren. The celebration was a day of great rejoicing, their children and many grandchildren being present, as well as some old family friends. Mr. MacIntyre is a member of the St. Andrew's Society, and is an ardent Scotch patriot. He is seldom absent from the Sunday services of his church.

The Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine was dedicated on Wednesday, April 19th. Bishop Greer, New York, presided and preached the sermon. Twenty bishops were present. Over four hundred clergymen joined the procession, which was witnessed by thousands of people. The building has already cost three and a half million dollars, and twenty millions are still needed to complete it. The cathedral is the fourth largest in the world.

THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY JUBILEE, 1860—1911.

The year 1910-11 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of women's organized work for foreign missions in America. It was arranged by the Women's Foreign Mission Boards of the leading denominations, to hold a series of meetings, which began in October, 1910, at Oakland, Cal., and moved eastward through some thirty of the largest cities, and closed with four days of enthusiastic meetings in New York, March 27-30, 1911.

The interest and enthusiasm manifested at the meetings throughout the country were remarkable, and the climax was reached at the Carnegie Hall, on Thursday evening, March 30th.

The aim of the jubilee was to inspire enthusiasm in Christian activity, and to commemorate the origin of organized women's work by raising one million dollars for advance work in mission fields. These meetings marked a great epoch in women's Christian work. The following denominations were represented:

Baptist, Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Religious Society of Friends, Lutheran, Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Reformed (Dutch) Church in America, Woman's Union Missionary Society, National Board, Y. W. C. A., and Young Women's Christian Association of New York.

Grizel Cochrane

A Tale of Tweedmouth Muir.

BY JOHN MAC KAY WILSON.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations were Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent factors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir James Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold.

He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house, even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling

hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death. But thou art come, my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay! forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing, not thy last! My father *shall not die!*"

"Be calm! be calm, my child!" returned he; "would to Heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own! my own! But there is no hope within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be—"

Fatherless—he would have said, but the words died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand—"three days!" Then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay! nay, my Grizel," returned he; "be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not!—shall not die!" she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together. "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed;



JOHN MAC KAY WILSON.

and, turning to her father, said, calmly—"We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father—ask not now; but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver had made his headquarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down, so as almost to conceal

his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and, after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes, he was upon the borders of the wide desolate and dreary muir of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm, which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, numbed, and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and fling-

ing it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the muir; but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed; and, before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die!"

Again the rider with the mail had reached the muir of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment, his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment, the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed

within him, and, without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me the horse, and leave with me the mail—lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said:

"It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die."

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison-doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house—his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the myster-

ious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with the course cloak and coarser jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire!"

Sir John glanced on them, started, and became pale—they were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee, how repay the saviour of my life! My father—my children—thank him for me!"

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger! the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"my own child!—my saviour!—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and, we may only add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, and great-great-grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

The Story of Rob Roy

BY A. H. MILLAR, F. S. A.

(Continued.)

Scottish leases are usually made terminable by efflux of time, without special warning, and the landlord has power to eject a tenant who retains possession of his property after his lease has lapsed, without any special process of law. The Scottish law, indeed, looks with great disfavor upon anyone who seeks to resist this plain and common-sense conclusion, and

the tenant who tries to hold masterful power over subjects when his right has expired usually meets with scant mercy from those in authority. Montrose knew, therefore, that he had but to place someone in Monuchaltuarach to ensure Rob Roy's expulsion, but where was he to find the man who would undertake this dangerous task? Killearn and Gorthie, his

trusty henchmen, had been both defeated ignominiously by this daring freebooter, and they decidedly refused to encounter him again. His own retainers knew too well the dangers which threatened anyone who ventured within the Macgregor's country upon a dubious errand, and they shrank from attempting it. In these circumstances the Duke had no choice but to procure the assistance of a stranger unacquainted with the terrors which attended upon the name of Rob Roy.

To effect his purpose he made it known throughout the purlieus of the Parliament House in Edinburgh that he was prepared to reward handsomely any courageous messenger-at-arms who would evict Rob Roy, but for some time his offer was disregarded. At last a valiant officer of the law, tempted to recklessness by the bribe offered by the Duke, accepted his terms and made preparations for his expedition. With an amount of self-confidence almost enviable he professed that with six men he would go through the Highlands and apprehend Rob Roy or any man of his name. He did not know what he had undertaken.

It was arranged that he should take such men as he thought suitable for his task, and set out for Balquidder secretly, so that he might arrive there at a moment when Macgregor would be unprepared for him. His first duty was to obtain possession of the farm, but he was promised a handsome reward if he captured Rob Roy himself and brought him in custody to Stirling. Elated by the prospect of obtaining remuneration so apparently disproportionate to the work which was expected of him, the messenger set forth with his assistants, fully equipped for their undertaking.

There was only one inn at Balquidder, and the arrival of so strange party there could not pass unnoticed. The landlord, himself a Macgregor, soon discovered their errand from their boasting, and seriously advised them to abandon their project whilst there was still a chance of escape for them. He did not neglect to send a private message to Rob Roy telling of the visitors he had received, and meanwhile he strove to work upon the fears of his unwelcome guests, thinking thereby to terrify them. But his efforts were unsuccessful, and though he had taught them to re-

gard the chief with more dread than formerly, they remained steadfast to their purpose. When they arrived near their destination the leader judged it to be expedient that he should go alone to Monuchaltuarach, that he might put Rob Roy off his guard, and his companions waited for him in a coppice not far from the house, prepared to assist him in an emergency.

Advancing boldly towards the place, the messenger tapped at the door of Rob Roy's dwelling, and besought the inmates for charity to give him shelter for the night, as he had lost his way on the mountains. The door was thrown open to him instantly, and he was welcomed heartily to all the cheer which the house afforded. The chief himself, already aware of his visitor's mission, was assiduous in his attentions, and when supper was ended he invited his guest to retire with him to his own apartment, that they might talk over matters in peace. The unobtrusive stranger was not unwilling to know something of the interior economy of the household, and followed Rob Roy to his chamber. Hardly had he entered it ere he noticed in the dim twilight the figure of a man hanging behind the door, by a rope from the rafters, and swinging by the neck, apparently limp and lifeless. The spectacle was a startling one to the messenger, and his courage failed him.

"What is that?" he cried, recoiling in horror from the suspended figure.

"Oh, that!" said Rob, in a tone of unconcern, and with a shrug of indifference; "that is the body of an impudent rascal of a messenger who came here yesterday to serve a summons upon me. My people have been too busy to-day to cut him down and throw out his carcass to the dogs."

These words completely upset the visitor, and despair took possession of him. Death seemed inevitable, for, since such punishment had been awarded to one who merely proffered a legal deed, what enormity might not he expect who had come to evict the chief of the Clan Gregor? The very thought of his danger bereft him of his senses, and he fell fainting upon the floor of the apartment. Rob Roy delighted at the success of his plot, called for the assistance of some of his clansmen, and had the helpless body of the messenger carried out beneath the shade of the stuffed figure

which had so terrified him. The Macgregors restored him to consciousness by throwing him bodily into the river, at a spot where there was small chance of his drowning, and left him to scramble out of the stream as well as he could.

His comrades were not less affrighted than he had been when they saw what appeared to be the lifeless body of their leader borne out of the house and thrown savagely, without ceremony, into the water. Dreading that a similar fate would overtake them, they sought to flee from the accursed spot, but their purpose was prevented. The landlord of the inn had dogged their footsteps, and when fear prompted them to fly they were intercepted by him at the head of his own kitchen army and a band of the Macgregors who had joined him. By his direction the intruders were seized and carried to the river and ducked most heartily there, as as their leader had been, that they might learn no more to attack a Highland chief upon his own territory.

It may easily be imagined that when these unfortunate messengers reached Stirling they did not abate the romance of their adventure in its recital. The capture of Rob Roy was placed on a level with some of the knightly deeds of prowess in days of yore, and fame and wealth awaited the hero who should succeed in apprehending him. The commandant of the Castle at Stirling, fired by the account which the messengers gave of the cateran's insolence, determined to send a troop of his soldiers once more in pursuit of him. To avoid observation they were dispatched secretly, so that they might take the chief by surprise, but they had strict orders to refrain from interfering either with the Macgregors or any clan friendly to them, and confine their efforts solely to the apprehension of Rob Roy. It was no easy task to keep their purpose secret from the chief, since bands of the Macgregors were scouring the whole country in search of plunder, and he soon gained intelligence of their movements. The soldiers had been observed at Callander by some of his clansmen, and warning was speedily sent to him. The Macgregors supposed it was the intention of the Government to send another expedition against the clan, and they prepared accordingly. But the for-

bearance of the soldiers gave the Highlanders no excuse for an attack upon them. Many a time did they pass by ambuscades of the Macgregors unharmed though a few shots could have made dreadful havoc amongst them, for Rob Roy had given orders to suffer them to reach Balquidder unmolested, that he might send them back to Stirling in disgrace.

When they arrived at Monuchaltuarach, where they were confident of capturing the chief, they found the place quite deserted save by a few women and children, who professed to direct them to the spot whither Rob Roy had gone. After several days spent in marching and countermarching through the bewildering solitudes the spirits of the soldiers gave way. Each wayfarer whom they met had a different tale to tell and a new route to suggest to them, and they were kept thus zig-zigging in a wild-goose chase without coming nearer their end. The country through which they had traveled was not easy to other than mountaineers, and they were compelled at last to abandon their will-o-the-wisp pursuit and to shape their course towards Stirling, downcast and discomfited. Whilst they were upon their homeward way night overtook them on the shores of Loch Earn, and they proposed to take shelter in a deserted cottage which stood near the edge of the water, strewing heather on the floor to form their couches. Anticipating no interruption and overcome with fatigue they soon sank into slumber.

But Rob Roy had no intention of suffering them to retire from an invasion of his land without some token of his displeasure and testimony of his power. He had been hanging in their rear with a small party of clansmen, dogging their footsteps, and watching their movements narrowly, and he decided to teach them a severe lesson. Approaching the cottage stealthily, he caused the men to set fire to the heather, and in a few moments the refuge which the soldiers had chosen was in a blaze. Thus rudely awakened from their sleep a panic seized them, and they fled from the place for life, leaving many of their firearms behind them. These were soon taken possession of by the Macgregors, and the soldiers were left almost defenceless, and in the midst of a country with which they were unfamiliar. One of their num-

ber was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket, and not a few had been injured in their frantic efforts to escape from the flames. They had to make their way back to Stirling, therefore, defeated and disgraced, when they had expected to reap a rich reward and cover themselves with glory.

To this period of his life belongs that famous jest known as "Rob Roy's Challenge," a paper addressed by him "To ain hie and mighty Prince, James, Duke of Montrose," in which he graciously offers him a trial by combat to settle their differences, sarcastically giving the Duke the assistance "of the two great supporters of his character and the captain of his bands to joyne with him in the combate."

Montrose was so irritated by this document that he brought it under the notice of the Privy Council, accusing Argyll of harbouring this pestilent rebel, but he met so severe a rebuff from the latter Duke that he did not again venture to impeach him. Indeed, this incident finally led to a reconciliation betwixt these two Dukes, and it was agreed between them that it would be safer for them to have Rob Roy as a mutual friend than to keep him forever at enmity. The first advances towards the outlaw were made by Argyll, and he wrought so powerfully upon the chief that he ultimately persuaded him to submit himself to Field-Marshal Wade in 1722, and to express his regret for his concern in the rebellion of 1715. The strange document, in which he made his submission, is often quoted against him by his detractors, but the circumstances under which it was written may serve to explain its dubious language.

His feud with Atholl was not terminated so easily, and the Duke made another attempt in 1723 to gain possession of his person, which Rob Roy managed skilfully to evade. The death of Atholl in the following year finally terminated their differences, and from this time forward Macgregor entered upon no important raids, but devoted himself to the care of his family. The shadows of life's evening were now gathering rapidly around Rob Roy, and his turbulent career was drawing to a close. He had left his farm of Monuchaltuarach to the care of his two eldest sons,

and had retired to the house of Inverlochlarigbeg in Balquidder to end his days in peace. It is said, though no authority is quoted, that as he felt his end approaching he frequently lamented over the errors of his early days, and mourned that the rashness and intemperance of his youth had spread suffering and death amongst his fellow-countrymen. Though thus giving way in his retirement to what he would have considered weakness at an earlier time, he did not suffer his penitence for past transgressions to be visible to the outside world. His indomitable courage and selfcommand are well illustrated by his bearing upon his death-bed, and though the tale has been often told it must here be repeated as the concluding scene of his life.

One day whilst confined to the house by those infirmities which ultimately proved fatal, Rob Roy received a friendly visit from an old enemy, Macclaren of Invernenty, who had taken a farm over his head. Believing that Macclaren had come to gloat over his weakness and triumph in his impotence, Rob Roy at first refused to see him in his sick chamber, but afterwards consented to meet him in a fashion which Macclaren did not anticipate. Though prostrated by disease and infirmity, Rob insisted that his sons and attendants should raise him from his bed, clothe him in martial array as for the battlefield, and place him in his chair with his claymore and pistols beside him as became a Highland chief. And in this guise he received his visitor and chatted gaily with him during his stay. But the exertion had been too great for him. It was the last brilliant flicker of an expiring taper, whose very glare betokened its extinction. Hardly had Macclaren retired from his presence ere the excitement which had maintained Rob Roy gave way, and he sank back exhausted by the revulsion which followed.

"Now all is over!" he cried, "let the pipers play Cha teil mi tulidh—I will never return, for my time has come!"

His last commands were obeyed, and while the pipers were raising those tender strains Rob Roy's spirit took flight from its earthly tabernacle. Surely that was a fitting close for a life so stormy as his—to die in his war-graith with his trusty sword in his hand, lulled to the eternal sleep of

death by the music which had so often fallen upon his ears—

"The Banshee's wild voice sings the death dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never!"

"Afar on the tempest the last note was ringing,
A pain-shivered blast from the trumpets of awe,
While mountains their requiem-echoes were flinging
Around the cold couch of the vanquished outlaw.
Meet music for monarchs reposing in glory,
Meet welcome for hero-souls, dauntless and brave;
And loved Caledonia will cherish his story
As long as the heather-bells bloom o'er his grave."

Considerable mystery has hitherto surrounded the death of Rob Roy, since historians differ very much as to the precise date of his decease. Sir Walter Scott writes:—"The time of his death is not known with certainty, but he is generally said to have survived 1738, and to have died an aged man." Other writers are equally indefinite upon this point, but the exact date may be found from these two entries:—

"On Saturday was se'nnight (December 28th 1734,) died at Balquidder in Perthshire, the famous Highland partisan, Rob Roy,"—*Caledonian Mercury*, 9th January, 1735.

"January 3. Rob Roy the famous Scots Highlander"—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1735.

The year of his birth is not known, but there is every probability that it took place in 1660, so that he had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-four ere he departed. He was buried at Balquidder, and his grave is still pointed out to the curious tourist, one of the ancient Sculptured Stones of Scotland having been placed upon its site. It has been customary to ascribe the rudely chiselled sword upon this stone to the enthusiastic devotion of some of Rob Roy's followers, but it is almost certain that it was the pious work of one who lived many centuries before the chief was born. Doubtless it stood as a landmark in the spot where some mighty

warrior had been buried in pre-historic times, and it serves now to link together in a special fashion the chivalry of a former age and that of these latter days.

The End.

THE STORY OF "MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT."

From a Manuscript in the Possession of Mr. Brodie Innes, of Forres.

I believe that in regard to this tune I have heard the original story as nearly at first hand as it is possible to come, since my informants heard it from the lips of her who composed the words wedded to the tune. I will try to tell the story as nearly as possible in the very words of the old woman who told it to me in the early sixties under the walls of Dunvegan Castle looking across the loch to the lands of Borreraig, once the home and school of the MacCrimmons, whose fame will endure as long as the pipes are played and loved by Scotsmen.

This old woman was Marsaly MacDonald, grandniece of Sheila MacLeod, who had been the sweetheart of MacCrimmon the piper, and who had herself composed the words traditionally sung to the tune of the lament.

Marsaly MacDonald told me how she had nursed and tended her grand-aunt in extreme old age, till on one lovely winter's day, at sunset, January, 1788, she sat at the door of her cottage and the second sight was on her, and she no longer saw the things of earth. This was old Sheila's story of the famous Lament.

"I was chief of the bards, and my sweetheart was Donald Bain MacCrimmon, the finest piper in the Western Isles, whose fathers had for generations been pipers of the MacLeods; but he was the best of them all.

"Ah! how we both rejoiced when tidings came from Moidart that our Prince had landed, and down in the sea cave Donald played me the great pibroch that was to hail Charles Stuart king, with none but me, the gulls and the waves to hear. Ah me! Only in Heaven will that pibroch be heard now. Our hearts were light till like a black cloud rising from Scuir-na-Gillian, news came that our chief was mustering, not for the right, but for the Hanoverian usurper.

"There were hard words said, and my boy was wilder than any, for his heart was all with the Prince; for a moment he thought he would desert his chief and join the Prince's Standard—but of course, that could not be: through honor and dishonor, in good or ill, life or death, the first duty of a clansman is to his chief—and if the piper break faith, to whom shall his chief look?

"'We sail to-morrow lass,' he said, 'and I must play a pibroch, but not *ours*, Sheila, for that is all our own; but I pray I may die, for I cannot wish our chief defeat, and I dare not wish him success, for his cause is evil. And I must play his march, but I shall

die before either my chief or my king gain the victory; but cherish the memory of my pibroch: some day, perhaps, it will sound in your ears again.'

"So early next morning I heard great commotion, and saw the clansmen all embarking, and I heard the rattle of chains as the galleys were unmoored; and I saw the chief standing in the prow of the foremost boat, his eagle-feather in his bonnet and his plaid blown out behind him. Beside the chief was my lover with the great pipes under his arm, the sun glinting on his brooch; I could see how he sent a full wind into his bag and started bravely into MacLeod's war-march, but as he played, the time and notes changed in spite of himself and the glorious fighting tune wailed away into a low lament. I saw how the chief leaned on the bulwark, his head in his hand, he seemed not to notice, as though shame had come over him.

"Never was such a strange starting from Dunvegan, a chief depressed and gloomy, leading an unwilling clan, to fight in the cause of a foreigner they loathed, against the Prince they loved better than life.

"Over the waters floated that weird lament as the galleys lessened in the distance, and ever the burden of it was:

"'MacLeod shall return, but MacCrimmon shall never.'

"Dreary was the life at Dunvegan in those days, when all our men were gone, and never a skirl of the pipes, nor the lilt of a dance in the hall, or on the hillside broke the monotony for us women left behind, and weary were the days while we waited for news.

"But at last came a boy, a cousin of my own, from Inverness, tired and half-starved, with his brogues burst, and the plaid of him in holes; and he told us how our men marched into Inverness where Lord Loudoun was in command, and MacCrimmon played them in, but ever the war-march sounded like a coronach, and the chief was heavy and despondent. And the boy told us how his sweetheart was the daughter of an inn-keeper, and how among the tavern gossip she heard tell that our Prince was at that moment alone and unguarded at Moy Hall, and Lord Loudoun was planning a midnight march to surround the house and take him captive. Moreover, he ordered that the gates of Inverness should be closed and none allowed to go out, lest warning should be carried to the Prince. But the girl, like a true Highland lass, loved the Prince, and bade my cousin (Rory MacLean was his name, from Mull) to get forth somehow and win to Moy and warn them there of the scheme. How he did it I know not—love teaches a boy many stratagems; and he told how he beat on the door when all were abed and Lady Mackintosh, who in her lord's absence had put few serving-men to guard her, called to her Simon Fraser, the blacksmith, and Simon said: 'True hearts are truest strength, my lady, and half a score of loyal Highlandmen on the moor on a dark night are worth more than an army

of red coats.' And with that he gathered all the men about the place, and my cousin Rory among them, and posted one here and one there, giving each a musket; it was a fearful night of rain and thunder, and as they watched, far, far away along the Inverness road they heard the skirl of pipes, and Rory knew it was MacCrimmon's playing, for indeed no piper in the land could match him; he thought for a moment that it was the loyal clans gathering to fight for the cause, for he knew not what madness had seized our chief; yet he wondered, for among the notes came ever and anon the wail of the lament—'Cha till, cha till, MacLeod shall return, but MacCrimmon shall never,' and even as he wondered Simon Fraser discharged his musket and shouted aloud: 'Ho, Camerons, advance on the right!' and one of his comrades a hundred yards off, fired and shouted: 'MacDonnell of Keppoch, forward!' Then several fired at once, and there were shouts of: 'Stuarts of Appin, take them on the flank; Lochiel, Lochiel!' and Rory fired his musket and shouted: 'On, on, MacLeans!' and our chief was heading the company that stumbled blindly along the sodden road, and I shall always think that at that moment remorse seized him for the black baseness and treachery that was in his heart, or may-be for a moment his mind cleared and he saw plainly; but anyhow, the panic caught him and he cried out: 'God save us! the whole Highland army is on us,' and those near him caught the infection of fear and turned to flee; and those behind took their comrades for the loyal clans, and they grappled with one another in the rain and the dark, while lightning-flashes scarce showed them each other's faces; and the pipes now wailed the weird lament with no pretence of a war-march, till they ended with a sudden skirl—for my boy, my lover, was shot through the lungs. Yet gathered he all his last strength, and blew all that remained of his breath into the bag; and out over the struggling, frightened host of the faithless Whigs, and over the great burst of laughter of Simon Fraser and his comrades, there pealed a great pibroch, only the opening bars, and Rory whistled it to me, and I knew it was *our* pibroch, and that my boy, as he died, had played the welcome for the royal race—mad with the joy of seeing the Hanoverian army discomfited and defeated by half a score of Highlandmen standing firm for God and the right.

"When the morning broke, there lay he who was the light of my life, with his dear, handsome face returned to the morning sky, and his life-blood dyeing the heather to a deeper red—died as he prayed he might die—and so Rory came to tell me; and the shadows fell on my life.

"And since then, Marsaly, I have been as you have known me—a broken old woman, living here in this whitewashed but-and-ben, watching the sun rise over the Coolins, watching the green water swirl and surge

over the white stones far down, and the green and red seaweed float upwards, or the dark, angry fashing of the waves in winter; and from time to time strange stories have come to me.

"I heard how Culloden was lost—how all the loyal clans were broken—and that there were traitors among us; and how the Prince was hunted like a fox through the glens, with a price on his head. But though our men were often starving, yet, God be thanked! not one of all the Highlanders was base enough to betray him. We leave baseness and treachery to the Whig nobles, and cruelty and oppression to the butcher Cumberland; but for all the wealth of mighty England I would not be with their souls.

"And then I heard how our Prince became a broken and degraded man—I know not, perhaps it was so, though God grant it were otherwise; but whatever befell the poor earthly shell that for a while held captive that noble, royal spirit, to me and to all the loyal and true of the Highland race, he was and will be, our Prince and our King; and I know that, so sure as the Cootin Hills stand unshaken by the blast, the old race shall come again.

"'Cha till, cha till,' I hear it again! Mar-saly! what is this I see? The mountains

grow dim, the landscape fades! Child! where are you? The sight comes on me again. A bare room, a girl, a priest in cardinal's robes! One lies dying—ah, God, it is our Prince! Squalor and desolation—forsaken by his friends—only those two dear ones watching, faithful to the last, by the bedside of the Lord's anointed!

"'Cha till! Cha till!' I hear the lament wailing through the mean, narrow room, as it wailed from the pipes on that fatal day when the galleys sailed from Dunvegan; the room melts away; up in the sky I catch the gleam of the MacCrimmon tartan. Ah, there! there at last I see him my boy, beautiful and brave as when I saw him last; and now on my ears comes swelling the grand cadence of our pibroch, as he played it in the cave by the sea—played now to welcome the soul of our Prince as it rises in glory from the meanness and squalor of earth. And from the great white light that issues from the Eternal Throne, there falls a beam of consecration upon the Lord's anointed, lighting up the endless serried ranks of the loyal and true, who wait to welcome him, and to breathe down on Scotland the eternal, gracious promise: 'The night shall pass and the shadows flee away, and our royal race shall yet return.'"—*The London Scottish Regimental Gazette.*

A Scottish Historian in America.

BY JAMES KENNEDY.

At first thought it seems bordering upon the impossible that a historian could arise in America whose work might be seriously considered as a successful attempt to set the Scottish historians right, but no unprejudiced reader of the masterly work of William H. Gregg, the most recent addition to Scottish historians, can fail to be convinced that in many essentials Mr. Gregg has not only brought to his task an enthusiasm begotten of a love of the subject, but he has also brought an equipment for the work rare among purely Scottish historians.

A similar instance occurs to my memory in the case of another eminent American, who successfully undertook the compilation of a dictionary of the Scottish language or dialect, as it may now more properly be called. I confess it was with a feeling of merriment rather than of sober literary earnestness that I undertook to repeat some Scottish words to the worthy man in the hameowre tongue. He had a phonetic system of markings of intonations peculiarly his own, and I soon dis-

covered that I was in the presence of a master. I was not the first Scottish dialectician that he had listened to, and I confess that I learned more from him than he could by any kind of diligence learn from me. His fine ear detected the differences peculiar to the variable accentuations and inflections of the districts in Scotland. He accomplished what no Scot ever accomplished. He published a Scottish dictionary that was not only exact in spelling and meaning, but was capable of being understood down to the important element of sound.

So it is with Mr. Gregg. Superadded to his enthusiasm, he has scholarship of the highest, a patience that has never wearied, a curiosity that has led him through twenty years of a labor of love, to see all that was to be seen in regard to his one beloved subject. With tireless energy, he has traversed continents in search of manuscripts scattered as it were to the four winds of heaven. Copies of these priceless relics would not suit him. It was the documents themselves or nothing, and

there they are in print, gathered and garnered as in a golden sheaf, in his great book.

Speaking of copies of curiosities recalls another surprise that I experienced in the brief glimpses that I have had of Scottish things that are not much seen. Among these is the fact, perhaps, that every Scot does not know, that there were no gold coins in Scotland until after Bannockburn. That splendid victory over the English brought with it the complete treasury of the vanquished Southron. Bruce, the great soldier, was also a great statesman. He took the English gold pieces and had them re-cast into Scottish coins, called nobles. They were worth thirteen shillings and four-pence each. There are still three of them in existence. One of them was said to be in the National Museum in Edinburgh. I had hoped to have the joy of looking at it. But when about to gaze at the precious relic, the worthy custodian, like an honest Scot, declared that it was only a copy of the original. My feathers fell, and I would have been so much happier if the garrulous guide had not told me.

Mr. Gregg has not stopped at anything like that, and taken the word of anybody, and allowed his imagination to fill in the vacant spaces in the vanished centuries. That has been the trouble with almost all of the Scottish historians. They have been too busy with other things, presumably working for a living, to give that undivided and earnest attention to the subject which is so essential to the success of one who would dare to woo the Muse of History. Indeed, looking back through the dim days of other centuries, one cannot but admit that the Scottish poets have been the best historians. There is nothing in prose that throws such a glare of light on the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries of Scottish history as Blind Harry's "Wallace" and Barbour's "Bruce," and yet it was all hearsay to these gifted men, and so on with Dunbar and Douglas in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, followed by an unbroken chain of bards who sung the history of their country's trials and triumphs.

Mr. Gregg, a gleaner on the same rich field, with less fire, but with more facts, has made a valuable contribution to the Scottish Literature of our time. He pre-

sents in abstract what these gifted singers presented in concrete. In the history of the early kings, he is luminous without being imaginative. In this respect, he is great where others are weak. He is a man of facts, not fancies. Truth, as separate from tradition is his aim, and in this particular regard his work is worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the early history of Scotland.

CROMWELL'S HEAD.

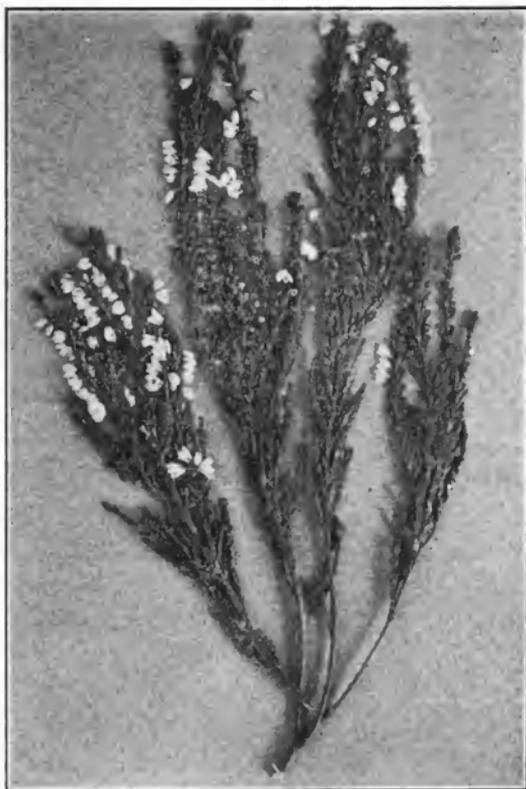
Curious and not pleasing to the eye, but full of interest and importance, nevertheless, was a relic exhibited last week at Burlington House, London, before the members of the Royal Archaeological Society of Great Britain. It was nothing more nor less than the veritable, authentic head of Oliver Cromwell, and the thoughts that its exhibition conjured up in the minds of men of imagination may be readily surmised. Most people are aware that when Cromwell died in 1658 his body was embalmed and buried with royal ceremony in Westminster Abbey. Less than three years later the remains, together with those of Ireton and Bradshaw, who had also been accorded burial in the national fane, were exhumed by direction of the House of Commons, and on the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. they were dragged on sledges to Tyburn amid the jeers of a crowd always ready to side with those at the moment in authority. The bodies were hanged with their faces towards Whitehall, and next day taken down and buried beneath the gallows. But the heads were struck off by the executioner, and set up on pikes on the roof of Westminster Hall. There they faced summer sun and winter storms for twenty-five years, and we know that Pepys saw them. In 1866, a storm blew down the head of the Protector, and the sentry secretly carried it home. After his death his wife sold it to a kinsman of the Protector named Russell, in whose family it remained for about a hundred years. It was then sold to a Mr. Cox for £118, and passed into the hands of a syndicate, which endeavored to make money out of its display in public. The daughter of the last member of the syndicate sold it to a Mr. Wilkinson, and it is at present in the possession of his grandson. As to the authenticity of the gruesome relic there is no longer any question.—*Scots Pictorial*.

He that riseth first is first dressed.

He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.

He that makes his bed ill, lies there.

Prayers and provender never hinder a journey.



The Maid of the White Heather

BY DELLA HARRIS BATHER.

Marget and Jean sat on the doorstep of their wee cottage, looking toward the setting sun. Jean's head was pillowed in the old woman's lap. There was a rapt expression on her fair young face as she watched the clouds catch and mirror, in their billowy folds, the last rays of the sun as he sank behind the hills.

Marget's toilworn hand stroked the bonny head. She saw not the radiant sunset, but only the great, gloomy castle of Ravenshugh which the dying sun brought out in bold relief.

Marget broke the silence.

"Do ye ken, lassie, that to-morra iss yir birthday?"

"Aye, mither, an' do ye see how bonny the sun iss settin' on my girlhood? All day I've been sayin' to mysel': 'To-morra I'll be eighteen, an a wumman.' Then, mither, I'm thinkin' ye'll let me bear the burdens for all the years ye've worked for yir bairn."

Marget's hand went to her heart.

"Nay, nay, lassie, for ye were born a ledly, an' Marget iss nae yir mither, but ony yir mither's servin' wumman."

"Mither!" The young arms clasped the old woman's neck. "Ye canna mean what ye say! Ony a mither could ha' been sae guid an' sae patient."

"Listen, lassie. Yir faether wass laird

o' Glennoch. He wud follow the pipes to battle an' came back nae mair. Yir lovely young mither drooped an' faded like a flower. She put ye in my airms an' said: 'Marget, there are nain o' my ain folk left. Take my bairn, bring her up a leddy, an' when she iss old enough to wed, dinna forget her father wass a laird, an' she must-na marry beneath her station. Promise me, Marget, for I'm aweary noo, an' the bluebells are singin' me to sleep.' I promised her, an' she deed happy. Yir father's lands were taken awa' by the crown, an' what gowd wass left I ha' kept for yir dower."

Jean gazed into the kind old eyes from which love and sympathy had ever shone. She touched the worn hands, and a realization of all the years of toil and sacrifice entered her soul.

"Mither," she said tenderly, "ye will let me call ye that till the end?"

"Aye, lassie, till the end."

They clasped each other's hands, the shadows lengthened, and night fell.

The next day Marget took from a secret chest of drawers a wondrous silken garment that glistened as she shook out its folds before Jean's astonished gaze.

"It iss sae beautiful, Mither," she exclaimed, "it canna be for me!"

"Aye lassie I wove it for ye with my ain hands from the silkworm that feed on yonder mulberry trees."

With loving hands, Marget fastened the shimmering gown, and no bride going forth to the chancel to meet her betrothed was ever fairer than Jean.

"Mither, may I wear it when I take the outcakes to Witch Mag? Dinna ye think she will brew me a pot of luck for my birthday."

"Aye, lassie, Witch Mag wud ha' ev'ry fairy an' goblin in Scotland yir slave, she loves ye sae. Dinna stay awa' too lang."

Jean passed through the woods, singing as she went, stooping now and then to pluck a posy of wild flowers for Witch Mag, who knew every plant and herb in the glen by name. Once she saw herself reflected in a pool, and wondered at her own beauty.

Witch Mag's cottage stood at the edge of the moor. At the sight of Jean, she threw up her sk'ny hands and began muttering.

"It iss my birthday, Mag," Jean said. "Hoo do ye like my new goon?"

"Thou'r't a fairy queen."

"Wilt thou not brew me a cup o' luck for my birthday?"

"Nay, nay, lassie, thou hast no need o' my sorcery. Go into the moor an' pluck the heather that ha' bloomed for thy birthday."

So saying, she went silently into her cottage and closed the door.

Jean followed Witch Mag's commands. When her arms were full of heather, she sat down to rest.

"An' ye ha' bloomed for me, ye lovely flowers," she said softly, clasping the purple heather to her breast. But stay! it was purple no longer, but white, as white as the gown she wore. It seemed to caress her lips, her cheeks, her forehead. As she fondled it, out of every blossom peered the face of a fairy. Then the blossoms became bells and rang joyfully, like wedding bells. The bells ceased, and strains of the sweetest music fell upon her ears, while the mavis called for her mate.

The young Laird of Ravenshugh in hunting tartans came this way hunting for snipe and grouse, when he almost stumbled into my lady's bower. The sight sent the blood surging from his ruddy cheeks, and back again. There upon a couch of heather lay a lovely maid asleep. In her arm she held masses of heather, pure white. And as he gazed, out of every blossom peered the face of a fairy, roguish, yet tender. The flowers became bells, and rang joyfully, which gradually became soft music, while the mavis cooed to his mate.

Reverently the laird bent and kissed the bridal finger, and around it there wound a band of pearls.

Jean awoke with the warm breath of a lover upon her cheek, and a pair of deep eyes looking passionately into her own. For a moment she gazed back fascinated, then natural fear took possession of her. Like a deer she sprang away, across the moor, and was lost in the wood beyond.

The laird, unwilling to frighten the maid more, followed at a seemly distance, though his heart went in bounds. He could keep the trail by the white heather that fell from her arms as she ran. It led him to a mountain torrent which no man could leap, much less this tender maid.

He walked disconsolately up and down the banks, looking into the angry waters, and wondering why this dream of his life should be realized, then suddenly snatched away.

"Can ye not do what a maid has done?" a shrill voice cried, and Witch Mag stood at his side.

He tossed her a piece of gold.

"I can try, Mag," he said.

She pointed toward the mountain torrent.

"Cast in the piece of heather the maid dropped yonder," she commanded.

The laird obeyed, the waters opened, and he crossed on two great white stones that slept in the bottom of the stream. He took up the trail on the other side, gathering the heather as he went. At last he reached the wee cottage among the mulberries.

Marget and Jean sat once more on the doorstep as the sun sank behind the hills. To-night they saw neither the glorious sunset, nor the great castle it outlined; but only the white hand, upon the bridal finger

of which was encircled a ring of pearls.

"He wass ony a Highland laddie, mither," Jean told her, "ahuntin' for muir-fowl, an' he couldn't ha' placed upon my finger a ring worth a king's ransom. But he wass sae bonny, that I wish I hadna become frightened an' ran awa'."

"If he wass ony a Highland laddie, it is weel that he ran awa'," quoth Marget.

Jean sighed softly, and touched the ring with her lips. A step sounded among the brakes, and both women looked up to see a stalwart figure approaching.

"My Highland laddie," Jean said, and her face went rosy.

But hunting tartans could not hide his rank from old Marget's eyes.

"Noo God be praised," she exclaimed, "the Laird hass come for his ain!"

The Laird of Ravenshugh held out his hands to Jean, and the garlands fell at her feet.

"Aye, I ha' found my maid of the white heather!"

Detroit, Mich.

The Bible Memorial

The three hundred years of King James VI., of Scotland and I of England, was celebrated on Tuesday, April 25th, at Carnegie Hall, New York. Bishop Greer presided. The hall was crowded. A letter was read from President Taft and from King George, of Great Britain.

Bishop Greer called on the audience to stand as Secretary of State John W. Foster read this letter from President Taft:

The White House,
March 7th, 1911.

To the Tercentenary Celebration of the King James Version of the English Bible:

I desire to express my deep interest in the recognition which is being taken in this country of so notable an event as the three-hundredth anniversary of the King James version of the English Bible.

The publication of this version of the Holy Scriptures in the year 1611, associates it with the early colonies of the English people upon this continent. It became at once the Bible of our American forefathers. Its classic English has given shape to American literature. Its spirit has influenced American ideals in life and laws and government.

I trust that this celebration may continue and deepen the influence of the Bible upon the people of this Republic.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Bishop Greer then spoke of the ties between Great Britain and the United States, and declaring that no one had done more to strengthen this union with friendly cords than the British Ambassador. He introduced the Right Hon. James Bryce. Mr. Bryce read this letter from King George, dated from Buckingham Palace:

I rejoice that America and England should join in commemorating the publication three hundred years ago of that version of the Holy Scriptures which has so long held its own among English speaking peoples. Its circulation in our homes has done more, perhaps, than anything else on earth to promote moral and religious welfare among old and young on either side of the Atlantic.

The version which bears King James' name is so clearly interwoven in the history of British and American life, that it is right we should thank God for it together. I congratulate the President and people of the United States upon their share in this our common heritage.

The Ambassador went on to point out that the King James version of the Bible was not a sudden achievement, but was the mature fruit of desires which had long been ripening in the minds of the ancestors of both the British and the American people.

Selections from Scottish Authors

AFFLICTION.

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Mackenzie.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

AMBITION.

When ambition can be so happy as to cover its enterprises even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of all human passions.—Hume.

ANCESTRY.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?—Walter Scott.

ANXIETY.

Anxiety, when it seizes the heart, is a dangerous disease productive both of much sin and much misery. It acts as a corrosive to the mind; it eats out our present enjoyments and substitutes in their place many an acute pain.—Blair.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries.—Blair.

ANTICIPATION.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

APPRECIATION.

In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that ever was or ever will be of godlike in this world—the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle.

ARROGANCE.

When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without the proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—Hume.

ART.

It is not so much in buying pictures, as in being pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of art is not that which seeks for the pleasures of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in a marble image; but that which educates your children into living heroes, and blinds down the flights and the fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion.—Ruskin.

The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable.—Blackie.

ASSOCIATION.

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections.—Sir A. Allison.

ATHEISM.

The footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize

God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.—Hugh Miller.

AUTHORITY.

Elsewhere he colde right weel lay down the law, but in his house was meek as is a daw.—Davie Lindsay.

AUTHORS.

Authors are the vanguard in the march of the mind, and intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and activity of their happier brethren.—Carlyle.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.—Macaulay.

AVARICE.

The objects of avarice and ambition differ only in their greatness. A miser is as furious about a halfpenny as a man of ambition about the conquest of a kingdom.—Adam Smith.

BEAUTY.

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament; but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.—Thomson.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles.—Campbell.

BENEVOLENCE.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves; to restrain our selfish, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature.—Adam Smith.

BIBLE.

Within this awful volume lies the mysteries—happiest they of human race to whom their God has given grace to read, to fear, to hope, to pray, to lift the latch, to force the way; but better had they ne'er been born, who read to doubt or read to scorn.—Scott.

Where the heart is past hope, the face is past shame.

Call me cousin, but cozen me not.

When a man's coat is threadbare, it is easy to pick a hole in it.

God makes and the tailor shapes.

Put your finger in the fire and say it was your fortune.

Fools should never see half done work.

A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm.

He that chastiseth one, chastiseth many.

A man may love his house well, and yet not ride on the ridge.

Great barkers are no biters.

He who has a bad wife has purgatory for a neighbor.

There's no joy without alloy.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

Keep your purse and your mouth close.

When honor grew mercenary, money grew honorable.

A Notable Scotswan

ROBERT MAC ALPIN.

Robert Mac Alpin, inventor and manufacturer, was born in Cokensie, County of Edinburgh, Scotland, March 4th, 1837. His father and other ancestors had lived in the County of Edinburgh for many generations, having come there from one of the Highland Counties, descendants of the ancient royal Alpin line of Scotland.

He came to America in 1853, and began his career as a paper manufacturer at Lee, in the Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts. He is entitled to an enduring place in the history of paper manufacturing, principally because of the fact that he was the first paper mill man in America to successfully use wood pulp in the manufacture of paper. The use of wood pulp in the manufacture of paper has been one of the chief reasons for the low cost at which the best literature of the world is now available to all, and has also been a factor in the low cost of the daily newspaper, results which are a permanent benefit to mankind.

Mr. Mac Alpin continued in the manufacture of paper during his whole life, being the inventor and patentee of many of the improvements in paper-making machinery, and was the first paper manufacturer to install machines which made paper at the rate of over three hundred feet a minute.

From youth Mr. Mac Alpin spent his leisure in the study and enjoyment of music and in the reading of ancient Scottish history. He was a lover of the literature of Walter Scott and of Robert Burns. He was especially interested in every bit of evidence which threw new light upon the interesting and romantic period of the regions of the Alpin line.

In 1860, Mr. Mac Alpin was married to Harriet Graves, a descendent of the Puritan Graves family, which settled on the Massachusetts coast in 1623. Their golden wedding was celebrated last September. They have six children, each with families living in different parts of the United States. The youngest son, Frederick, a graduate of Harvard, and member of the Society of Colonial Wars, makes his home in New York city.

The last years of Mr. Mac Alpin's life

were spent at Philadelphia. He died March 1st, 1911.



ROBERT MAC ALPIN.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued)

CHAPTER IV.

"Drumfin?" said the surgeon, recalling the name he had heard whispered so persistently in the passage that afternoon, "Drumfin?"—a tall, old man, white-haired, with a long oval of a face, sun-tanned?"

"The man to a button," said Cattanach excitedly. "And fine brown eyes, a trifle sad—eyes that would make a beggar's fortune. Where did you hear of him?"

"Hear of him? He stood but four hours gone where you now stand, his back to the cruise there."

Cattanach's face wore a sphinx-like smile now.

"Who but he would have dared it?" said he half to himself. Then holding out his hand to Fraser, he added: "Look you now; is it a compact? Will you help me track this man? Let us thwart him at every turn. If need be let us place him where English law will have its say. Is it a bond?" His long fingers were outstretched suddenly.

The surgeon clasped them. "A bond be it," said he.

THE FLIGHT FROM TIRRE.

On the morrow after the compact the hunt was up, and Fraser and his new friend set out on the trail of the Jacobite agitator. But their quarry had played the game of outlaw too often and too long to make the hunters' task an easy one. Dreary journeys over moss and heather, frequent soakings in heavy rains, tedious hidings on the hill or in caves, did something to chill the surgeon's initial enthusiasm; but what finally crushed it out of life was a discovery he made after some three weeks of these adventures.

They stood one evening at fault in their tracking on a wide stretch of fog-ridden moorland, and queried the way of one another.

"Your map then?" said Fraser.

"None of mine," said the youth, "if it please you. Here is old Pont's drawing it's vastly before aught else."

He produced a print and held it out to the other.

"Excellent," said Fraser, glancing at it. "And your compass?"

Cattanach stared blankly. "My compass—? You mean—?"

In a flash it dawned on the surgeon that he had been fooled. Why was this man puzzled as to the uses of the very tools of his trade?

"Your magnetic compass, sir" said Fraser icily; "surely as necessary a part of the outfit of a map-maker as of a mariner, if either is what he seems."

Cattanach laughed. "Eh, Bien, you have unscreened me at last," said he coolly. "I am indeed no cartographer. To speak quite plainly, sir, I am in his Britannic Majesty's secret service. And I am greatly in your debt for the assistance you have given me in this matter of the tracking of Drumfin. But, pray now, do not let us quarrel over a little harmless dissembling."

For answer Fraser only regarded him steadily, his fists clenching ever so little.

"If you are tired of this business, so am I," went on Cattanach blandly. "Dumfin is too much for me; and, if the fog lifts, I am for the mainland to-night. I've a cutter trusted for moonrise at Craigmor Bay. Will you voyage with me?"

The oily tones of the fellow made Fraser grue. Yet sick at heart though he was at the thought of further commerce with a paid spy, the proffer of an early chance of rejoining his ship and returning home overcame his scruples.

"Agreed," he said curtly, and turned on his heel.

The fog was now lifting in patches, and after some ventures they at last struck the path and by night-fall were on the braeside above Craigmor. Here they lay in the heather until the moon rose and showed them the great sea-stretches blown clear of mist as a nor'west wind strengthened into a gale. There was half an hour more of waiting, and then round a sandy spit came a cutter handled with great skill by a single occupant. It tacked easily, and ran in to the side of a finger of rock that

pointed seawards and served as a pier; and Fraser and Cattanach stealing down, embarked at once. As the vessel was poled off there came from the shadows of the dunes on the shore a hoarse voice: "Beannachd leibh!"

"Beannachd leibh!" called softly the steersman in return, and the cutter headed for the open sea.

Cattanach and the man at the tiller held a whispered conversation in Gaelic for a little, while Fraser going forward to the bows, snuggled himself in his cloak and set to brooding on his prospects of picking up his frigate in the Clyde. It had been a tiring day; the solace of the swing and splash of the little craft was wonderfully soothing, and soon he fell into a gentle doze.

When he awoke the moon was setting, and he saw that hours must have passed; for, though there was plenty of scud in the sky, his sailor's eye could make out enough of the stars to show that the cutter's course had been altered. And with reason, too, for her head was now to a tearing blast, and with sail well reefed she was thrashing right heartily out to sea, and into the stormy night.

"Too much for her. Had to go round," said Cattanach when Fraser staggered to the mid thwart, and sat down beside him there.

As they were placed both were facing the steersman, and now for the first time Fraser caught full sight of his face as the moonbeams fell ghostly on it.

"My God, Cattanach," he whispered. "It's Maclean—it's Chisholm's murderer!"

Cattanach in reply smiled dreamily with half-shut eyes. "Yes, it's Angus," said he. "A little more of my dissembling, Mr. Fraser. To tell truth, he is flying Tiree because our friend Deaf Alan returned there yesterday. For since his return Alan has been making kind enquiry as to the health of Angus and myself. The good, kind Alan—eh? Therefore it is that Angus and I made our little voyage together." He laughed lightly as he saw the perplexity deepen on Fraser's dark face. "And," he went on, "—and you are with us, my friend because, in an open boat, and in stormy waters such as these—well—three are better company than two, Mr. Fraser. Not so eh?"

Throughout that night of storm the little

cutter battled for her life, and there was good reason before daybreak to appreciate the value of a third hand in her crew. By turns each took the tiller, and by turns they rested as much as they dared. At dawn the Tiree man and Fraser were almost spent, but Cattanach seemed tireless. His badinage never ceased; his delicate airs were never abated through it all; and after hauling on a stay, he would rearrange his cloak and hat as daintily as if he were in a London street, and wait the next onset of the gale with equanimity. Fraser, indeed, could not help but admire the man's coolness though all his banter and fine airs seemed so much blasphemy in the face of that awful sea and sky.

With sunrise the storm abated; by ten in the morning they were able to put about the run towards the mainland again, and noon found them weltering through the first sleet of winter at the mouth of Aros Sound.

CHAPTER V.

THE SPY.

The wind was still northwest and full in the track of Kyle Aros. There were variations from the onpouring of the gale, however; gusts came from the cliffs walling the Sound on the west; then a hiss of mingled spray and rain urged Fraser, now at the tiller, to a wariness that was absent as long as the timbers' strain and joggle told him of a wind already reckoned with. Yet, even when danger menaced, his work was done with a lassitude plainly not of the flesh alone. Storms of the black tropics at Panama, the bitterness of a winter on the Labrador—these had made no harmony with his spirit at any time; but here in the seas of home, the grey sky and the stormy waters were attuned to his mood as never before.

Cattanach in a cloak and tricorne crouched at the steersman's feet on the weather side, and smiled up as engagingly as ever at the set face above him.

"Mr. Fraser," said he, "I've been regretting—"

Fraser looked down. "Yes?" he answered, breaking silence for the first time in many hours.

"I've been regretting the three hundred crowns you've lost through Drumfin's evasion of us."

"I would not have touched a penny."

said the surgeon quietly, his eye on the sail.

"Ah! the disinterested lover of his country?" said Cattanach, and putting a chilled hand on his heart, he assumed a smile that was half a sneer.

"What you will, sir, what you will," returned Fraser. "But at least, I confess, I could not stand idle and see those poor peasants suffering further impoverishment through paying a double rent to the rebels. And so I played the hound to the hare of the man who had misled them. But as for the price set on him, it might have gone hang, had I but laid hands on the fellow."

"Ah!" said the other derisively. "You played the spy in honour's service?"

"Spy?" retorted the surgeon. "It was an act, not a habit, sir. And at least it could not be called my trade."

"No?" said Cattanach, and now, for the first time, he bit his lip. "No, the enthusiasm—or shall we say, the patriotism?—necessary for the work is not quite common, I fear."

"That there are refinements in the matter of patriotism," said Fraser coldly, "I doubt not." He appeared to be studying the set of the mainsail. "But it passes my comprehension this particular tint of the virtue patriotic which I find in a Highlander who is in outward appearance an agent of the Paris Jacobites, but in reality a Hanoverian secret service man."

"Poor Norman!" sighs Cattanach, playfully affecting remorse. "And that's me in all my blackness! Poor Norman!"

"You see my difficulty?" asked Fraser, unheeding his antics. "Such a man would be a blending of the lover of his country, and the traitor to his clan, would he not?"

A wave-top, thrashing and jubilant, fell on the other just then, but unruffled, he shook his drenched sea-cloak daintily and replied:

"It is truth you say, and difficult is the word. Pink me, sir! I have trouble enough to understand myself at times, let alone other people trying. Yet look at your own case, my friend."

The steersman only nodded in reply.

"Are not the difficulties there as numerous, the contradictions as irreconcilable. Here you were, a surgeon of the King's navy, dropped as from the clouds on Tiree—your errand your noblest one of healing

You claim to love the islesmen, their simple talk, their homely ways. Your own father, you told me, was Gaelic. And yet, when Drumfin came to them, worshipped as he was, and almost a king uncrowned, it is to him you played the bloodhound, as you put it. Is there indeed, no obscurity in the action, sir? Will you still tell me the reward did not tempt?"

"I tell you it did not," said Fraser, a little roused at last "As to Drumfin—? For him to sow the thoughts he sowed; to take the crofters' silver and leave in return—what? Unrest, suspicion, hatred unslumbering to the Reigning House! Pah! let him at once get over the water again to his backstairs work in French convents and Spanish palaces."

"Stap me!" cried the spy. "What a flurry for a non-combatant. You do not fear—" And he broke off suddenly, as his gaze turned landwards. "Aros!" he said to himself aloud. "Aros the darling spot!"

It was a familiar eye he bent on the misty shores of a bay opening up on the west, where, distant and grey, a mansion sat cosily under a huddle of pines.

"You know these parts, sir?" queried Fraser.

"Know them, know them?" repeated the other absently, his glance ranging every howe and corrie. "Yes, yes, I know them. And by the same token," he went on, rousing suddenly from his reverie, "If you don't jibe her at once, you'll have us on the skerry."

Squalls were too frequent to allow of jibing, so the steersman put about instantly, and, as he did so, sent a cry of warning to Maclean, asleep under a spare sail in the cutter's bow, who, wakening, protruded his head, and showed the bird-like nose and eyes of his face hidden for the most part in a clout tying up the jaws.

"Mo thraigh!" he cried. "What now, lad what now? My poor head!" and in Gaelic he cursed a toothache heartily, and rolled to windward as the boat fell off on a new tack. But while he wound himself anew in his wraps, he happened to glance over the gunwale at the misty hills and the pine-encircled house set beneath them on the shore of the bay they were nearing.

"Och, ochan! and there is Aros itself," he said, turning around with a look of

meaning at Cattanach, who made as if to avoid it by resuming his conversation with Fraser.

"Know these parts?" went on the spy. "Ay, and well, too; and so also, as you can see, does Angus MacLean there—indeed, the laird of Aros lands is no less than second cousin to him, and speaking by the map, as one might say, his nearest relative. As to the why and wherefore of my own acquaintance with the landscape, my surgeon, never mind. But had it not existed you'd have sent us on the reef. And then—? Why then, we'd all have gone to join poor Chisholm in the shades."

At the last words he lowered his voice and fixed his eyes on the figure in the bows, now stolen under his canvass once more.

"Poor Chisholm, indeed!" said Fraser.

"Now, there's patriotism," chuckled Cattanach.

"There's love for one's country; there's your spy who is in earnest—the man who dies at his task."

"Chisholm? The dead man?" cried Fraser in a loud whisper. Hitherto he had treated his companion cavalierly, but now his interest was awake, and in the surprise the words had aroused, he let the boat yaw, and some water was shipped. "Chisholm, a government trusty? Was he, too, with you?" he exclaimed.

"La! la Mon medecin!" protested the other, "a little less of Aros Sound down my stock, if it please you." He pushed a fringe of wet hair from off his forehead, and, smiling, resumed in low tones: "Chisholm, hey? You never smoked him? Fie, fie, my dear Fraser?" He wagged a reproving finger.

"But—but—?" said the surgeon. "But it was personal only—the quarrel he died in, was it not?" A sudden suspicion had possessed him, and he bent forward threateningly to Cattanach, his features sterner than ever, his fingers clenching on a sheet. "Where were the causes politic for his death?" he whispered hoarsely.

"You are so kind as to ask, Mr. Fraser," was the enigmatic reply. "Like yourself, you see, Chisholm desired a close and speedy acquaintance with Drumfin."

"Yes, yes, but the quarrel—the quarrel with Angus was personal, was it not?" asked the steersman quickly and in low

tones, his eye on the bows where MacLean lay snoring.

"Personal? Oh, yes, my good surgeon," and the pale wet face smiled evilly.

Fraser had glanced momentarily at the scud and the waters, but his whole countenance was changed in that instant, and when he turned on Cattanach again, it was contorted from its grimness as if sick with disgust. Here was a light on the past—here was a key to many a dark door of memories.

"You devil!" he whispered.

"Ah!" said Cattanach in assumed delight. "You perceive? How good of you, lud!"

"And this unfortunate," said Fraser, looking down on the wet canvass moulded in relief over the slumbering islesman, "this poor clod is branded murderer in your stead?"

"In my stead?" said the youth softly. "But no, monsieur; your pardon. 'Tis now an affair for all three of us."

"Oh, blind that I did not see!" said the surgeon bitterly. "In the hunt for Drumfin you found poor Chisholm your rival. * * * ? And so you rid yourself of him by means of the jealousy of MacLean?—for 'twas none but you that set him the length of killing."

(To be continued)

THE LOSS OF "THE MILL"

Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt landscape, "The Mill" is, it would appear, doomed to cross the Atlantic after all. The option of the purchase expired on Friday night, and in spite of all endeavours and appeals only £17,848 17s. of the required £100,000 was forthcoming. Of this sum £10,000 was promised by one generous man, Lord Michelham, while Lord Lansdowne himself had promised £5,000. The truth is that people in England are, for the most part, serenely indifferent to the art treasures of the country, whether those repose in public or in private collections. "Why not New York as well as Bowood?" they ask carelessly, and pass on to another subject. Others, honestly interested in art, declare that "The Mill" is only worth £100,000 to a millionaire collector anxious to advertise himself; it is not worth that to the National Gallery, where splendid examples of Rembrandt are already housed. Rembrandt, they argue was not a landscapist first and foremost, and the National Gallery shelters landscapes as fine as "The Mill." The picture, indeed, owes something of its value to the fact that Rembrandt was not a landscape artist; it is more or less of a "freak" picture.—The Scots Pictorial.

The Scottish Race and Kingdom.

BY SIR JAMES FERGUSON, SHERIFF OF ARGYLSHIRE.

(Concluded)

2. The race of Somerled is traced to Colla Uais, son of Eochaid Doimlein, King of Ireland.

3. From the Hy-Niall of Ireland are brought the Lamonds, MacLachlans, Clan Somairle, and MacEwen of Otter.

4. From Corc, son of Lughaidh, King of Munster, of the line of Heber, are said to be descended the Celtic Earls of Mar and Lennox.

The above have no connection with the family of Erc, although several of the clans mentioned inhabited Scottish Dalriada, and the last three groups are of Scottish race; but the remaining genealogies are all deduced from the Dalriadic tribe of Lorn, and may be classified thus:—

From Fearchar fada, son of Fearadach finn, who died in 697, and is given as descended from Muredach, son of Lorn Mor—The Clan Duff, the Macnaughtons, the Clan an Tòshach, *i. e.*, the Clan Gillachattan, and the Clan Cameron.

From Fearchar Abraruadh, son of Fearadach—The MacLeans, the Colquhouns in Lennox, and the Clan Consithe in Fife.

From Donald Donn, son of Fearadach—The Clan Lauren (MacLarens), the Clan Aid or Ay.

From Cormac, son of Albertach, son of Feradach—(a) The clan Annrlas (Rosses), the Clan Kenneth (Mackenzies), the Mathesons and the Macduffes; (b) the MacNabs; (c) the Clan Gregor; (d) the Clan Quarr; the McKinnons, the Macmillans, and the MacLennans.

It is at once remarkable that these genealogies are all traced from the tribe of Lorn, and that several of them are genealogies of great clans in Moray, Ross and Inverness, far outside the bounds of Dalriada. It is still more remarkable that there is no trace of any descended from the elder sons of Lorn, or from the Cinel Gabran, the Cinel Comgall, or the Cinel Angus. Mr. Skene in his examination has pointed out that these genealogies are generally trustworthy up to about the date of Kenneth Macalpin, but that the connection with the Dalriadic Lorn Mor completely breaks down. 'They may,' he says, 'be regarded as trustworthy only in

so far as they show the links of the descent of each clan from its eponymus as believed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the grouping of certain clans together where a common ancestor within the historic period is assigned to them.' Probably the Aibertach, from whom several of the clans are deduced was an actual personage, at a later date than he is assigned to, for he is said to have had twelve tribes inhabiting the Norwegian territory, viz., Greagraid of the champions commonly called Mull, and Tirroda (Tiree), and Cruibhinis or Craobhinis (or Island of Bushes-Iona). It is probable that to some extent the clans whose genealogies are thus given, and who in historical times are found holding possessions in Lorn, in Breadalbane and Balquhidder, and in Lennox, were really descended, as believed, from the family of Lorn, and were at any rate of Scottish extraction. The same, however, cannot be predicated, though it may be true, of the Lochaber and Badenoch clans, and it becomes more improbable in those of Moray and Ross.

It appears to me that the conclusion arrived at by Skene is irresistible, that the mass of the population of the Highlands north of Argyll and possibly Atholl, were the descendants of the old Pictish tribes, who formed the northern or Caledonian Picts. At the same time much happens in a few centuries, and some of the most famous Highland clans, such as the Frasers, Menzies, and Stuarts were of Norman, or as the Murrays and Sutherlands of alleged Flemish descent, though it is more probable that the original Freskin was a Gael of Moray. The comparatively brief period in which a clan could rise is illustrated by the history of the Farquharsons. Scots as well as Normans may have accompanied the monarch in the assertion of his power beneath the Mounth and Scots were in the field two hundred years before Malcolm Canmore's Saxons, and another half-century before King David I's Normans. It is quite possible that individuals pen-

erated to the north and founded successful families, and that however erroneous the details of the descent may be, where links are obviously wanting there is some basis of fact for the tradition.

It cannot be assumed that the Mormaers of the great Pictish provinces, whose names are recorded in historic times, were themselves Picts. Indeed, the statement in the Book of Deer, which says that when Columba came there 'Bede the Pict' was Mormaer of Buchan, may suggest that his later successors at least were Scots. In the case of Angus there is the tradition that King Kenneth was killed in 995, by Finella, in revenge for the death of her son, killed by him at Dunsinnan, Finella being the daughter of Conquhar, Mormaer of Angus, and the probability being that the later Celtic Mormaers of Angus were Scots. In the Irish MS. the line of the historic Mormaers of Moray, including both Macbeth and Lulach, Kings of Scotland, is given in the genealogy of the Clan Duff as among the descendants of Lorn Mor. It is most probable that just as these dignities passed later to Normans either by marriage or grant, so between the Scottish conquest and the Norman immigration they passed from Picts to Scots.

The traditions of one group of clans deserve special consideration as they assert a descent from the Scottish Royal House. The proud motto of the Macgregors is 'Is rioghail mo dhream,' 'Royal is my race,' and they and the connected clans known as Clan Alpin claim descent from Kenneth Macalpin. The *siol Alpin* includes the clan Gregor, the Grants, the Mackinnons, Macquarries, Macnabs and Macaulays. Bonds of Menrent exist between the Macgregors and the Mackinnons, the Mackinnons and the Macnabs, and the Macgregors and the Macaulays, in all of which relationship is affirmed, and an early connection between the Grants and Macgregors is undoubted. The Irish genealogies indicate that the group of clans to which the Macgregors and others of the *siol Alpin* are assigned, belonged to the great tribe of Ross, and in any case descent from Kenneth Macalpin is inconsistent with descent from Lorn Mor. The earliest possessions of the Macgregors were in Glenorchy, and the Macnabs in Glendochart, but it may be that when

Alexander II. reduced Argyll, in which he was powerfully aided by the Earl of Ross, he planted the ancestors of these clans there. A similar explanation may be given for the settlement of the Macnaughtons, a branch of Clan Chattan, on Loch Awe and Loch Fyne, or it may be that the Clan Chattan, being the chief branch of the great tribe of Moray, they were brought by Malcolm, when he expatriated the men of Moray, placed them in new lands on both sides of the mountains, and replaced them with 'his own peaceful people.'

It is indeed remarkable how many of the great nobles of Scotland at the time of Robert the Bruce, including Mar, Fife, and Atholl, Lennox and Strathearn, were of direct male Scottish descent, while the Bruces, Comyns, Umphravilles, and probably the Campbells owed their great possessions not so much to direct grant as to a Scottish ancestress. It is impossible to determine whether the race of Douglas was of Scottish or Norman extraction, and it seems at least probable that the clan and name of Forbes, whose chief holds the premier barony of Scotland were also Scots, and that there is something in the tradition which connects them with the Urquharts and Mackays. Two traditions, supported by the name Ochoncar, derive the Fubuses from Ireland, and there was in Ireland, and there was in Ireland a Clan MacFirbis.

The result of the investigation is, that the Scottish element which gave its name to the country was a large and important one in the composition of its population and the formation of its character. The military system of the Celtic period continued to provide a large portion of the Scottish armies throughout the whole independent history of the realm. Recognised as 'Scottish service,' it existed side by side with 'knight service,' it is shown to be in full vigour early in the eighteenth century in Atholl by the lists, printed in the Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine; and it was under the old obligation of *Feacht* and *Sluaged*, hosting and expedition, that the clans rose under Montrose and Dundee and marched to Derby with Prince Charles. There can be little doubt that after the conquest by Kenneth Macalpin, which has considerable resemblance to

that of England by William the Norman, Scots would be largely settled among the Picts, and would be specially numerous in the central region watered by the Tay and the Earn. There can be as little doubt that many of the families who assumed territorial designations as their surnames, when these came into vogue, were Scots, and that the Ogierns, who were the smaller landowners, continued to exist side by side with Norman families as lesser barons, or 'gudemen' and proprietors holding of subject superiors, obtaining written charters, and assuming surnames, when these came into vogue, from their ancestral lands. For example, the Earls of Airlie and Clan Ogilvy are descended from a younger son of the old Celtic Earls of Angus, who obtained the feudal fief, and took his designation from the lands of Ogilvie. The house of de Brechin were the direct descendants of an illegitimate son of David, Earl of Huntingdon and Garioch, David the Scot, brother of the Celtic King. The House of Randolph, Earl of Moray, were sprung from a Dungal of Celtic name and race, whose possessions in Nithsdale were feudalised. Even the great family of Dunbar, Earls of March, though in the female line Saxons of Northumbria, were in the male line the progeny of a brother of the gentle Duncan.

The race of the lay abbots of Dunkeld, is still represented in male descent by the chief of the Clan Donachie; and that of the lay abbots of Abernethy, whether it be Scot or Pict, in the female line by Lord Salton, whose ancestor inherited the title conferred on an Abernethy. It is probable that in many of the Highland clans the chiefs and 'duinewassails' were of Scottish descent. For more than two hundred and fifty years the Scots were truly the ruling race, and it was under their guidance that the country was changed from four independent and conflicting states into a compact kingdom with definite boundaries, which maintained its independence against a powerful neighbour for four hundred more, that Norman knights, and Saxon and Flemish merchants and tradesmen were welcomed as elements of strength in a greater national life, and that substantial advances were made in social progress and national development.

The Scots alone of the early races came

to Scotland as a Christian people. The nobles of their race devoted themselves to the cause of its conversion, and they spread Christian civilisation not only through the Northern Picts, but far beyond its borders, among the Teutonic tribes who gave their name to England. They, among the Celts, as the Normans among the Teutons, had the highest ideal of organisation and of law, as well as the foremost military qualities, and with them, more easily and completely than with any other race, the Norman blood blended to form the guiding element of a strong, a logical and an enduring national character. The *perfidium ingercium Scotorum* in intellectual pursuits, the proud valour which inspired the French proverb, *fier comme un Ecossais*, are in no small degree due to the special Scottish strain in the blood of modern Scotsmen, and discarding all fabulous and mythical antiquity, we may yet affirm that no race has more cause to be proud of its far descended royal line, or has produced a representative whom it has more reason to revere than he of whom it was written. 'There was not born of the Gaidhel a being more illustrious, or more wise, or of better family than Colum Cille. There came not of them any person who was more modest, more humble, or more lowly.'

1. The Campbells and MacLeods are taken back to Fergus Leith Dearg, son of Nemedh, who is placed long before Picts and Scots appear in Ireland. But it may indicate that these clans were in Scotland before the Scots, and are therefore of Pictish descent, and the Campbells are found in the district of Neid-Argyll, which was not settled by the Dalriads.—*Celtic Review*.

Pride will have a fall.

If it were not for the belly, the back might wear gold.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Better spare of thine own than ask of other men.

Good is good, but better carries it.

He that speaks sows, and he that is silent gathers.

Gamesters and racers never last long.

Once in a year a man may say, On my conscience.

Men get wealth, and women keep it.

When a dog is drowning, every one offers him drink.

A FLOWER FROM NAZARETH.

At a recent memorial service at The Church of the Strangers, New York, the following poem was read by George Taylor, a former member of the church during Doctor Deems' ministry:

A LITTLE FLOWER FROM NAZARETH.
The Reverend Doctor Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, when on a tour of the Holy Land, wrote a letter to a member of his church in which he said: "I enclose a little flower for the baby. It grew on a sunny slope above the town of Nazareth, where doubtless Jesus often played when a Child."

A little flower from Nazareth
Was sent across the sea,
And the flower sent to my baby
Told a wondrous tale to me.

With a timid glow of blushes,
And modesty so sweet,
It told of old-time ancestors
Who kissed the Saviour's feet.

When He played on the sunny slopes
Above the ancient town,
And from whose brow in later days
Men sought to cast Him down.

And often o'er those verdant slopes
The gentle Jesus trod
At twilight hour, in pensive thought
Communing with His God.

And waiting patiently the hour
Of battle to begin,
When He alone must meet the hosts
Of bigotry and sin.

O, mighty champion who came
To save a fallen race,
So lowly in Thy natal hour
And in Thy dwelling place:

No palace door swung to receive
The Prince of Heaven, disguised;
No joyous childhood's home for Thee,
But Nazareth! the despoiled.

O, sons of earth, of lowly birth,
Whate'er thy lot may be,
When Christ, the Prince of Heaven, came
down,
O, who so poor as He?

He reached below all human woe,
He bore all earthly care,
That beggar! King! and all between,
The wealth of Heaven might share.

And thou, O Friend! who sent the flower,
Methinks it is but meet
I kiss the child who kissed the flower,
That kissed the Saviour's feet.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEATHER AND PEAT—This is a Scottish story of rare merit. Duncan Robertson, a shepherd, whose forbears had held their cottage for several generations, is obliged to leave (as so many have been forced to do) because the laird, greatly in need of ready money, had desired to rent his deer forest to an Englishman. At first, he settles in the village at the foot of the mountain, but soon decides to go to Canada, and after gaining a home for them, his wife and little one are to join him. After two years, they were only waiting for the letter that would fix a definite day for their departure, when the wife meets her death in the burn, which was swollen by a sudden storm. Losing interest in the home he had prepared for her, and faith in God, when they had both trusted, Duncan goes to the Klondyke, where he remains for a long time.

The little boy is taken to the manse, and lovingly cared for by the minister, receiving a good education, and finally going to his father, and bringing him home, restored to health of body and soul, and anxious to do good with the fortune he has gained.

The life in the village, with its various original characters, is most entertaining. The plot is excellent, and the story well told. There is an undercurrent of deep religious earnestness, showing God's love, His patience and His ready forgiveness when the wandering child turns his face toward the Father's house.

By A. D. Stewart. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Price \$1.25.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

The minutes of the second annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, 1910, edited by Rev. Dr. E. B. Sanford, secretary, Bible House, lie before us. It is a most interesting report, containing a full account of the convention held at Washington, D. C., January 24, 25, 1911. The address of the chairman, Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, on Christian Unity and the Salvation of the World is inspiring. The secretary's report shows encouraging progress, and refers to last year as being the most fruitful in the history of the Federal Council. The treasurer's report gives the names of the churches and of the friends who have contributed to the support of the work during the year 1910.

"The Editorial Review" is a new monthly publication published by the Editorial Review Company, New York, Times Building. Mrs. Elmer Black president and editor; Pandolph R. Bean, assistant editor. The April number is devoted entirely to universal peace. The publication is well printed and illustrated.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

THE ROYAL CHIEF AND THE O. S. C.



JOHN HILL,
Royal Chief of Order of Scottish Clans.

Some of the Clans of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York, were greatly encouraged, the third week in April, by the annual visit of Mr. John Hill of St. Louis, the Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans in America. Mr. Hill, who has held his high office for the last four years, has become very popular among the Clans, on account of his genial and warm hearted disposition, and his willingness to devote his time and money to further the interests of the Order. He is a charter member of the oldest Clan, and has held nearly all the offices connected with the organization, having been Royal Treasurer for ten years, and the experience he has gained is invaluable.

Chief Hill was present at the annual meeting of the Grand Clan of Massachusetts, held at Pittsfield on Wednesday, April 19th and received an oration. At this meeting there were delegates from thirty-two clans, and about thirty past delegates. The Grand Chief Robertson presided and it was a harmonious and pleasant gathering and the reports of committees, especially in regard to their visits to the subordinate clans, were most helpful and encouraging. Clan MacInnes of Pittsfield entertained the visiting delegates most royally.

At the afternoon session the elections were held, and Alexander MacKenzie of Clan Lindsay, Cambridge, former secretary of the Grand Clan, was elected Chief, Royal Chief Hill and Royal Treasurer David King, who was also present, spoke for the good of the order and expressed their enjoyment of the meeting, they both emphasized the necessity of aggressive work, especially in organizing new clans. In the evening the Royal Chief and Royal treasurer, and nearly all the delegates of the Grand Clan, as well as delegations from Clan MacLaren, Holyoke, and Clan MacLennan of Ludlow, held a meeting with Clan Murray, of Springfield. The kind words and friendly advice given by the Royal Chief and Royal Treasurer to them and neighboring clans were cordially received, and stirred them to more aggressive work.

On Thursday evening (the 20th) the Royal Chief and Royal Treasurer, together with Royal deputies Pentland of New Jersey, and Dawson of New York, met with Clan MacGregor of Yonkers, Mr. Jackson, the chief of the clan, extended to them a cordial welcome, and rejoiced at the privilege of the Clan receiving a visit from the highest officer for the first time since its organization nineteen years ago. The Royal Chief spoke about the responsibility of every member connected with the Order, and urged them to send their very best member as delegate to the meeting of the Royal Clan next August, a business man of ability, who will be able to express his opinion on important questions, and worthily represent the Clan. The liabilities of the Order (namely the amount of insurance carried by all the members) amount to \$8,000,000; hence the necessity of having efficient men as executive officers to carry on the work on solid business principles, three thousand members have been added during the past two years. Royal Treasurer King spoke of his visit to the meeting of the Grand Clan of Massachusetts; he referred to its excellent work, and wished that a similar organization might be instituted in this section. He congratulated Clan MacGregor for winning the \$100 prize, for bringing in new members, and spoke of the inducement the Order offers to Scotsmen; he said that during the past year more Clans had been visited by the Royal Chief, than in any previous year, and this had been done at his own expense, and the expense in money is slight compared to that of time, as Mr. Hill has very important business connections. (see sketch in Caledonian of May 1910). Mr. King also urged the necessity of sending a good delegate to the Boston Convention, and referred

to a proposition brought before the last Convention, to make the time of meeting once in three years, instead of two, thus lessening the expense, which in his estimation, would be "penny wise and pound foolish," as the handling of the funds of the Order and their investment ought not to be left in the bank of a few executive officers for so long a time.

Royal Deputy Pentland spoke of the progress of the Clans in New Jersey, and Royal Deputy Dawson spoke encouragingly of the work of the Clans in his district. Chief Cochrane of Clan Gordon, Port Chester, the youngest Clan, reported their growth to forty members. Chief Wallace of Clan MacKenzie, relieved the solemnity of the gathering by a humorous speech. Chief Strachan of Clan Graham, New York was present with a large delegation, and Chief Fairweather of Clan Bruce, New Rochelle also brought a number of his clansmen. It was a large, enthusiastic and helpful meeting.

On Friday evening, the 21st the Royal Chief, Treasurer and staff visited Clan Forbes of Newark, the largest Clan of New Jersey, with a membership of nearly three hundred. Delegates were present from all the neighboring clans, and the Royal Chief received a most hearty welcome; Mr. Hill spoke encouraging words and declared it was an honor to be a member of the O. S. C. as it is composed of the best Scotsmen in the country.

On Saturday afternoon, Chief Wallace of Clan MacKenzie and Royal Treasurer King gave a dinner at Hotel St. Denis in honor of Royal Chief Hill, to which the chiefs and royal deputies of New York and vicinity were invited, it was a most happy and social occasion. After dinner they attended the meeting of Clan MacDuff, in their commodious hall at 125th street and Lexington avenue.

Chief Fairweather, in a very appropriate speech, expressed the pleasure of the Clan in entertaining the Royal Chief, and also welcomed the chiefs and delegates of the visiting Clans. He invited Royal Chief Hill, Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, Royal Treasurer David King, Royal Deputy Pentland, of New Jersey, Royal Deputy James Hay, of New York, and Royal Deputy John Japp of Conn., to take their seats on the dais. The Royal Chief said that he was glad to meet with Clan MacDuff, and was pleased to see in the gathering a number of fellow-clansmen whom he had met at Conventions and who were personal friends. He called to mind the origin of the Order, when the membership was small, and especially the time nearly twenty years ago, when Past Royal Chief Walter Scott and Past Chief Duncan MacInnes, both members of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, came to the rescue of the organization at a critical time; the constitution was amended, and the Order placed upon its present firm foundation. He emphasized the absolute necessity of the



DAVID KING, R. T., O. S. C.

executive officer of the Royal Clan abiding by the rules and constitution, and said that there was a tendency to depart from the rulings of the Chief. He would like to see, at the next Convention, the Royal Executive Committee, which consists of seven, reduced to three members, and showed why this change is desirable.

Royal Treasurer King spoke of the necessity of starting new clans, and thought that the money now offered to existing Clans for increase in membership, could be spent to better advantage in organizing new Clans.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott heartily endorsed the suggestions made by the Royal Chief, and said it was a great honor to him to escort the Royal Chief on his arm to the moot-room; he referred to the time when Mr. Hill was elected Royal Treasurer, when there had been a feeling of unrest among the members, but his name stood for so much that it brought confidence and prosperity to the Order. He hoped Mr. Hill would stand for a re-election, as he considered him the best chief they have ever had, and an honor to the Order. He agreed with Mr. Hill that it would be better to reduce the Royal Executive Committee to three and urged that delegates to the convention favor this measure. He also urged the necessity of sending strong, able men as delegates to the convention, and that the Royal Chief should recognize a delegate from such Clans as MacDuff, with a membership of nearly four hundred, in preference to one from a Clan of only fifteen or twenty members. He



PAST ROYAL CHIEF WALTER SCOTT.

conveyed the idea that it was unfair for a representative of only twenty members to have as much to say as a man representing a membership of two hundred to six hundred. He gave sound common sense advice to the representatives of the Clans, present and received hearty applause. Mr. Scott is honorary member of Clan MacDuff and is one of the most popular of the fifteen thousand members of the Order.

Ex-Chief Duncan MacInnes spoke in complimentary terms of the Royal Chief whom he has known for more than twenty years, and considers him the lodestone of the Order. He declared that every delegate sent to the Convention should uphold the hands of the Chief, and said that a working executive of three men would do much better work than seven and that the investment of the funds of the Order should be in the hands of men who would act wisely and judiciously, without any selfish motive but wholly for the good of the Order. The Order is prospering, and the responsibility is growing proportionately. The word of the Chief is law, as he abides by the constitution; he is not responsible to the other officers, but to the Order at large.

The addresses of all the speakers were

received with cordial approval, and the speeches of Royal Chief Hill and his associates made a profound impression upon the Clans of Greater New York, and New Jersey, and created a keen interest in the Order.

On Sunday evening Royal Chief Hill attended the Morrisania Presbyterian Church, where a special service was held with Clan Graham and members of other clans. The pastor Rev. M. F. Johnston preached an appropriate sermon. Mr. Hill returned to St. Louis on Monday morning, April 24.

On Sunday April 23rd, the members of the Orange Lodges of New York and Vicinity held their annual service in the United Presbyterian Church, West 44th St., Rev. Dr. Wallace pastor. The Church was crowded; it was the largest meeting of the year. Rev. D. MacDougall Editor of the Caledonian, conducted the service and preached the sermon. The pastor being unable to be present.

He that comes of a hen must scrape.
An idle head is a box for the wind.

In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

The regular meeting of the Boston Caledonian Club, was held Tuesday evening, April 4th, with Chief James A. Sinclair in the chair. The principal business transacted was the election of a games committee for the year 1911. The successful candidates were, John Stewart, Thomas Grieve, William Gray, J. T. McNeil and W. N. Campbell.

Chief Frank S. Abercrombie of Clan McKenzie, No. 2, O. S. C., has adopted for his slogan, "300 to meet the Royal Clan." He has had scouts out drumming up and drumming in prospective and likely candidates for initiation. He has been indefatigable himself and every male person known to him of proper age and antecedents, has for some time back been approached with a stand and deliver mandate. Therefor without any other explanation being necessary, the Boston representative of the Caledonian, was one of fourteen new members initiated under brilliant auspices, at the regular meeting of Clan McKenzie, No. 2, Thursday evening, April 6th.

Over three hundred members were present including delegations from every clan in Boston and suburbs. Great things were expected from the new kilted degree staff, which had been practising for weeks, and great praise is due them for the efficient and impressive manner in which they performed their duties. Most of us know how initiatory exercises, no matter how solemn and obligatory they are intended to be, frequently come perilously near the ludicrous, and how through carelessness and forgetfulness on the part of members of the degree staff, a smile or laugh comes in at the wrong place, but in this instance every part of the ceremony was performed carefully, diligently and forcibly.

It is safe to say that every one of the fourteen new members, were deeply impressed with every thing they saw and heard and that many of the older members mentally renewed their vows.

Not the least impressive part of the initiation, was the wonderful and forceful oration by Chief Abercrombie. Applause, renewed, and renewed again, greeted him at its conclusion. The writer who prior to this knew almost every member of Clan McKenzie, was introduced to the members in most flattering terms and very cordially received when he rose to address them.

The Associated Clans Bowling League held their second annual banquet at the Hotel Laughann, Monday evening, April 3rd. President Walter Lamb, occupied the chair, flanked by Walter Ballantyne, Peter Kerr, James Sinclair, Neil McDonald and James Wrynhart. Over eighty sat down to the table including a big delegation from

Quincy. They startled the audience every now and again with a college yell, which they had practiced all the way from the granite city. The menu card was a Celtic, literary, and artistic curiosity. The royal secretary had to explain the gaelic part, and past-president James Urquhart the ornithological part.

Clan McGregor of Quincy won the cup, and their explanation of how they won it and the explanation given by the other clans did not altogether agree, however to show they are right, they are going to win it again next year (?), so are the other clans, and the clans that are now clamoring for admission to the league.

Speeches were made by all chiefs, and nearly all the bowlers. Some were told they could speak better than they could bowl, and sometimes even that was questioned. Songs were sung by Adam Porterns, Harry Maclean and others, and a happy enjoyable evening was brought to an all too-speedy ending.

The Canadian Club of Boston, the original Canadian Club of the United States, and the most prominent and persistent of the clubs working for peace and reciprocity, held its annual Ladies night April 8th, president Graham in the chair. William C. C. Gladstone honorary attache of the British Embassy at Washington, and a grandson of the Grand Old Man, was one of the principal speakers, as were also Ralph Smith, M. P., of Vancouver, and William Dennis, editor of the Halifax Herald.

The Boston Bowling Green Club has elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: A. F. Clark, president; E. H. Bell, vice-president; E. C. Greenwood, secretary; C. E. Putnam, treasurer; W. Ballantyne, P. Benson, A. C. Hill, William Jardine, John McGaw, C. W. Munro, J. A. Pettigrew, John Watt, George Wemyss, Board of Management.

The Women's Auxiliary to the Scots Charitable Society, held their annual spring social at Chipman Hall, Friday evening April 21st. President Mrs. Walter Lamb was Chairwoman, and Miss Irving, vice president, Mrs. Lyowns, treasurer, and Mrs. Robert Sutherland, were accompanied to the platform by president Pottinger, Rev. Dr. Todd, Walter Ballantyne and John F. Masters. Nearly 500 were present and enjoyed the fine concert presented and the better than usual speeches. The new chaplain of the S. C. S., Rev. Mr. A. N. Maciennan, who came late was called to the platform and pleased the audience greatly with a few witty and brief remarks.

DEATH OF JAMES L. WILLIAMSON.

Ex-chief of The Caledonian Club.

For the last issue of the "Caledonian," I had the pleasure of reporting the testimonial banquet tendered to Mr. Williamson, and the many good things said about him and his administration of the Caledonian Club. On Tuesday evening, April 11th, I attended with him a meeting of the Scots' Charitable Society committee in connection with their forthcoming Charity Ball. Seldom had I known him to be brighter, cheerier or happier than he was at that meeting. He had recovered from a slight indisposition and was feeling in excellent spirits. We left together as has been our custom for several years, and walked part of the way home, till we came to the Bach Bay station, where he usually took the train for his home at Allston. He left me with a cheery good night, rushed down stairs for his train, and the next morning I learned by the newspapers that a minute or two afterward, and almost beneath my feet, his life had been crushed out, as he attempted to board the train which had started from the station before he arrived. The funeral services were held on Sunday the 16th inst. at the First United Presbyterian Church, which was crowded to the outside corridors, by delegations from the various societies with which he was connected. The Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and the Mayor of the City of Boston, were present among the mourners and visibly affected by the words of the Rev. James Todd and the Rev. A. K. MacLennan who conducted the obsequies. The Harvard quartette sang several hymns. The pall-bearers were John Williamson, a brother, president Pottinger, S. C. S., James A. Sinclair, chief of the Caledonian Club, E. J. McLaughlin, Chief of Clan Ramsay, Thomas Bell, president Highland Dress Association, and Dr. Palne Fitzgerald of the Concord and Holden Clubs. Floral emblems were sent by Mayor Fitzgerald, Walter Scott of New York, Caledonian Club of Lynn, Charitable Irish Society, Lafayette Lodge F. & A. M., Concord Club, Holden Club, Scots Charitable Society, Boston Caledonian Club, Walter Ballantyne, F. Nicolson and others. The Boston newspapers filled several columns the next morning describing the services and the funeral cortege, estimating that over 2,000 people had gathered to pay final tribute to the departed Chief.

The Highland Dress Association in full uniform led by their pipers playing "The Flowers of the Forest" preceded the hearse, and over 500 members of the Caledonian Club, Scots Charitable Society, Clan Ramsay, Clan McKenzie, Clan Farquharson, Clan McDougall, Clan McGregor and others, followed the remains for over a mile to Roxbury Crossing, where cars were taken to Forest Hills Cemetery. Here the hearse and carriages were met and the procession reformed again to the side of the grave where a brief committal service was held by the Rev. Mr. MacLennan, of whose church

Mr. Williamson had been a member.

Never in my time has the death of any of our fellow countrymen in the City of Boston, struck such a chord of anguish in the hearts of so many, never to my knowledge have we been drawn together by such a common bond of sorrow and sympathy, never have we been able so universally, to be a band of brothers sharing our griefs and our personal loss as over the sudden and awful death of James L. Williamson. He was the best of good fellows and always a good man. No one ever heard a word of profanity from his lips, no one ever heard him say one sentence he could not have spoken in the presence of his wife or his family. No one ever saw him under the influence of liquor. It was my privilege to vouch for him and nominate him for chief of the Caledonian Club, and I know the goodness of his heart, the purity of his life, the loyalty of his motives. He was born in Dundee about 37 years ago, where his father still resides. He had been in America nearly nineteen years and was married twelve years ago, and is survived by his widow and four boys. His last words to me were about the pride he felt in his family. He had a sweet tenor voice and was always in demand and willing to oblige at any gathering, and his oldest boy had sung for the first time, the Sunday before at Trinity Church with the boy choir. Mr. Williamson was in business on Washington street as a watchmaker and jeweler. He joined the Caledonian Club in 1895 was elected 1st. Chieftain in 1908, was elected Chief in 1909 and 1910. During these years he had represented the Club at New York, and at Philadelphia. He was also a member of the Board of Government of the Scots Charitable Society, Clan Ramsay, Highland Dress Association and Burns Memorial Association. The sad circumstances attending the sudden and abrupt end of his earthly career, have effected in an intense and lasting degree the many friends of Mr. Williamson. His widow has been comforted and consoled by the staunch and helpful sympathy extended by Ex-president McGregor, president Pottinger and others.

The regular meeting of Clan Ramsay, O. S. C. Wednesday evening April 13th, was a peculiarly sad and emotional one. There was a large gathering and the regular business went through in a rapid and perfunctory manner. Since their previous meeting two of their members had departed for the unknown, the clan physician, Dr. Reynold J. MacCormack having died suddenly from heart disease, and James L. Williamson being cut down comparatively in his youth. The business was suspended to allow the president and vice-president of the S. C. S. to enter and they were escorted to the platform. Remarks on the death of Mr. Williamson were made by them and Robert E. May, Councilman Ballantyne in a voice which thrilled with emotion and which brought

tears to the eyes of every clansman told of his long acquaintanceship with Dr. McCormack, who with himself was one of the charter members and founders of the clan. The following resolutions were passed by a standing vote.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, the Creator of the Universe, to remove from our midst our well beloved brother, Dr. Reynold J. MacCormack, therefore be it

Resolved, That, we, the officers and members of Clan Ramsay No. 145, Order of Scottish Clans, realizing that in the death of Reynold J. MacCormack the clan has lost a loyal member, and a noble and true hearted friend and comrade. One who by his great beauty of character, and largeness of soul, endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and that the order has lost one of its staunchest members, and be it further

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we cause the charter of our order to be draped for a period of sixty days, and that we extend to the widow and family of our late brother, our deepest sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of our late brother, a copy to be spread upon the records of our clan, and a copy be sent to the Fiery Cross and the New York "Caledonian" Magazine.

J. Gordon Macleod

John Walker P. C.

John M. Martin M. D.

John F. Grant P. C.

Committee on Resolutions.

Ernest R. McLaughlin Chief.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Scots' Charitable Society was held at Fremont Temple Thursday evening April 20th., with President Pottinger in the chair.

Resolutions were read and approved and several touching and feeling eulogies given on the sudden and pathetic deaths of the Society physician Dr. R. J. McCormack and James L. Williamson of the Board of Government. A large number of new members were balloted for and introduced. John E. Daniels, delighted the audience by several songs, and then the meeting settled down to hard and strenuous business. This was the consideration of the amendment to the constitution, presented by Sewall C. Brackett, making it legal for the board to borrow for the charity fund from the permanent fund at any time when necessary, not more than five hundred dollars, such sum having to be paid back before the expiration of the year in which loan was granted. Ex-president Russell and Ex-president Wemyss, fought hard against the amendment, but most of those present, seemed to think that it would legalize a custom which had been in vogue for years, even during

Ex-president Russell's term, borrowing for the charity fund from the permanent fund, and by stipulating the amount and a time limit, it was more than ever, protecting the permanent fund. The amendment was carried by an over-whelming majority. The other amendment that nomination of a committee to select officers be made from the floor, was held over till the July meeting.

President Pottinger and Ex-president McGregor reported on the forthcoming charity ball and from the figures they presented and which were enthusiastically received it appears these two gentlemen have personally raised by advertisements and selling tickets over two thousand dollars alone.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Mr. Editor: I am sorry to announce the death of Mr. George Goodfellow, a distinguished and well known individual in Scottish circles of this city. He was a man of rare intelligence, and an apt and ready speaker at festive and other occasions. He was a great favorite for many years at our literary gatherings as an essayist, the last one, rendered about a year ago, being on "Scotland's Famous Women." He was buried April 6th, representatives of all our Scottish societies being present at his funeral.

The Caledonian Club, on April 6th, held their fifty-second anniversary, the Ladies' Auxilliary being specially invited to attend, which they did in full force. Chief John Paton welcomed them in a few neat and appropriate remarks; then he introduced Colonel A. R. Gunn, who gave an elaborate and eloquent address on the club's history, which was very interesting and instructive. He reviewed the bright years we had spent in our old hall, Second and Pine streets, and its darker days after the venture in our new hall, Thirteenth street and Spring Garden. He said that the cause of our failure to hold that building was through the "swimming Pool" project, which cost six thousand dollars beyond all estimates, and proved a sinking loss to the club from its very conception. But he was glad now to be able to say that through the dark clouds that enveloped us for some years after that, he could now discern the silvery linings and bright be-jewelled skies, and that these jewels were with us to-night in the presence of the Ladies' Auxilliary amongst us, enlightening and cheering with their help, encouraging and strengthening our hope to have a new home again of our own. In the near future, and with their loving care and wise co-operation show us how to maintain and preserve it. After refreshments, songs, recitations and speeches followed, and were enjoyed by all present.

On April 20th, one of the most pleasant and memorable meetings in the history of the Scottish societies in this city, was the consummation of a visit by the members of Clan Cameron. To the invitation extended

by Clan Gordon for a welcome and true hospitality, all records were eclipsed, and fondest reminiscences paled in comparison. As one of the speakers of the evening remarked, it was a glorious epoch in the history of the Scottish Clans. If ever the spirit of fraternal love and good fellowship was near to being a tangible thing, it was on that occasion. The Camerons met at 3,022 North Eighth street, and accompanied by the Caledonian Drum and Pipe Band, all in their kilts, and Camerons in plaid bonnet and feather, marched through some of the principal streets of Kensington to the Gordon Hall, Reese St., and Lehigh avenue, and were preceded and followed by joyous, dancing boys and girls, to the sound of the pibroch, and I noticed at times the very dogs "wi' glee they barkit wi' them," like Burns' famous twa." The whole parade seemed as enchanting as some of "Peter Pan's." Their welcome at the hall was hamely grand, and to write in detail the proceedings of that eventful evening, as to talent in speech and song, it beggared description, or would need the pen of the author of "The Jolly Beggars" to do it fair justice. Dr. R. L. Gray, physician for both clans, in his speech, made proffer of a silver loving cup to be played for by the two clans at the bowls. One of the Gordons suggested that the doctor put an inscription on it right away—"Won by the Gordons." But Thomas Park, Tanist of the Camerons, objected to this, saying, "Whatever men dare, they could do," and the cup in the end would be won by the Camerons. He said also their Grand Deputy Johnson was working hard to have one or more new clans in different localities of the city, very soon, and he hoped all clansmen would turn their attention and work from now forward, and bring the next Convention of the Royal Clan to Philadelphia. This was received by all present with great enthusiasm. After the happy meeting ended, a portion of the clansmen, headed by Piper William Bird, marched out the avenue to the Carnegie Library, where they sang "Auld Lang Syne"; then each took off their several ways. On the same evening was held the last literary of the season. The Rev. Keith Cherry gave a humorous Scottish lecture, which was most entertaining, and very much appreciated by his hearers.

Yours, etc.,
PETER MILLER.

CLAN MAC GREGOR, GREENSBURG, PA.
Mr. Editor:

It may interest your many readers in Pennsylvania to know that Clan MacGregor, of Greensburg, has been given a new lease of life, which they well deserve, for a more hard-working set of officers it would be hard to find anywhere. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the history of Clan MacGregor, I may state that this clan was instituted less than a year ago by Royal Deputy Alex. Blackhall, assisted by Chief Walter Hogg and officers

of Clan Cameron, of Pittsburg, accompanied by the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band, and a goodly number of clansmen from clans Cameron, MacPherson, Robertson, MacDonald and MacKenzie, when Chief Walter Hogg initiated eighteen very likely looking Scotchmen into the mysteries of the O. S. C., and the good fellowship of Scotchmen in general. Well they had to be good, for they had a hard row to hoe, for at that time Greensburg was in the throes of one of the worst labor disputes ever known in the district, and for that brave little band of worthy Scots to stick together and preserve their charter when there were only two or three of them working, shows that they were true men of Scottish blood. And now they are being rewarded for their fidelity. Their labor troubles are over, and at a special meeting held on Saturday evening, April 1st, 1911, they added twelve good men and true to the roll of the clan.

The initiation was performed by Chief William L. Latou and officers of Clan Robertson, of Braddock, Pa. Great credit is due the above officers for the manner in which the initiation was carried through, for to initiate so many at one time is no easy task; but Chief Latou, with the assistance of Chief John Kerr, of Clan MacDonald, of McKeesport, and P. C. James Saunders, of Clan Robertson as marshal of the parade, everything went off lovely, and the pity of it was that there were not as many more to put through, for everyone concerned was just as fresh as paint at the finish.

There was also a fine crowd of clansmen present to witness the ceremonies. Clan Robertson sent about twenty-five, and about a like number from Clan MacDonald, McKeesport. The Caledonian Bagpipe Band of Braddock, was out in full force, and the parade from the station to the hall attracted a great deal of attention, and I have no doubt it will be the cause of bringing a few more of Greensburg's Scotch into the fold of the O. S. C., where all true Scotchmen rightfully belong. After business was over, Clan MacGregor served a fine lunch, to which the ladies and friends were admitted, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a very enjoyable and harmonious manner, with song, story, bagpipe music and dancing. The Caledonian Band rendered some choice pieces, and had to respond to numerous cores.

This is the spirit that ought to predominate in the O. S. C. If one clan has a big or interesting job to perform, let them invite the neighboring clans to come and share with them the honors of the evening, as, for example, Clan Robertson, Braddock, had a visiting delegation of about twenty-five to thirty members from Clan MacDonald, McKeesport, on March 14th. There were three candidates for initiation that night, and Chief Latou asked Chief John Kerr, of the MacDonalds, to perform the ceremony. The invitation was accepted, and the honor highly appreciated, not only by Chief Kerr,

but by all the MacDonalds present, and we had a very enjoyable evening together afterwards, both clans vying with each other as to which could supply the most talent; but I think the Robertsons had a shade on the MacDonalds when it came to the fried oysters, of which our amusement committee had supplied a goodly share.

I don't think I need to touch on the visit to Pittsburg of the Royal Chief, for your correspondent, Brother Sutherland, will no doubt attend to that, and I expect he will also give you all the news about the union picnic to be held in Kennywood Park, on August 4th. But I may say it is a sure sign that summer is on the wing, and will soon be with us, when I tell you that the committee for the above have already held their second meeting, and have now settled down to an honest endeavor to make the picnic of 1911 the most successful in the history of the organization.

Yours fraternally.

T. R. THOMSON,

Swissdale, Pa.

IN THE WINDY CITY.

The Scots of Chicago have many societies—all of which are in a flourishing condition, owing to the energy and enthusiasm of the members. The John O' Groats Association combines with the Orkney and Shetland Society and they celebrate the "Ever Glorious Fourth," by a grand picnic at Elliott's Park. Amongst other organizations may be named The Caledonian Club, The Dunrossness Social Club and The Heather Club.

Success to all Scotch societies in Chicago! May their shadows never grow less!

BOWLING COMPETITION.

The ladies of the New York Caledonians met in the clubhouse on the 10th ult. There was a very large attendance. Mrs. P. F. Gray presided and showed great ability in having several important matters promptly disposed of. The bowling competition resulted in handsome prizes, being won by Miss S. Tasker, Miss E. Winton and Mrs. Alexander McIntosh.

A DELIGHTFUL EVENING.

The members of the New York Gaelic Society met in Caledonian Hall, in the 13th ult. Mr. Donald McDonald, the first secretary of the society, and long a resident of Scotland, received a cordial welcome and congratulations on his return to New York. He gave an interesting address on the system of calculating time that prevailed in Scotland before the present calendar was adopted. Mr. A. Ross rendered several Scotch songs, in a manner that delighted the large audience.

AN EVENING OF UNALLOYED PLEASURE.

The 24th annual concert and ball of Clan Mackenzie, New York, took place on the 7th ult., in the Amsterdam Opera House, West Forty-fourth street. There was a very large attendance, and the gathering was one of the most successful in the annals of the organization.

The concert began with selections from "Guy Mannerling," by the Scottish American orchestra, of which Mr. M. H. Nisbet is the accomplished conductor. Twice the New York Scottish Highlander's Pipe and Drum Band (James Cooper, Pipe-Major) gave a series of selections that were cordially applauded. Miss Mary E. Cairns was heard to great advantage in "Scotland," The Scottish Blue Bells, etc. Miss L. G. Robertson was very successful in "The Auld Hoose," "Robin Adair," etc. The exhibition of Highland and International dancing by the Gordon Fraser troupe was hailed with delight. Mr. Fraser is a host in himself and an admirable instructor. Mr. J. G. Anderson the popular comedian was received with peals of laughter in all his songs. As a mirth producer, he is first rate and never disappoints. Mr. Theodore Martin was as indeed he generally is, the "star," of the evening. He was in excellent "form;" his high culture and rare intelligence were shown in his admirable rendering of "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," "The Battle of Stirling," "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie," etc. Mr. Martin sang, "The Star Spangled Banner," with a patriotic verse that delighted those who appreciate the advantages of living in "The Land of the free and the home of the brave." During the evening, Chief Andrew Wallace gave a short pithy address, in which he highly extolled the benefits of the Order of Scottish Clans' system and urged any young men present, who had not yet become clansmen to do so without delay. The singing of Auld Lang Syne by the artists and audience closed a most delightful entertainment. An exhibition drill and review of the New York Scottish Highlanders, was a treat of no ordinary kind; reflecting the highest credit on that stalwart body of men and their commander, Captain F. G. MacGregor. Dancing followed and was heartily indulged in for several hours.

OF INTEREST TO CURLERS.

The annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Curling Club of this city, was held on the 13th ult. The reports of the officers showed the club is in a very satisfactory condition. Mr. P. C. Anderson of the New Jersey Bowling Green Club was added to the membership. The officers for the current year are: President, Thomas Nicholson; vice-president, Forrest Macnee; secretary-treasurer, Francis Dykes; representative to the Grand National Club, J. F. Conley; representative to the Royal Caledonian Club, Andrew Gillies.



WILLIAM DUNLOP SHARPE.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The annual concert of the Choral Union of the New York Scottish Society, on Monday evening, April 17th, was both a musical and social success. The pleasant rooms of the society were well filled with an enthusiastic audience, consisting of the members and their friends.

The President, Mr. John MacLean, after a few well chosen words of welcome gave the management of the evening's entertainment into the hands of Mr. William D. Sharpe the Director of the Choral Union. The program opened with two songs by the Union, "The Auld Hoose" and "Kate Dalrymple," which were given with a great deal of animation. Mrs. William Ridley sang "My Heather Hills" with much power and feeling. Mr. Tom L. Fisher's solo, "It's Just Like Bein' at Hame," was slightly humorous, and the audience enjoyed it very much. Misses Grizel Henry and Margaret Morrison sang: "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" very sweetly, and Miss Jean Riddell's violin solo was heartily applauded.

The "Selections from the Jolly Beggars" by the Union, were remarkably fine. Miss Margaret Riddell sang "Angus Macdonald" very effectively, and Mr. William Cuthbertson's solo, "The Veteran's Song," was very good. Miss Grizel Henry sang "Bonnie Scotland" with great tenderness, and the program closed with songs by the Union, "Ae Fond Kiss" and "The Auld Scotch Sings."

Although it was a most excellent concert,

and both solos and choruses reflect great credit upon Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Fred Smythe, who is an ideal accompanist, divides the honors with Mr. Sharpe. Refreshments and a lively social time followed.

The New York Scottish Society is one of the most delightful organizations in the city. The majority of the members are successful business men. There is a great deal of literary and musical ability, which fortunately has been well developed.

Mr. William Dunlop Sharpe, who organized the Choral Union four years ago, and has been its efficient conductor, is a native of Stewarton, Ayrshire, but nearly all of his childhood was spent in Glasgow, until he came to this country, at the age of twelve. Soon after his arrival, he began to develop his musical talent as a chorister, and for the last ten years he has been a member of the choir of the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, under the leadership of the famous choirmaster, Mr. Lacey Baker.

His knowledge and love of "The Auld Scotch Sings" is inherited from his mother, who was a very sweet singer.

A PERFECT TRIUMPH.

The annual entertainment and ball of the New York Scottish Highlanders, at Amsterdam Opera House, West Forty-Fourth street, on the evening of the 21st ult., was in all respects a great success, having a surplus of about \$1,000—after paying expenses.

There was a very large attendance—many coming from considerable distances. The members of the Scottish Musical Comedy Company, of Boston, Mass., were specially engaged for the occasion and acquitted themselves most admirably. In "Breaking into Scotch," Sir Duncan Dundee was personated by Mr. Thomas Henderson; Lord Campifax by Mr. John Daniels; Sandy by Mr. James Gilbert, and Sir Duncan's butler by Mr. Couglas Merrill. His Lordship arrives on a visit to Sir Duncan, whose mansion is in the North of Scotland. They had been chums at an English University, and were fast friends. Sandy, Sir Duncan's Highland Gilby, is a clever, harum-scarum fellow, who certainly was not born on a Sunday! His sayings and doings caused continuous peals of hearty laughter. The stimulant (not cold water) provided for the distinguished visitor was not all consumed when he retired to array himself (for the first time in his life) in a handsome Highland dress. The audacious Sandy quickly converted the surplus liquor into a high-ball, which he swallowed with great gusto! His Lordship enjoyed his visit to Scotland immensely, and in Sir Duncan's mansion "all went merry as a marriage bell."

The second play was a sketch suggested by the Burns' poem—"The Cotter's Saturday Night." Mr. Gilbert was John Anderson, a farmer; Miss Hunter, his wife; Miss Wither, his daughter, Jeanie; Mr. Merrill, his son, Jamie; Mr. Henderson, Robert Douglas, a

laird's son and Mr. Daniels, Tammas Cuthbert, a neighbor. Miss Hunter was an ideal farmer's wife. Their daughter and the laird's son were lovers. Jamie was a model son and Tammas Cuthbert kept them all in good humor by his clever sayings. He sang "Kate Dalrymple," with wonderful ability and complete success. Robert Douglas and Jeanie gave a charming rendering of "O, wert thou in the cauld blast." Several of the best Scotch melodies were sung and dancing was enjoyed. The dresses were such as those worn in the time of Burns. "The halesome parritch" was enjoyed by all. The stage scenery represented the kitchen of an Ayrshire farmer, and the collie dogs walking around gave the whole affair a rural realistic touch. At the close, the farmer, with the "big ha' Bible" before him, on the table, spoke earnestly on what constitutes a really good character, which everyone should zealously strive after—honesty, truthfulness, fidelity. Without them life is a failure! During the evening selections by the Pipe and Drum Band were heard with delight and heartily applauded. The exhibition drill and review (Captain P. G. Gregor commanding) was in the highest degree a conspicuous success.

Fully two hundred and fifty couples were in the grand march, headed by Captain Mac Gregor and Miss Mac Gregor. It was long after "twal" when the merry revellers completed the order of dance and set out homeward bound, after many hours of unalloyed enjoyment.

THE COCKBURN CONCERT.

Mr. W. L. Cockburn, as will be seen from our advertising columns, gives his grand concert at the Amsterdam Opera House, New York city, on 18th of May.

While the program will largely consist of Scottish music, English, Irish and American favorites will be rendered. This is a departure which should meet with the approval of Mr. Cockburn's supporters.

All the artists are of the highest rank and special attention is drawn to the fact that Miss Jean Sherburne makes her first appearance in New York city. She is one of the greatest Scottish operatic singers living, and is also one of America's most beautiful women. Mr. Cockburn has more than maintained his great popularity in the United States and Canada, record house being the result wherever he has appeared, and all his supporters are sure to rally round him. We bespeak for him a full house.

STAMFORD, CONN.

Last month large and enthusiastic meetings of Men's Clubs of all denominations were held in the Old Congregational Church. Mr. John M. Brown, the president presided. On the platform were seated the presidents of the various clubs and the ministers of all the churches. Rabbi Wise, of New York, delivered a strong address on civic religion.

DEATH OF A WORTHY SCOT.

Mr. John Davidson, aged seventy-four years, died on the 15th ult., at his home, 754 Salem avenue, Elizabeth, N. J. He was a native of Berwickshire, Scotland, and came to this country with his parents in his tenth year. Mr. Davidson adopted the legal profession, was admitted to the bar in 1859 and practiced with remarkable success in New York city for thirty years. His closing years were spent in Elizabeth, where he was held in high esteem by a wide circle of deeply attached friends.

DEEPLY MOURNED.

The deplorable accident which resulted in the death of Mr. J. L. Williamson, ex-Chief of the Boston Caledonian Club (referred to in another column) is a striking example of the uncertainty of human life. Truly, as the Bible says, "In the midst of life we are in death." Mr. Williamson was greatly beloved by a wide circle of attached friends, who appreciated his nobility of character.

SEVENTY-NINTH VETERANS.

The fiftieth anniversary of the muster of the 79th Regiment (Highlanders) will be celebrated at a banquet on the 13th inst., in the Hotel Brevoort, Eighth street and Fifth avenue. A large attendance is expected. As is inevitable, the number of the veterans is always decreasing and ere many years have elapsed the last of them will have passed away. They did their duty during a national crisis, and their bravery will be held in everlasting remembrance.

The New York Scottish Society held its annual religious service last Sunday afternoon in the Scotch Church, Rev. Dr. David Wylie pastor. The Rev. Dr. MacMullen of the M. E. Church preached the sermon.

The thirty-seventh annual report of Anthony Comstock, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, is just published. It is interesting to notice that among the nationalities enumerated the Scottish people have the smallest number of arrests. The Germans and the Irish head the list among foreign countries. A tabulated statement shows Germans 194, Irish 191, Scots 1.

HISTORICAL SERMON, Ten Years in a Downtown Church. By Rev. James H. Hoadley, D. D., Pastor of Greenwich Presbyterian Church, New York.

"SHEAVES FROM FORTROSE." By Mrs. Annie MacAulay Jamieson, author of "Three Kerry Pearls."

Anyone afflicted with rupture should call on the Banker Truss Company, 47 West Forty-second street, New York, for scientific treatment.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Third Lesson (continued)

Pray to thy Father, which is in secret; or alone with God. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.—Matt. 6:6.

After Jesus had called His first disciples, He gave them their first public teaching in the Sermon on the Mount. He there expounded to them the kingdom of God, its laws and its life. In that kingdom God is not only King, but Father; He not only gives all, but is Himself all. In the knowledge and fellowship of Him alone is its blessedness. Hence it came as a matter of course that the revelation of prayer and the prayer-life was a part of His teaching concerning the New Kingdom He came to set up. Moses gave neither command nor regulation with regard to prayer, even the prophets say little directly of the duty of prayer; it is Christ who teaches to pray.

And the first thing the Lord teaches His disciples is that they must have a secret place for prayer; every one must have some solitary spot where he can be alone with his God. Every teacher must have a school-room. We have learnt to know and accept Jesus as our only teacher in the school of prayer. He has already taught us at Samaria that worship is no longer confined to times and places; that worship, spiritual true worship, is a thing of the spirit and the life; the whole man must in his whole life be worship in spirit and truth. And yet He wants each one to choose for himself the fixed spot where He can daily meet him. That inner chamber, that solitary place, is Jesus' schoolroom. That spot may be anywhere; that spot may change from day to day if we have to change our abode; but that secret place there must be, with the quiet time in which the pupil places himself in the Master's presence, to be by Him prepared to worship the Father. There alone, but there most surely, Jesus comes to us to teach us to pray.

A teacher is always anxious that his schoolroom should be bright and attractive, filled with the light and air of Heaven, a place where pupils long to come and love to stay. In His first words on prayer in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus seeks to set the inner chamber before us in its most attractive light. If we listen carefully, we soon notice what the chief thing is He has to tell us of our tarrying there. Three times He uses the name of Father. "Pray to thy Father"; "Thy Father shall recompense thee"; "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of." The first thing in closet

prayer is: I must meet my Father. The light that shines in the closet must be: the light of the Father's countenance. The fresh air from Heaven with which Jesus would have it filled, the atmosphere in which I am to breathe and pray, is: God's Fatherlove, God's infinite Fatherliness. Thus each thought or petition we breathe out will be simple, hearty, childlike trust in the Father. This is how the Master teaches us to pray: He brings us into the Father's living presence. What we pray there must avail. Let us listen carefully to hear what the Lord has to say to us.

First, "Pray to thy Father which is in secret." God is a God who hides Himself from the carnal eye. As long as in our worship of God we are chiefly occupied with our own thought and exercises, we shall not meet Him who is a Spirit, the unseen One. But to the man who withdraws himself from all that is of the world and man, and prepares to wait upon God alone, the Father will reveal Himself. As he forsakes and gives up and shuts out the world, and the life of the world, and surrenders himself to be led of Christ into the secret of God's presence, the light of the Father's love will rise upon him. The secrecy of the inner chamber and the closed door, the entire separation from all around us, is an image of, and so a help to that inner spiritual sanctuary, the secret of God's tabernacle, within the veil, where our spirit truly comes into contact with the invisible One. And so we are taught, at the very outset of our search after the secret of effectual prayer, to remember that it is in the inner chamber, where we are alone with the Father, that we shall learn to pray aright. The Father is in secret: in these words Jesus teaches us where He is awaiting us, where He is always to be found. Christians often complain that private prayer is not what it should be. They feel weak and sinful, the heart is cold and dark; it is as if they have so little to pray, and in that little no faith or joy. They are discouraged and kept from prayer by the thought that they cannot come to the Father as they ought or as they wish. Child of God! Listen to your Teacher. He tells you that when you go to private prayer your first thought must be: The Father is in secret, the Father waits me there. Just because your heart is cold and prayerless, get you into the presence of the loving Father. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth you. Do not be thinking of how little you have to bring God, but of how much He wants to give you. Just place

yourself before, and look up into His face; think of His love, His wonderful, tender, pitying love. Just tell Him how sinful, and cold and dark all is: it is the Father's loving heart will give light and warmth to yours. O, do what Jesus says: Just shut the door, and pray to thy Father which is in secret. Is it not wonderful, to be able to go alone with God, the infidel God? And then to look up and say: My Father!

"And thy Father which seeth in secret, will recompense thee." Here Jesus assures us that secret prayer cannot be fruitless; its blessing will show itself in our life. We have but in secret, alone with God, to entrust our life before men to him; He will reward us openly; He will see to it that the answer to prayer be made manifest in His blessing upon us. Our Lord would thus teach us that as infinite Fatherliness and Faithfulness is that with which God meets us in secret, so on our part there should be the childlike simplicity of faith, the confidence that our prayer does bring down a blessing. "He that cometh to God must believe that *He is a rewarder* of them that seek Him." Not on the strong or the fervent feeling with which I pray does the blessing of the closet depend, but upon the love and the power of the Father to whom I there entrust my needs. And therefore the Master has but one desire: Remember your Father is, and sees and hears in secret; go there and stay there, and go again from there in the confidence: He will recompense. Trust Him for it; depend upon Him; prayer to the Father can not be vain; He will reward you openly.

Still further to confirm this faith in the Father-love of God, Christ speaks a third word: "*Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.*" At first sight it might appear as though this thought made prayer less needful: God knows far better than we what we need. But as we get a deeper insight into what prayer really is, this truth will help much to strengthen our faith. It will teach us that we do not need, as the heathen, with the multitude and urgency of our words, to compel an unwilling God to listen to us. It will lead to a holy thoughtfulness and silence in prayer as it suggests the question: Does my Father really know that I need this? It will, when once we have been led by the Spirit to the certainty that our request is indeed something that, according to the Word, we do need for God's glory, give us wonderful confidence to say, My Father knows I need it and must have it. And if there be any delay in the answer, it will teach us in quiet perseverance to hold on: *Father! Thou knowest I need it.* Oh, the blessed liberty and simplicity of a child that Christ our Teacher would fain cultivate in us, as we draw near to God let us look up to the Father until His Spirit works it in us. Let us sometimes in our prayers, when we are in danger of being so occupied with our fervent, urgent petitions, as to for-

get that the Father knows and hears, let us hold still and just quietly say: My Father sees, my Father hears, my Father knows; it will help our faith to take the answer, and to say: We know that we have the petitions we have asked of Him.

And now, all ye who have anew entered the school of Christ to be taught to pray, take these lessons, practise them, and trust Him to perfect you in them. Dwell much in the inner chamber, with the door shut—shut in from men, shut up with God; it is there the Father waits you; it is there Jesus will teach you to pray. To be alone in secret with the Father: this be your highest joy. To be assured that the Father will openly reward the secret prayer, so that it cannot remain unblest; this be your strength day by day. And to know that the Father knows that you need what you ask: this be your liberty to bring every need, in the assurance that your God will supply it according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Saviour! With my whole heart I do bless Thee for the appointment of the inner chamber, as the school where Thou meetest each of Thy pupils alone, and revealest to him the Father. Oh, my Lord! strengthen my faith so in the Father's tender love and kindness, that as often as I feel sinful or troubled, the first instinctive thought may be to go where I know the Father waits me, and where prayer never can go unblest. Let the thought that He knows my need before I ask, bring me, in great restfulness of faith, to trust that He will give what His child requires. O let the place of secret prayer become to me the most beloved spot of earth.

And, Lord! hear me as I pray that Thou wouldest everywhere bless the closets of Thy believing people. Let Thy wonderful revelation of a Father's tenderness free all young Christians from every thought of secret prayer as a duty or burden, and lead them to regard it as the highest privilege of their life, a joy and a blessing. Bring back all who are discouraged, because they cannot find ought to bring Thee in prayer. O, give them to understand that they have only to come with their emptiness to Him who has all to give, and delights to do it. Not, what they have to bring the Father, but what the Father waits to give them, be their one thought.

And bless especially the inner chamber of all Thy servants who are working for Thee, as the place where God's truth and God's grace is revealed to them, where they are daily anointed with fresh oil, where their strength is renewed, and the blessings are received in faith, with which they are to bless their fellow-men. Lord, draw us all in to the closet nearer to Thyself and the Father. Amen.

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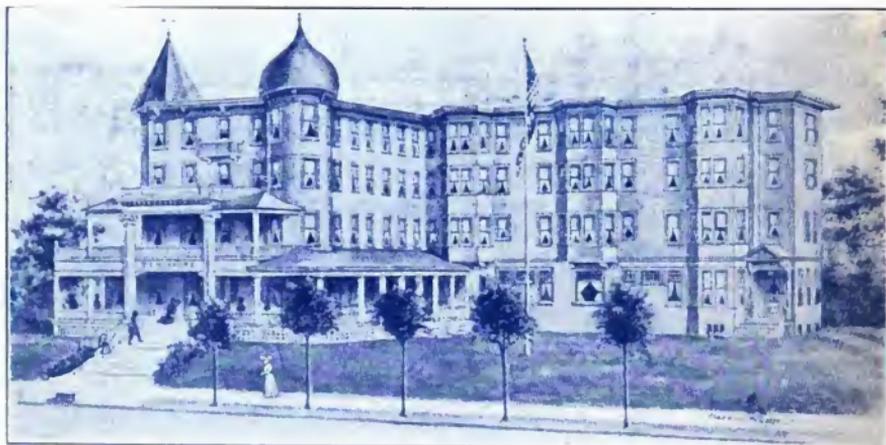


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QUEEN MARY.

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE V.

On June 22nd the coronation of the "Sailor King," "His most excellent Majesty George the Fifth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the sea, defender of the faith, Emperor of India," will be witnessed by a vast assembly of royalty and representatives from all the nations of the world.

King George is now forty-five years of age, and he is winning the respect and love of his people so rapidly, that he is destined to be one of the most popular monarchs the world has ever known. Queen Mary is also greatly beloved by the people; she is the oldest daughter of the late Duke of York, and was born May 26th, 1867. The King and Queen have six children, five sons and a daughter; the young Prince of Wales will be seventeen on the day of his father's coronation.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEMORIAL.

The unveiling of Queen Victoria's memorial, on May 16th, brought together a cohort of kings, queens, princes and princesses, descendants of the great queen. Her two grandsons King George V., and Kaiser William, the two greatest monarchs of the world, were dressed alike in the full uniform of the British field marshal, and headed the royal procession. Queen Mary, the German Empress and her daughter, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, walked together, and other royal persons followed according to rank.

After the dedication service, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, King George touched the button that released the curtain, while guns fired salutes, and the national anthem was sung. The royal regiment having Queen Victoria's name, and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders in kilts and bonnets excited much interest.

When all had taken their places on the raised dais Lord Esher presented to the King an address from the committee that has had charge of the erection of the Memorial. In his reply the King lamented the death of his father, who had been greatly interested in the monument; ex-

pressed satisfaction over the presence of His Imperial Majesty Emperor William, who was the oldest grandson of Queen Victoria, and praised the memory of England's woman sovereign, ending with the words, "No Queen was ever loved so well."

Scottish Historical Exhibition.

A MAIST AUSPEECIOUS OCCASION,
Or Baillie Piecrust On the Opening of the
Glasgow Exhibition.

BY J. G.

"Dear-a-dear, whit weather it's been—a fair delooge!" observed Mrs. Piecrust sympathetically when her Goodman came home from the Opening Ceremony.

"Awa' wi' ye, wumman!" cried the Baillie, whose more than usually rubicund and jovial countenance evidenced the fact that he was highly pleased with himself and with the world in general. "Awa' wi' ye! I dae believe it was ratin' champagne."

The younger generation of Piecrusts sent up a chorus of mirth at this rare joke from the lips of their revered parent.

"Here, Jake," continued the Baillie addressing his eldest, "here's a cigaur to ye. Sit at the windy, man, an' let folk see ye smokin' it. That's richt. I'll wager it's a guid yin, for we dinna dale in the chape article." (By "we" was meant that honorable and intelligent body, the Town Council.)

"Ye'll be wantin' a wee drap tea, Jems?"

"Tea! Did ye say tea, wumman?" cried Baillie, apparently flabbergasted at the bare idea. "Tea efter haein' naething a' day but champagne, an' likures, an' shartroose, an' benedictent, an' dear knows whit a'. Na, na, guidwife a' widna pit the guid taste oot o' ma mouth. See's ower my overcoat."

He dived his hands into his overcoat pocket and drew forth another expensive cigar, and, when he had succeeded, after a protracted effort, in getting it alight, sat down and spread out his chubby legs in front of the fire, and puffed for some time in silence, the picture of heavenly content.

"Ay," he observed at length, "it's been a maist auspeecious occasion. It's been a great day for Glesca. . . . Jake, ma lad, A hae gi'en ye a guid education, an' ye should ken a' about the great poets. Whit's that Burns says aboot—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native toon—"

"It wisna Burns, faither, it wis Scott; an' it wis 'land,' no 'toon!'"

"Weel, weel, Scott wisna a Glesca man, or he would a said 'toon.' A understaun' he had the misfortune to be brocht up in Edinburgh. Onywey, whit A wis gaun tae say is that ony citizen that wis at that ceremony the day, an' didna feel fell prood o' his toon, that even Royalty delights tae honour, deserves, as Burns says—beg pardon, Jake, I meant Scott—to be—

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unhung!"

"Whit are ye nicherin' at, ye wee monkeys?" addressing the two youngest Piecrusts.

"It should be 'unsung,' faither," lisped one of them.

"Weel, did A no' say 'unsung'?" testily asked the Baillie.

"My!" he went on ruminatingly, "A'll never forget that lunch in the City Chambers. My, it wis extra. An' there wis me, sittin' chaffin' wi' His Royal Highness quite joco. An' though A say it masel', His Royal Highness was duly impressed wi' ma conversational charms. Och, we had a great crack thegither. 'Dis it aye rain in Glesca?' says he. 'Na, yaur lordship,' says I; 'whiles it snaws.' It wis a new yin tae him, an' he lauched heartily. 'Baillie, ye're a rale comlc,' says he. 'A get the name for it, it's true,' says I, 'it's a kin' o' a gift.' 'Jist that,' says he. 'Och, we got on famously thegither; in fact we got on like a hoose on fire.

"But, ah! weans, the proodest moment o' the day for me wis when me and ma brither magistrates arrived at the Concert Hall o' the Exhibition. The folk wis a' assembled, an' we walked up the centre o' the Hall wi' a' the gracious dignity o' Roman senators comin' tae bury Caesar. A heard a young wumman splerin' at her companion as we passed, 'Wha'll they be, Geordie? Wull they be the Lords-in-Waiting?' 'Lords-in-Waiting!' says he; 'them's nane o' your Lords-in-Waiting, Jeanie; them's the Maist Honourable the Magistrates o' the city o' Glesca.'

"Efter that," the Baillie went on, "after that we went up bye tae the Gardien Club, and had a drap o' something tae fortify the inner man. Then the sun cam' oot, and we took a dauner on tae the balcony and watch-

ed the ratepayers that had come tae hae a gleeek at the heid yins. It's graun' tae watch the ratepayers enjoyin' thei'rsel's—especial-ly after a guid tuck in—an' yin that the ratepayers hae paid for. Ay, weans, we felt the peace that comes tae men wha hae done a guid day's wark. A' wis well w' us; the Exhibition wis successfully opened, the people wis highly delighted w' it, the sun wis shinin', the baun wis playin', we had a' had the best o' meat and drink—an' November wis faur, faur awa'."

"Faither!"

"Weel, ma son."

"Dae ye no' think the Territorial chaps had a hard time o' it staunin' a' day in the rain?"

"Weel, it wisna owre pleasant for them, nae doot. But due proveeson was made for them, I understan'."

"Wid they get a bottle o' beer like faith-er?"

The Bailie regarded his son and heir for some moments in silent surprise.

"My son," said he at length, assuming his best magisterial English, "my son, I sincerely trust no such attempt was made to corrupt the morals of these young men, and I am extremely pained to hear a son of mine utter such a suggestion."

This wise rebuke had a due effect on Jake, who proceeded to blush and look as humble as possible. The worthy Bailie, however, soon recovered his good humour, the cloud of seriousness temporarily occasioned by the thoughtless remark of his offspring giving place once more to his customary complaisance.

"There wid be some awfu' sweels at the ceremony the day?" ventured Jake again.

"Swells!" answered his august parent, "swells is the word, Jake, ma lad. Huh! I dinna suppose there wis sic a thing as whit ye micht ca' an ordinary five-eight individual in the hale assemblage. Every yin wis either a Bailie or a Bailie's wife, or a Con- venger o' a Committee, or a Gentleman o' the Press, or something gey near as notable; an' as for the folk on the Royal platform, I'll wager there wis, roughly speaking, a peerage a-piece. As Rabble says—

"Scotland had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The light shone o'er fair women and
brave men."

By this time Jake was too well humbled to dispute with his father either the source or the accuracy of his quotations, and the Bailie glanced around smirkingly, imagining he had struck it all right this time. He was about to proceed with his glowing descriptions when—

"Jeams, is it no' time ye had yer toddy?"

"Ay, wumman," was the prompt reply, and the sederunt was adjourned.—The Scots Pictorial, May 13, 1911.

"The Scots' Pictorial" of May 6th, and 13th, has fine portraits of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and the Duchess of Connaught,

who opened the Scottish Historical Exhibition on Wednesday, May 8d, 1911; also of the Casket, with the Burgess Ticket, on the occasion of His Royal Highness receiving the freedom of the City of Glasgow.

The May 13th issue has beautiful pictures of the Marquis of Tullibardine, Honorary President; of Hon. A. MacInnes, Lord Provost of Glasgow, Honorary Chairman, and of the Chairman of the Exhibition, Andrew H. Pettigrew, Esq., as well as the cuts of the Patrons and Ladies' Committee, and views of the exhibition.

It is an exceptionally fine number.

TAFT TO CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Message of Peace With Reassurance to Canada Given by Dr. MacDonald.

Edinburgh, May 25.—The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Toronto, Canada, addressing the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, said that recently, when he was a guest of President Taft at Washington, he asked the latter if there was anything he might tell the General Assembly. President Taft replied:

"Say to the members of the General Assembly, and through them to the people of Scotland that no desire of my life is more sincere or more resolute than that the two great sections of the English speaking race shall join in a treaty of unlimited arbitration, which will make war forever impossible. No question, neither of national honor or national interest, can, in my deliberate opinion, ever arise between the mother country and the United States, which may not with dignity and in practice be left to independent judicial arbitration, and not war. Say, too, that it is our sincere desire that Canada shall continue to prosper, flying the British flag, and sharing with the United States the responsibility for North American civilization.

"It is my confident hope that the proposed treaty will prepare the way for wider peaceful relations between all nations, and bring within sight the days foretold by the prophets when 'nation shall not lift the sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more.'—'Sun.'"

London, May 26.—Ireland has a population of 4,081,951, according to the census returns made public to-day. This is a decrease of 76,824 since the last census was taken ten years ago.

Glace Bay, C. B., May 26.—One hour by wireless from Glace Bay, C. B., to Dakar, on the coast of French Western Africa, is the astonishing feat that has just been accomplished at the Glace Bay wireless station.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The next issue of THE CALEDONIAN will be the Mid-summer Number for July and August, and will be mailed early in July.

A Highland Tradition.

BY JOHN MAC KAY WILSON.

On the summit of a bluff headland that projects into the Sound of Skye, there stands the grey ruins of an ancient castle which was once the residence of a Highland chieftain of the name of M'Morrough—a man of fierce nature and desperate courage, but not without some traits of a generous disposition. When about middle age, M'Morrough married the daughter of a neighboring chief—a lady of much sweetness of manner and gentleness of nature. On the part of the former, however this connection was one in which love had little share; its chief purpose would have been attained by the birth of a male heir to the name and property of the feudal chieftain; and this was an event to which he looked anxiously forward.

When the accouchment of his lady arrived, M'Morrough retired to an upper apartment of the castle to await the result—having desired a trusty domestic to bring him instant intelligence when the child was born, whether it was a male or a female. The interval he employed in walking up and down the chamber in a fever of impatience. At length the door of the apartment opened, and Innes M'Phail entered. The chieftain turned quickly and fiercely round, glanced at the countenance of his messenger, and there read the disappointment of his hopes without a word being uttered.

"It is even so, then," roared out the infuriated chieftain. "It is a girl, Innes, a girl. My curses on her!"

"Say, girls, M'Morrough," said Innes, despondingly. "There are twins."

"And both girls—both!" exclaimed the former, stamping the floor in the violence of his passion. "To the battlements with them, Innes! to the battlements with them instantly, and toss them over into the sea! Let the waves of Loch Sonoran rock them to sleep, and the winds that rush against Inch Caillach sing their lullaby. Let it be done—done instantly, Innes, as you value your own life; and I will witness the fidelity with which you serve me from this window. I will, with my own eyes, see the deed done. Go—go—quick—quick!"

Innes, who had been previously aware that such would be the fate of a female

child, if such should unfortunately be born to his ruthless chief, and who had promised to be the instrument of that fate, now left the apartment to execute the atrocious deed. In less than ten minutes after, Innes M'Phail appeared on the battlements, carrying a child, swaddled in its first apparel, and raising it aloft, tossed it over to perish in the raging sea blow. The little arms of the infant extended as it fell, but the sight was momentary. It glanced white through the air like an ocean bird, and, in an instant after, disappeared in the dark waters of Loch Sonoran. The murderer followed with his eye the descent of his little victim till the sea closed over it, when, returning to the basket, he took from it another child, and disposed of it as he had done the first.

During the whole of this dreadful exhibition, M'Morrough was standing at a window several yards lower down than the battlements, but so situated in an angle of the building that he could distinctly see what passed on the former. Satisfied that his atrocious decree had been fully executed, he withdrew from the window; and, avoiding an interview with his wife, whom—stern and ruthless as he was—he dreaded to meet with the murder of her infants on his head, he left the castle on a hunting expedition, from which he did not return for three days. On his return, M'Morrough would have waited on his lady, whom he hoped now to find in some measure reconciled to her bereavement, but was told that she would see no one; that she had caused a small apartment at the top of the castle to be hung with black; and that, immuring herself in this dismal chamber she spent both her nights and days in weeping and lamentation. On learning this, M'Morrough did not press his visit, but left it to time to heal, or, at least, soothe the grief of his unhappy wife. In the expectation which had formed from the silent but powerful operation of this infallible anodyne, M'Morrough was not mistaken. In about a month after the murder of her babes, the lady of M'Morrough deeply veiled, and betraying every symptom of a profound but subdued grief, presented herself at the morning meal

which was spread for her husband. It was the first time they had met since the occurrence of the tragical event recorded above. To that event, however, neither made even the slightest allusion; and whether it was that time had weakened the impression of her late misfortune, or that she dreaded rousing the enmity of her husband towards herself by a longer estrangement, the lady of M'Morrrough showed no violent disinclination to accept of the courtesies which, well-pleased with her having made her appearance of her own accord, he seemed anxious to press upon her. A footing of companionship having thus been restored between the chieftain and his lady, matters from this day, went on at Castle Tulim much as they had done before, only that the latter long continued to wear a countenance expressive of a deeply wounded, but resigned spirit. Even this, however, gradually gave way beneath the influence of time; and, when seventeen years had passed away, as they now did, unmarked by the occurrence, at Castle Tulim, of any event of the smallest importance, the lady of M'Morrrough had long been in the possession of her wonted cheerfulness.

It was about the end of this period, that the haughty chieftain, now some what subdued by age, and no longer under the evil influence of those ungovernable passions that had run riot with him in his more

vigorous years, was invited, along with his lady, to a great entertainment which was about to be given by his father-in-law. M'Morrrough and his lady proceeded to the castle of their relative. The banquet hall was lighted up; it was hung with banners, crowded with gay assemblage, and filled with music. There were many fair faces in that assemblage, but the fairest of all, were those of two sisters, who sat apart by themselves. The beauty of countenance and elegance of form of these two girls, who seemed to be both about the same age—seventeen—were surpassing. M'Morrrough marked them; he watched them during the dance; he could not keep his eyes off them. At length, turning to his lady, he asked, who they were.

"They are your daughters, M'Morrrough," replied the former.

A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of the chief. He shook in every limb, and would have sunk on the floor had he not been supported. On recovering a little, he covered his face with his hands, burst into a flood of tears, and rushed out of the apartment. On gaining a retired and unoccupied chamber, M'Morrrough sent for his daughters. When they came, they found him on his knees, fervently thanking God for this signal instance of his mercy and beneficence. He took his daughters in his arms, blessed them a thousand times over, buried his head between them, and wept like a child.

Horace Greeley: A Personal Impression

BY HIS SURVIVING DAUGHTER.

In view of the recent celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley, we take pleasure of publishing the following interesting personal impression of him by his daughter Miss Gabrielle Greeley (Mrs. F. M. Clendennin), which appeared in the March issue of the Magazine of American History:

Friday evening was always the brightest and happiest of the whole week at Chappaqua, for that was sure to bring my dear father home. The whole house was alive with happy preparation. The very pine trees point-

tiny little fingers down the wild, woody road to show the way he was coming. How eagerly I remember watching a certain little pink gingham frock being ironed in which I was to go and meet him. I used to sit between two patriarchal oak trees till in the distance the familiar figure was seen, slightly bent forward, his arms loaded with good things, entering the gate; and then I would fly to meet him. How my little arm used to crook itself up and take as much of his load as it could, and how somehow the burden was always lifted just a little high-

er, so my help was only an empty form. We used often on these walks to talk of a wonderful pony he was looking for and which arrived, sleek and round, and mischievous, one birthday morning.

The first thing when we reached the house was to seek mother's room where the dear inmate for years struggled with a terrible cough. From there, carried in triumph on his back I would ride down to dinner. After dinner, sitting around the table, he would call for Dana's book of poetry and read to us many of his favorites. I look now at the familiar lines and smile to think how incomprehensible they must have been to my childish mind, and yet I loved the reading and thought like the wise men of today, I "knew it all." I used frequently to pipe up at those happy times, "Papa, please tell us a "nanydote." One of the anecdotes still remains in my mind, of a certain sea captain who travelling for his company used to bring in very long bills. One of the charges they especially objected to was three pounds for "a cocked hat" to be worn on a visit to an Indian prince. The next time the accounts were more wisely itemized, and they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied. "Ah," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "the cocked hat's there, but you don't see it."

At one of the home gatherings some one, fearing I was being petted too much, said: "Mr. Greeley, don't flatter the child."

"But," I answered in his defense. "Pussy just loves flatty," and if gentleness and a great loving heart injures anyone he would have given me some excuse for being spoiled."

I remember one incident of his indulgence. One day he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. My covetous little heart proceeded to set itself upon that canine effigy. In vain papa offered me a whole dog, but I pleaded that no other head in the world would be like that head, and the result was he sawed it off and went back in town with a handleless umbrella.

I cannot recall my father speaking a single harsh or unkind word to either my dear sister or myself, but I recall to-day an occasion in which I longed to give myself a good shaking. Papa was engrossed in his paper, and no word or inquiry of mine could rouse him. So, to get his attention at any price, I began tearing away little bits of his newspaper. I must have reached at length the article he was reading, for gently rising, he lifted me by my arms (for my legs I made instantly limp) and so deposited me outside his locked door without a word. Howls of indignation from me brought anxious inquiries from a relative, but he made no explanation; neither did I. My humiliation was too great at being ignored.

The faces of people are children's books, from which they read searchingly. Scanning

earnestly his dear face, so full of the sunshine of purity, so bright with humor and wisdom, a deep impression, never to be effaced, was made upon me at the terrible sorrow I saw written there when he came home and told of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Never again did I see that look till the one he loved to call "Mother" passed away. Then it settled down with a grief from which he never roused himself. I never could trace any signs of disappointment at the presidential campaign going against him, but rather a quiet and humorous philosophy. I think his main regret would have been for those faithful friends who had followed a lost cause. The Saturday before mother's death he walked with me to Saint Mary's School where he had placed me a few days before. Little did I think as he left me at the door, we should meet on Monday at the side of that dear mother from whose face death had smothered the cares and sufferings of years. From that time he could not sleep, and he seemed not to care to eat. The mainspring of his home had broken. The one who, though sick unto death for years, had been such a force and strength at home, holding up the noblest and highest examples to her children, teaching us that truth must be followed at any cost, yet reaching down in womanly tenderness to the smallest animal, or going out in the snow, though sick herself, to protect some poor drunken man whom the boys were pelting, telling me never to laugh at such a one, for they were suffering from a terrible disease; yes, the look he had worn when Lincoln was killed came back to stay. The heart that could love and work for others could break when the highly-strung chords were strained too far. I have had to listen to long explanations about his disappointed ambition. To die or live for the good of his laboring brothers and sisters was the only ambition I could ever discover in that great loving heart. He had no tears to shed at his wife's funeral. But as he turned away from the simple plot at Greenwood, he said: "That vault will be opened for me in less than a month." And it was not the first of his prophesies to be sadly fulfilled.

"He died at the very outset of his greatest effort of reform. Had he been spared, but a few years longer, his services to his country would have placed him side by side with Washington and Lincoln."—*C. Haines.*

"The fame of Horace Greeley rests enduringly on the great work he did as editor of the New York Tribune in calling the Republican party into being and endowing it with issues of vital power and popular appeal, in giving the anti-slavery cause practical direction, arguments and moral and physical momentum."—*New York Mail.*

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

Continued Chapter V.

"Lud, what insight!" sneered the other. But his smile was feeble now.

"And then came my turn?" said Fraser, watching narrowly the effect of his guessing. "'Twas I was the next tool? * * * Oh, monstrous! Oh, unclean!"

As Cattanach beheld the surgeon's passion, his smile grew feebler still, until it faded wholly on white lips. There came a furtive glance to his prominent blue eyes; and his pallid features bore a look of mingled vanity and distress; vanity in the shrewdness which had pressed these men into his plotting's service; distress that this weakness had made him so glib of tongue. But his discomfiture was only momentary, for he shuddered daintily at his rude surroundings, and gathering his knees in a hug at once affectionate and forgiving, was soon at ease with himself again—with the old, gay, insouciant self.

Fraser turned his glance from the plotter to the plotter's dupe, and the hard lines of the face softened in pity as he looked down on the prone figure in the bows. The contrast of the two appalled. There were grey hairs and a story of passion; here was youth itself, and yet how old in serpent wisdom. He flushed angrily. Flame and blackness of the pit had been around his last days in green Tیره and the flight thence; yet these, the chief actors in the tragedy, seemed dead to the terror and pity of it all. Oh, fool!—he said inwardly—fool! to have tied himself to creatures of such spirit! He had hoped to touch the heroic among the primitives of the isles; but now came disillusion complete, and already he wished himself back on the cobbles of Cheapside, where his father had both home and business-house. * * * Home—the old folks and the little sister! * * * the little sister a-dance on the stairs between the ancient parlor and the quarters where the clerks sat quill-scratching among bales of taffeta and paduasoy. * * *

Cattanach's voice broke rudely in on his thoughts.

"A dream, monsieur? You'll have us

on the rocks once more. Let me have the helm, sir."

They had, indeed, again run close to Aros shore; and Fraser saw that with this wind and tide they could not make the mainland of Lorne ere evening fell. Should they anchor for the night or hold on? Even as he hesitated Cattanach's hand, reaching for the tiller, came in contact with his, and he shuddered and drew off as though a leper had touched him.

The movement said more than many words, for wrath suppressed turned the spy's cheek, pale though it was, to the death-white. Then the surgeon spoke, staring the while at the light of hate newly sprung to life in the basilisk eyes, and his utterance seconded his action.

"Ugh!" he said. "Keep off!"

The words were scarcely said, the movement hardly made, when Cattanach in a passion of rage threw himself towards the helm. But Fraser, with outstretched arm met the attack so suddenly as to fling him off to leeward, so that he fell back into the well of the cutter where for a space he lay helpless, looking dazedly at the unmoved steersman swinging with the swell high above him. For a space only, though, for a quick launching of his foot towards the tiller, did what his hand had failed of doing, and wrenched the bar from the other's grasp. It jammed among smashed timbers in the cutter's side. The boat jibed at once. On the very instant a squall from Glenaros burst on them, and a faulty grommet gave way; then, the boom swinging free, cracked in two over the lee-runners, while the sea hissed white with repeated gusts. MacLean, suddenly awake, scrambled to the throat-halyards; Cattanach took the peak-lines; the surgeon tore the tiller free and threw his craft up in the wind. But before the others could loosen and lower, another gowff of icy air fell on them. The boat heeled in broken fashion; some of the lines ran suddenly, so that the gaff's throat jammed; and the boom swaying errantly, struck all save the helmsman to leaping waters.

Fraser stooped to throw an oar to them, and them, as he recovered himself, beheld the flood lipping the gunwale, and very sure and insistent, pour slowly in upon him.

He sprang clear of the sail, and was gripped by ice-cold water that now held nothing of the craft that might sustain him. Yonder, something like a seal's head bobbed obscurely as the sleet-shower parted for a moment; one of his fellow-voyagers he surmised. Then the saltspray passed his lips; and his breast came nigh to bursting—he was sinking, sinking, unplumbed tides thundering in his ears. But he rose again, and struck out for the vague mountain-mass in front. And so swimming, the sound of rushing waters gave place to a music, faint and delicate, and gracious airs of summer played around him; and he seemed to fall peacefully asleep.

Chapter VI.

THE LAIRD'S STUDY.

The house of Aros was an oblong block of building, which with some tiny offices and a walled garden flanking it, stared north-west up the Sound from a multitude of little windows in a harled facade that was bare and grey despite the porch's massed ivy. On all sides save seawards the pines stood close, tossing tops black and roaring in the sleet from the Kyle; while between the mansion and the straggle of township set near the shore, a river drummed in spate.

The laird's study was on the ground-floor, and a gap had been cut in the hedge opposite its windows, so that one saw over the stream and the hamlet roofs to the Sound clipt in by the Morvern and Ardnamurchan hills.

There were three people in this chamber, who looked out with varied emotions on the tempest; and so absorbed did all seem in the world external, that it might be thought there was some fascination for them in the beauty of drifted showers that were like smoke for fineness, or in the white wonder of the spindrift whirling most arbitrarily around a single brown sail thrashing down on Aros. But each was busy with other thoughts than those that came with the wind and rain.

The man with the silver hair who turned from the far casement, and crossed the

great room to sit in the ingle-neuk, one elbow on the knee-flap of his muddy riding-boot, beheld in the fire's red heart naught but a woman's face, so like to that of the girl in the window-seat yonder. "Her mother's eyes; her mother's smile," his sad heart said unceasingly.

Close by the lady stood a youth in kilt and plaid, who looked out into the winter gloaming, and saw nothing there but a great radiance and in the midst a happy bridal; for him, in truth, the wind's shrill pibroch was only a wedding-rant. Out from the mist and the gathering dusk, O miracle! beamed the face of the girl by his side.

And she—? Neither joy nor sadness possessed her quite, rather a rush of angry thoughts: her brother: and his Prince in hiding in strange lands, even such hiding as this poor exile by the fire—her father's muddled estate-books—the last soumings of the tacksman the improved prices of black cattle—the continued emigrations of her country-men to the Americas: a medley of poetry and prose all this, but never a thought for the suitor by her side. So forgetful, indeed, of his presence had she become, that when he spoke she started visibly.

"And what keeps Aros, cousin Morag?" he asked in tones so low as to leave himself unheard by the man in the distant ingle.

"His journey was to Corrie to-day, but he should be back ere this," she answered. "He went to reason with the bouman there, who speaks of a flitting to Georgia, no less." She folded her arms tightly as she spoke, tugging back her tartan screen from her shoulders in a movement of irritation.

"No less, you may well say," said the young man in surprise. "It will not be hereabouts, surely, that the rents are rising?"

"And how should they rise, cousin, when we have not a tacksman but is Highland, and among them never a Campbell?" said the girl bitterly. She flashed out a smile the next instant, however, and after knocking absently on the pane with her fingers for a little, turned an arch look on him and said, "Its a Lochaber lass who is going away with her people, and the

Corrie bouman must be following her, amadan that he is."

"Lochaber, of course," said the chieftain. "And its all one story there since the Red Fox was killed, though its years ago: indeed, what can the poor folk do but leave? And as for following his heart, Morag MacLean, it is not me that will be blaming him, let me tell you." He glowed virtuously as he spoke, and the girl tossed her fair side-curls and smiled again.

But presently she fell moody, and picked up a month-old copy of a Scots Magazine.

"Read that," she said, pointing to a page. "There's a text for a sermon, cousin Kenneth."

He took the journal, and scanned the passage underbreath, the girl's foot tapping emphasis to his slow and lifeless rendering of the passage.

"Fort William, September 4th," it ran. "Yesterday sailed the 'Jupiter' from Dunstaffnage Bay, with about two hundred emigrants on board for North Carolina, from Appin in North Argyleshire. Though formerly among the first to take up arms against the reigning House, they now declare their readiness to support government, in case they find it necessary, on their arrival in America. They allege, in justification of their emigrating in these troublesome times, that it is better to confront an enemy in the wildest desert in that country, than to live to be beggars in their native land; that the oppressions of their landlords are such, that none but the timid will bear with them, while an asylum can be had in these wild, but happy regions of America, for those who have a spirit to seek for it. Many of them are among the best in circumstances in this neighborhood; one of them went away with his seven sons. In short, the uncharitable exactions of the proprietors of lands will soon banish the old inhabitants, and depopulate this poor, but once happy country, which, as Ulysses says of Ithaca, is 'A barren clime, but breeds a generous race.'"

"Yes," said Morag, her color high, her eyes on the storm-swept Kyle: "A generous race. But * * * a barren clime? Ah! Eilean Aros, Eilean Aros, is it so they would miscall you: bens and glens

and green silent places that my heart knows best? Never a blue shining sea-loch, never a dark lake of it all, Pennyfuaran, never a swirl of Lussa or Forsa, but the fish will leap to give it the lie. Your birds thick in the waving birches, your deer throng on the misty corrie; it is not you they will be meaning, *Mo chridhe*. (my dear). And happy folk, Eilean Aros; is it that they can leave you, *eilean aghmhor*, *eilean Dhia* (happy Isle, Isle of God)?"

"Now here is one would leave to-morrow," said the young man warmly, "if the girl were a lass he kens, no Lochaber about her, but just plain Aros Isle."

"La, what happiness for the lass, sir, if she but cared for the man," said Morag, and again there came a rogue's smile to her lips.

"And there is just the trouble, cousin—"

"Listen," she interrupted—"Listen, and I'll tell you what I'd wish, if I were the maid from Benderloch." Her eyes sparkled; her color came and went a little; but she had surely missed the serious airs of the chieftain, or ever she lightlied him as she did. "I had rather an old man with white hairs—a man who had seen Gledsmuir and Culloden, and a weary sight of days in caves and heather; I had rather it was Drumfin there that sighed his heart out on the quay at our sailing then the handsomest youth in all Keith's Highlanders. And for why, Mr. Hanover—for why? Ah! but that's what I'll never tell to mortal, as long as white roses are as little worn as at present they seem to be, sir."

"Your returned exile then would have the advantage of his grey hairs, cousin," said Pennyfuaran; "I was but aged ten in the 'Fortyfive' and could have ill told a dirk from a cruise. But I'm thinking for some of us folk, Warburg Fight and Fellinghausen were just as namely as the fields you mention."

"Oh, Frederick, my Hanover!" hummed Morag, improvising for the moment.

"Fellinghausen," said the chieftain, unheeding the taunt. "'Twas there I was at my blackest and lowest, wounded and stricken, stark on my back in the dark and the rain, and only one thought to keep me

alive, Morag." His face, handsome, though lacking something of manliness, was sunbrowned, save for a patch on his forehead that lay fair and white, where the cock of his bonnet had protected it from exposure; and in this quarter-circle of clear skin there now came and went a tide of flushings. "Only one thought to keep me alive, I am saying Morag—a picture, a memory of a day when you wore the tartan of the MacKinnon, and said a word I have not forgotten, for it brought me back from the dead."

"A schoolgirl's play, that tartan, and I take back the word," she rapped out smiling lips, that were solemn the next moment, when in a flash she beheld the man in deadly earnest. "Oh, Pennyfuaran!" she said brokenly at the revelation his face now made.

He cast a glance down the room at the old man by the fire, stepped deeper into the window's embrasure, and took her hand. She did not withdraw it, yet her face, he saw, had fallen from brightness to wanness and her lips were trembling with fear. Like some chill air of the night a presage of defeat fell on him, and he dreaded the words he had to speak.

"Oh, cousin Kenneth," she said faintly.

"You shall not answer me now," he said. "I'll say no further to-day."

"Kenneth, Kenneth, it is but the one answer to-day, or to-morrow, or in time to come; and it must be—No."

He turned blank eyes on her, and put out a hand to the heavy curtain, as if to steady himself.

"God forgive me!" said Morag. "I feel as if I had done murder."

He only stared dully.

"Oh, be kind," she whispered: "we cannot part like this. And, indeed, and indeed, it is grieved for you I am, Kenneth dear. I feel like one who has taken a life."

"Taken a life," he said wearily. "And why not? Why not take it back? Did I not say it was life you gave me at Fellingshausen yonder, in the dark and the rain—the dark and the rain?"

He walked slowly away to the far window, and looking out, saw no longer the mist opening up visions golden—saw nothing now, indeed, but the riot of the hungry waves. The girl left tearful in the win-

day-seat turned listlessly the faded pages of the journal in her lap. By the fire the old Jacobite still sat pondering.

Constraint was too weak a word for the atmosphere of the room, when the door opened suddenly, and there entered a tall, stout gentleman, unwigged, his bald pate a-glisten.

"Aros at last," cried the old man by the ingle. "Me the day! A woeful meeting!" And he rose to grip the laird's hands.

"Gillian? Aros to me from you? And why not Alasdair as of old?" asked the new-comer, looking down at him affectionately, and patting the long brown fingers.

"Ten years, Alasdair, ten years; and a-many things in this old noddle," said Drumfin, searching the lines of Aros' face lovingly, "make me forget even the language of the heart."

"The Gaelic, Gillian? Never?"

"Ay, the Gaelic, Alasdair. For Paris, Florence, Avignon, and where not else—a Babel of unchancy tongues, man—play the devil with the Gaelic, as with much more. But, ah, my dear, it is worth all their palaces a thousand times to be at peace in Aros, even with a memory that fails."

"And, father," broke in Morag, "he is come straight from the cave on Beinn-nan-Uaimh, where he has lain for days, it seems. And he sat dripping wet for hours—where do you think?—in the kitchen, no less."

"It's an old trick, Alasdair," said Drumfin, smiling, "and it serves hereabouts as well as in the Hollands, I find. You are always safe for a warning at the back-door, you see; at the front entry, you are never sure. And in the kitchen you'll hear what the old campaigner has aye a fondness for—the news of the countryside."

"And 'tis only the littlest bite and sup he took, sir," went on Morag. "And he would not hear of his being fired, until he had seen yourself, fearing danger to you. It's the red chamber I'll get ready, father?"

"Ay, the red room, Morag, Tuts! Gillian, you'll stay, you'll stay—Fawkner's men have left Duart for the mainland again, and we'll take our chance, man."

Morag gave a smile and a nod to Drumfin that said, "I told you so, as she went off to her housekeeping duties. But at the door she halted with never a smile,

and her backward glance at her cousin was solemn and pitiful.

When she had gone, her father turned eagerly to the exile. "And—? he said, and paused for not till then had he noticed Pennyfuaran's presence. At the entrance of Aros, but a moment before, the young chieftain had turned, and despite his bitterness of soul, could not but devour with admiring regard the picture the two old comrades made as they stood clasped there, smiling, fraternal. But now he caught the glance old MacLean gave him as he halted in his speech, saw its import in a flash, and his face flamed scarlet. Here was added gall to a cup already full.

"You might have spared me that, Aros," he said, not without a touch of dignity, as he made for the door. "My people were as fairly Charlie men as yours, and did as little, more's the pity! But we may not be so far back, next rising," he added, darkly.

Drumfin stayed him with a hand on his shoulder. "Stir not for me, sir," he said, "for I've nothing to hide from you. Aros was a bit flustered at the sight of your kilt, and he meant his look for discretion only. You ken whose name was on his tongue?"

"Sit you down, Kenneth," said Aros. "I ettled no harm. 'Twas but the glint of your uniform that put me out for the moment."

"As for another rising—" said the exile. He shook a dubious head. "Expresses I have in plenty—from the Gasks, from Dr. King, from Elcho, from d'Aiguillon—and all anent that same. 'Sound here,' and 'sound there' * * * 'Spier this man,' and 'Spier that,' they say * * * Oh, and happy I'd be to spier, if aught might come of it!"

"My God," said Aros. "Does he not know how things stand * * * himself?" He gave the last word in a whisper.

"Himself," said Drumfin sadly, his face lit with a pale radiance.

"Ah, yes, he knows. In his heart he knows it futile, and that's his hell."

Pennyfuaran took a deep breath; Aros gulped noisily; Drumfin hung his head. There was silence as of an oratory in the dim room for a space.

"He knows," went on the old Jacobite. "And yet they deave with their questionings. They deave me, although 'twas weel-kenned of most when I last left

France, for what I came over seas—nought but a double-rent, and the indulging of an old man's fancy for the desire of his eyes—a sight of his native glens."

The talk drifted on; old times, old friends, the changing world, the coming days. So, over a punch which Aros brewed, the two ancients renewed their earlier years; and as the elders waxed arduous in reminiscence Pennyfuaran was left out in the cold. Again he turned to the window seat, brooding afresh on his new-born pain, and absently watching the clouds forming from the void and breaking in rack and flight to the zenith—noting the play of the stormy waters round the little sail thrashing down the Sound.

The next instant he cried aloud and stood with face close-pressed to the window-pane, for a line of flying spray was scouring white across the Kyle and the sail was gone. The others crossed the room quickly to the casement, and he explained rapidly. But gloaming was fast thickening, and with the squall had arrived an added mirk, so that nothing could be clearly seen.

Drumfin was the first to speak.

"Quick, Alasdair," he cried to Aros, who still stood at gaze. "Lights! Lights and men!"

Strangely enough the laird answered him in Latin:

"Ruunt et terras turbine perflant," he quoted. "You're the ready one as ever, Gillian. Lights and men! Lights and men! And now, as in 'Forty-five,' all I'm good for is a phrase from Virgil."

His feet shuffled undecidedly; and it was not until Drumfin put a hand on his elbow and hurried him into the transe, that he was himself again.

Pennyfuaran was cloaked and ready, when they reached the hall; and just then Morag ran downstairs with a lit cruise shaded by pink finger-tips.

At sight of her so circumstanced, an old-time memory of her mother came to Drumfin, and all unthinking, he saluted her with a scrape and a bow of the fashion of thirty years before. Then, recovering himself confusedly, he joined the others. The next instant they were out in the gloom and the rain, among the group of fishers and crofters already on the trot for Aros Point, where, with this wind and tide, the foundering seas were wont to bear their spoil.

To be Continued.

Fiftieth Anniversary of The Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, New York Volunteers. 1861---1911.



COLONEL ANDREW D. BAIRD.



PRESIDENT ANDREW SPENCE.

Saturday, May 13, 1911, was the 50th anniversary of the formation of this famous regiment, and was appropriately celebrated by the annual banquet, held at the Hotel Brevoort, Fifth avenue, New York. The large dining hall was beautifully decorated with American and Scottish flags, the lion rampant and American eagle, but most impressive of all, was the tattered flag of the regiment, which was displayed back of the president's chair. The large circular guest table was arranged around a playing fountain, which was unique and very attractive. About two hundred and forty ladies and gentlemen, including the veterans, their families and friends, assembled to do honor to the "gallant Highlanders."

After a pleasant social time during dinner, an excellent program was presented. The President, Mr. John Spence, in a felicitous speech, gave a warm word of welcome to all. Letters of regret from absent comrades were read from David Fouklner, of Kentucky; Mr. Stevens, Washington; Mr. Pierce, Kansas; Mr. Burns, Florida; Mr. Graves, Savannah; Mr. Luce and Mr.

Ritchie; also a telegram from Mr. Walter Scott, who has been fishing in Maine, and hoped to be back in time for the banquet, but had been detained.

Pipe Major Thomson roused the martial and patriotic spirit by his bag-pipe selections. Captain Jack Crawford, the famous scout and poet recited the following poem, which he had composed for the occasion:

MEMORIES.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.
 The fast revolving wheels of time
 Have scored another year,
 With veterans Baird and Spence and Muir,
 And Joseph Stewart still here.
 And as the ranks are thinning fast,
 Comrade, 'twill soon be you.
 Here are the names of comrades past
 Since last year's grand review.

MacLean and Webster, Bolten, Moore,
 Jim Riley, Company G,
 John Laughlain, all have gone before
 To wait for you and me.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH STEWART.



JOHN MUIR, VICE PRESIDENT.

And while we banquet here to-night
 Let's thank the powers above
 For liberty, and truth and right,
 And lassies that we love.

God bless the loyal women who
 Gave husbands sons and brothers,
 Who wept and prayed for me and you
 And none more brave than mothers,
 And now just as the day is done,
 We grasp each other's hands
 We think of battles fought and won,
 Of Cameron's stern commands.

Bright memories of the past that's fled.
 Are stealing through our souls,
 While thinking of the Scotchmen dead
 Now mustered from our rolls.
 But comrades mine another year
 Will soon pass o'er each head.
 And may we all be meeting here
 If living; but if dead,
 We hope to meet in Heaven where
 Upon God's shining shore,
 We hope to meet with hosts up there
 The Cameron gone before.

He also entertained the company very pleasantly by his reminiscences of the war and his experiences as a soldier among the Indians. Captain Jack is a genius, as an after-dinner speaker.

Mr. W. L. Cockburn, the celebrated Scotch

baritone, sang very effectively, "The March of the Cameron Men," and "The Auld Scotch Sings," Miss Isabel Wallace accompanying.

Then the venerable and beloved Colonel Andrew D. Baird spoke of "Our Departed Comrades." He referred briefly to their experience fifty years ago, when the regiment nearly a thousand strong, departed to defend the Stars and Stripes. Of all these and nearly eighteen hundred more who joined them during their years of service, only fifty-nine survive. "Twenty-nine," he said, "are present to-night, the rest are scattered all over our land." He spoke with especial feeling of Captain James MacLean, who died on the day following the last banquet, and also referred to the other five who have dropped from the ranks during the past year; among these were Thomas Moore, died July 18, 1910; William Webster, November 22; James Riley, died March 13, 1911; John Bolton, January 20; John MacLaughlin, died May 6th.

Captain Armour, of Washington, read a touching letter addressed to Colonel Baird from Captain Kennedy, in which he expressed his regret at not being able to be present. He closed his letter with the words: "We are growing old, but growing old together." Captain Armour read an original poem describing the engagements of the Highlanders in the war.

Among the veterans present, were noted

the following: Captain Robert Armour, Washington, D. C.; Colonel Andrew Baird; Adjutant James Gilmore, Lieutenant Daniel Manton, Captain Robert Gale, Captain James Donaldson, Captain A. L. Baird, Captain Joseph Stewart, Captain John Muir, Henry Morgan, Washington, and President John Spence.

Mr. Joseph Stewart, Jr., a son of Captain Stewart, sang, "The Vacant Chair," very impressively, and Miss Elizabeth Wallace gave a Glesca Scotch recitation in a humorous and dramatic style, and followed it with a most entertaining bit of her own experience as a teacher among the descendants of Abraham.

Mr. Maxwell L. Moore, a son of a veteran, who caught the war-fever and went with his father to South Carolina, presented the funny side of camp-life at James Island, which was most entertaining. Miss Edith V. Bryson sang very sweetly, "The Scottish Emigrant." A violin duet was given by Messrs. W. C. Muller and R. E. Sweeney.

Mr. Francis W. Judge, a son of a veteran, gave a brief outline of the various engagements of the seventy-ninth, which showed their courage and endurance, and brought the regiment prominently before the country, as one of the most gallant in the Union Army. Miss Isabella Gardner sang, "Angus MacDonald." After a few remarks by Mr. James Morrison, Chief of the Caledonian Club, and Mr. James B. Gillie, the entire company joined in singing, "Auld Lang Syne."

Several of the members of the New York Caledonian Club and Guard, were dressed in kilts, and every diner wore a beautiful badge in commemoration of the veteran association's fifth anniversary.

The souvenir card, containing menu and program, was very attractive; the American colors and emblem were on the front page and the Scottish thistle on the back. There was also a cut of James MacLean, and on another page the badge of the Veteran Association, the eagle, the anchor and the thistle, together with a list of the battles in which the regiment took part, and the officers for the year.

This celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders will be long remembered by all present. Great credit is due to the committee of arrangements, especially for the detail work which was in the competent hands of the Secretary Captain Joseph Stewart and Quarter-master Andrew Wallace.

CHURCH SERVICE SUNDAY, MAY 14.

Early in May some friends of the regiment and Scotch residents of the city, expressed their desire that the veterans attend divine service on May 14th, as a fitting close to their jubilee celebration, and that representatives of the various Scottish organizations of New York act as escort on this occasion. At first the veterans thought that the time was too short to make suit-

able arrangements, but Mr. John Page of the Scottish Society; Mr. Andrew Wallace representing the clans, and Captain Joseph Stewart of the veterans, took hold of the matter energetically, and by means of the public press and letters to the Scottish societies, aroused a great deal of interest. Mr. Page secured the Scotch Presbyterian Church for a service on Sunday, at four p. m., and arranged with the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wylie to preach an appropriate sermon.

The veterans and large delegations from the Scottish clans and societies, met at three p. m., at the Caledonian Club, Seventh avenue and Fifty-fourth street, and the procession soon started for Eighth avenue and Ninety-sixth street. The Caledonian Club Guard, thirty strong, in Highland Costume, Captain Reid commanding, was at the head. Then came the veterans in seven carriages, flanked on each side by the New York Scottish Highlanders with their Pipe Band, forty-nine in all, Captain P. G. MacGregor commanding. Several hundred members of Scottish societies followed the carriages.

The skirl of the bagpipes attracted thousands of spectators, who crowded the streets along the line of march, and fully five thousand people, mostly Scotch, were awaiting them at the church. Long before this the church had been filled except the space reserved for the veterans and escort. It was a pretty sight when the Caledonian Club Guard and the New York Scottish Highlanders and Pipe Band, stood on guard with drawn swords as the veterans alighted and entered the church, two abreast, arm in arm, followed by the entire escorting company. The church was so crowded that the Pipe Band and some of the kilties were glad to accept Dr. Wylie's invitation to join him on the platform. It was a most remarkable scene in a conservative Presbyterian Church to have Highland kilts, with swords and bagpipes, as a background, as body guard for the preacher. Dr. Wylie was not at all embarrassed, but preached an excellent sermon on "Battles and Victories," to which the great audience listened attentively. The Choral Union of the Scottish Society, assisted the church choir, and touchingly rendered, "Lest We Forget." Miss Nicholson sang with animation, "The Good Shepherd." Fully sixteen hundred people were present, and a large crowd was unable to gain admittance; it was the largest Sunday assemblage of Scottish people that New York has ever seen. The hearty shaking of hands and smiling faces after the service, were signs of friendship and joy.

The procession and the entire service were most successfully conducted. Mr. Walter Scott, who reached the city that afternoon, gave his able assistance to the committee of arrangements, and helped in many ways to carry out their plans, especially in getting a permit for the pipers to play on the streets.

**THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB
HIGHLAND GUARD.**

Since November 22nd, 1856, when a number of Scotsmen, admirers of the ancient Caledonian games and costume, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Caledonian Club, the Garb of Old Gaul has been a familiar sight, on Scottish festive occasions in and around New York.

When the club was incorporated, February 5th, 1861, its founders made the first object of incorporation, "the preservation of the ancient literature and costume."

The old Seventy-ninth Regiment, Highlanders, New York Volunteers, largely recruited from the New York Caledonian Club, took about every kilt to be had in New York when they departed for the front, May 13th, 1861, and came near putting the club out of business for lack of members.

On their return in 1864, the club members met the regiment at Jersey City presented each soldier with a Glengarry bonnet and escorted the regiment through New York city, pipes playing, banners flying, kilted men in the lead.

On every great occasion where Scotsmen have foregathered for the last fifty-five years the New York Caledonian Club, in kilt and plaid has given a touch of romance, keeping to the fore the picturesque garb of the Highlands of Scotland.

While all members of the club do not wear the Tartan, it is held in such high esteem that the by-laws of the club make it obligatory for the chief and chieftains to wear Highland costume on all public and festive occasions.

To get the kilted lads together to escort the chief, and on great public occasions, made necessary the organized kilts of the club under the name of the Highland Guard.

Since Chief Frazer first represented the club in 1856 with a kilted escort, his successors have never been without a guard of Highlanders, at times enthusiasm has lagged, and the guard dwindled, but the prosperity and success of the club is always greatest when the kilted lads are to the fore.

Nothing seems to arouse the enthusiasm of a Scot abroad more than to appear clad in the Tartan of his forefathers. Many have confessed that they never "kent" the tartan they had a right to wear until they joined the Highland Guard. At times a uniform tartan has been talked of, which certainly would look well in mass, but the fundamental object of the club, represented by the Highland Guard is the preservation of the ancient costume and each Guardsman takes pride in wearing the Tartan his fore-fathers wore.

In drill the guard has reached a high state of efficiency, the appreciation of their work has been voiced in no uncertain tone wherever they appeared, their drill like veterans, are under perfect discipline, with a more social and jovial lot of lads, when re-

leased from duty, cannot be found. They make a pleasure of practice drills and attend regularly. The prevailing spirit is good, fellowship, and their first principle is loyalty to the club, and this accounts for the splendid success of the guard at this time.

W. G. REID,



CAPTAIN WILLIAM REID.

Ex-Chief William G. Reid of the New York Caledonian Club is one of the most active Scottish citizens in the vicinity of New York. He is a native of Glasgow coming to this country in 1837. Joining the New York Scottish Society in 1892, his lively interest in its many affairs soon attracted the attention of his brother members, who in return elected him to the office of president and re-elected him the following year. In 1898 he became a member of the New York Caledonian Club, and lost no time in acquainting himself with its objects, history and traditions, so that when called upon in 1903 and 1904 to fill the office of chief of that famous organization, he was well equipped to carry on the work. In 1909 when the Highland Guard, New York Caledonian Club was re-organized, ex-Chief Reid—who had received a thorough military training in the First Lanark Rifle Volunteers—was elected captain, and to his untiring work much of the guard's great success must be attributed. Under his command the guard has given many exhibition drills, and taken part in parades in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania with the one object at all times of advancing the interests of the New York Caledonian Club. His home in Mount Vernon, N. Y., is presided over by Mrs. Reid, assisted by a charming family, all of whom take the liveliest interest in Scottish affairs.



ANDREW GILLIES.

Andrew Gillies accompanied by Mrs. Gillies, sailed on Wednesday, May 24th, for his native land. He intends to visit London, Paris, Berlin and other places on the continent, and then make a tour of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. Andrew Gillies is well known in Scottish circles, and has been honored many times by the various societies with whom he is affiliated. He is a member of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, ex-chief of the New York Caledonian Club, past president of the St. Andrew's Curling Club, past president of the New York Scottish Society, treasurer of the Grand National Curling Club of America, and representative to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, and will attend their meeting in that capacity this summer. He is a keen and enthusiastic curler and yachtsman, and his boat the famous Hielan Rory, is known all over the great South Bay, from Fire Island to South Hampton. One of his greatest pleasures in the summertime, is to have his friends cruising with him on the Hielan Rory. All his friends unite in wishing him a pleasant voyage, an enjoyable trip and a safe return.

Mr. Gillies is a poet. A little while before he sailed to visit "The Town Where he Was Born," he had his "Jingles and Rhymes" bound in an attractive pamphlet, which he has very kindly presented to his friends.

And we are among the fortunate ones who received a copy. We find it a real treat to read them. Mr. Gillies' rich vein of humor is shown in the verse which appears in the fly-leaf of his pamphlet:

"I take great pleasure in presenting tae ma freen's these few verses and jingles. If no up tae the mark, I ask their kind indulgence. In the words o' the freen' o' the auld blacksmith in 'Cronies o' Mine,' ye needna fin' faut, for he wrote them himsel'.—Yours for the Hielan's, Andrew Gillies."

THE SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The Saint Andrews Society, of the State of New York, held its semi-annual meeting on Thursday evening, May 4th., at the Waldorf Astoria. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering. President Hepburn, in his own quiet unobtrusive way presided; one unacquainted with his financial standing in the business world, as president of a leading bank in the city, and also president of the Chamber of Commerce, would never think from his modest, unassuming manner that he is one of the most influential men in New York. Mr. MacBean, the secretary, gave an encouraging report of the last six months' work; he also reported the progress made in his work in gathering material for sketches of former presidents, officers, and leading members of the society, and read a number of sketches already completed.

There was a discussion in regard to the seating arrangement at the annual banquet, owing to the fact that a number of the members had so many guests occupying desirable seats, that the majority of the members were crowded to the rear. Of course it is not possible that every one of the six hundred who attend, should have a seat near the front. We would suggest, that our venerable society take a lesson from the politicians, and place the guest table near the center of the hall, within sight and hearing of all.

A supper and pleasant social hour followed the business meeting. Short speeches were made by several of the members, for the good of the society. Messrs. John Reid, George A. Morrison, Jr., James Brown and Theodore Martin sang thrilling Scotch songs. Mr. Gordon Fraser gave one of his exhibition dances.

Near the close, of the social time, Mr. George Austin Morrison, the venerable ex-president, said that the members had shown that there was plenty of talent for the banquet speeches in the Society, without inviting outside assistance, and suggested that the managers presiding at the various tables could give as effective speeches as any we have had. This was certainly one of the best and largest meetings we have attended.

THE SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY NEW-ARK.

The Saint Andrew's Society, Newark, N. J., held its annual meeting on Friday evening, May 12th. The secretary, Mr. John Campbell and Treasurer Blair showed by their reports that the society is doing grand work and is in a flourishing condition. Dr. Angus Sinclair, was elected president, and the old officers were nearly all re-elected. Dr. Sinclair has been for many years actively associated with the Saint Andrew's Society, of New York, having served several terms on the Board of Managers, and has also been president of New York Burns Club. He is well known among the thirty Scottish organizations of New York, as a generous and helpful friend, and the Saint Andrew's Society of Newark, has made a wise choice.

CLERICAL CONFERENCE.

Ex-President Roosevelt addressed over a thousand ministers, on Monday, May 14th, at the Assembly Hall, of the Metropolitan Life Building, On "The Church and Righteousness." It was the largest representation of ministers, of all creeds in New York on record. President Roosevelt is still popular with all the clergy.

An International Peace Meeting was held Monday, May 22d, at eleven a. m., in the Assembly Hall, Metropolitan Life Building, New York, under the auspices of the Clerical Conference, The Federation of Churches. The Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Moderator of the Presbytery of New York, presided. The Rev. John Clifford, D. D., President of the Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of Great Britain, addressed the large assembly.

Following the addresses, a resolution was presented by the Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D., author of "The Peace Problem," and seconded by the Rev. Stephen S. Wise, D. D., Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, in the interest of peace co-operation.

Peace luncheon was served at the galleries of the National Arts Club, 119 East Nineteenth street, Dr. William Jay Schieffelin, President of the Federation, presided. Among the guests of honor was the Rev. John Clifford, D. D., President of the Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of Great Britain. Stirring addresses were delivered by the guest of honor, and by the Hon. Seth Low, LL. D., the Rev. John Henry Jowett, M. A., D. D., the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., the Rev. John Howard Melish.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Scots at Hartford are about to erect a statue of Robert Burns in Bashwell Park. The committee in charge has about \$6,000 already on hand. The design of the monument has been accepted and Mr. Massey Rhind, the talented sculptor is interested in the matter.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARADE IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday, May 6th, the Women's Parade attracted a great deal of attention. It was a very successful and orderly demonstration, and ended with an open air mass meeting in Union Square. The floats, representing woman's position in the past centuries, were an interesting part of the procession, and the three thousand women in the line of march showed the extent and popularity of the Equal Suffrage movement.

BIRTHDAY PARTY OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY OF THE CALEDONIAN HOSPITAL.

The second anniversary of the Women's Auxiliary of the Caledonian Hospital, was celebrated, on Friday evening, May 12, at the Pouch Mansion, Clinton avenue, Brooklyn. An informal reception was held with the officers of the Society receiving, followed by a musical and dance. Miss Lillias G. Robertson, soprano, and Mr. William Ewing, baritone entertained with Scottish ballads; and Mr. A. G. Irvine played selections on the violin in a capable manner. A short comedy, "The Best Man," was given by a cast composed of Miss Irene Brandt, Miss Mae O'Brien, Mr. George Brandt and Mr. Alexander Malcolm, concluded the program. Announcement was made during the evening, of a theatre party, to be given at the Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn, on May 25, to see Louis Mann, in his new comedy, "The Cheater."

The Auxiliary has had a very active and successful year, and tentative plans are now being made for a colossal bazaar to be held in the late fall in Manhattan.

The committee having charge of the Birthday Party, included Mrs. Homer L. Bartlett, Chairman, and Mrs. Anna Duguid, Mrs. William Davidson, Mrs. Charles F. Garlicks, Miss Lillian D. Mayor, Mrs. D. F. Donald, Mrs. John Shaw, Miss Emma Burnett, Miss Estelia Noble, Mrs. Alexander Steele, Miss Julia D. Kirkiand.

The officers of the Women's Auxiliary are Mrs. Homer L. Bartlett, president; Mrs. William F. Daley, 1st. vice president; Mrs. Alexander L. Anderson, 2nd vice president; Miss Minetta I. Milne, treasurer; Mrs. Alexander Malcolm, recording secretary; Miss Lillian D. Major, corresponding secretary; Mrs. William E. Cook, historian.

E. NOBLE.

Rev. D. MacDougall,

Editor of The Caledonian;

In the latest issue of the "Caledonian" you mentioned the dinner tendered the Royal Chief in New York by myself and Mr. Wallace. This was a mistake as the dinner was given by the chiefs of the New York clans and deputies.

I hope that you will make a correction in your next issue.

Yours very truly,

D. KING, Royal Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Mr. Editor:—The Scots' Thistle Society held their regular quarterly meeting on Monday evening, May 15th. It is the oldest beneficial society in Philadelphia and they pride themselves on having the "Creme De la Creme", of Scots worthies, on their list of membership. They have nearly \$10,000, not in the proverbial "Auld Stockin'" but wisely invested to breed and bear interest. They are a body of quiet sober decent buddies slow and sure, representing the canny Quaker Scotsmen, and a credit tae oor community.

Our Ladies' Auxiliary, on the 19th, held their annual concert and ball, at Assembly Hall, Ninth and Girard avenues, which was well attended. The Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band were present in full Highland dress and grand array to grace the occasion, and to give stirring music to the happy event. The concert opened with an overture of Scottish airs, on the piano, by Miss Edna Milne who is gradually endearing herself to the hearts of us all as a skilful and competent accompanist, in "The Auld Scotch Sangs." The President, Mrs. Peter Miller, then made a few remarks of welcome to the young and May'some looking audience. Miss Lillie Cochrane then sang, "The Song that Reached My Heart," in such a fine way that it reached many others of her hearers, and they loudly recalled her, to which she replied with Killarney. Miss Ethel Wilson recited "My Wedding Day" in a very bright and expressive way, but the hall is not suited to give fair play to artistic renderings, such as she gave us; the acoustics are bad for singing, and even worse for speaking, especially when one desires, as Hamlet says, "to speak trippingly on the tongue and not mouth it," as many of our players do. Miss Hannah Milne was at her best, and with her young voice beginning to mellow into tuneful roundness of sound, sang beautifully "Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Afton Water." Mr. Fleming, in a learned and unassuming way, gave us two gems of song, music from the "Emerald Isle." Miss Isabel Mackinnon, accompanied by Piper of the Caledonian Club, Mr. MacKenzie, was still the same hooch stirring young Highland dancer, she has been these last few years back. She was cordially received and warmly applauded, and next came Philadelphia's old favorite, Mrs. Jeanie MacGowan Dickinson, with her brother Mr. MacGowan, in their good old duet of "Mither and Robin". Mither's anxious appeal "Oh will thou leave thy Hame, Robin" was touchingly impressive, when it is known by the late census that 6,700 emigrants last year left dear auld Scotland, to cross the Atlantic and find a home in other lands; they were both cheered to the echo, and responded with the duet of "Jamie You've been Surely Drinking," which they sang and acted to the very point of perfection. The ladies made this innovation for Scottish gatherings of this kind,

that no intoxicating drinks were sold in the hall and their patrons seemed to enjoy themselves as well without it, and "danced themselves dry to the Pibroch's sound."

The officers, of this helpful, hopeful and encouraging side issue of the Caledonian Club this year are as follows: president, Mrs. Peter Miller; vice president, Miss Jessie Cairns; secretary, Miss A. B. Ferguson; treasurer, Miss A. E. Leslie; floor manager, Miss Isabel Stewart; assistants, Miss Gill and Miss M. Carmichael.

The North East Burns Club held their annual games, on Saturday, May 27th, at Washington Park, they were open to amateurs only, of schools and colleges; this was a new departure for that plucky little body of Scotsmen and we heartily rejoice in their success.

Yours truly,
PETER MILLER.

EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

VISIT OF MR. GILCHRIST, SCOTTISH BONESSETTER.

Scotchmen of America will no doubt be interested in the information that Gilchrist, the famous bonesetter, whose home is in either Weshaw or Coatbridge, has arrived in Canada from Scotland to visit friends or relatives, and he is expected to arrive in Youngstown, Ohio, to visit his sister, about June 1st.

He is expected to remain here for several weeks, and no doubt he and our local Welsh bonesetter, Dr. J. D. Reese, will have a reunion.

John Wilson, Past Chief of Clan McDonald, will surely pilot him around the biggest steel city in Ohio.

Mr. Gilchrist is famed over the British Isles as a bonesetter; in fact, his father and grandfather before him had the same gift.

DEATH OF PAST CHIEF NATHANIEL SHARP.

Nathaniel Sharp, Past Chief of Clan MacDonald, No. 39, Youngstown, Ohio, died April 22d, after an illness of eight weeks, with a complication of diseases, which was hastened by a paralytic stroke. He was a native of Coatbridge, Scotland. He was born March 20, 1849, and came to this country thirty years ago. By occupation, he was a stationary engineer. He was a member of the session of the Tabernacle United Presbyterian Church, and a trustee of the Lansingville Union Mission, which was in charge of the Tabernacle U. P. Church. Clansman Sharp was much interested in all activities among the Scottish residents, and when the Royal Clan had its session in New York, several years ago, he was the delegate for his clan.

His brother, Robert Sharp, who is now living in Coatbridge, was provost at one time. He is also survived by four sisters in Coatbridge, and his wife, Janet, and one daughter, Mrs. W. H. McMillan.

Clan MacDonald, No. 39, attended the funeral in a body, the clan burial service being used. Clansman Rev. Gilbert O. Miller off-

ciated, and interment was made in Oak Hill Cemetery.

MATT M'INTYRE INJURED.

Matt McIntyre, one of the standbys of Clan McIntyre, No. 202, Sharon, Pa., met with a very painful accident on April 27th. He was visiting at a neighbor's house, when his brother, Robert, drove along, and shouted to Matt, asking him if he was going down town. Matt replied in the affirmative, and started for his brother's buggy, and tripped over a small wire that had been over a grass plot between two stakes.

He fell, striking on both elbows, and the bones above the one were broken. As a result, he will be laid up for several weeks.

ANNUAL SOIREE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTLAND.

The Heather Bell Lodge, Daughters of Scotland, will hold their annual soiree May 22d, in the K. O. T. M. Hall., on West Federal street, Youngstown.

This organization of about one hundred ladies of Scottish birth is very active, and there is something doing all the time in the way of social and guild auld Scotca times.

Clan MacDonald, No. 39, gave a social on May 16th, in honor of several young people who leave soon for Bonnie Scotland, they being Agnes and David Thompson and Miss Forbes. They sail on the Anchor Line from New York for Glasgow on May 27th.

The trio, David Scott, George Archibald and T. R. Lightbody, sang "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maunt" in a style which brought forth much applause.

James Ritchie, w' his bagpipes, and George Archibald, w' his bass voice, contributed to the program.

John Nathaniel, instructor of the Middlesex Brass Band, and a member of Clan McKenzie, Homestead, Pa., rendered several Scottish selections on the cornet, which were pleasing. Margaret Anderson gave Scottish readings, which were a delight to the guild auld Scotch bodies frae Airdrie and Coatbridge.

William S. Forbes, a noted Scottish tenor, sang "Mary of Argyle." Mr. Forbes is in great demand as a singer of Scotch songs at musicales, both in and out of the city, and has just been engaged as soloist in the Old First Presbyterian Church of Youngstown.

Clan McDonald, No. 39, has extended an invitation to Royal Chief John Hill, of St. Louis Mo., to be their guest on his way from St. Louis to the convention in Boston in August. No doubt Royal Chief Hill will accept the invitation as it will be a good resting up place from the fatigue of travelling, and being about half way to Boston.

The writer had the pleasure of being a guest of the committee of the several clans in charge of the meeting in honor of Royal Chief John Hill when he visited Pittsburg on April 25th.

His address to the 500 clansmen present certainly made the clansmen feel proud of the fact that the Order of Scottish Clans had for its chief a man of sterling worth and

character, a man of ability and sound business principles.

This was the first time the writer has met a Royal Clan officer and I believe such visits are productive of general good.

Thomas R. Lightbody, a charter member of Clan MacDonald, No. 39, will be its delegate to the Royal Clan Convention. Chief Andrew Wilson will represent Clan McIntyre No. 202, Sharon, Pa.

The writer is looking forward to the annual picnic, of the Pittsburg Clans, at Kennywood Park, on August 4th.

There, I will meet auld freens, such as Alex Blackhall, Royal Deputy and others too numerous to mention. On my last visit to Pittsburg I met David Poole, who comes frae Ochiltree, Ayrshire, ye ken that is whaur I cam frae and we had a guid time thegither.

HUGH W. BEST.

CLAN SCOTT, NO. 205, O. S. C.

Richmond Hill, L. I.

At the regular meeting of Clan Scott, No. 205, held at Arcanum Hall, on Saturday evening, May 13, 1911, two new members were initiated, and after the business of the evening the clan was agreeably surprised by a visit from the Ladies' Auxiliary to Clan Scott, who were conducted to the moot room by Royal Deputy James Hay and Past Chief William Guthrie. The ladies were cordially welcomed by Chief McMurdo, and President Mrs. James McMurdo, Past President Mrs. William Guthrie and Vice-president Mrs. F. G. Davidson, together with Royal Deputy James Hay, were conducted to seats on the dais.

An opening address was very creditably given by President Mrs. James McMurdo, which was followed by the presentation of a small bag made of Scott tartan silk containing fifty dollars in gold. This gift from the Ladies' Auxiliary to Clan Scott is to be used in obtaining the clan badges.

A few well chosen remarks by Past President Mrs. William Guthrie, in presenting the gift, were responded to by Chief McMurdo in a very able manner, hearty applause by the clansmen, and a few words of congratulation to the Clan by Royal Deputy Hay.

Then followed a very pleasant evening's entertainment, during which songs were rendered by President Mrs. James McMurdo, Mrs. John D. Greig, Mrs. James Davidson and Mrs. Effie Klein; Clansmen, John Kelly, John Barr, Lawrence Lamb and A. Ferguson; recitations by Chief James McMurdo and Clansman James Gillies. During selections by Piper Catanach, Past Chief Guthrie danced the Highland Fling in his usual adept manner.

Refreshments were served, and the evening closed by all singing "Auld Lang Syne."

F. G. DAVIDSON.

YONKERS CALEDONIAN CLUB.

The members of the Yonkers Caledonian Club had their lady friends as their special guests at their meeting in Coputt's Hall, Monday night, May 15, the result being one of the pleasantest evenings in the Club's history. The hall was well crowded, but not too much so to enjoy the dancing, which wound up the night's entertainment.

Chief James Arthur presided and welcomed the guests in the name of the Club. Songs were rendered during the evening, by James Anderson, Ralph Simpson, James Forest, F. Carson, Alexander Bruce, Miss Kate Duncanson, and Charles and Miss Jean Simpson. The two latter sang solos as well as duets, and Mr Simpson played the accompaniments of the evening. James Grey played two 'cello solos as only he can play them.

The principal number on the program was filled very acceptably by Rev. D. G. Lawson, pastor of Bryn Mawr Church. Mr. Lawson gave a number of selections, his principal one being the Quarrel Scene from Julius Caesar. He was applauded vigorously and had to respond to a number of encores.

During the evening refreshments were served.

On Sunday evening, May 21, the members of the Club attended the Westminster Church in a body, meeting at the Hall at 7:15 p. m. On Memorial Day the members met at McCann's Hall at 8 a. m. sharp and took part in the Memorial Day parade and exercises of the G. A. R.

The preliminary arrangements for the annual games of the Yonkers Caledonian Club were practically completed, May 15th, at a meeting of the Games Committee. The date which was selected some months ago, July 29th, and the place, Wakefield Park, were endorsed by the Committee and the sanction of the A. A. U., was received and filed. There will be the usual array of field and track events, together with several closed events for the members of the Club only. Previous to the regular games there will be a football competition, the preliminaries of which will be played off on July 22nd, the finals only being played on July 29th.

One of the feature events of the day will be a six mile cross country run starting from Getty Square and ending at the Park. For this there will be special prizes and a team prize.

PICNIC AND GAMES.

Clan MacLeod, of Jersey city, had a very successful picnic and games. Tuesday, May 30th, at Union Hill, Schuetzen Park. The Pipe Band, of New York Highlanders, p ayed stirring selections. It was one of the largest Scots gatherings of the season. There were some splendid competitions in racing and football matches. The MacLeod's are energetic people, always abreast of the time.

THE NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY

On Monday evening, May 15th, the New York Scottish Society had a fine entertainment at their rooms, 11 East Fifty-ninth street, Mr. William Rennie gave an illustrated lecture on Picturesque Scotland—Its Mountains, Glens and Valleys.

Mr. Rennie took his hearers on the Anchor Line from New York to Scotland, and gave them a comprehensive tour of the Highlands and Lowlands of the Land o' Cakes. Starting from the Clyde, he took them by way of the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, from there to Duncansby Head, from there to Aberdeen, then to Perth and Stirling, and the Field of Bannockburn; through the Trossachs, and through Lochs Katrine and Lomond; from thence to romantic Edinburgh and commercial Glasgow, and finally to several of the Clyde watering places, Rothesay being one of the principal places visited, and their claims to fame graphically set forth by the lecturer. The views illustrated were superb, some of the audience pointing out the houses in which they were born. During the evening, Miss Rennie sang several songs which thrilled the hearts of the audience. They included "Ye Banks and Braes," "A Highland Lad" and "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Toon." At the termination of the lecture, Mr. and Miss Rennie were, on a motion by Mr. Jeffrey, tendered a very hearty vote of thanks by the large and appreciative audience.

J. M. D.

The New York Scottish Society held their 23rd Annual Outing and Games, on Memorial Day, May 30th. The sail of thirty-three miles up the Hudson, to Empire Grove, Peekskill Bay was most delightful. The steamer Isabel has a capacity of one thousand; but the tickets were limited to three hundred, so there was plenty of room for all. On the return trip a fine musical program was given by the Choral Union.

CLAN MACINTOSH, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., is a very social organization and conducts its meetings in a prompt and businesslike manner. There is a membership of one hundred and the influence of the clan is felt in this aristocratic university town. The Chief, Lewis MacKenzie and his associates in office are an excellent staff of managers. Mr. Grant, the financial secretary, represents "The Caledonian."

CLAN MACLEOD, NEW HAVEN. We had the pleasure of attending the meeting of this progressive Clan, on Friday evening, May 12, and were delighted to meet thirteen past chiefs. Is there any Clan in the Order that can beat this record? One of these past chiefs, Mr. Robert MacArthur, the chaplain, has a most impressive way of administering the oath to new members, adding some very appropriate words of his own, to the regular ritual. Chief Barker, of Clan MacLeod and Chief MacKenzie, of Clan MacIntosh, are among the youngest chiefs in the Order, they are bright, energetic young men.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

For over two hundred and fifty years the Scots' Charitable Society has performed its great work steadily, persistently and quietly without blowing of trumpets, or in any way taking the public into its confidence as to how much they were saving the city and the State by caring for all indigent person of Scottish birth or descent. Owing to the enormous increase of membership and the widening of its field of action, bringing greater cares and enlarging the scope of its usefulness, the necessity of a contingency fund has been greatly felt. President Pottinger decided that we should let our work be more widely known, and brought together a few energetic members setting them and himself to work with such good purpose that he was able to report to the society that if they agreed with him in holding a great charity ball, the expenses would be guaranteed and every dollar received from the sale of tickets would form a contingency fund.

The committee was enlarged and the services and assistance of other societies was invited and on Thursday evening, April 27th, Symphony Hall held one of the most brilliant and representative audiences ever brought together within its spacious walls.

The First Corps Cadet Band occupied the stage during the entire evening, and played Scottish music as if they had been to the manner born.

The Howard and Beethoven quartettes sang several numbers, but the enthusiasm of the great audience was aroused by John Daniels, when he sang Mary of Argyle, as few people had ever heard it sung before. The enthusiasm increased when Miss Jeane Sherburne's rich soprano voice rang out in "Bel Raggio," from Senuranude, as an encore she sang, "Home Sweet Home," playing her own accompaniment. She had to respond once more, and pleased the audience greatly by "Bonnie Doon." Mr. W. L. Cockburn's magnificent bass voice was heard to advantage in The MacGregor's Gathering, and "The Battle of Stirling." Mayor Fitzgerald never misses a Scottish gathering if he can help it, and although he had to represent the city at several other important functions, he found time to be present and give the greetings of the city of Boston and sang "Sweet Adeline."

The concert program concluded shortly after ten o'clock, and was soon followed by a grand march led by President James Pottinger and Mrs. Pottinger and over two hundred couples.

Many of the old time Scotsmen, merchant princes in the city of Boston, who long ago retired from active participation in the affairs of the society, were present during the

evening and expressed themselves greatly gratified at the go-ahead spirit of the men who are now at its head.

The souvenir program was an elaborate affair and the net sum to be finally handed over to the society will be considerable.

An amendment to the constitution of the Boston Caledonian Club, desiring to change the date of the annual games, from the first Saturday in August to the fourth of July, was turned down at the May meeting. Owing to the dearth of high-class record professional athletes, the games committee are considering the advisability of running an entirely amateur meet and by offering substantial prizes, believe they can provide better and cleaner sport for their patrons. The old-time Scotch picnic athletes are no more. Throwing the tabor has long been obsolete putting the stone, and hammer throwing no longer interest the by-standers, and wrestling does not attract.

Resolutions presented to the Scots' Charitable Society, on the death of the late James L. Williamson.

Whereas, By the inscrutable decrees of the All Powerful, the earthly days of our well beloved brother James L. Williamson, have been brought to an abrupt end.

Whereas, The last hours our fellow member and co-worker spent in this life, were spent in the service of our society. Be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the Scots' Charitable Society, desire to place on record, in words which we regret can only feebly express the depths of our feelings, how much we now know we respected and admired him for his cheerful and genial manner, for his clean manly upright life, for his freedom from all of what we are prone to call the petty vices, for his honorable record in this and every other society with which he was connected.

That we know without resolve, that we will ever cherish and revere his memory, for the suddenness of his call, did not find him unprepared.

"He had loved to do right, he had trusted in God." We know that he has not died in vain, for his influence will live on in the hearts and minds of all those with whom he was associated.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved wife and the fatherless little ones, our earnest heartfelt sympathy and prayerfully commend them to the care of Him who watcheth o'er the widow and the orphans.

JAMES POTTINGER,

president.

ROBERT E. MAY,
WALTER BALLANTYNE,
GEORGE SCOTT,

Committee.

The editor the "Caledonian" spent a few busy days and nights in Boston this month with good results. If we had in the local field someone with half his push, versatility and energy, Boston would soon be as it could be the greatest stronghold in Scottish-American journalism.

Mr. Louis H. Ross, ex-president of the Scots' Charitable Society and one of the "Caledonian's" representatives in Boston, intends forming a company of famous Scottish vocalists and artists, who will appear in a new historical sketch he intends producing in time for fall entertainments. The incidents to be portrayed are from the most romantic period in Scotland's history. Mr. Ross has had long experience as an entertainment caterer along high class lines to the Scottish public in America.

Allan Campbell, a charter member of Clan McPherson, of Lawrence, died at Pawtucket, R. I. May 17th. The funeral took place on Sunday, the 20th, inst., and the services were under the auspices of Clan Fraser, of which Clan Mr. Campbell was a member. Chief McClintock and a large delegation followed the remains to their last resting place, where the ritual for the dead was read, in the presence of a large assemblage.

Mr. Campbell was a brother of Mrs. Robert E. May.

The Congregationalist of issue May 20th, had a special article on "James Logan—Man and Mayor. A Scotch mill-boy who made good in church and State." Mr. Logan has been Mayor of Worcester, Mass., for several years, being its first mayor of foreign birth. He was born in Glasgow in 1852. He has long been prominent in church and Y. M. C. A. circles. Mr. Logan's belief is expressed in the following declaration:

"It is possible for a man to make politics his calling and render as high service as the Christian teacher or preacher, and we shall have better civic conditions when more men realize that it is good religion to be in political life, which can be made one of the greatest avenues of service that the world has ever known."

CANADIAN CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Club of Boston, was held on Friday evening, May 11th, at the Parker House, Colonel Alex P. Graham in the chair, and a very large attendance of the members present. Reports of the various officers and committees of the year's business was read; showing the splendid work done by this influential and progressive club in promoting and cementing closer the friendly ties and relations of the United States and Canada—which this club to a most remarkable degree has accomplished under the brilliant and successful administration of Colonel Graham, the retiring president. The meeting

was most harmonious and enthusiastic throughout.

The following well known gentlemen were elected for the coming year:

Dr. W. E. Harris, of Cambridge, for president. (Dr. Harris is also president of the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy), John B. Patterson, of Boston, first vice-president; Dr. William H. Ruddick, of South Boston, second vice-president; Colonel S. O. Bigney, of Attleborough, Mass., third vice-president; John F. Masters, of Boston, treasurer; D. J. Macnichol, S. W. C. Downey, secretaries. Executive Committee—Charles A. Macintyre, Henry W. Patterson, William MacCauley, A. R. Minard, James Berwick, George O. Goldsmith. Historian, Thomas F. Anderson. Chaplin, Rev. J. L. Campbell; Auditor, Robert J. Dysact.



COLONEL ALEX. P. GRAHAM.

Colonel Alex. P. Graham, who has presided over the affairs of the Canadian Club, of Boston, for several years declined re-election and retires from the official board. Colonel Graham is a native of Hamilton, Ont., but has been a resident of Boston for the past twenty years, and is one of the best known Canadians in New England. He was one of the founders of the Canadian Club, and it is largely due to the time, work and influence that he has exerted, that this club holds the high position it does, as no organization in Canada or the United States has done more to foster harmonious relations

between the two countries than the Canadian Club of Boston. Canada's most distinguished statesmen and the leaders of thought in America have been continually brought together at the same board and the interchange of ideas has been most helpful.

Colonel Graham is also Past Commander of the British Naval and Military Veterans of Massachusetts, and headed a delegation of two hundred Britishers from New England, who journeyed several years ago to St. John, N. B., to present an address to the Duke and Duchess of York (the present king and queen). Colonel Graham served with the queen's own Rifles of Toronto in the Riel Rebellion of 1885. He was one of the staff of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, when they visited England and upon being presented to H. R. H. the late king of England (then Prince of Wales) attracted considerable attention from the fact that he was the only man in the command who wore a British medal on a Yankee uniform.

When the Ancient and Honorables of London paid their memorable return visit to this country, Colonel Graham accompanied the delegation which escorted them through the United States and Canada.

His motto seems ever to have been—to do all in his power to further the great interests of the Empire and cement the international good fellowship existing between two great peoples. He is respected and admired by Americans and Canadians alike, and will continue to be a considerable factor in all matters pertaining to international unity.

DR. HARRIS.

Dr. Wilfred Ernest Harris, the newly elected President of the Boston Canadian Club, is a son of the late Major Thomas R. Harris, for many years representative of Kings County, in the Nova Scotia Legislature. Dr. Harris was born in Aylesford, N. S., and after studying for a medical career in the provinces, became interested in osteopathy, and studied and graduated under the founder of this new school of medicine, at the American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri.

After practicing for some time in Indiana, he decided to locate in Cambridge, Mass.,



WILFRED ERNEST HARRIS.

and accepted the Chair of Therapeutics in the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy, which chair he has filled continuously since. Four years after becoming connected with the college, Dr. Harris was unanimously elected president; which position he still occupies.

Dr. Harris has won distinction as a writer and lecturer. He is a bright and entertaining talker, and a good listener, universally well liked and admired. Under his leadership the Canadian Club will suffer no retrograde movement, but still continue in the vanguard of all progressive and altruistic movements.

RECIPROCITY BANQUET OF THE INTERCOLONIAL CLUB OF BOSTON.

On the evening of Empire Day, May 24, The Intercolonial Club of Boston brought together at their Club House, on Dudley street, so large and so distinguished a gathering of the leading men of the two countries that it was the surprise of the newspapers and the astonishment of Boston business men.

Even the Governor of the state, Eugene N. Foss, had no idea of the importance of

this meeting, or he would certainly, as one of the leaders of reciprocity, have cancelled any other engagement and been present.

Mayor Fitzgerald left no doubt in the minds of the visitors as to his popularity, his versatility and his enthusiasm. He was the only solo singer, cheer leader and general director.

CHIEF GUESTS AT BANQUET.

Prominent among the guests were:

Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Frank Oliver, M. P., Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

Frederick P. Leay, British consul-general.

George Lyman, president Canadian Club of Montreal.

Sharon Graham, president Canadian Club of New York.

Brig. General, Gardiner W. Pearson, adjutant-general Massachusetts.

Patrick O'Loughlin, president Charitable Irish Society.

George W. Bentley, vice-president British Charitable Society.

Dr. Wilfred E. Harris, president Canadian Club of Boston.

Addison L. Winship, civic secretary Boston City Club.

Dr. Joseph Armand Bedard, president Societe Historique Franco-Americaine.

Alexander McGregor, Charles J. Martell, Clarence W. Barron, S. O. Bigney, John Douglas, of Canadian Club of New York,

Niel McNeil, A. F. Cromhardt of New York, Dudley M. Holman.

Stuart C. McLeod, president Harvard Canadian Club.

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas T. Stokes, commanding British Naval and Military Veterans.

Felix Gatineau, president l'Union St. Jean Baptiste Amerique.

John J. Martin, president Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange.

Frank B. Tracy, editor Boston Transcript.

R. L. O'Brien, editor Boston Herald.

Archibald McLellan, editor Christian Science Monitor.

E. Medley Scovill, secretary Canadian Club of New York.

John Inglis, Mr. Cronhardt, members of the executive Canadian Club of New York.

Over 350 ladies and gentlemen were present when after the banquet was over, president Alexander C. Chisholm delivered the opening address. He called upon ex-Senator Fred J. McLeod, ex-president of the club, to become chairman of the gathering. Mr. Fred J. McLeod is prominent in Democratic Circles of Massachusetts and a former chairman of the Democratic state committee. As toastmaster, Mr. McLeod surprised the gathering by praising the war secretary as vice-presidential timber. A storm of cheers and hand clapping greeted the words. As the secretary of war stood up to respond he was greeted with more enthusiasm, and, led by Mayor Fitzgerald, the banqueters gave him a round of cheers.

ACKNOWLEDGES FRIENDLINESS.

In his opening words Secretary Stimson spoke of the references made by Mr. McLeod and declared that the report of his possible choice should not be taken too seriously. Then in one brief sentence he acknowledged the warmth with which the mention of his name in that connection had been received.

"However," he said, "I am delighted at the seriousness with which this report has been received here," and then passed on to enter upon his speech in favor of reciprocity.

Secretary Stimson indorsed the arguments in favor of the reciprocity agreement made by President Taft as the arguments of "broad and lofty national interest" and as appropriate to the statesmanship "which, not content with mere lip service to party formulas, recognizes the economic and social facts and tendencies of today and makes wide provision in respect to them."

He reviewed in brief the provisions of the agreement, and urged its enactment into law on grounds of national and continental policy.

He deprecated the erection of an artificial barrier between the two countries, and declared that while on the one hand freedom of trade and its consequent constant intercourse would promote good will and amity, on the other hand a purely artificial barrier of nearly 4000 miles' extent was a provocative engine of prejudice and ill-will.

Mr. Stimson cited historical examples to show that abolition of "irritating trade restrictions" had worked to promote amicable relations between countries having naturally close economic ties, and at the same time enabled them to preserve their distinct political entities—notably in the case of the southern German states and Austria. He noted also the manner in which, he said, the Canadian treaty in 1854 had quieted annexation agitation in both Canada and the United States.

EXTENDING CLOSER RELATIONS.

He outlined numerous economic benefits which would result from unrestricted trade relations, and declared that although the agreement would not remove the tariff on the bulk of our manufactured importations into Canada, it would open a breach wide enough to insure the extension and continued extension of closer relations.

"We have suddenly passed beyond the period of exploitation," he added, "into one of conversation. The most striking fact afforded by our 1910 census has been the change of ratio between our agricultural and city population. A tremendous increase in population of our great cities has been coincident with a slow growth and in some cases a decline, in our agricultural regions. Coincident with this, and partially as a result of it, has come a great rise in the cost of living.

"Will the American farmer insist on the maintenance of a tariff wall which will cut off our rapidly increasing city population from additional resources of food? Will he insist upon the continuance of a system which will be sure to force on our factory workers a still higher cost of living? Personally, I do not believe he would, even if reciprocity meant an immediate reduction of the price of wheat and corn.

"Reciprocity can now be granted by the wheat farmer without material disturbance of his present price, and its only effect will



ALEXANDER C. CHISHOLM, PRESIDENT.

be to throw into our market the Canadian wheat fields as a guaranty against future exorbitant increases and speculative fluctuation. In wheat, in lumber, in all other great material resources of Canada, reciprocity goes hand in hand with our new policy of conversation.

"The nation, through both its great parties, is now pledged to the policy of tariff revision and readjustment, and that revision will surely come. The passage of this agreement will hasten it."

A letter was read from British Ambassador James Bryce, in which he said: "It will be impossible for me to get to Boston. Let me wish you a pleasant gathering. Such unions as this, of men of British and Canadian birth, with friends born in the United States and most of them born from the same British stock—are of profound value as cementing the friendships of the peoples. Never was that friendship so strong as it is to-day. Let us trust it will be perpetual."

The Hon. Frank Oliver was then introduced by the Chairman and after the reading of an original ode by vice president Alex S. Starratt, entitled "From Evolution to Reciprocity," Mr. Oliver rose to his feet, so did Mayor Fitzgerald with a call for three cheers which he led.

Frank Oliver, Canadian minister of the interior, after praising Boston as a maker of past and future history, gave interesting fig-

ures showing the great growth of Canada, especially in the prairie provinces, during the last 10 or 15 years. He declared that these figures showed that Canada was growing to be a great power, and hence the question of reciprocity was of growing importance to the United States.

He declared that the Canadian interest in reciprocity lay in the fact that Canada was yearly producing a great surplus of products and needed a market in which to sell the surplus. On the other hand, he said, there would be a corresponding benefit to the people of the United States.

"I would say," he declared, "that a tax system which increases the cost of living, which taxes the people severely, is not sound economics and should not be supported in this civilized age. We in Canada look to see this; that when an uneconomical condition exists because of a certain tariff, that tariff should be readjusted and become economic, so that both parties will be benefited. This tariff agreement is sound economics and sound politics and will profit to both the United States and Canada."

Mr. George Lyman, president of the Canadian Club, of Montreal, and Mr. Sharon Graham, president of what Chairman McLeod said was the largest Canadian Club in the United States outside of Boston, the Canadian Club of New York, also made short speeches.

Mr. Graham stated that the delegation of six members, from the Canadian Club of New York, who had come to Boston to attend this banquet, had been successful in the mission which partly brought them, and that was that they had obtained the consent of the Hon. Eugene N. Foss, Governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor.

Minister Oliver called on Governor Foss at the State House during the day to pay his respects. He was accompanied by representatives of the several Canadian clubs in this city.

At a luncheon at the Country Club in Brookline given by Mayor Fitzgerald to the Canadians in the afternoon, the following attended as guests: Bryce J. Allan, president of the Allan Steamship line; C. W. Barron, P. G. Gray, of the Chamber of Commerce; Sharon Graham, president of the New York Canadian Club; E. M. Scovill, secretary of the New York Canadian Club; George Lyman, president of the Canadian Club of Montreal; A. C. Chisholm, president of the Intercolonial Club; Senator Frederick J. McLeod, Ara A. Minard, secretary of the club, and Minister Oliver.

A luncheon was given to Miss Oliver, daughter of the Canadian minister of interior, by Boston women at the Parker House the same day, which was followed by a theatre party.



ASA R. MINARD,
Corresponding Secretary, I. C. B.

Asa Raymond Minard, of Boston, Corresponding Secretary of the Intercolonial Club of Boston.

Mr. Minard was born in Port Medway, Queens county, Nova Scotia, and came to Boston in 1881.

He has been in the engraving and printing business in Boston for the past sixteen years, and has given employment to many of his countrymen from Canada.

Mr. Minard has been long recognized as a leader among the Canadian element in Massachusetts, and has represented the Canadian and Intercolonial Clubs throughout Canada and the United States.

At a conference of the Canadian Clubs of Canada and the United States, held at Niagara Falls, in 1906, he was elected Chairman and Vice President for the United States. An enthusiast, he believes that the Canadian and British born element in the United States should receive all the recognition which is their due. No one man has done more toward promoting the welfare of his people or toward the promotion of good relations between the two countries than Mr. Minard has done.

Much of the success of this banquet was due to his untiring energy and ability to organize and carry through such an event.

MRS. WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING.

Mrs. Williamina Paton Fleming died Sunday, May 21st, after an illness of a few weeks. She was curator at Harvard Observatory since 1897, and the only woman whose

name ever appeared in a Harvard catalogue. Of the fifteen new stars that have been discovered in the last twenty-five years, Mrs. Fleming discovered nine of them from photographs. She discovered her first star in 1887, on a Harvard plate, which came to her for examination. She held an honorary degree of associate in astronomy from Wellesley College, and was an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. She was born in Scotland, the daughter of Mary Walker and Robert Stevens. After spending some years teaching, she married James Orr Fleming, of Dundee, and soon came to the United States. She is survived by a son, Edward Fleming, a mining engineer in Chile.

MRS. CAMERON.

Mrs. Jane McBride Cameron, wife of the late Samuel Cameron, died on Thursday, May 4th, at the family residence, 239 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, New York, in her eightieth year. The funeral service was held on Sunday afternoon, May 7th, and was conducted by Rev. D. MacDougall, editor of "The Caledonian."

This is the second time within a few months that death has entered this family, Mr. Cameron, her husband, having died last October. A large number of friends assembled on that bright Sunday afternoon to pay their last tribute of respect to a noble Christian woman, and to express their sympathy for the sorrowing children. One son and four daughters survive. The oldest daughter is the wife of Dr. James Law, and the three younger are teachers in the public schools. The Scottish people of New York, through "The Caledonian," extend heartfelt sympathy to this doubly bereaved family.

The New York Public Library was dedicated and opened to the public on Tuesday, May 22d. President Taft, Governor Dix and Mayor Gaynor delivered addresses. The library is estimated to have cost, including grounds, \$29,000,000.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in session from May 18th to the 29th, elected Rev. John F. Carson, D. D., of Brooklyn, as Moderator, and successor to Rev. Charles Little, of Wabash, Ind. Dr. Carson is one of the most evangelical and popular ministers of the church.

CLAN FRASER, OF PAWTUCKET, R. I., with a membership of about three hundred, is doing good work in that thriving manufacturing city. It is estimated that Pawtucket has a larger percentage of Scottish people than any city in the United States. Past-chief Dick is to represent the Clan at the Boston Convention, in August, with Chief MacLintock as alternate. Two members of the clan hold important city offices. Mr. William Docter is "The Caledonian" representative for Pawtucket and vicinity.

The Pictish Race and Kingdom.

BY SIR JAMES FERGUSON, SHERIFF OF ARGYLESIRE.

Among the obscure periods in history, there is none more alluring or more tantalising in the absence of authentic records than the two hundred years which followed the withdrawal of the Roman legions from the northern walls, and submerged an advanced state of civilisation in Britain under the waves of barbarian invasions. "The frontier," wherever it may be, always exercises a powerful charm on the imagination, but nowhere is the spell more felt than where the rude Roman eagle, carved on the native rock, faces the unconquered shores of Fife, and on the long line of the fortified *limes* from the narrowing Firth to below the Fords of Clyde the legionary gazed across the central depression of Scotland to the Caledonian forest and the untamed Highland hills. We know not how the northernmost wall was forced or turned, though tradition associates the feat with the ancestor of the house of Graham, or how the more formidable barrier, from Tyne to Solway, was breached or scaled, though the locality of the successful attack seems preserved in the name of Thirlwall. All that is certain is that the assailants of the province were the Picts and Scots, and that the Romanised Britons were unable to prevent their raids being carried far into the heart of England. The Scots survived to give a royal race and name to the whole country north of the Cheviots, but of the Picts, the most numerous and powerful, the name has disappeared, and for long history accepted and recorded their conquest and extermination, while the subject of their race and language has vied with the Ossianic controversy in providing one of the most fiercely contested battlefields of historians and antiquaries. Of the four kingdoms which existed within the area of modern Scotland between the years 500 and 850 A. D. that of the Picts was most extensive in territory, and for long occupied a position of supremacy.

When authentic history first sheds its light on Britain, after the Roman exodus, Scotland is found occupied by four races, of which the Picts possessed practically the whole country north of the Forth, except Argyllshire, recently colonised by the Scots, while Galloway, from the ninth to the Irish Sea, was also inhabited by Picts. Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Dumbartin, and possibly part of Stirling formed the British kingdom of Strathclyde, and the south-eastern counties had been conquered, occupied, and to a large extent re-named by the Teutonic Angles of Northumbria. But in the Pictish population in central Scotland, between the Forth and Tay, there seems to have been a substantial British element, while the name of the Pentland Hills points to a considerable settlement of Picts in the regions south of the

wall. Such being the distribution in which they are found, the question, 'Who and what were the Picts?' has received many suggested solutions. The facts that they occupied the whole of the eastern Lowlands, and that the prevalent tongue in that region for centuries has been the Teutonic 'braid Scots,' while Tacitus had commented on the resemblance of the natives to the Germans, led Sir John Sibbald and Pinkerton to maintain that they were of Gothic or Teutonic blood and spoke 'braid Scots' while yet pagans. The facts that Caesar wrote of the Britons as painted, and as having wives in common, that the Picts owed their name to the practice of painting or tattooing the body and are said by later classic writers to have had wives in common, and some rapid conclusions and delusive speculations in phonetic etymology, led Harry Maule of Melgum and Chalmers to maintain that they were British Celts, akin to those of Strathclyde and Wales. Innes, in his *Critical Essay* of 1729, which is the pioneer work in real Scottish historical investigation, E. W. Robertson, in *Scotland Under Her Early Kings*, Colonel James Robertson, and Forbes Skene, basing their conclusions on a more detailed study of topography, on a critical examination of the earliest authentic annals, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh, and on a reasoned consideration of ascertained historical facts, are satisfied that the Picts were Gaelic Celts, akin in race and language to the Scots of Ireland and Argyll. Professor Rhys of Oxford considers them as what he calls an 'Ivernian race,' pre-Celtic both in Ireland and Scotland. There is this foundation for at least two of these opinions, that in certain regions the Picts were brought into close connection and intermarried with the Britons, occupying in central Scotland territory that had been previously held by Britons, and south of the Forth having possibly been superseded by Britons during the Roman occupation, and after the Roman evacuation seizing tracts of territory between the walls. One of the old legends says that the Picts 'conquered Scotland from Cath to Forcu' (Calthness to Forth), 'but without destroying the people,' and the so-called 'black Celt' in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland is probably not a Celt at all, or only to a limited extent, but the survival of an inferior subject population of lower type and development. It would seem that the view of Professor Rhys is curiously like that of the Scottish peasant. The sound conclusion appears to be that the Picts were truly the first Gaelic immigrants into or invaders of Scotland, that they were closely akin to the Scots who followed them at least in Scotland, and pressed on them both in Ireland and Scotland, and that the Gaelic race of the present day represents the

amalgamation of Pict and Scot, while the Pictish blood has blended with the Teutonic to form the mass of the population in the north-eastern lowlands. It may be that the Picts were nearer akin to the Teutonic races than the Scots, and they seem to have coalesced more readily with them in Galloway and north-eastern Scotland; but that they were in the main a Celtic and Gaelic race seems in the light of fuller investigation incontrovertibly established. The grounds of this conclusion are to be gathered from the references to the natives of northern Britain in the classical authors, from the early authentic Irish, Welsh, and Saxon notices, from inferences afforded by the ancient legends of their origin, from the evidence of topography, and from such indications as have otherwise been left of their language.

In 201 the northern tribes appear as the Caledonii and Meatae, the Meatae being the natives of the regions next the wall, and the Caledonii those of the mountainous regions beyond, the names probably meaning men of the plain, and men of the forest. In 209 the Emperor Severus 'advanced into Caledonii,' penetrated to Burghead, reconstructed the northern wall, and obtained the cession of the central district, probably that originally occupied by Agricola, but within the year the Meatae had again revolted. The name of Pict first appears in the year 296, when Eumenius, the panegyrist of Constantine Chlorus, uses the expression, 'Caledonum allorumque Pictorum,' and in the phrase, 'prolixo crine rutilantia,' alludes to the physical characteristics which had attracted the attention of Tacitus. In 360 began the inroads of the Picts and Scots, the Picts clearly coming from the north, and the Scots assailing the western coast from Ireland. In 369 the elder Theodosius reconquered the region between the walls, and the Picts are again treated as consisting of two nations, the Dicaldones and the Vecturiones, these being evidently the Caledonians and Meatae. The final withdrawal of the legions in 407 was followed by the overrunning of the country to the southern wall, and by the invasion of the barbarians in 409; while in 410 the letter of Honorius to the British magistrates, instructing them to provide for their own defence, signified the termination of the Roman sway in Britain.

In all the classic references there is nothing to suggest that the northern tribes were other than the same race throughout the four hundred years of Roman intercourse, and the classic authors clearly indicate Caledonia north of the Forth as the country of the Picts. The physical appearance, the weapons and modes of warfare described, and the social customs indicated, are all consistent with and support this view. Caesar had recorded that the Britons of the interior were a pastoral people, that their towns were fortifications in the woods, that they used chariots in warfare, that they painted the body, and that they had their wives in common. Tacitus describes the chariots,

the long swords, and the shields of the Caledonians, though it is remarkable that he says nothing of the painting or of the community of wives. Ptolemy mentions the names of a few towns, these being more numerous in the country of the Damnonii, and becoming fewer as the northern tribes are reached. In the time of Severus the Caledonians are described by Dio as living by pasturage and the chase, as using chariots in battle, as armed with sword, shield and dagger—the arms of the clansmen in later years—with which they had also a short spear with a loose brass ring at the shaft, as practising the painting of tattooing of the body, and as having a community of wives between ten or a dozen persons. The persistence of the name 'Picti' or painted, in Latin, Welsh, and Irish, and the lines of Claudian prove that the practice of painting the body continued down at least to the end of the Roman occupation. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Picts of the country north of the Forth were just the Caledonii of Tacitus, under a descriptive name, and the same is true of the natives of Galloway, who were originally known as the Novantae, from the Roman name of the Nith, who were written of within a century after the Roman occupation by the Welsh bards as 'Novant' and 'Peithwyr,' who are described by Bede as 'Pictorum qui Niduaril vocantur,' or Picts of the Nith, and who are found under the name of Galloway Picts in the Scottish army at the battle of the Standard in the reign of David 1.

At an earlier period the whole of Ulster was inhabited by a Pictish people, and under the name of 'Cruithnigh,' the Irish equivalent of the word Picts, a people of this race recognised as such continued to occupy a district consisting of the county of Down and the south half of Antrim, known as Uladh or Dalaradia, the Scots being in possession of the Irish Dalriada to the north. The Cruithnigh of Ireland were the race which had ruled over Ulster from Emania, to which the knights of the Red Branch belonged, and with which are associated some of the most famous Irish legends. Of them were the sons of Uisneach, and it would seem that Fingal, Ossian, and Diarmaid were the common heroes alike of the Caledonian and of the Iberian Picts. There is a mass of legendary history, British, Irish, and Pictish, as to the origin of the races in these islands, which mainly seems to consist of putting into a genealogical form the distribution and believed relations of the various peoples. The Irish legends deal with the Scots and Picts, and it is sufficient to say that they point to a close connection between the two races. Thus in the distribution of Ireland among the sons of Miledh, it is to the descendants of Ir that Ulster, the region for many generations ruled and occupied by the Picts, is assigned, and among the names of Pictish monarchs who ruled both 'in Erin and Alban' are several whose

names appear in the Irish Annals as kings of Ireland of the race of Ir.

The Celtic race consisted of two great branches, the Brythonic or Cymric, to which belong the Welsh or Cymry of Wales, the native population of Cornwall, and the Bretons of Brittany, the ancient Armorica, and the Gaelic or Erse to which belong the Irish, the Manx, and the Scottish Highlanders. The Welsh language differs from the Cornish, which only became extinct little more than a century ago, when Dolly Penraeth died, and both from the Breton. Scottish Gaelic differs from Irish Gaelic, and both from Manx. In all these cases the difference is such as to constitute separate languages, and not dialects of the same. The older topography of Scotland, with the exception of a few words, that may be more archaic and Iberian in origin, is, in so far as it does not consist of more modern English or Teutonic names, generally Gaelic throughout the country to the north of the Forth and Clyde and in Galloway. In the south-eastern Lowlands Saxon names are frequent. In Strathclyde and Teviotdale British derivations are evident, and generally throughout the country to the south of the Forth and Clyde the nomenclature bears some relation to the various races that have met and mingled there. But north of the Forth substantially all the older names are Gaelic in form and sound, and except for the fact that in the Lowlands additional and more modern names of Teutonic sound and significance are numerous, there is no difference between the region of Argyll occupied by the Dalriad Scots, the whole mountainous region within the Highland line, where Gaelic was the language of daily life down to comparatively recent times, and the Lowland districts, where 'braid Scots' has been the tongue of the people for generations. The testimony of the Book of Deer, the names recorded of persons of some position as witnesses in earlier charters, and the nomenclature even later of the cultivating and servile classes, show that at a time when Buchan was Pictish, and when the rest of the eastern Lowlands were at least substantially Celtic, the names borne by the native population were Gaelic. Henry of Huntington, writing in the twelfth century, observes, 'The Picts now seem rooted out, and their language so completely destroyed, that already it seems a fable that mention of them is found in writings of men of old.' When we remember that the English tongue was introduced north of the Forth at least eight hundred years ago by Malcolm Canmore and his sons, and that it has not yet superseded the Gaelic in parts of the Highlands and the western isles, it is incredible that in the previous three hundred and fifty years the Scots of Argyllshire should have not only imposed an alien language on the whole population of the Highlands and north-eastern Lowlands, but successfully proscribed and replaced the designation of every natural feature and habitation of man over the whole of Alban. Still

more incredible is it that this could have occurred without a hint in the Irish annals of any such change or of any complete difference of language, and that the legends recorded by Irish, Welsh and Saxons should concur in accounting, by the tradition of the Scottish wives, for the fact that the Picts spoke Gaelic. The Scottish missionaries found no linguistic difficulty in their work among the Picts. Columba himself used no interpreter at the court of King Brude at Inverness, nor apparently in his intercourse with 'Bede the Pict,' the Mormaer of Buchan at Deer, or with the aged chief whom he baptized in Glen Urquhart. He twice spoke by an interpreter, but it was always when preaching the Word of God. One occasion was when an aged chief named Artbrannau came to meet him in Skye from a more distant island; and the other when he preached to a peasant in the province of the Picts. The statement of Bede has been assumed to involve that Pictish was as distinct from Scottish, British, Saxon, and Latin as these were from each other, but it is only to the effect that the Word of Life was preached in the language of five nations. The Pictish Gaelic must have had its own peculiarities, and the dialect spoken by the humbler classes in different parts of the country probably varied largely from the cultivated Gaelic, intelligible alike to the Scottish clerics and the Pictish aristocracy. Indeed, it may have been mixed with the remains of a forgotten and unwritten Iberian speech, while there are reasons to believe that among the southern Picts it was largely affected by British influences. Agricola had found the great British tribe of the Damnonii in possession of the whole country from the Dumfriesshire hills to the Tay, and the Roman wall divided their territories into two, leaving outside the regions of Men-teith and Strathearn, which are afterwards found as the Pictish province of Fortrenn. They were probably the Britons of Fortrenn of whom the Irish writers speak. One of the legends describes the Cruithne as clearing their swordland among the Britons in Magh Fortrenn, the plain of Fortrenn, and Magh Girginn, Girginn being Angus and Mearns, and Magh Girginn probably Strathmore and the Howe of the Mearns. From whom the Picts conquered Angus and Mearns, it is impossible to ascertain, but the one written relic of Pictish speech on the stone at St. Vigeans in Angus suggests a British element in their language, and they seem, when the scattered Roman garrisons beyond the wall were overwhelmed and withdrawn, to have overcome and incorporated the portion of the Damnonii north of the Forth. The extent to which Gaelic names are found to the south may be accounted for by the previous existence of a Pictish population conquered by the Britons from the south, or superseded by a British element during the Roman occupation, or by the settlements of Picts from the north after the Roman withdrawal.

(To be continued.)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

FOURTH LESSON.

(Continued.)

'After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven.' Matt. VI. 9.

Every teacher knows the power of example. He not only tells the child what to do and how to do it, but shows him how it really can be done. In condescension to our weakness, our Heavenly Teacher has given us the very words we are to take with us as we draw near to our Father. We have in them a form of prayer in which there breathe the freshness and fullness of the Eternal Life. So simple that the child can lip it, so divinely rich that it comprehends all that God can give. A form of prayer that becomes the model and inspiration for all other prayer, and yet always draws us back to itself as the deepest utterance of our souls before our God.

"Our Father which art in Heaven!" To appreciate this word of adoration aright, I must remember that none of the saints had in Scripture ever ventured to address God as their Father. The invocation places us at once in the center of the wonderful revelation the Son came to make of His Father as our Father too. It comprehends the mystery of redemption—Christ delivering us from the curse that we might become the children of God. The mystery of regeneration—the Spirit in the new birth giving us the new life. And the mystery of faith—ere yet the redemption is accomplished or understood, the word is given on the lips of the disciples to prepare them for the blessed experience still to come. The words are the key to the whole prayer, to all prayer. It takes time, it takes life to study them; it will take eternity to understand them fully. The knowledge of God's Father-love is the first and simplest, but also the last and highest lesson in the school of prayer. It is in the personal relation to the living God, and the personal conscious fellowship of love with Himself, that prayer begins. It is in the knowledge of God's Fatherliness, revealed by the Holy Spirit, that the power of prayer will be found to root and grow. In the infinite tenderness and pity and patience of the infinite Father, in His loving readiness to hear and to help, the life of prayer has its joy. O let us take time, until the Spirit has made these words to us spirit and truth, filling heart and life: "Our Father which art in Heaven." Then we are indeed within the veil, in the secret place of power where prayer always prevails.

"Hallowed be Thy name." While we ordinarily first bring our own needs to God in prayer, and then think of what belongs

to God and His interests, the Master reverses the order. First, Thy name, Thy kingdom, Thy will; then, give us, forgive us, lead us, deliver us. The lesson is of more importance than we think. In true worship the Father must be first, must be all. The sooner I learn to forget myself in the desire that He may be glorified, the richer will the blessing be that prayer will bring to myself. No one ever loses by what he sacrifices for the Father.

This must influence all our prayer. There are two sorts of prayer, personal and intercessory. The latter ordinarily occupies the lesser part of our time and energy. This may not be. Christ has opened the school of prayer especially to train intercessors for the great work of bringing down, by their faith and prayer, the blessings of His work and love on the world around. There can be no deep growth in prayer unless this be our aim. The little child may ask of the Father only what it needs for itself; and yet it soon learns to say, Give some for sister too. But the grown-up son, who only lives for the father's interest and takes charge of the father's business, asks more largely, and gets all that is asked. And Jesus would train us to the blessed life of consecration and service, in which our interests are all subordinate to the Name, and the Kingdom, and the Will of the Father. O let us live for this, and let, on each act of adoration, Our Father, there follow in the same breath, Thy Name, Thy Kingdom, Thy Will;—for this we look up and long.

"Hallowed be Thy name." What name? This new name of Father. The word Holy is the central word of the Old Testament; the name Father of the New. In this name of Love all the holiness and glory of God are now to be revealed. And how is the name to be hallowed? By God Himself: "I will hallow My Great name which ye have profaned." Our prayer must be that in ourselves, in all God's children, in presence of the world, God Himself would reveal the holiness, the Divine power, the hidden glory of the name of Father. The Spirit of the Father is the Holy Spirit; it is only when we yield ourselves to be led of Him, that the name will be hallowed in our prayers and our lives. Let us learn the prayer: "Our Father, hallowed by Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come." The Father is a King and has a kingdom. The son and heir of a king has no higher ambition than the glory of his father's kingdom. In time of war or danger this becomes his passion;

he can think of nothing else. The children of the Father are here in the enemy's territory, where the kingdom, which is in Heaven, is not yet fully manifested. What more natural than that, when they learn to hallow the Father-name, they should long and cry with deep enthusiasm: "Thy kingdom come." The coming of the kingdom is the one great event on which the revelation of the Father's glory, the blessedness of His children, the salvation of the world depends. On our prayers too the coming of the kingdom waits. Shall we not join in the deep longing cry of the redeemed: "Thy kingdom come"? Let us learn it in the school of Jesus.

"Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth." This petition is too frequently applied alone to the suffering of the will of God. In Heaven God's will is done, and the Master teaches the child to ask that the will may be done on earth just as in Heaven: in the spirit of adoring submission and ready obedience. Because the will of God is the glory of Heaven, the doing of it is the blessedness of Heaven. As the will is done, the kingdom of Heaven comes into the heart. And wherever faith has accepted the Father's love, obedience accepts the Father's will. The surrender to, and the prayer for a life of Heaven-like obedience, is the spirit of child-like prayer.

"Give us this day our daily bread." When first the child has yielded himself to the Father in the care for His Name, His Kingdom, and His Will, he has full liberty to ask for his daily bread. A master cares for the food of his servant, a general of his soldiers, a father of his child. And will not the Father in Heaven care for the child who has in prayer given himself up to His interests? We may indeed in full confidence say: Father, I live for Thy honor and Thy work; I know Thou carest for me. Consecration to God and His will gives wonderful liberty in prayer for temporal things; the whole earthly life is given to the Father's loving care.

"And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." As bread is the first need of the body, so forgiveness for the soul. And the provision for the one is as sure as for the other. We are children, but sinners too; our right of access to the Father's presence we owe to the precious blood and the forgiveness it has won for us. Let us beware of the prayer for forgiveness becoming a formality: only what is really confessed is really forgiven. Let us in faith accept the forgiveness as promised: as a spiritual reality, an actual transaction between God and us, it is the entrance into all the Father's love and all the privileges of children. Such forgiveness, as a living experience, is impossible without a forgiving spirit to others; as forgiven expresses the heavenward, so forgiving the earthward, relation of God's child. In each prayer to

the Father I must be able to say that I know of no one whom I do not heartily love.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." Our daily bread, the pardon of our sins, and then our being kept from all sin and the power of the indwelling Spirit from the power of the evil one.

Children of God! it is thus Jesus would have us to pray to the Father in Heaven. Let His Name, and Kingdom, and Will, have the first place in our love; His providing, and pardoning, and keeping love will be our sure portion. So the prayer will lead us to the true child-life; the Father all to the child, the Father all for the child. We shall understand how Father and child, the Thine and the Our, are all one, and how the heart that begins its prayer with the God-devoted Thine, will have the power in faith to speak out the Our too. Such prayer will, indeed, be the fellowship and interchange of love, always bringing us back in trust and worship to Him who is not only the Beginning but the End: "For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, for ever, Amen." Son of the Father, teach us to pray, "Our Father."

"Lord, teach us to pray."

O Thou who art the only begotten Son, teach us, we beseech Thee, to pray. "Our Father." We thank Thee, Lord, for these Living Blessed Words which Thou hast given us. We thank Thee for the millions who in them have learnt to know and worship the Father, and for what they have been to us. Lord! It is as if we needed days and weeks in Thy school with each separate petition; so deep and full are they. But we look to Thee to lead us deeper into their meaning; do it, we pray Thee, for Thy Name's sake; Thy Name is Son of the Father.

Lord! Thou didst once say: "No man knoweth the Father save the Son and he to whom the Son willeth to reveal Him." And again: "I made known unto them Thy name, and will make it known, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them." Lord Jesus! reveal to us the Father. Let His name, His infinite Father-love, the love with which He loved Thee, according to Thy prayer. Be in us. Then shall we say aright, "Our Father!" Then shall we apprehend Thy teaching, and the first spontaneous breathing of our heart will be: "Our Father, Thy Name, Thy Kingdom, Thy Will." And we shall bring our needs and our sins and our temptations to him in the confidence that the love of such a Father cares for all.

Blessed Lord! We are Thy Scholars, we trust Thee: do teach us to pray, "Our Father." Amen.

The Children of the Temple.

BY FLORENCE E. SCHABKA

Miss Schabka was for over fifteen years one of the most efficient missionaries of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, and knows the needs of the east side people as few others do. She has been engaged in special work among the children at the Labor Temple during the past winter. (Labor Temple Bulletin.)

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the street thereof." Needless to say the new Jerusalem seen by the prophet in his glorious vision was not the city of New York, although its streets are fuller of children—and of Jews—than was the old Jerusalem at any time in its history. But the children in New York's most crowded parts do not have the chance to play as will those in the dream city of the prophet. Man's lust for gold has deprived them of God's light and air and sunshine.

There are various agencies bidding for these children,—forces of evil and of good. The saloonkeeper has spotted them, the cheap theatre, the gambling den, the dime museum, and the degrading picture shows. If the church wants them it must hasten; indeed, you cannot catch them too quickly to make of them good citizens. Be they native born, Italian, Polish or Russian, these children are impressionable, and the more of love and truth and things beautiful we put into their lives the nobler and happier will be their future.

As I write I hear, in fancy, what I have heard so often from the lonely and aged ones in the tenement room; there was nothing in the present that was worth a thought—the struggle to live was so great! The only hope was that rest and release in the House Eternal in the heavens. But see! the wrinkled faces light up! They are children again as they tell of happy days in far-away roads and fields and I hear over and over again beautiful thoughts expressed in verses and stories learned years and years ago. If childhood's memories are lasting we cannot do too much to make them very beautiful for the child, because life with its temptations and struggle is before them.

On Saturday afternoon hundreds of children are standing before the Labor Temple clamoring for admission to see the motion pictures, one of the most powerful attractions of the day for both children and grown-ups. Having only recently visited some of these shows on the East Side, I still had in mind the pathetic picture of families from the tenements craving amusement and diversion from the monotony of life, crowded into dark show places where the conditions were unsanitary, the air foul and the pictures poor and almost vulgar, but it was all they could afford.

Powerful teachers are these silent pictures. A club of Jewish girls said to me recently, "Ah, we saw such beautiful pictures—they were so sad and beautiful—they showed the life of Christ. The first was where he was born in a cave and the shep-

herds came. Then he was taken into Egypt so that the king would not kill him, and then when he was twelve years old he was taken up to the Temple in Jerusalem to the Passover," and so they went on giving the whole story of the life of the great Teacher in a most reverent manner, ending: "It was so beautiful and sad." Those of us who have stood in the Gallerie at Dresden before the "Sistine Madonna" and that master piece of Correggio, "The Holy Night," can never forget the impressions made, and the inspiration gathered as we gazed in silent reverence. Give the people beautiful pictures, the best are none too good, and give them often.

Shall I tell you about Concetta? She stands in line to see the motion pictures. One Saturday she was too far back in the line so that before it came her turn the Temple had long been filled and she was turned sorrowfully away. The following week, to limit the crowd a ticket was required and as she did not have one she was again disappointed. The next Saturday she came to the Children's Hour, where we sing and tell stories about Battles and Heroes, about Angels, God and Love. After the close she walked with me and told me how busy she was—too busy to play. She got up at five in the morning and worked till school time. When she came home in the afternoon she took care of the children and scrubbed and sewed coats until ten o'clock at night; and besides, her mother hit her so hard—no wonder she looked dull and uninteresting.

At a meeting of the Girl's Friendly Club I made inquiry among her friends as to the truth of Concetta's tale, and they said: "She works all the time and gets hit with a stick something fierce." I called at her tenement, top floor, room 25, with a ticket for her, and her mother was so angry. I feared Concetta's one play hour, just one in the whole long week, would be taken from her by her brutal parent. However, when I said the law would take the child if she did not have more time for play and less beatings, she reluctantly said: "She can come."

At the club, those of us who knew Concetta best, talked about being especially kind to her because her life was sad and lonely. Fedora, a little French girl, the gypsy type, with an interesting face and very poor clothes, sat near by busily sewing her apron. She is an orphan, living with a poor old grandmother one week in each month, and the remaining three weeks are spent with three different relatives. She looked up and said: "We must be good friends to her. I came one Sunday with my grandmother to the Temple and I heard about this club. I wanted friends and I came here and found them." Is it worth while? Does it pay?

New Publications.

SCOTCH POETRY.

(From Drummond of Hawthornden to Ferguson., covering a century and a half, a period infrequently studied, consisting of five lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow, January 1911, by Sir George Douglas, Bart.)

WILLIAM DRUMMOND (1585-1649, of Hawthornden, was the greatest representative of the so-called "English Period" in the history of Scotch Poetry, a period when Scottish Poetry seemed to have lost its identity. As a poet of pure beauty, Drummond among Scottish poets stands alone, without a second. He sang his own private sorrows, joys, and hopes, but not with the directness and frankness of Burns. He speaks in figures: his nature—less fiery, less outspoken, perhaps more sensitive—keeps ever an inner veil drawn between it and the world. There was something Drummond cared for more, far more, than self-revelation, and that was the most ideal theme of all the highest poets:—Beauty itself, and the creation of the beautiful. His *Poem on Immortality* which is among his last writings, is his masterpiece; it is the most heartfelt, and the most appealing exposition of the Christian doctrine of Immortality ever penned by modern hand, and may be called the "In Memoriam" of the Seventeenth century.

JAMES THOMSON was a poet of Nature in an artificial age. He was born in the Manse of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, of which parish his father was minister, in the year 1700. He attended school at Jedburgh, and entered the University of Edinburgh to study for the ministry. But he left Scotland, and went to London and entered upon a successful literary career. In the year 1726 he published *Winter*, the first instalment of his *Seasons*. This poem was a great success, and *Summer, Spring and Autumn*, which he wrote in the following three or four years, were also well received. In the *Masque of Alfred*, which he and David Mallet wrote together, is found the national song "*Rule Britannia*." He wrote numerous other poems as *Liberty, The Castle of Indolence, Agamemnon, Edward and Eleonora*, but *The Seasons* is his greatest work. He died in 1748, at a time when he was giving promise of better and more natural writing.

Had Thomson's life been prolonged to extreme old age, instead of being cut short at forty-eight, it is possible that he might have joined hands, in more senses than one, with Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose ideas and whose work his own work and ideas had to some extent foreshadowed. As it is, he remains a delightful poet of Nature, hampered, yet, after all, not so very seriously hampered, by the artificiality of the age in which his lot was cast. If he could only have written

with simplicity and directness, he would, no doubt, have been yet greater than he was.

JOHN ARMSTRONG (1709-1779), was another Scotch poet who studied at Edinburgh and then went to London. His chief work is a poem in four books on *The Art of Preserving Health*. But he did not have the success that came to Thomson (who began his poetical career under the patronage of Lady Griseil Baillie.) Writing in 1844—just a century after the publication of the poem—the poet Campbell declared that *The Art of Preserving Health* was the "most successful attempt in our language to incorporate material science with poetry." Armstrong allows a liberal latitude in the use of Nature's good things, recommending his doctrine thus:—

"To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight promotes the
just
And natural movements of th' harmonious
frame."

For some reason perhaps lack of financial success, as Armstrong grew older he developed a caustic temper, so that his later works exhibit him in the character of an embittered man. He died in 1779 at the age of seventy.

ROBERT BLAIR (1699-1743), was the author of that once popular Scottish poem *The Grave*. This poem may be described as an intellectual sedative, a bitter and lowering moral medicine, designed to humble human pride, to disenchant us with the fair shows of the world, and to expose the hollowness of all things. For Blair is a religious pessimist. He indulges, refines on, and accentuates, the vein of Hamlet musing in the churchyard. It is less as a classic than as a curiosity that his poem of *The Grave* survives.

JAMES BEATTIE (1735-1803), was in one sense even more fortunate than Thomson; for he managed to do very well for himself, without migrating to England, by merely paying two or three brief visits to London. He was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and took upon himself to refute the doctrines of David Hume, a much stronger man than himself. His chief work was called *The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius* and he enjoyed a great deal of popularity immediately after its publication. The fact that he was overrated in his own day does not authorize us to undervalue him. Beattie's *Minstrel* holds a distinct place of its own in Scottish poetry. He is not a very considerable poet, but he is a poet worth remembering; perhaps he may be called a woman's poet rather than a man's,—a poet, primarily, of delicacy and sensibility, but never of delicacy and sensibility emancipated from artistic restraint.

He was, however, not at all fond of the Scottish vernacular, and "would never endure to read what was written in the vulgar dialects of Scotland."

JOHN HOME (1722-1808), wrote the *Tragedy of Douglas*. He was the parish minister of Athelstaneford; but he was an unusual type of minister, for he combined the characters of soldier, courtier and playwright. *Douglas* was finished when he was thirty-three years old, and he went to London to offer it to Garrick, who, however refused it; but some of Home's friends had the play produced at a theatre in the Canongate of Edinburgh, where it took the town by storm, and enjoyed an unprecedented run. But the Presbytery of Edinburgh and the General Assembly were strongly opposed to stage-plays, and Home was obliged to resign his charge. On his retirement from the ministry, Home became a dependant of Lord Bute, who was then at the height of his influence at Court, and procured for Home a comfortable sinecure as Conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere. This post was worth £300 a year, and to this George III. added a pension of £300 more. Home went on writing plays, but none of them was as successful as his first.

It has been related that, at one of the performances of *Douglas*, at Covent Garden, a perfervid Scot shouted from the gallery, as a challenge to the English audience, "Whaur's your Wully Shakespeare noo?" Of course this man's patriotism betrayed his discretion; for the author of *Douglas* never for a single instant rose to Shakespearian freedom, spontaneity, richness of poetry, knowledge of the heart, or piercing, all-embracing vision. Not he, indeed! *Douglas*, in spite of genuine merit, remains, after all, the poetic play of an age which is primarily and essentially an age of prose. There is more of talent than of genius in *Douglas*.

We have seen that Thomson, Beattie, Home, and Armstrong owed their means of livelihood to having crossed the Border. Edinburgh might support her Ramsey, but would she have supported all these others too? That is open to question. Do not blame them, then, too harshly, if they looked south. For, after all, even poets cannot feed on roses only.

ALLAN RAMSEY (1686-1758). The obligations of Scotsmen to Allan Ramsey are great and various. As, first, for his poetry simply; secondly, for his share in preserving and restoring the Vernacular Poetry of his country; thirdly, for having rallied to himself the forces of wholesome mirth and joy, and gallantly and successfully made head against the tyranny of a too narrow and rigid Puritanism. Ramsey was a lover of the sunlight; what he did was done in presence of the world. He was the man who taught Scotland to smile again after fifty years of seriousness; and who restored poetry to the lan-

guage of the ordinary every-day Scot. Honour to him for these things. He was more of a benefactor to the nation than many a more pretentious man. Allan Ramsey is the best of antioates, or of correctives, to the sepulchral gloom of Blair, and of those whom Blair summed up and typified.

And let us observe, that, temperamentally, Ramsey was just the man for the work he had to do; for his delightful personality—so sunny, couthy, blithe, and debonaire—recommended him to everybody; whilst his good sense and practical ability commanded general respect. There was nothing about him, as there was about his greater successors, Fergusson and Burns, which might cause Poetry to be looked at askance, or might tend to bring her into disrepute.

In his recreation of Scottish poetry, Ramsey may almost be said to have set at naught the axiom, "Out of nothing, nothing is made." For though Thomas Carlyle has waxed eloquent over the feat accomplished by Burns in rehabilitating the poetry of his country, the feat of Burns in this respect was less remarkable than that of Ramsey. For Burns had much more material to work on than Ramsey; he had Ramsey and Fergusson behind him, and a public ready made. But Ramsey, cut off as he was by a gulf of two centuries from the Golden Age of Scottish poetry, had, indeed literally to unearth his own classics, and to create a public for himself. And so to him rightfully belongs the honour of restoring Scottish poetry, just as certainly as to Burns belongs the yet greater honour of perfecting it.

Yet Ramsey had not long to wait for a market for his poetic wares. The times were on his side. Printed off as soon as they were written and cried in the streets, his poems sold like the proverbial hot cakes. And to this method of production must, alas! be largely attributed the ephemeral character of so much of his verse;—turned out with an eye to immediate effect, and to hitting the taste of the wider public, it can scarcely be expected to exhibit the qualities which endure.

He wrote many poems as *Tales and Fables* and *The Three Bonnets, Fair Assembly, Tea-Table Miscellany*, and in 1725 his most original and enduring work, *The Gentle Shepherd*, a Pastoral Drama was produced. This when published as a book, took the public by storm, and was also successful as a stage-play.

He died in 1758, his remains lie buried in Greyfriars Churchyard, and, among all her many gifted sons, it is doubtful if Edinburgh has borne one more nimble-witted, genial enterprising.

Associated with the name of Allan Ramsey is that of his disciple, ALEXANDER ROSS (1699-1784); and as closely associated with the pastoral play of *The Gentle Shepherd* is the pastoral tale of *Helenore*, or *The Fortun-*

ate *Shepherdess*. Yet the two authors never met.

Born in the parish of Kincardine O'Neill, thirteen years later than Ramsey, Alexander Ross, the son of a farmer, received a sound classical education, and presently settled down to work as dominie of Lochlee, in the heart of the Grampians, where the rest of his long life was spent. Of all idyllic poets of modern times, surely Ross had the most ideal life.

It was not until 1768 that he gave to the world his *Helenore*, the great work of his lifetime, which was to remain a classic of the Scottish peasantry for perhaps a century. The poem was not long in attracting the attention of those whom his biographer proudly denominates "the great"; and this, in those less democratic days, was a prime factor in poetic success. Their Graces of Gordon, Lords Panmure and Northesk, Prof. Beattie, all did honor to the poet, and so honour to themselves. And the old man lived on for fifteen years to enjoy his reputation,—dying, happy, in the year 1748, and the eighty-sixth year of his age. If *Helenore* is a delightful pastoral, the life of Alexander Ross is a no less delightful idyl.

The secret of Ross's success as a story-teller is that he writes with conviction. His story is real to himself, and he thus makes it real to others. To have told a tale extending to some two thousand heroic couplets, without once allowing the metre to grow cloying or monotonous, is of itself a proof that Ross was a master of his art. His literary style is better than Ramsey's: more even, more free from blots. And though the Scotch he wrote in is not central Scotch, but a variety of Buchan dialect, its richness, its unsurpassed save by Burns and Dunbar. To have produced, within a century two such pastorals as *The Gentle Shepherd* and *The Fortunate Shepherdess* is an achievement of which Scotland may be proud. And, whatever may be their shortcomings there is no doubt that in native energy, simplicity, and spontaneity, the authors of these pastorals surpass the contemporary Scottish poets who were writing English verse.

ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-1774). Among Scottish poets there are a few whose lives impress us by their almost uniform happiness; others there are whose lives if not uniformly happy can at least show long tracts of peaceful or triumphant happiness; but the life of the most sordid drudgery, least palliated by elevating pleasures, least soothed by success, support or sympathy, and ending most tragically, which the annals of Scottish poetry can show, is the life of Robert Fergusson. Born and bred amid the noisome closes of mid-Eighteenth Century Edinburgh; at all times depressed by grinding poverty; acquainted with no more polished society than the boon-companions of a squalid tavern, and with no more elegant entertainment than a cheap fish-supper washed down

with gin; unrecognized for what he was, his labor unrequited, Fergusson yet had one attachment which ought to have sweetened his life—his true and tender love for his mother. Yet even this was turned to bitterness by self-contempt—by the pain of being unable to place her he loved beyond the necessity of hard toil and suffering. His sole joy consisted in the exercise of his genius for poetry: a genius in the strangest contrast with its circumstances, bright and lively, winning though wayward, human and irresistible to all who would take the trouble to notice it. He was born in September, 1750, the fourth child of a poorly-paid clerk, one William Fergusson, an Aberdonian, of irreproachable character. He studied at the High School of Edinburgh, the Grammar School of Dundee, and St. Andrews University. But though of brilliant intellect, he found himself unfitted for the ministry, and did not succeed as a farmer or land agent; at the age of nineteen he was obliged to take up the drudgery of a copying-clerk in a lawyer's office. In a few short years he wrote his English Pastorals, *Morning, Noon and Night, The Daft Days, The Election, Elegy on John Hogg the College Porter, The Farmer's Ingle* and others. A few months before his death his mind gave way, and he was taken to an asylum. And there, amid ghastly surroundings, not wholly unconscious of his own awful position, he died on October 16th, 1774, aged twenty-four years and one month. In poetic rank, as in time, Fergusson stands mid-way between Ramsey and Burns. But, more than all else, he remains to us a great unrealized possibility.

In this age of flippant fiction and trashy literature, which is intoxicating the minds of the young with unreality, it is gratifying to the thoughtful mind to come in touch with so lively a presentation of the poetic genius of the period preceding Burns and Scott.

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We quote a verse or two from one of his poems:

WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

"Do I like the city, stranger? 'Taint likely that I would;



CAPTAIN JOHN W. CRAWFORD.

"Tain't likely that a ranger from the border
 ever could
 Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud,
 unearthly noise—
 Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals
 an' boys,
 All a-rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble
 an' the jar,
 Jes' as if their soul's salvation hung upon
 their gittin' thar.
 Like it? No, I love to wander
 'Mid the vales and mountains green,
 In the border-land out yonder,
 Whar' the hand o' God is seen."

GOD'S ANTE-ROOM.

(The Grand Canyon of Arizona.)

"O, Mother Nature, hold my hand,
 And steady me a little while,
 That I may feel and understand
 This awe-inspiring sight so grand,
 God's greatest, most impressive brand,
 Clean-cut, and deeper than a mile."

A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG.

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
 After passing of a cloud,
 When a bit of laughter gits ye,
 An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
 Don't forgit to up and fling it
 At a soul that's feelin' blue,
 For the minute that ye sling it,
 It's a boomerang to you."

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We never had a chaplain that could find the
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 We never saw a soldier pass a shirt hung out
 to bleach,
 As we went marching through Georgia."

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OOR WEE CLOCK'S TICK.

When winters surly bitin' blast,
 Gangs screevin' 'mang the leafless trees,
 When Nature seems her very warst,
 An' moans, as tho' 'twere ill at ease,
 When snow-clad streets deserted are,
 An' cloudland chases shadows far,
 'Tis then, we love, at home tae sit,
 An' listen tae oor wee clock tick.

Oor wee clock ticks, aye ticks awa',
 In summer's bloom, or winter's snow.
 It ticks for great, as weel as sma',
 A universal tick for a'.

Hoo many times when by oor lane,
 We sat beside the clean hearthstane,
 An' gloured intae the roarin' bleeze,
 That crackled wae the frosty breeze,
 The fender bricht, the poker, tangs,
 An' cheety cat's wee purrin' sang's,
 Heaven canna be compared wae it
 Unless, up there, a wee clock ticks.

Bit, tho' the wintry blasts blew keen,
 An, auld age creeps on us unseen,
 An' tho' we've wannert fauer frae hame,
 Oor wee bit nock aye ticks the same.
 O' that the flag O' Glorious Peace
 From Pole to Pole, from West to East,
 Unfurl'd her folds, then Natures' Law
 Wad, like the clock, aye tick for a'.

STEVE ROBB,
 New Britain, Conn.

The following represents some of the letters we received regarding the "Caledonian" magazine:

Orange, N. J., May 12, 1911.
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British News.

CORONATION OF GEORGE V.

The Coronation of George the Fifth on Thursday, June 22nd, was the most brilliant spectacle of modern times. All the nations of the world were officially represented, and their presence indicated that the great event was of international significance. The day was observed by religious services and banquets in all the leading towns of the British Empire—and also in many cities of the United States.

It was an occasion of solemnity and rejoicing, and both king and men felt the great responsibility resting upon them.

ORIGINAL PIPE MUSIC.

Pipe Major A. R. Macleod, now of Holyrood Palace, has just composed a new pipe-tune, entitled "H. M. King George V.'s Welcome to Holyrood Palace, July, 1911." A copy of the tune has been sent to His Majesty the King, who has been "most graciously pleased to accept the same, and who further expressed His Majesty's thanks to the author."

THE CENSUS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The recent census of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, shows the population to be as follows:

England	34,043,076
Wales	2,032,193
Scotland	4,759,445
Ireland	4,381,951

Total, United Kingdom...45,216,665

This shows an increase of 3,757,944 or 9.1 per cent. upon the number returned at the previous enumeration. While the population of England, Wales and Scotland has shown continuous increases during the past ninety years, that of Ireland, which had risen to over eight millions in 1847, has since that date shown a continuous decrease. England now contains over 75 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, Scotland rather more and Ireland rather less than 10 per cent., and Wales contains the remaining 4½ per cent.

THE SEXES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

Males	17,448,476
Females	18,626,793

This gives an excess of 1,178,317 females over males, which would, however, be considerably reduced if the English and Welsh members of the Army and Navy and of the merchant service abroad were included in the reckoning.

A SCOTTISH HEROINE.

Miss Olive MacLeod, daughter of Sir Reginald MacLeod, of Dunvegan Castle, Skye, late Under Secretary for Scotland, returned last month from her African pilgrimage of 3,700 miles into the heart of the dark continent; the journey was undertaken for the sole purpose of erecting a stone over the grave of her betrothed, Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, who was killed by tribesmen. She was accompanied by Mr. P. A. Talbot, a former companion of her lover, and his wife.

The lieutenant was murdered whilst on his way to Maifoni to place a cross on the grave of his brother, who died whilst a member of the Alexander-Gosling expedition.

When word of this was carried to England, Miss MacLeod demonstrated that she was a fit bride for such a man. She at once announced that she would go herself to the Lake Chad region and place with her own hands, a stone on the Lieutenant's grave. Despite all efforts to dissuade her she, with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, set out on her journey. She was received with honor everywhere; a military funeral was given Lieutenant Alexander, and Miss MacLeod placed on his grave the stone she had carried so many thousand miles.

Her pilgrimage affords a modern instance of a woman's love and devotion.

She has penetrated into the heart of Africa, and faced with heroic fortitude, perils and privations that brave men might have shirked.

Miss MacLeod on her return brought to the Zoological Gardens two fine young lions, which she has presented to King George's African collection.

THE REV. DR. MAC KENZIE.

The funeral of Rev. Dr. Kenneth MacKenzie, of Kingussie, Scotland, which took place on Wednesday, June 14th, was marked by expressions of great sorrow. For fifty years Dr. MacKenzie had been an important factor in promoting education in all departments, in the Highlands of Scotland, and had been like a father to the young men who have flocked to the Kingussie School. Less than three weeks ago at the meeting of the General Assembly in Edinburgh, he presided at the breakfast of the Highland Ministers' Association, and delivered an inspiring address.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VII.

The wind flowed gustily all night long across the three miles of the island's waist that divided the Sound from waters Atlantic. Aros lay at the east of this rift in the hills, and the spruce and larch sheltering the great house sougled stormily to the ear of the servitor in an upper room, keeping vigil by a castaway from the wrecked cutter.

Always was there heard the swish of the branches, the singing and drumming of the river swirling seawards in the blackness outbye. But at times a sudden access of fury took the gale. Far away the hint of some new trouble brewing would be audible above the more constant sounds of storm, and, swiftly gaining strength, this rumor became a tumult of a sudden. Momentarily and furiously the blast possessed the house, until it trembled; then, as it swept over whipped waters to Morvern, what seemed by contrast, the very soul of quiet succeeded and after a space, the ear was again aware of nought but the sough of the firs and the noise of the river ginning at the bridge. But even in the tempest an islesman will find lullaby, and soon the watcher dozed at his post.

In dreams, Ian Fraser swam upwards through racing tides to a star burning solitary in the night above a woman's face; a star, golden, celestial in its calm shining; a woman's face—so sweetly kind, so beautiful, the grey eyes lit with some marvel of a great desire. Yet he awoke only to the guttering of a smoky candle set before the grotesque features of a goblin.

He rubbed heavy eyelids with his left hand, for a stound of pain warned him of some injury to his right, and rubbing once more, observed that the goblin nodded and snored in sleep. Despite his general sense of malaise, he smiled at the odd face with the peaked eyebrows and tufted beard set above the tiny body. He smiled, and yet he sighed, for the reality gave too

great a contrast to the vision. Again he recalled his lady of dream—that lovely face transparent in its purity, its longing for some grand miracle of the goodly life; and he fashioned in fancy once more the very accidents of her dress, the velvet snood, the fair side-curls, the tartan screen. If this were dream, was never dream so real, and still so fair.

And so, incredulous, he gazed at the slumbering servant, and sighed again. Then he stole gently from bed, and as he reached the floor, discovered with a groan that his injuries included a sprained ankle. "Hand and foot," he said, "yet alive. But where—?"

He found his garments dry and warm beside a fire of peats, and dressing in part, he limped silently around the shadowed room, nursing his arm the while. There were some chairs, a table, a chest, and a second tester-bed, which was tenantless. The door unbarred easily, as did also the two windows. From each casement, open in turn, he tried to interpret the outer world, but the obstinate dark still held, and little was to be seen save a forest of tossing branches, black against a fainter blackness. It was as he turned away from the second window that his eye fell for the first time on the candlestick that supported the tallow's pungent flame. He was in a mood to suspect every danger, but this observe gave his suspicions pause for the moment. Come! he was in luck; this was no mere inn, it would appear, for the piece was of silver and massive.

So much contentment came with this reasoning that he halted to debate the wisdom of awakening the attendant, when there fell a lull in the noises of the storm. And just then the imperfectly closed window nearest him opening slowly inwards with the wind, a chink of glasses came from below, and, faintly and afar, a musical chuckle, bird or human he could hardly say.

Instantly he leant outwards from the sill

of the window. The rain had gone, and from the rack and scud an occasional star peered out at the only light in this strange house, the candle beside the nodding goblin yonder. But was it the only light? He pressed still further outwards, and saw a luminous light fall thin and clear on grasses swaying ghost-like in the night wind.

Coming back to the door, he listened, but unavailingly, for the wind cooed and groaned anew through every stick and stone of the place. The very sound of it boded danger, and urged him to further search and caution; so he loosed the bar and stole out to where the well of the stair opened, a cavern for blackness. A plain balustrade of wood met his hand; gropingly he followed this to the wall, and then, returning, found the rail shaking a trifle on the curve of the steps. He moved cautiously downwards, but slipping, caught at the baluster with his injured arm, withdrew it in an agony of torture, and fell with a rattle to the foot of the stair. His head entangled in a fold of curtain, he found himself with his nose at a strip of light coming from below a door, and his injured limb doubled under him at such a disadvantageous angle, that the pain accompanying his attempts at rising brought him nigh to sickness and fainting. He could hear no sounds of alarm from behind the door; the voices there were in quiet talk, and he felt sure the hurricane's outcry had hidden the noise of his disaster.

But now he saw himself faced by a compulsory eavesdropping, and this, even if peril menaced, his spirit could not brook, so at the next savage onset of storm he tried again to rise. Again he failed, and sank back, covered with sweat, and half-swooning. Perforce he had to hear the words from behind the curtained door.

"I spoke of it in Rome to Sir Hector many a year ago, just the month before his death, indeed, and that was in 'Fifty," said a calm voice. "As you ken, he knew the clans and the country-sides as well as most, and even then, when the occasion was the more fitting, he was never of that way of thinking."

"And Elcho? What does Elcho say?" was asked in youthful tones.

"Elcho?" said yet another voice, and there came a musical chuckle. "I'll war-

rant his standing is only this, 'Redde argentum!' It will be nothing with him but, 'Try again, or turn again, my Prince, go or stay. But pay me back my loan of fifteen hundred.'"

"Yes," said the first speaker—and something of passion was now in his voice. "That's Elcho—poor Elcho! And more than he have the same tune, I fear. Then there are Forbes and the Oliphants asking the Prince for an outspoken word on the church. Lord!—how can the man have ought clear on divinity, when in the humanity he sees about him there is so little to put faith in * * * Too many Elchos, I tell you * * * Would to God he had but a dozen true hearts patterned on Lochiel that's dead and awa'—I tell you they'd save him yet—some few that would bring him back the best of his own lost youth—that or nothing."

The sounds of the tempest drowned all for a little, and then in a lull came the low even tones again:

"And, as you ken, the lave in Scotland just lost what little heart they had, when Archie Cameron went to his death."

What more the listener heard was ravelled, less from any indistinctness of the words than from increasing faintness caused by the pain of his injured arm. But his senses were still so far his own as to show him that here was a household of Jacobite conspiracy, as flagrant as that of the islemen in Tiree; and here was he, a Government servant, still striking blindfold into the midst of these coils of treachery to his masters. What to do? What to do?

In another overwhelming of the place in the noises of the outer night, he stumbled with a great effort to his knees. But his arm doubled, and he fell with half his weight upon the door, so that it gave lightly. His eyes were dazzled of a sudden, by the light that filled the room he had so unceremoniously entered; there was a clatter of glasses, a smell of wine that spilled and sprayed in his face momentarily as it fell; whilst an old gentleman with a bald pate, half entangled in a tablecloth, slid to the floor, and throttled him in fumbling fashion.

"Death without priest to you!" sputtered his assailant in Gaelic. "Listening? Scum of the pit! Take your knife to him,

Pennyfuaran, and give him a better end than he deserves."

Above the bald pate Fraser saw another face, white with passion—that of a young man in Highland army costume. He saw his hand, too, and it held the black knife ready. But he was also aware of a thin sword-blade sweeping over all three, and in one fiery, gliding movement, threatening each equally. For if its point menaced his heart, its edge came close to the hairless scalp of the elderly warrior, and was not far from the knife-arm of the younger. He beheld the wielder of the weapon in a stately old gentleman, whose bronzed oval of a face framed in silver hair, smiled down on him reassuringly. There was something strangely familiar to Fraser in the new-comer's aspect.

"Keep clear, Drumfin," cried the youth in the kilt and plaid. "I have him—spy that he is!"

"And if you but scratch him, Pennyfuaran, I have you. Lord! what wild cats we have become! Even the meditative Aros, who thinks himself good only for Latinity, has turned to war again. Come out, Alasdair. Come out, Pennyfuaran."

They obeyed, crouching from underneath his sword-arm, and leaving the other erect with his hanger's point still at Fraser's breast.

"You are our guest from the sea?" asked the swordsman.

The surgeon was too dazed to reply. One word sang in his brain; one word only had meaning—"Drumfin." It was by this name the young Highlander had addressed the man who stood over him—the man who but now had saved his life by his ready sword. Here again was this courtly old gentleman, with all the airs of a *maitre-d' armes*,—the Jacobite agitator—the fugitive he had tracked through half Tیره. Of a truth, the tables were turned with a vengeance.

"Will you explain your presence here, sir?" asked Drumfin, releasing his guard so that Fraser could prop himself on his left side.

In a word or two the surgeon depicted his amazement and sense of danger on awaking in a strange house; his cautious reconnaissance; his accident; his weakness that hardly left him now the wit to frame his thoughts.

"I see—I see—" said the swordsman encouragingly.

"Let me ask him a little more pressing-ly, sir," interposed the sceptical Pennyfuaran; and he crossed the black knife to his left oter. Before any could speak or move, all the barbarian in the youth flashed out, and he flung himself under the swordsman's steel, making for the throat of the fainting man.

The hanger gave a little twist, and nicked across the knuckles of the chieftain's right hand, so that the knife fell even before the blood showed.

"You are hasty," said Drumfin. "The man is really fainting, I believe, and it's me that this concerns more than any of you. Aside, man, aside,—spy or no spy, he's my concern, I say."

Bestriding Fraser in a single movement, he thrust his thigh forward suddenly and taking the shoulder of Pennyfuaran as if by accident, sent him sideways.

The sick man saw and heard no more just then, for the long drawn agony of his doubled arm suddenly swept him into unconsciousness.

When he came to himself, he found that he was in his bedchamber again. The candle still flickered smokily, but through the lozengs of the window, he saw the dawnlight trembling in a sky of quiet grey clouds, and he noted that the crying of the winds was gone. The old gentleman with the shining pate bent over him, a bowl of posset in his hand, and at the first quiver of Fraser's eyelids he showed discolored teeth in a musical chuckle. With alacrity the young man made as if to sit up in bed, but sank back with a cry of pain as his weight fell once more on the hurt arm; and solicitous and fearing the worst, the laird set the dish aside, and shuffled ineffective on the floor, stuttering the while. The sea-waif quickly recovered, however, and raising himself with his left hand, stretched it in turn for the vessel and took a long draught.

"More wine than milk, I fear," said the laird. "I mixed it hurriedly."

Fraser thanked him with a smile, set the bowl down, and forthwith stripping his right forearm, patted the swollen muscles, turning the wrist gingerly and grimacing all the time. So preoccupied with his examination indeed did he be-

come, that he forgot the old man, gravely observant, with airs as respectful as if some rite of the church were being performed, and when he looked up, he flushed with annoyance at having allowed himself anything but a demonstration in private.

"Is it broken, it is?" asked the laird.

"Faith! how should I know?" said Fraser, fencing the question.

"It's a leech's skill you have in the moving of it anyway," said the other.

"Then God help the leech's patients, if his skill be not more than mine. But 'tis a sling it wants, I should say."

"Will a scarf serve?" said Aros, giving him a silken square from the table. "There's a surgeon-man in the isle—a MacNab. But there's a many a hill to hunt for him, aye travelling as he is."

"The isle," cried Fraser, for it came on him with a horror that he might in some strange fashion have been carried back to Tiree. "What isle, sir?"

"Eilean Aros," said the laird.

"Ah! sighed the youth in a sudden relief, as he knotted the silk in a triangle and adeptly slipped head and arm to place in it—"Ah! and you took me from the sea, sir?"

"From the tangle and the black rocks of it, rather—a much easier task."

"You got the others?"

"None."

"They were swept off before we foundered," explained Fraser. "We were three in all."

"Peace to their souls," said Aros softly. And then as softly, but with shifting eyes and shuffling feet he asked: "A long voyage?"

Fraser caught a glint of the other's suspicious glance, and parried.

"Far and far enough," he said. "From Uist all the way, and a sorry day it was we ever left Lochboisdale." The half-truth stuck in his throat, and he reddened. Then, in order to avoid further questioning, he said, stammering the while, "But you must tell me to whose kindness I owe my life. My own name is Fraser, and I went south on business of the King's Navy."

"A good Scotch name," said the laird, his eyes still sidelong. "You' ken the Lovat country, I'll warrant?"

"I know what you mean," said the young man. "But no! I am London-born: and till a little ago I never saw the Highlands save from shipboard."

Aros' brow cleared quickly. "But you were asking my name," he said. "And it's just Alasdair MacLean of Aros; a poor man and a poor country."

He turned to trim candle and fire, and so missed the dropping of the jaw and the general air of discomfiture which Fraser now presented.

"So, that's it," murmured the youth, settling down in bed so as to bring his face into the shadow. "It only needed this to give the final turn to the comedy."

It was not enough, he bitterly told himself, that he should owe his life to the sword of the man whom he had hounded through Tiree only a fortnight before, but now, when he would fain show his gratitude, his very proximity threatened the safe hiding of the Jacobite. For, outside Tiree, he remembered, the nearest friend of the unhappy man whom he had aided in his flight thence, was the laird of Aros, and it was here that Chisholm's avengers the Sunivaig MacLeans, would ferret first. In view, he doubted not, he was art and part in the manslaughter, and he did not overlook his own danger. But what concerned him was the eye of publicity that his night's lodging would turn on Drumfin's place of hiding, and at any moment some of the garrison of soldiery in the island might hear of the exile's stay in Aros. His teeth clenched at the thought that his mere presence should so imperil the safety of this man he had so misunderstood. And straightway he determined that, lamed though he was in hand and foot, he would be packing ere night came.

"A bonnie pickle, as my father would say," he muttered underbreath. "A bonnie pickle. And Aros Point and the black rocks of it, and me wet in a sea-tangle, would be a prettier story, I'm thinking."

Soon the laird, hearing deep inspirations that warned him further talk would keep his guest from needed sleep, stole from the room. But the eyes turned to the wall were for long unclosed. Later, the sea-waif slept, and again he dreamt of the star and the woman's face, alike in their unearthly beauty, and dreaming

still, awoke to a sound of a clear high singing.

The winter sunshine filled the room, and across the notes of the song, came the trill of a robin in the pine branch that swept the open casement. Fraser robed as quickly as his hurts would allow, and stole to the window. Past the corner of the building ran a gravelled path, edged with box and ending in a clump of yews—the entrance to some kind of garden, he surmised; and behind the trees he caught glimpses of something light like a woman's dress. Thence came the singing, sweetly wild, and with plaintive minor notes—a farewell—a lament—a strain to bring the ardent tear, if one but knew the tongue of this strange land. "Return, return," the melody seem to say; and it brimmed with regret, with longing, with sorrow, it charmed him to oblivion of his wounds. And then the singer came into view and moved towards him slowly.

She was a young woman clad in a dress of some kind of sprigged calico, over which she wore a little grey cloak and hood; and she carried a garden basket filled with white roses. The hood had fallen back, so that the surgeon saw her fair side-curles and the black velvet band retaining them. Her face * * * ? Her face * * * ? It was his lady of dream! She still sang, her brown eyes musing and passionate, her voice breaking in the very ecstasy of art,—oh, surely the face of an angel rapt above all earthly things.

But as the girl caught sight of the youth at the casement, her song ended abruptly, and for a moment she halted, the great eyes up-turned, the least hint of confusion in her air. Then an arch look stole to the earnest face, a queer little line of humor twitched the solemn lips, and a high color crept to her cheek. "Flowers, sir! Will you buy?" she cried, holding up the white roses towards his window, and smiling outright. Then came a little laugh, and she glided from view around the angle of the house.

Fraser stood as if petrified.

"No dream, but the truth in very deed," he said. "And not too elysian for a laugh and a taunt, the rogue! So she thinks I do not know the meaning of white roses?

Does she, too, hold me for a Hanoverian spy, I wonder?"

He paced the bare chamber, debating the situation anew, for already a score of reasons presented themselves against too precipitate a departure from Aros. It was in vain he told himself that he was there to no purpose; that his paths were laid elsewhere; that he but endangered Drumfin by his presence. Another voice argued that he must stay since he owed the exile some requital, and on a point of peril to the old man, he might be of some service. Again, by remaining, he might the readier clear himself of suspicion before these worthy folk of Aros. And so on, and so on.

But through all the mist of his imaginings a fair face shone, shaking sunny side-curles roguishly, and whispering:

"White roses! White roses! Flowers, sir? Will you buy?"

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT SCOTLAND OWES TO NORWAY.

Lord Salvesan, speaking at the formal opening of the Norse Scottish section of the Scottish National Exhibition, Glasgow, said that he did not think we now-a-days realize how much we were indebted to the Norsemen who came at first in no very friendly fashion to these shores, but who afterwards settled amongst the people of Scotland and became one with them. For three hundred years Norwegian kings reigned in the city of Dublin, and in the course of a voyage in one of the great ocean liners not very long ago he was told quite casually by the commander of that ship that some of the finest types of Irishmen that he had come across hailed from the neighborhood of Dublin, and that he was convinced that they were of Scandinavian descent. As regards Scotland, for five hundred years a very large part of Scotland belonged to Norway, and he was not sure, speaking as a lawyer, whether the islands—the Orkneys and the Shetlands—still did not belong to Norway—(laughter)—because they were, after all, only given in pledge for the dowry of a Norwegian princess which Norway was at that time too poor to redeem. Legally, if one were only dealing with the matter from a civil point of view, he was not at all sure whether the Crown of Norway, if it were prepared to pay the money with interest for three hundred years, would not be entitled to redeem these islands and annex them to the Norwegian Crown. He did not think there was very much risk of that, however, because Norway, although it had always been rich in talents of all descriptions, had never been very rich in the ordinary sense of the word.—Northern Chronicle.

A Lonely Mountain Cottage.

BY MRS. AMELIA GODDARD

One warm summer afternoon as Forrest Landman was riding along a country road in Brittany he came to a piece of woodland with a path through it that was not much traveled, but he thought it might be a shorter route to the house of his cousin, which was his destination. Night was fast coming on, but in contemplation of the beautiful pines towering erect and grand toward the sky, he hardly realized the lateness of the hour. Soon after turning into the woods he espied a little cottage half buried among the trees, and as he drew near he thought it might be better for him to remain the night there, for the last hour had shown heavy threatening clouds, and he was fearful that a severe mountain storm was imminent. The place looked desolate, but he leaped from his horse and knocked at the door. After a moment's delay a gentle voice said:

"Come in."

He opened the door and stepped across the threshold into a large cheerless, scantily furnished living room, where sat a very pretty young woman holding a baby in her arms.

"Have you lost your way?" said she, without rising.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but I took this path through the woods hoping it would shorten the distance to my destination, but on account of the threatening storm, I would like to stay here all night if I may. I have a horse and dog. Can you put us up, do you think?"

Hesitatingly she replied:

"I think he will be willing."

He noticed a worried, careworn look upon her face in spite of her apparent youth, and it seemed strange that such a fair creature should be lost in this out-of-the-way spot, away from all associates.

"Poor little dear," she said, as she laid down the crying baby, and with caresses tried to quiet him.

The child seemed sickly, and I noticed he wore fine clothes hardly in keeping with the surroundings.

I had left my horse tied to a tree, but now went out and stabled him comfort-

ably, locking the dog in with him. When I returned, the woman was preparing supper.

Suddenly a man strode in. He seemed well-suited to this life—six feet two inches surely—and a careless independent swing, showing his outdoor training.

"Good evening, sir," said he gruffly. "Are you caught in our lonely retreat in fear of a storm?"

I told him such was the case and that I had begged their hospitality for the night. He did not seem very well pleased at this, but the woman made me welcome, and as the rain was now coming down in torrents, and it was a good three-hours' ride to my journey's end, I decided to make the best of a half welcome.

As I brushed my hair before a small glass over the sink in the kitchen and made myself ready for supper, I noticed they passed into an inner room, where a few words of conversation were exchanged. The thin partitions of pine boards were far from sound proof. His tone was sullen, while she was talking to him beseechingly. I felt myself an intruder, but there was no help for it. I could well afford to pay them for their extra trouble.

Finally supper was announced. The man went to the door and called his dog—a beautiful hunter, which I would like to have owned myself—but as we sat around the board, the dog seemed not to make me more welcome than did his master. The woman did not sit down with us, but devoted herself to the baby, and I thought:

"How beautiful is a devoted mother."

In the evening, in order to relieve her a while of the care—and perhaps because I am very fond of children—I took the child in my arms and rocked him as if we were the best of friends. The dog seemed instantly to change his opinion of me, for he hardly left my side, and as I stroked his head he settled down beside me in great contentment. I chanced to speak of my home. The man said:

"Madam probably has not found out your name and whereabouts?"

"No. I am connected with a firm in

Chicago—Marshall & Landman, attorneys."

A look of fear quickly took the place of his independent expression, and he glanced furtively at the woman. She bent closer over her sewing, and I felt that everything was not just right—that there was some mystery. But surely it was not my place to pry into their family affairs. His words now became fewer and she sewed the faster.

My conjecture was that she was his wife, and that he was more cruel than kind to the dear little woman, for she seemed to fear him. Why! if she were mine she would be the one care of my life and I should feel that I were wondrously blest.

As she put the boy to bed in one corner of the living room, it seemed to me that she showed not only love, but sorrow for him.

"Poor little boy! I hope he will not cry to-night." And I asked:

"Is he sick?"

"Oh, no," said she, "but I fancy he is lonely up here. He won't drink his milk. I am afraid he will starve."

The man quickly answered:

"He is well enough. You are too whimsical over him. You pamper him too much."

The evening was fast passing, and my watch told me it was nearly bedtime. After refilling our pipes and spending a half hour longer together, he opened a door and told me that was my room, and that he slept next to me. I was tired and my strange experience and suspicions did not keep me awake.

The next day was so stormy I could not continue my journey, but as my horse and I were safely sheltered, I decided to be patient a while longer. The quiet home ways of the woman in her trim morning gown attracted me in spite of myself. The baby began a sad, mournful wail, and her work was quickly left to attend to it. As she bent over the little fellow, not seeming to know what to do, I said:

"You ought to have a doctor."

"Oh, will you get one for him?" said she.

"Humph! he is well enough. He don't need any doctor, and can't have one,"

said the man. Nevertheless he was irritated at its crying and left the room.

"Perhaps I can help you," I suggested.

"Oh, will you,—will you help me?" she softly said.

"Surely I will. Just tell me how.

"Will you take him back to his poor mother? I am sure she is breaking her heart for him."

"Why, are you not his mother?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, no! And if I had realized what we were doing, I would have starved before I would have helped my brother to commit this sin. He told me that his whole future depended on my helping him."

"Tell me more about it," I suggested.

She then told me that if the baby was out of the way, a rich old uncle, who was dying, would make her brother his heir, and he had made his Uncle Jones believe that his grandson had been run over and killed by the cars after being kidnapped, all proofs having been forged by him. She had been a party to it through love and fear of her brother.

"Oh, how could you assist in such a wicked deed—you look so innocent and good and pure" was my mental question. Then as if in answer to my unspoken thoughts she said in a whisper:

"I am frightened almost to death about it, but I mean to take the baby back to its mother at once, and it will all come right."

She started again for a bottle of milk. I went closer to her, took her hand in mine, and said:

"Let us both go. We will both take him to his home, and if you will be my wife, I have a pleasant home for you. Are you willing, and can you trust me?"

"But could you trust me after this knowledge of the child?" she asked.

"I can forgive your part in it, you have shown such love and sympathy toward the little fellow, and you want to restore him to his rightful place, I am sure."

Before she had time to reply her brother came in, and I said to him:

"Your sister and I leave here to-morrow with this child—she to be my wife, and he to go to his own mother and inheritance, and the less you say concern-

ing it the better, unless you want to be arrested for kidnapping."

He could hardly credit my words at first, but after a few minutes' thought, evidently decided that the game was up,

and turning on his heel left the house.

Many happy years have passed since that day, and I have never ceased to bless the rain that drove me to that mountain cottage, for in it I found my happiness.

Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, N. J.

New York on July 4th is the best place in the world—to leave. And where can we find a more convenient or delightful retreat than the "Beauty Spot of the North Jersey Coast," Asbury Park, and its twin city, Ocean Grove?

The heat of Saturday, July 1st, though not quite as intense as a year ago, drove thousands away from the metropolis, and Asbury was filled to overflowing with happy and orderly crowds. Up and down the board walk they strolled, drinking in the health-giving sea air, while thousands were bathing in the clear water, which is so much more tempting than that of the seaside places near the great city.

A short distance from the beach, scores of sailing and fishing boats pass every day, and further out we can see the big coast liners. The board walk, over a mile long, and kept in excellent condition, is the great thoroughfare, and here old friends meet and spend many happy hours.

This year we found a number of improvements; the piers have been extended, and larger and more convenient bath houses take the place of some of the old ones, both at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. Also a large new hotel has just been completed near the dividing line between the two towns. The long pier is a great attraction to the anglers at all times of the day, while boating on the lakes is a favorite pastime.

On the Fourth of July Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, gave the oration at the Auditorium, Ocean Grove, and July 5th., 12th., several hundred Sunday School teachers of all denominations held a convention at Asbury Park.

The twin cities have many attractions superior to any of the Jersey summer resorts. They are beautifully laid out, with fine well-paved streets, and miles of pleasant drives. The buildings are in excellent taste; there are many many fine hotels and boarding houses, and stately residences;

there are good stores and places of amusement, but the great attraction is the beach and the sparkling waters of the broad Atlantic.

The hotels furnish comfortable accommodations, with commodious piazzas, and as the majority of them are only a few hundred yards from the beach, the sea breezes are cool and delightful. The food is excellent, well cooked, abundant, and courteously served, and the guests are made to feel at home.

Among the best and most popular family hotels is "The Fenimore," in Second avenue, about a block and a half from the beach, with every modern improvement. The proprietor, Mr. Thomas Noble, a worthy Scotsman, has for twenty-six years welcomed thousands to his hospitable house.

Hotel Park View in Fifth avenue, one block from the ocean, and facing Sunset Lake, is also a noted hotel. Mr. Evans, the manager, feels that he cannot do too much for his guests. It is a very quiet and home-like place.

"Hotel Brockhurst," on Sunset avenue, two blocks from the beach, and one block from Deal Lake, is an excellent hotel. It is under the management of Mr. S. M. Bullwinkle, late of Hotel Astor, New York, whose experience as a hotel manager is invaluable.

Among the many commodious hotels of Ocean Grove is the "Fountain House," centrally located for both Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. It has been remodeled and newly furnished and occupies an entire block, facing Founders' Park. It has unusually large and attractive piazzas, and is only one block from the ocean, and two blocks from the Auditorium, and near the Asbury Park street cars. Three hundred and fifty people can be easily accommodated and the rates are very moderate. The proprietor, Mr. Arthur, is one of the leading men of Ocean Grove, and is very affable and happy in his disposition.

(See page 171)

Historical Boston

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY.

Delegates to the Royal Clan Convention at Boston during the month of August, and other visitors, may find time to take the following short walking trips during their stay, and the knowledge that they have been able to visit so many places hallowed by associations historical and literary, will add greatly to the enjoyment of their vacation.

The offices of the Royal Secretary of the O. S. C. are in the Old South Building, on Washington street, near Newspaper Row. Until recently, almost all the leading Boston dailies had their headquarters near here, but lately there has been an exodus, and several have moved to other sections of the city.

The Old South Church, erected in 1729, adjoins the Old South Building. A tablet on the tower gives the information:

"Church Gathered 1669,

First house built 1670,

This house erected 1729,

Desecrated by British Troops 1775-6."

Within is a collection of relics and pictures, and admission is twenty-five cents. General John Burgoyne's regiment, the Queen's Light Dragoons, occupied the Old South Meeting House prior to the evacuation of Boston; hence the desecration. Along Washington street, to the right or northward, at the head of State street, is the Old State House, where another collection of historical relics well worthy an inspection are housed. Admission free. From the balcony facing State street, the news of the death of George II., and ascension of George III. was read, and also on the 18th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence.

The Massachusetts Legislature held their sessions here until they took possession of the new State House in 1798. In the Chamber of Representatives in this building, according to John Adams, "Independence was born," and about forty yards down State street, the paving blocks are set to form a circle, the site of the Boston Massacre—one of the places where the "first blood of the Revolution was spilt."

Still keeping to the north a few steps will bring the visitor to Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of Liberty," built in 1742. Faneuil Hall is open daily, and is the rendezvous of the famous Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, whose armory is on the top floor. When ever any question of public import arises, Faneuil Hall is the meeting place of the orators and the populace. For over a century and a half, banquets and balls innumerable have been held in this building in honor of distinguished visitors. Lafayette, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Prince

De Joinville, Lord Ashburton, and The Earl of Elgin being feted at different times by the City of Boston. The walls of the hall are covered by a valuable collection of historical paintings. The street floor of the building is leased as a market, and during the early morning hours the vicinity is the busiest area in Boston. If the visitor will now enquire the way to Paul Revere's house, a short walk through the Italian quarter, will bring him to 19 and 21 North Square, where the hero of Longfellow's famous poem resided. The house was built in 1660, and was restored in 1898, and opened to the public. Admission, twenty-five cents.



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

Built 1686.

Rebuilt 1749.

Again making use of the guid Scotch or Anglo-Saxon tongue, a short walk through the Jewish Ghetto on Salem street (appropriately named), will bring the visitor to the Old North Church, where tradition records, Paul Revere's friend hung out the signal lanterns to signify the march of the British troops to Lexington, which caused the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere.

A short distance along the street facing the tower of the Old North Church is the Copp's Hill Burial Ground, the second burial place established in Boston, and first used for interments in 1660. The Rev. Drs. Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather, Andrew and John Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, were buried here. During Revolutionary times, the British troops used Copp's Hill as a military station and amused themselves by using the tombstones as targets, and it is claimed the marks of the bullets on the stones are still discernible.

The visitor can now return to the center of the city as he desires, fifteen minutes walk bringing him back to where he started.

TOUR NUMBER TWO.

Starting again from the Old South Building, the visitor can proceed up School street, which is directly opposite the main entrance. The old fashioned gabled building on the corner of School and Washington streets, was built in 1712, and for many years was occupied by the Old Corner Book Store, frequently referred to in the writings of the great Boston literary giants.

"Around this corner gather,
The tollers of the pen—
The Emerson and Longfellow
The morning hours divide—

Or Whittier our beloved as brave as he
Is true,
With Lowell, Holmes, and Hawthorne
Old fellowships renew."

Half way up School street is Boston's City Hall, erected in 1865 at a cost of half a million dollars.

The statues on the grass plot in front, are of Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy.

This Josiah Quincy filled many offices of public trust and was mayor of Boston in 1826-28. He was the first of three mayors of the same name and family, who have filled this office.

Kings Chapel at the corner of School and Tremont streets, was first erected of wood in the year 1688. The present stone building was begun in 1749. King William and Queen Mary presented this church with a solid silver communion set and other gifts.

If the doors are open, the interior is worthy a visit, owing to the numerous mural tablets and busts that are erected within the chancel. King's Chapel was the first worshipping place of the Episcopal denomination in Boston, and the first attempts to establish the church of England ritual, was attended with great opposition on the part of the Puritans. It is now occupied by what might be termed a High Church Unitarian Society.

The Old Burying Place adjoining, contains the dust of Governors Winthrop and Shirley, Lady Andros, John Cotton, and their names and others are recorded on the gateway. Proceeding along Tremont street to the left or southward, Tremont Temple, famous for its great preachers, is soon reached. Opposite is the Old Gramary Burial Ground. I always like to ramble among old tombs myself, but if the visitor does not care for these relics of the past, he need not enter. Here are interred the remains of so many Americans whose names are household words, that I imagine, few people who can spare the time will leave Boston without trying to find the graves of Governors Hancock, Adams, Eustis, Dummer, Bowdoin, Bellingham, Sumner and others. General Warren, Pete Faneuil, Benjamin Franklin's parents and numerous revolutionary patriots were buried here and



PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON,
1809. Cor. Tremont and Park Streets. 1901

small tablets denoting the rank and title of the occupants below, are found on every path.

Park Street Church was erected in 1809, and is the home of the First Congregational Society, which was constituted in 1748. The doctrines preached here for a century are familiar to Scotsmen, and have earned for the edifice the appellation of Brimstone Cooney. Half way up Park street on one side of which is Boston Common, are the publishing offices of The Atlantic Monthly. At the top of the hill we see the gilded dome of the State House. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said in his "Autocrat," "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." This expression is now generally applied to Boston as the "Hub of the Universe."

In front of the State House are bronze statues of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann, an equestrian statue of General Hooker is prominent and in other parts of the State House grounds, statues have been erected to General Devens and Nathaniel Banks. On Beacon street facing the State House, the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, by St. Gaudens is worthy a close inspection.

No visitor to Boston should neglect to visit the interior of the State House. Doric Hall and Memorial Hall with its battle scarred flags, will bring the clutch to the heart and the lump to the throat, and instinctively off will come the hat in honor and reverence, just as the Britisher has done in some old abbey or parish church at home, where the torn and tattered flags of famous regiments are hung above the tombs of the warriors at rest.

Busts, memorials and statues unnumberable, will cause the visitor to linger,



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.
Dedicated June 17, 1843.
Height, 220 feet.

"Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming. Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."—Daniel Webster, 17th June, 1825

but when he gets ready to leave, I would advise that he wander over Beacon Hill and through some of the old streets such as Mount Vernon street, Chestnut street, Louisburg Square, where every ancient house has a history of its own. This is the scene of numberless American literary productions of distinction. Around here lived and still live many of the literary lights of these United States. Returning to the Common, where the Soldiers' Monument by Millmore should be inspected you can walk round the historic Frog Pond. Crossing the Public Garden and coming out to Boylston street at Arlington Street Church, proceeding west, you pass the Natural History Museum and the Institute of Technology and reach Copley Square. You can admire or not St. Gaudens' last work, the statue of Philip Brooks with the figure of Christ behind, but you certainly will admire Trinity Church. You can enter the church and rest in its ding religious light before crossing the square or triangle. By this time you will have found that all Boston's squares are triangular, oval, oblong, hexagon or circular. The tower of the new Old South Church, of which the Rev. Dr. George Gordon is pastor, will catch and hold your eye and if the church door is open, an inspection of the interior will repay you for the time spent. The interior of Boston Public Library will delight you. Cards describing the paintings by Abbey and Sergeant will be found on the stairways and in the halls. Bates Hall, where the visitor can pick out a book from the shelves and sit down for as long as he likes, will perhaps be welcome. On emerging from the library a car can be taken at the corner of Huntington avenue for the new Art Museum, and the great marble buildings

of the new Harvard Medical Schools, and after that you will consider you have seen enough for one trip.

TOUR NUMBER THREE.

Taking a Harvard Square car at the Park street subway station, on the Common, you will emerge at the Public Gardens. The car proceeds along Boylston street,, past Copley Square to Massachusetts avenue, crossing the River Charles by the Harvard Bridge, entering Cambridge at the Riverbank Court. When Harvard Square is reached, come off the car and spend as much time



OLD STATE HOUSE, EAST END, BOSTON.
Rebuilt 1712.

as can be spared inspecting and visiting the numerous halls, colleges and museums which comprise "Harvard."

Harvard University was founded in 1638, and is still administered under the charter granted in 1650. Harvard Hall was first built in 1672; destroyed by fire 1764. The present Harvard Hall was built in 1765.

Hollis Hall was built in 1763. Holden Chapel, the gift of the wife of Samuel Holden, M. P., was built in 1744. Massachusetts Hall was built in 1718-20. These buildings can soon be found by the visitor after a walk through the campus. The cornerstone of Memorial Hall was laid in 1870. This building was erected by subscription, in memory of the sons of Harvard who fell during the Civil War, and cost over \$400,000. There are over seventy buildings connected with Harvard University, and it is unnecessary to enumerate more. If the visitor is still interested in cemeteries, a car can be taken at Harvard Square for Mount Auburn, the first garden cemetery in America. Here are buried Longfellow, Lowell, Sumner, Phillips Brooks, Agassiz, Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Fern, Edward Everett and many other illustrious dead.

The home of Longfellow, where many of his most famous poems were written; the



HARVARD COLLEGE GATE.

Harvard College was founded in 1636, and was named for Rev. John Harvard of Charlestown, a Master of Arts of Emmanuel College.

Of Harvard College might then have been said what Sir Walter Mildmay, the founder of Emmanuel College, said to Queen Elizabeth, "I have set an acorn which when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof."

home of James Russell Lowell; the Washington Elm, under whose spreading branches George Washington first took command of the American Army, are all in close proximity, and can easily be found by the visitor.

TOUR NUMBER FIVE.

From the American House a car can be taken for the Charlestown Navy Yard, which is always open to visitors. War vessels are usually in dock, and inspection is allowed. The old frigate Constitution lies here. From the Navy Yard a short walk takes you to Bunker Hill. The shaft is 221 feet high, and a flight of 295 steps takes you to the top. The monument cost \$150,000. The cornerstone was laid by General Lafayette in 1825, and was completed in 1843, Daniel Webster being the orator of the dedication.

The headquarters of the Royal Clan will be at the American House, on Hanover street, and the business meetings will be held there.

General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, resided where the American House now stands. Nearly opposite, between Brattle street and Cornhill, the celebrated Scotch painter, John Smibert, who came to America in 1728, built what was at that time considered to be a palatial residence. Several of his paintings are in the possession of Yale College. Scollay Square, at the head of Hanover street, is named after John Scollay, who came from the Orkneys, and in

1692 was the lessee of Winnisomett Ferry, which plied from the foot of Hanover street to what is now known as Chelsea. On Union street, near Hanover street, is the site of the Green Dragon Tavern, where the first Grand Lodge of Free Masons in America held their meetings. This lodge was organized under a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1756. Daniel Webster styled the Green Dragon Tavern the headquarters of the Revolution, as Warren, who was Grand Master, and John Adams, Paul Revere and Harrison Otis, John Hancock and other Revolutionary patriots made this their meeting place. Further down Hanover street, a tablet is erected on the site of the house occupied by Cotton Mather, the most celebrated of Boston's old-time clergymen, whose title to fame rests chiefly now on his perse-



ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE.

Home of James Russell Lowell.

"Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life precludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep
and feed."—"Under the Old Elm."

cution of those who were considered to be identified with witch-craft.

Near the foot of Hanover street, at the corner of Commercial street, Sir David Ochterlong Burt was born. He attended the Boston Latin School, joined the British service, went to India at eighteen, and was at the siege of Delhi. He was made a major-general in 1814 for his services in India, and



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, VRDC.

Built by Col. John Vassall, 1759.
 Washington's Headquarters, 1775.
 Owned by Craigie family, 1793-1841.
 "Once, oh! once within these walls,
 One whom memory oft recalls,
 The father of his country dwelt."
 —Longfellow.

a baronet the next year. Another Boston boy of Scottish birth who joined the royalists at the same time became General Hugh McKay Gordon.

(We are indebted to the Jonas McDuffee & Stratton Company, Boston, for the use of cuts showing historical buildings).

THE BELL-IN-HAND.

1795

BOSTON'S OLDEST TAVERN.

It has been often quoted that during some great national convention, or any other occasion which brings a large influx of visitors to Boston, the two places to which most people ask to be directed are not Bunker Hill and the Old South Church, or Faneuil Hall and Tea Wharf, but—Pie Alley and Howard street.

I cannot vouch for this, although newspaper men assure me it is a fact.

Although I cannot say that any of my own friends visiting Boston have enquired for Pie Alley, I know I have initiated several of them into its mysteries, and they have vowed their appreciation of their experiences.

Pie Alley is known in the directory as Williams' Court, and it is situated in the heart of Newspaper Row. The derivation of the nickname Pie Alley, has never been satisfactorily agreed upon. Cheap pie houses, patronized by newsboys, messenger-boys, printers' devils and others, at one

time abounded, hence the name. Printer's Pl frequently found its way to earth during altercations in the newspaper rooms up above, but this is denied by the press men of course.

The alley is about ten feet wide and less than one hundred yards long, and a special policeman patrols it day and night, so that now it is safe for the lieges at all times. At one time bouncers or chuckers-out were enrolled as waiters at the lunch counters in the alley. Now, conditions have so far changed that to the disgust of youthful patrons, "skotts" serve them with their coffee and —.

Its one time glory or disgrace as the scene of newsboy gambling scraps and beggars dossings has departed, but not Ichabod. Not as long as the old Bell-in-Hand sign still protrudes above the doorway half way up the alley.

As you push open the door and enter its portal and step upon the sawdust floor or is it sand, a bell rings, not the bell on the sign-board, oh! no, you may hear that ring when you go out perhaps. A novice has to grope his way till he gets the tobacco smoke out of his eyes prior to hunting for a vacant chair. Pewter mugs are almost wholly in evidence, only a stranger asks for a glass. Ardent liquors are not served. Nobody seems in a hurry to gulp down their liquid refreshment and depart, some stay all day, others wish they could.

This is no quick lunch place, you eat your sandwich or your mutton pie, sip your ale, smoke your pipe, enjoy a crack with your cronie or your vis-a-vis, call for drinks all round and when you have finished, depart if you must.

I do not know when the place opens in the morning, but it is closed about eight or nine in the evening, and closed in an old fashioned landlord-like way, handed down from two centuries ago by the original inn-keeper, who was a Scotsman. I do not know for the truth of it, I have made no inquiries, but I was told once by a regular and ancient frequenter, that since its opening there have only been three proprietors, first a Scotsman, then an Englishman and the present white-haired and gentlemanly looking owner, an Irishman.

There are four rooms and a four by two bar. Every available space is covered with tables and chairs. The walls are covered with pictures. Chromos, steel engravings, oil paintings, lithographs, wood-cuts, etchings and medallions. Some of the subjects can be recognized, others cannot even be deciphered. The piece-de-resistance is the original Salome, but with more than the seven veils on. There is not a high art or low art or modern art picture in the place. Scottish pictures are most in existence, handed down from the original proprietor.

Fierce clansmen, kilted warriors, genial Sir Walter, Rantin Robin, Sir William Wallace, Robert the Bruce, some of Hogarth's

etchings, a steel engraving of King Solomon and the Blacksmith, some old English sporting prints, the Dunmow Fitch and other pictures possibly more interesting but undiscernible.

On a window-sill will be found fresh copies of the London Punch, the Illustrated London News and a Scottish newspaper, for the majority of the patrons are said to be English and Scotch. Lawyers, reporters, politicians and business men come here in great numbers; indeed, it was in this place I once heard a prominent Boston politician, with a thump upon the table, pronounce his creed:

"I don't care a —," he said, "how much a man steals from the city, if he is personally honest."

I don't care how much he steals from the city or country, if he is personally honest? Is that only a politician's creed? Can a man be personally honest if he steals from or cheats the city, state or country?

Day after day the same groups may be found at the tables, still arguing the above, possibly, or other questions. An interval of years have passed between my visits, and I still recognized many of the habits.

Seat yourself at a table, hold yourself aloof if you can, listen to the different groups, and hear all the problems of science and art, literature, politics and theology, thrashed out, frequently by men who know. The last time I visited here, my side partner admitted before we finished our discussion, that he was a stickit minister, not through drink, but change of opinion.

There is a spirit of *camaraderie* here; no drunken loafer will touch you for a drink, but you will likely be offered one for the sake of companionship or good cheer, and you must be gentle in your refusal. Every dialect and twang of all the midland counties of England will be heard here—prosperous Yorkshire wool men and dyers, Leicestershire lace men, Northamptonshire shoemen, Lancashire millmen, Staffordshire silk men, and London cockneys, all congregate at the tables. The Glasgow accent and the West Highland twang are mixed up with the argument, and the fate of a nation seems to rest on the result of their debates. When eight or nine o'clock comes, however, the pothouse parliament is prorogued.

ROBERT E. MAY.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

Not since the year 1775 have the streets of Boston seen so many red-coats or lobsterbacks on parade, as during the Bunker Hill Day celebration, on June 17th.

The committee in charge invited the 62nd Regiment of Fusileers from St. John, N. B. and eight companies, Colonel McAvity in command, responded. They were accorded a great reception by the populace and during their stay of several days, were feted by the city, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and the 8th Regiment, M. V. M., on Sunday the 18th inst, they attended services at Tremont Temple. Rev. John Campbell, D. D., chaplain of the Canadian Club preached the sermon and said in part: "This is an occasion of international interest. For the first time in 136 years the British flag has floated on Bunker Hill, along side of the stars and stripes. There are said to be 50,000 Canadians in the City of Boston. That is the reason it is the best governed city in the Union. Forty thousand Canadian boys fought with the North for Union. Thousands of Americans are making their homes in western Canada. That is reciprocity."

The annual memorial services of the Scots

Charitable Society, were held Sunday evening, June 18th, at the First United Presbyterian Church. Rev. A. K. MacLennan delivered the sermon to an audience that filled the edifice. Rev. James Alexander and Rev. James Todd, D. D., assisted in the services. President James Pottinger and the officers of the society were seated on the platform. After Dr. Todd had read the names of the members who had died since the last memorial service was held, speaking briefly on the life of each, Dr. MacLennan delivered an eloquent address, entitled, "The Sorrows of the Human Life."

The Coronation of King George V was observed in Boston by two celebrations. One at the Revere House, attended by 300 British Naval and Military Veterans, and the other at Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Sons of St. George, and attended by 1,500. Lieutenant-Colonel Stokes presided at the Revere House and among those present were Edward Powers age 94, who fought through the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean War and C. W. Borrow, also a veteran of the Crimean War. Alexander McGregor was the principal speaker of the evening, and cablegrams were passed between the association and the private secretary of the king.

At the gathering at Tremont Temple, Prof. F. C. de Sumichrast of Harvard, was the principal speaker, and representatives of all the British societies were present on the platform.

James Drummond, an ex-president of the Burns Memorial Association and past chief of Clan Farquharson, No. 54, of South Boston, and a member of the Caledonian Club, died on the 9th inst, after a long illness. Mr. Drummond was born in Dundee, coming to Boston about twenty years ago. He was of one time an active worker in all of the above societies, but the tides of misfortune overwhelmed him, broke his health and he died at the age of 52.

The fund being raised on behalf of the widow and orphans of the late James Williamson, ex-chief of the Boston Caledonian Club, has now reached the sum of \$1,500.00. Contributions may still be sent to the writer, who is treasurer of the fund.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

I read with deep sorrow in your May issue of the sudden and terrible ending of ex-Chief James L. Williamson, of Boston Caledonian Club. I met him here at our jubilee banquet, over two years ago, and looked on him as the combined physical and mental embodiment of refined gentleman and intelligent Scotsman. Mrs. Williamson and himself made a fine impression on us all, and in truth were the two most noted and welcomed guests on that occasion. I know from converse and hearing that there has been a deep and wide-felt expression of grief and regret in all Scottish circles in our city, and I take this opportunity, in the name of all our Scottish societies, to offer our sincere condolence to his bereaved wife and family.

I must also mention another accidental death occurring lately, that of W. S. Gilbert, of "Gilbert & Sullivan" light opera fame. "H. M. S. Pinafore" was flashed to public gaze and popular amusement about a quarter of a century ago; it was as much appreciated here as it was in Britain. Gilbert's sparkling wit seemed to inspire Sir Arthur to his best and most tuneful music. Had Mr. Gilbert written nothing but his "Bab Ballads," they are enough to establish his name to fame; but he also wrote such plays as "Daniel Druce," which among many others I consider his strongest work. I saw Davenport in the title role, the most versatile and eminent American actor, and I wonder that younger men on the stage do not take it up. Then there is his classic play of "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which I have heard Miss Mary Anderson with her soft, melodious voice, charm her hearers, when transformed from the cold, inanimate marble statue to feel the glow of life in her veins, the warmth of love in her heart, and the power of distinct utterance on her lips, speaking her first

words—"Pygmalion, Pygmalion, Pygmalion, I love you!" The dulcet tones that came from the once cold marble statue, of form divine, now warmed into life, seemed in truth a new born voice of sweetest tone, once heard, never to be forgotten. Although Mr. Gilbert was not a Scotsman to the manner born, he had much of the pawky Scottish humor inborn within. Take his masterpiece comedy, "Engaged." The opening scene of the play is a cottage overgrown with creepers, and a flower garden at back, on the border near Gretna, where a widow, Mrs. McFarlane, lives with her daughter, Maggie, engaged to a peasant lad, Angus MacDonald, who now enters, and Mrs. MacFarlane says: "Thou't treat her kindly, Angus? A' ken ye're a prosperous, kirk-gaun man, an' I gie ye baith ma' blessin'."

Angus: "Dinna heed the water in ma ee, Mrs. MacFarlane; it aye poors oot when I'm ower glad. I'm fairly a prosperous man, as ye say. What w'l' farmin' a wee bit lan'—an' a bit o' poachin' now an' then—an' illeclt whisky still—an' throwin' trains aff the line noo an' again—ye see, I've mair ways than ane in makin' a leevin'."

Mrs. MacFarlane: "D'ye ken, Angus; I think that ye're losing some of your auld skill in upsettin' railway trains—oor cottages' sair in need o' sic' chance custom as the puir delayed passengers sometimes bring."

Maggie: "Mither, thou wrangest ma braw lad, for even within this very hour, has he no' placed twa bonnie big braw sleepers across the upline, ready for the express frae Glaisgie, which is due in twa minutes?"

Mrs. MacFarlane: "Gude, thochtfu' lad; we muckle need custom; but I hope the passengers will no be much hurt—puir, unconscious buddies!"

Angus: "Fear naething. The train will rin aff the line smoothly, an' will only block the traffic for a day or sae, and nae man, woman or child among them will get sae much as a bruised head or a broken nose."

Maggie: "Oh! mither, is na he ma ain tender-hearted Angus? He widna hurt a flea. Mither, get a' the rooms ready, an' pit plenty o' brose in the pot, for maybe they'll a' be hungry—puir souls!"

Angus: "Fareweel the noo. I'll be back ere lang w'l' a half o' dizen or mair weelpayin' passengers."

Then Angus enters again with the train-wrecked pilgrims, seeking shelter and something to eat. And the company far outdoes Chaucer's "Canterburys" in grotesqueness of manners and absurdities of style and speech. The mock-irony in which he makes them talk of love and marriage, their words so twisted in meaning wriggle out in hidden laughter and half-solemnity. The whole play is bedazzling with half-screened wit and humor, and makes one feel at times to ask themselves which is the proper thing to do here, to laugh or to cry. A pure fountain of wit is dried up to the world in the death of W. S. Gilbert.

There is a lull in all festivities here at present. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club held a basket picnic or afternoon outing, Saturday, June 24th, and the ladies of Clan Gordon also held one on the same date. Both were socially a great success. The Highland Guard is in process of formation here, much on the same lines as in New York, and we hope they may succeed in this laudable undertaking.

The Caledonian Club committee are busy making arrangements for games to be held the first Saturday in August, at Washington Park, Twenty-sixth street and Alleghany avenue. We hope to have a good turnout, a good time and pleasant weather.

PETER MILLER.

The writer expects to visit that city soon and look the field over, and would like to communicate with Akron readers of the Caledonian.

When arrangements are made for the institution of the new clan in Akron, it is expected that the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band and a delegation of braw Scotch "Chieft" from the Smoky City will attend.

All Scotch residents of Pittsburg and vicinity are looking forward to the annual picnic of the United Clans, at Kennywood Park, August 4th.

The writer will be there w' his glengarry and plaid. There's nae doot about it.

HUGH W. BEST.

EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

While Robert McIntyre of Clan McIntyre, No. 202, Sharon, Pa., was driving his automobile, in which were his wife and family, the machine became stalled on the tracks of the Erie railroad at the Broadway crossing just a minute or so before an Erie passenger train passed by.

All the occupants jumped for their lives, and the machine was a complete wreck. Luckily none of the passengers was hurt.

Matt McIntyre, who had both arms severely injured early last month, is able to be about with one of his arms in a sling.

The ice cream and confectionery store of William Fleming, financial secretary of Clan McIntyre is a regular Mecca for clansmen, especially those who desire to pay their dues and incidentally buy some "sweeties" for the lasses at "home."

The secretary of Clan McIntyre, Wallace Cameron, is a tailor for ladies as well as men. He makes a specialty of police and firemen's suits. Wallace is quite an artist too. He is painting a lion rampant on a golden field for his clan banner.

Treasurer Allan Hastie has just completed the bore stones for the clan banners. Ye, Ken, Allan is a stone cutter. Alexander Bruce is a enthusiastic Scot, who comes ten miles to attend a clan meeting, and rarely misses a meeting. He is an honorary member, who enjoys the fellowship of his Scotch brothers.

The winners in the membership contest of Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, are as follows: John Wilson, T. R. Lightbody, David Scott, Thomas Watson, James Ritchie, W. E. Morrison, Hugh W. Best. Each of the seven received clan badges.

Akron, Ohio, is to have a branch of the Order of Scottish Clans this fall.

Akron is the home of the rubber industry, millions of dollars worth of rubber tires for automobiles being made and shipped annually.

Akron has about 75,000 people, and many Scotch residents.

NEWS FROM PITTSBURG.

Just a line or two from the Smoky City. We have most of the arrangements made for the Scotch picnic—or, as they called it in former years, the "gathering of the clans"—to be held in Kennywood Park, on Friday, August 4th, 1911, and we expect to set up a new record, for it seems to be the ambition of each member of the committee to make this year's picnic bigger and better than ever. They are certainly working hard to attain that end, and they deserve success.

We have an extra clan this year, Clan MacGregor, from Greensburg, Pa., and they intend to show some of the older clans that they are a real, live clan, and have come to stay—and perhaps take off some of the prizes that are looked on by certain parties as their own property; and I am sure the parties alluded to in the above will give them the glad hand if they defeat them, for they must be getting tired of winning a cup year after year, with little or no opposition. We have added to an already rather lengthy program this year, having no less than thirty events, including every kind of sport that is found at a good Scotch picnic. We have also engaged both the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band and the Caledonian Bagpipe Band of Bradford, which is not altogether to the liking of some of our economical brothers.

The committee that is working so well for the interest of the clans, both individually and collectively, is as follows: President, P. C. T. R. Thomson, Clan Robertson; Vice President, William Angus, Chief Clan MacKenzie; Secretary, David M. Lyle, secretary Clan MacDonald; Assistant Secretary, Charles Halbert, secretary Clan Cameron; Treasurer, David Will, Chief Clan MacPherson; Clansmen William P. Hamilton, Clan Robertson; Alex. Angus, Clan MacKenzie; George Black, Clan Gordon; Mr. Taylor, Clan MacPherson; Mr. Ford, Clan MacKenzie; William Logan, Clan MacGregor, and P. C. William Young, Clan MacGregor; Chairman, George Duncan, Clan MacDonald, and P. C. Walter Hogg, Clan Cameron.

This is the list, and as president I am

proud to have the honor to be at the head of such a band of workers.

The Scotch people seem to be getting along all right in this district, judging by the number that are going home to visit the Land o' Cakes. Clansman George Davidson is piloting about one hundred on a pleasure and sight-seeing trip, and I hear that Clansman Taylor, of Clan MacPherson, has sent his sister, Miss Jean Taylor, home on a surprise trip to see her mother, who is unaware of the fact that Miss Jean sailed on the California, two weeks ago, along with Mrs. Will Donald, Mrs. John Donald and Mrs. Graham.

We wish all of them a good old Highland welcome—and you know, Burns said he would ask no more in heaven.

T. R. THOMSON.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.

The regular monthly business meeting of the New York Scottish Highlanders was held on June 19th, and although the weather was extremely warm, the majority of the members were present. Our meetings are both interesting and instructive which accounts for the goodly attendance of the members. The Richmond Brothers, of the Musical Gordon Highlanders Company, were unanimously elected to honorary membership in this organization. These two gentlemen have done much for this organization, and we are now proud to be able to say that they are among us. Our ladies' auxiliary are having an outing July 2nd, to Mount Beacon-on-the-Hudson, and an enjoyable time is anticipated. Our membership is steadily increasing with young members, of which fact, we are glad to boast. On November 10th, 1911, we are going to give the finest Scottish musical production that has ever been presented in this country. Full particulars will be announced later.

ANDREW D. WALLACE, JR.,
First Sergeant.

CORONATION BANQUET.

The Canadian Club of New York, held a Coronation Banquet on Thursday, June 21st, at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. It was attended by four hundred members and friends. Among the guests of honor, were President Taft, Senator Raoul Dandurand of the Canadian government, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander P. Graham of the Canadian Club, Boston and wife, Arthur Boyer, member of the Canadian Senate, General Frederick D. Grant, Bishop Frederick Courtney, and other distinguished men, both of this country and Canada.

The health of the President of the United States and King George and Queen Mary, were drunk standing, and the reading of a cablegram of congratulation, which was sent to the royal pair was the signal for cheers.

In the President's party were Henry W. Taft, Senator W. Murray Crane, Major Archibald W. Butt, Charles D. Hilles and Attorney General Wickersham.

In introducing the President—Sharon Graham president of the club and toastmaster of the evening said that within the past few days he had talked with Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, and that Earl Grey had sent his warmest compliments to the President, regretting that he could not be present in person to convey them.

"I am glad to meet this young people," said the President, "that is growing into a great nation slowly but surely. People talk of annexation. It is entirely unnecessary. All we want to do is to continue a good neighborly disposition, and the closer our friendship gets, the better for both of us.

"I am sorry to be so late. I made another speech in a hotel in the distance, but my lateness is not due to the length of my speech there. There were other speeches that were responsible for it. I am now very much later than I expected to be and must hurry away. But before going I want to tell you that I believe in reciprocity with all my heart, because I believe it will prove for the best to both countries."

The close of the President's speech was received with cheers, in the course of which he and his party made their way out.

Senator Dandurand declared that many well-informed persons in his country were of the opinion that the present reciprocity proposal would be favored by ninety per cent. of the electorate if it were not made a party issue. He complimented President Taft for his attitude toward Canada and Canadians, saying that he was the first American in official life that Canada had discovered to be its friend. He said that while Washington had not been hostile to Canada it had been indifferent, and that Congress had put such a high and thick wall between the two countries that his could not be seen or heard of.

Other speakers were Mr. Arthur Boyer, General Frederick D. Grant and Bishop Courtney. It was a splendid occasion, and Mr. Sharon Graham, the new president of the club in introducing the speakers, made a fine impression.

ANDREW WALLACE.

Mr. Andrew Wallace, the Chief of Clan MacKenzie, New York, has been recently elected as President of the Bakers' Association of New York. This is an honor well deserved. Mr. Wallace has been a successful baker in New York city for many years. He is a delegate to O. S. C. Convention, which meets in Boston, August 15th.

THE SKYE ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

Some of the natives of the Island of Skye residing in New York, have recently formed themselves into a society, and have already thirty-five enthusiastic members, including men and women. Their meeting place is at 100 West One and Sixteenth street, Lenox Casino. They meet there the second Saturday of the month. John MacLean is president, Farquahar MacLeod, vice-president; James MacInnes, secretary; Norman MacKinnon, treasurer; Alexander MacLeod, bard, and Mr. MacAskill, piper.

DR. MAC ARTHUR.

The Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, the well known and beloved pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, was elected president of the Baptist World's Alliance, at its recent meeting in Philadelphia. The Alliance has made a wise choice, and Dr. MacArthur deserves this honor.

THE UNITED SCOTTISH CLANS.

The games of the United Scottish Clans of New York, held at Celtic Park, Long Island City, on Tuesday, July 4th, were patronized by thousands of clansmen and friends. The events of the day, including the usual athletic games of Scotsmen, were watched with enthusiasm, and the victors were heartily applauded. A special feature of the games, was that the prizes awarded were all of gold.

CLAN GORDON, 199.

Clan Gordon, Port Chester, N. Y., though one of the youngest of the O. S. C., is doing excellent work. It has nearly doubled its membership since its organization over a year ago. Mr. Thomas J. Blain, the editor and proprietor of the Daily Item, and Mr. David Thomson, are honorary members of the young clan. The Chief, James R. Cochrane, is a fine presiding officer, and a great worker. He is the son of the late William Cochrane of Lynn, Mass., a man of ability and business tact. The Gordons and the Bruces of New Rochelle, N. Y., are to have a united picnic and games on Saturday, July 29th.

CLAN CAMPBELL, 24.

Clan Campbell, Bridgeport, Conn., is a strong progressive clan, and has a membership over a hundred; a more stalwart body of men would be hard to meet. They are social and warm hearted gael, and like other Scotsmen, they discuss a point to perfection. Mr. John Japp, the Royal Deputy of Connecticut will represent the

Campbells at the Royal Convention, which meets in Boston. Mr. Japp is also a ready speaker, and holds a position of trust in the city, and is held in great esteem by the leading Scots of Bridgeport.

WHY QUEEN ALEXANDER DID NOT ATTEND THE CORONATION OF HER SON, GEORGE V.

It is held that it would be a grave breach of Royal etiquette for one sovereign to be present at the Coronation of another, even in the most private capacity, which is the reason why foreign monarchs are represented at the ceremony by their heirs instead of attending in person. The idea behind this rule is sufficiently obvious—the sovereigns to be crowned should be the only persons of their rank present, so that nothing may detract from their position as the central figures. In the same way the King and Queen never accompany visiting sovereigns when they are entertained by the city.

The Western Scot published at Omaha, is a bright monthly publication of eight pages. It tells what Scotsmen are doing in Nebraska. The editor, Mr. James C. Lindsay, expects to be in Boston at the O. S. C. convention in August.

Mr. David Reid, the manufacturer of canes, umbrellas and parasols, Broadway and Thirty-seventh street, New York, is a Glasgow chap, where he learned his business to perfection. He has been in the wholesale and retail trade at Broadway for twenty-six years.

MR. DAVID LINDSAY LOWSON.

Mr. David Lindsay Lowson, for the last twenty-one years a master in Trinity School in West Ninety-first street, New York, died July 4th, in his seventy-first year from a complication of ailments which had so affected his health that he was retired on a pension two months ago.

Mr. Lowson was born in Scotland, and graduated from Aberdeen University.



FOUNTAIN HOUSE, OCEAN GROVE,
(For description, see page 161)

The First and Second Marriage.

BY JOHN MAC KAY WILSON.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a venerable looking, white-headed man, accosting me one day, about six weeks ago, as I was walking alone near the banks of the Whitadder; "ye are the author of the 'Border Tales,' sir—are ye not?"

Not being aware of anything in the "Tales of the Borders" of which I need to be ashamed, and, moreover, being accustomed to meet with such salutations, after glancing at the stranger, with the intention, I believe, of taking the measure of his mind, or scrutinizing his motive in asking the question, I answered—"I am, sir."

"Then, sir," said he, "I can tell ye a true story, and one that happened upon the Borders here within my recollection, and which was also within my own knowledge, which I think would make a capital tale."

Now, I always rejoice in hearing any tale or legend from the lips of a grey-haired chronicler. I do not recollect the period when I did not take an interest in such things; and a tradition of the olden time, or a tale that pictured human nature as it is, ever made the unceasing brr, birring of the spring-wheel—which the foot, belike, of an aged widow kept in perpetual motion—as agreeable to me as the choicest music. For what is tradition but the fragments which history left or lost in its progress to eternity; and which poetry, following in its wake, gathered up as treasures too precious to be overwhelmed by the approaching waves of oblivion, and breathing upon them the influence of its own immortal spirit, embalmed them in the hearts and in the memories of men unto all generations? Though, therefore, it was no ancient legend which the stranger had to relate, yet, knowing that it might not on that account be the less interesting, I thanked him," and with greedy ears devoured up his discourse."

The story which he then related to me, I shall therefore, after him, communicate to my readers.

You will excuse me in not mentioning the name of the town in which the chief incidents mentioned in our story occurred. There may be some yet living to whom some of them might not be agreeable. I shall, therefore, speak of it as the town of H—, and other circumstances referred to may lead you to form an idea of "its whereabouts."

Many years have passed—at least forty—since the period at which our story commences, and there then dwelt in the town of H— one Walter Kerr. (So you will allow me to call him.) His parents were what are generally called respectable sort of people; for the house in which they dwelt was their

own, and there were also three or four others, all very good and respectable-looking houses (as we say again), the rents of which they received from their tenants. But there is no word in our language to which less respect is shown than the word respectability. It is prostituted every day. It is no matter whether a man be the proprietor of one house, one acre, one pound, or a hundred houses, a thousand acres, and ten thousand pounds; neither houses, acres, nor money can make him truly respectable. As the sun, moon, and stars shed light upon the earth, so do honesty, virtue, and strict integrity confer respectability on the head of their possessor. I care not what a man's situation in life may be, nor whether he be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, the lord of a forest, or one who hath a fleet upon the seas, show me a good, a virtuous, and an upright man—and there is a respectable man, be his rank or situation in life what it may. The parents of Walter Kerr, however, were respectable in a better and a truer sense of the term than that of being made merely persons of a certain property; they were Christians not only in their profession but in their practice. Walter was by far the cleverest of the family; and from his boyhood his parents designed him for the pulpit, and gave him an education accordingly. Like many parents, they thought that his cleverness was a sufficient reason why they should bring him up to the sacred profession, without once considering how far the seriousness of his thoughts and habits fitted him for preparing for the office. It must be acknowledged, however, that in this they were not singular. We find hundreds who, without perceiving either cleverness or piety in their favorite son, resolve to make him a minister; yea, frequently, from his very cradle his calling is determined. I remember having heard a good woman say, "If I live to have another son, and he be spared to me, I shall bring him up for the kirk!"

But the parents of Walter Kerr were possessed of more discretion; and when they found that he was averse to their proposal of his becoming a preacher, they abandoned the idea though not without reluctance and some tears on the part of his mother. Now, Walter was a youth of a gentle temper and an affectionate heart; but at the same time he seemed formed for being what you would term a man of business. He was shrewd, active, speculative, and calculating, with quite a sufficient degree of caution, as ballast, to regulate his more ardent propensities. At his own request, he was bound apprentice to a general merchant in his native town,

and before he was twenty-one years of age he commenced business for himself. He began with but a small stock in trade, for his parents could not afford a great deal to set him up. Yet he was attentive to business; he pushed it, and his trade increased, and his stock became more various. He had scarcely, however, been two years in business when he took unto himself a portionless wife. His parents were displeas'd—they looked upon him as lost. Every one said that he had done a foolish thing, and agreed that it was madness in him to marry, at least so hasty, and before he could say that even the goods in his shop were his own. The people are very apt to talk a great deal of nonsense on this subject. The important question is not when a man marries, but whom he marries. They talk of a wife tying up his hands, and placing a barrier before his prospects; in short, as bringing a blight over his worldly expectations, like an untimely frost nipping and withering an opening bud. Now, all this is mere twaddle—a showing of self-wisdom to make known how much more wisely we have or would have acted than the person referred to. It is one of the thousand popular fallacies which ever float on the surface of the chit-chat of society. A married man, young or old, is always a more responsible sort of character than a bachelor. If a man take unto himself an amiable and prudent wife, even though she bring him not a shilling as a dowry, and although he may be young in years and a beginner in business, he doeth well. Had he doubled his stock, his credit, and his custom, he would not have done better; for he has a double motive to do so. He has found one to beguile his dulness, to soothe care, to cheer him forward, and to stimulate him to exertion; and that, too, tenderly as the breath of May fanneth and kisseth the young leaves and flowers into life and beauty. But all this dependeth, as hath been said, upon her amiableness and prudence; for if the wife whom a man taketh for "better for worse" possess not these indispensable requisites, he weddeth a living sorrow, he nurseth an adder in his bosom, he giveth his right hand to ruin.

Now, the wife of Walter Kerr possessed those qualities which rendereth a virtuous woman as a crown of glory to her husband. She was the daughter of a decayed farmer, and her name was Hannah Jerdan. To her the misfortunes of her parents were not such; for while they had made her a stranger to luxury, they had introduced her to the acquaintanceship of frugality and industry. At the time she gave her hand to Walter Kerr she was scarce twenty; and to have looked on her you would have thought of some fair and lovely flower which sought the sequestered dale or the shaded glen, where its beauties might blush unseen—young, modest, meek, affectionate, and beautiful, a man never led a lovelier bride to the altar. Her husband soon found that whatever the world might think or say of the step he had taken,

he had done well and wisely. She not only became his assistant in his business, and one who took much care and anxiety from his mind, but her affection fell upon his bosom like the shadow of an angel's wing, that was spread over him to guard him from evil; and he found her, too, as a monitor whispering truth in the accents of love. If he acquired money in trade, she taught him how to keep it and profit by it, and that is a "secret worth knowing." Let it not be supposed that she was one of those miserly beings who scrape farthings together for the sake of hoarding them. In her spirit meanness had no place; but there were two proverbs which she never suffered herself to forget, or those around her to neglect, and those were, that a "penny saved is a penny gained," and "wilful waste makes woeful want." Nor do I wonder that the latter saying took deep root in her heart; for as having experienced privation in the days of her father's distress, there is nothing can be more painful to those who have known and felt what want is, than to see food, for want of which they were once ready to perish, wasted; and that too, perchance, while a hunger-stricken beggar has been turned rudely from the door while he prayed for a morsel to eat. She would not see the crumbs which fell from the table wasted. In this her husband readily perceived the propriety of her conduct, and he esteemed her the more as he witnessed it; but the force of her first adage, that "a penny saved is a penny gained," was slow to appreciate in its true light. Yet for this, perhaps, there was a reason. Previous to his marriage, he had been in the habit of spending the evening after business hours with a club of young tradesmen and other acquaintances. Now, habit is the pettiest and the most imperious of all tyrants. Even with a pinch of snuff, it can make you its slave. It renders you miserable until you once more bend your knee before it. But, as I have said, habit, though an imperious, is a petty tyrant; and three weeks' resolution, though you will have struggles to encounter, will enable you to snap asunder the strongest chain that ever habit forged. I do not mean the habits the seeds of which we acquire in infancy, and which grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, and which, in fact, perform a part of our education (though we do not admit it), until they are set down as things belonging to or ingrafted in our natures; but I mean the habits which we acquire in after-life. And as has been stated, Walter Kerr had acquired a habit of attending an evening club, of which he had been a member during the last year of his apprenticeship; and from the period that he commenced business up to his marriage, and a few days after he had brought home his wife, he attended the club as usual. He was happy in the society of his young and fair wife; but still, as we say in the north, there was a "craiking" within him for something to make him perfectly happy, and that "craiking" was to attend the

club as usual. Now, it was not a club in which they either drank deep or sat late—for it was a regulation amongst them that no man should sit in the club room after ten o'clock, or drink more than three glasses, but although they had this wholesome regulation, they had no by-law against what many of them called "adjournments," or "sederunts," and at which, though out of the club-room, the three glasses frequently became six.

With regard to the "sederunts," however, Hannah had no cause to complain of her husband, for he never had been one of those who formed them. Neither did she murmur, or consider herself neglected, on account of his attending the club; for she reasoned with herself that, after the cares, toils, and business of the day, he required some relaxation; and although her company might be more agreeable to him than any other, yet she knew that the beauty and the fragrance of a flower does not increase by forever looking upon it, and on it only, but that our admiration of the flower increases as we pass over the weeds which we behold around us. Yet she thought that every night was too much—more than relaxation required; and she thought, also, that a shilling a night was six shillings in the week (for let it not be thought that a club of which Walter Kerr was a member met on the Sabbath), and that six shillings a week was nearly sixteen pounds in the year—a sum that might frequently be of use when accounts became due, and money was difficult to get in. She therefore delicately and tenderly endeavored to break her husband from the habit he had acquired; but she attempted in vain. He believed himself to be one of the most frugal and industrious tradesmen in the town; and nothing but bringing the fact plainly and broadly before him seemed sufficient to convince him that there was aught of expensiveness in his habits. But his wife, more delicately and efficiently, did so convince him. They were talking together of many things, and their conversation lent wings to the short hours, when, an opportunity offering, she related to him an anecdote which brought home to himself his nightly attendance at the club; and as I know the story to be no allegory, nor child of the brain, but a fact, I shall relate it to you.

"In a town," said she, "not many miles south of the Border, there dwelt a man who was by trade a mechanic, and who was the father of seven children. For sixteen years he had never wanted employment (when he chose to work), and his earnings averaged from five-and-thirty shillings to two pounds a week. But with a number of associates he was in the habit of attending, daily and nightly, what they termed their house of call. In the morning, as he went to his labour, he could not pass it without having what he called his 'nipper,' or what some of the good people in Scotland call their 'morning,' which, being interpreted, meaneth a glass of gin, rum, or whisky." (For gentle

as Hannah was, there was a sprinkling of the wag in her character.) "At mid-day," she added "he had to give it another call; and to pass it on returning from his work at night was out of the question. Sometimes, and not infrequently, when he called in for his 'nipper' in the morning, he sat down—in a room which had two windows looking east and west—and forgot to rise until after he had seen from the one window the sun rising, he beheld it set from the other. But it was the force of habit—it had grown in upon him, as he said; and what could the poor man do? He beheld his wife broken-hearted, going almost in rags, and their affection had changed into bickering and reproaches. His children, too, were half-starved, ill-clad, and unschooled; and for what education they got, he thought not of paying the schoolmaster—he felt nothing in hand for his money, and therefore could not see the force of the debt. But the poor man could not help it. It was true he earned about two pounds a week, but which way the money went he could not tell. He did not as he thought, deserve the reproaches of his wife. His 'morning' was only fourpence, his call at mid-day the same, and his evening pipe and glass, a shilling or eighteen-pence—that, he thought, was nothing for a man working so hard as he did; and when he did take a day now and then, he said that was not worth reckoning, for his clay could not keep together without moisture; and as for the glass or two which he took on a Sunday, why they were not worth mentioning. Thus he could see no cause for the unhappiness of his wife, the poverty of his house, and the half-nakedness of his family. He had to 'do as other people did, or he might leave their society;' and he attributed all to bad management somewhere, but not on his part. But one Sunday morning he had lingered in their house of call longer than his companions, and he was sitting there when the churchwardens and parish officers went their rounds, and came to the house. To conceal him from them there, and avoid the penalty—

"'Tom,' said the landlady, 'here be the wardens a-comin'. If they find thee, lad, or meet thee goin' out, thou wilt be fined, and me too; and it may give my hoose a bad name. Coom upstairs, and I will show thee through the hoose while they examine the tap and the parlour.'

"So saying, Tom the mechanic followed the hostess from room to room, wondering at what he saw; for the furniture, as he said to himself, was like a nobleman's, and he marvelled how such things could be; and while he did so, he contrasted the splendour he beheld around him with the poverty and wretchedness of his own garret. And after showing him through several rooms, she at last, with a look of importance, ushered him into what she called the drawing-room; but now-a-days drawing-rooms have become as common as gooseberries, and every house with three rooms and a kitchen has one. Poor Tom the mechanic was amazed as he

beheld the richly-coloured and fancy-figured carpet; he was afraid to tread on it, and indeed he was told to clean his feet well before he did so. But he was more astonished when he beheld a splendid mirror, with a brightly gilded and carved frame, which reached almost from the ceiling to the floor, and in which he beheld his person, covered with his worn-out and unholiday-like habiliments from top to toe, though they were his only suit. Yet more was he amazed when the ostentatious mistress of the house, opening what appeared to him a door in the wall, displayed to him rows of shining silver plate. He raised his eyes, he lifted up his hands, 'Lack! ma'ani!' says he, 'how d'ye get all these mighty fine things?'

"And the landlady, laughing at his simplicity, said, 'Why lad, by fools' pennies to be sure.'

"But the words 'fools' pennies' touched his heart as if a sharp instrument had pierced it, and he thought unto himself, 'I am one of those fools;' and he turned away and left the house with the words written on his conscience; and as he went he made a vow unto himself that until that day twelve months he would neither enter the house he had left, nor any other house of a similar description, but that on that day twelve months he would visit it again. When he went home, his wife was surprised at his home-coming; for it was seldom he returned during the day. He had two shillings left, and taking them from his pocket, he gave them to one of his daughters, desiring her to go out and purchase a quarter loaf and a quantity of tea, sugar and butter. His wife was silent from wonder. He took her hand and said, 'Why, thou seemest to wonder at me, old lass; but I tell thee what—I have had a lesson this mornin' that I shan't forget; and when thou findest me throwing away even a penny again, I will give thee liberty to call me by any name thou likes.'

"His wife was astonished, and his family were astonished; and in the afternoon he took down the neglected and dust-covered Bible and read a chapter aloud, though certainly not from any correct religious feeling. But he had formed the resolution to reform, and he had learned enough to know that reading his Bible was a necessary and excellent helper towards the accomplishment of his purpose. It was the happiest Sabbath his family had ever spent, and his wife said that even on her wedding Sunday, she was not half so happy.

"But the day twelve months from that on which he had seen the splendid furniture, the rich carpet, the gorgeous mirror, and the costly plate, arrived. It was a summer morning, and he requested his wife and children to dress before seven o'clock. During the last twelve months his wife and his children had found it a pleasure to obey him, and they did so readily. He took the arm of his wife in his and each of them led a younger child by the hand, while the elder walked hand in hand before them; and

they went on until they came unto his former house of call, and standing opposite it, he said unto his wife:

"Now, old woman, thou and the little ones will go in here with me for five minutes, and thou shalt see something that will please thee.'

"So they went into the house together, and Tom the mechanic found his old associates seated around the room, as he was wont to see them twelve months before, just as though they had been fixtures belonging to the establishment; and as he, with his wife and children entered, his former companions arose, and exclaimed in wonder, 'Ha! Thomas! what wind has blown thee here?' For, though they called him merely Tom before, he had Thomas from them now; and, as the landlady entered and saw a well-dressed man and woman, with seven clean and well-dressed children around them, in her tap-ron, she wondered exceedingly; for their appearance contrasted strangely with that of her other customers amongst whom they were seated.

"Why, don't you know me, ma'am?' Inquired Thomas, observing her look of curiosity and wonderment.

"Why, I can hardly say as how I do, sir,' she replied; 'and yet I am sure I have seen you somewhere.'

"That you have ma'am,' answered he; 'I am your old customer, Tom. Such-an-one.' "Lack me! Is it possible? and so you are! Why, what a change there is upon thee! Thou art quite a gentleman turned. And is this lady thy wife, and these thy children? Well, now, how smart you have them all! How in the world do you manage it?"

"O ma'am,' said Tom the mechanic, 'nothing in the world is more easy—the fools' pennies which I before gave to buy your fine carpets, your mirror, and your silver plate, I now keep in my own pocket!' So saying he bowed to her, and wishing her good morning with his wife's arm in his, they and the children left the house and returned home. "Such," added Hannah, "is the true story of Tom the mechanic."

The anecdote told upon her husband; and when she had concluded, he arose and took her hand, and said—

"You were right, love; the story of Tom the mechanic has convinced me that a penny saved is a penny gained; and I shall remember it."

Walter Kerr did remember it, and from that day he ceased his nightly visits to the club. The world prospered with him; and in a short time there was not a more thriving or a more respected merchant in the town of H— than Walter Kerr. Every one began to say that he was greatly indebted for his good fortune to the excellent management of his wife. Even his parents at length admitted that his marrying Hannah Jerdan was the most fortunate thing that ever their son Walter did; and he himself said that she had been worth to him her weight in gold.

They had two children. Their first-born was a boy and his name was Francis; and their daughter they had called Jacobini, after an only brother of Hannah's, and of whom nothing had been heard for many years. No poet in his waking dreams of domestic bliss hath pictured a happier pair than were Walter Kerr and his gentle Hannah. She was unto him as a guardian spirit, an affectionate counsellor and a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. And as their children grew up in beauty before them, like fair flowers in spring, stealing day by day into loveliness, so grew their joy.

But within eight years after his marriage an unbidden guest—who entereth alike the palace and the cottage, whose eye pierceth through the deepest gloom of the dungeon, as he smiteth the prisoner and saith, "There is no darkness like unto my darkness"—placed his noiseless foot upon the threshold of the prosperous merchant, and with his cold and poisoned finger touched the bosom of the wife and mother.

Walter Kerr beheld his young, his beautiful, and excellent wife laid upon her dying bed, and the last breath of life quivering on her lips. His agony was the wildest, the bitterness of despair. He hung over her, he wrung his hands, he smote them on his bosom, he wept. He was as one who hath no hope, and on whom misery—deep, desolating, everlasting misery—had fallen. He would not, he could not be comforted.

"My own! my own!" he exclaimed; "I cannot, cannot part with her!"

His was the extremeness of grief. An hour had arrived of the approach of which he had never thought, or if he had ever imagined that it would come, he had thought of it as belonging to a day that was far, far distant, and which might come when age would lead them together gently to the grave.

The young, the dying wife stretched forth her trembling and feeble hand, and as he raised it to his fevered lips—

"Weep not, dear Walter," she said, falteringly; "but, oh! when I am gone be kind to my dear children. And should you—" she added but her voice failed, and tears mingled with the cold dews of death upon her cheeks. But in a few moments she again added—"Walter, should you marry another, for my sake see that she be as a mother to our children."

"Oh, Hannah!" he sobbed. Her words entered his agonized bosom like a barbed instrument, adding sorrow to sorrow, and pain to pain. He thought of her and of her only, and from the idea of another his soul revolted.

She called her children to her bedside, and she endeavoured to raise herself upon her elbow. She kissed them—she called them by their names—her last tears fell upon their cheeks and blended with theirs, and she bestowed upon them a dying mother's blessing. She took their little hands, and placing them in her husband's, gazed tend-

erly and imploringly on his face, and sinking back upon her pillow, with a deep sigh, her gentle spirit sought the world which is beyond death.

It was a melancholy sight to behold Walter Kerr with his young son and almost infant daughter in his hands, standing weeping over their mother's grave, while the awful, the mortal words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were pronounced, and the sound of the cold, red earth falling on the coffin rang rudely on his ears.

For many months there walked not on the earth a more sorrowful widower. His heart, his hopes, his joys, seemed buried in the grave of her who had been his wife. His sole consolation was in his children, and he doted over them with more than a father's fondness. But he was still a young man, he was yet a prosperous one, and he had obtained the reputation of being wealthy.

His wife had been dead somewhat more than four years when there came to reside in H—a fair and fashionable maiden whose name was Harriet Scott. She soon obtained the reputation of being the greatest beauty in the town, and was the favorite and toast of every bachelor; amongst whom if she did not conquer many hearts, she conquered many eyes; and if she had not lovers, she had manifold admirers. She was the daughter of an old military man, a major, belonging to some royal veteran battalion. Beautiful she certainly was; but she was vain as beautiful, and her father's pay was all that stood between her and poverty.

There are but few men, and especially mercantile men, who are used to calculate and consider consequences that are found guilty of the folly of offering their hand to a poor and fashionable woman. What fascination the gay and beautiful Miss Scott threw over our young and rich widower—

"What dreams, what charms,
What conjuration, or what mighty magic!"—

I cannot tell. The gossips of H—, at their tea parties, said she had "set her cap" at him. But I am not much acquainted with the witchcraft of "setting a cap," or how much the term implies. This I know, that when Walter Kerr first saw Miss Harriet Scott, he thought, what every person said, "that she was very beautiful," although he also thought that she was a vain girl, conscious of her own attractions, and much too fond of dress and display. But after he had seen her frequently, and she had spoke with him familiarly, and that, too, in a voice which was almost as sweet as her face was beautiful—and when he saw, or thought he saw, that she smiled on him more frequently and more sweetly than on anyone else—he began to think that she was an interesting girl, and by no means the vain creature he had at first imagined her to be. It is dangerous when a man begins to think a woman interesting. As their acquaintance grew, he discovered that she had no vanity whatever.

(To be continued.)

A Reading From S. R. Crockett's Cinderella.

Megsy Kipperlin had been maid-servant and housekeeper for the Stirlings of Arrioland house for forty years. Her mistress being near the eighties, she was left in a' things o' management for the household. She was in the clean-scoured kitchen, washing the dishes and polishing her ain private store of silver, when a knock cam' tae the back door. Megsy had heard the step on the brae which heralded the summons; she breathed on a doubtful spot on the silver, without moving or looking up, then said: "Come in, Anders; if ye hae brocht ony mair o' your nesty fish wi' ye, ye can e'en clean them yersel', for Megsy Kipperlin has as muckle as she can do without fingering a' the afternoon at slaistery fish."

"They are guid loch trout, Megsy," said a voice at the door, "an' my feet are clean. Can I no come ben?"

"Let me see; oh, aye, I daressay ye can come ben, but tak your greet wheelbarrows o' boots off and leave them there by the door-check. Ye'll no be nair the waur o' sittin' a while in your stockin' soles at a decent woman's fireside."

"Ah, Megsy, gin I had my will o't, ye should be sittin' cagly at mine."

Then a ruddy-faced, grey-headed man entered, walking softly in his stocking feet, like one that takes heed to his going; this was Anders MacQuaker, fisherman, authority on sport, busker of flies, general gossip and everybody's body throughout the Strath of Ven to the uttermost parts of Minnigaff.

"What's that ye say, Anders?" cried Megsy from the depths of the cheese room. She had by no means waited to receive her guest, but went on with her work without so much as lifting an eye in the direction of the door.

"I was sayin', Megsy, that my heart was set on ye to siccan a degree that"—

"Then if it's no frettin' ye, ye can juist keep it set for five minutes mair till I feed the hens," said Megsy, unfeelingly, as she passed out with a great big bowl of "dalch" or freshly stirred meal and water for her beloved fowls. They were well-bred hens, too, and never attempted to cross the clean-scoured step of Arrioland back door. They were duly fed twice a day, to teach them to bide at hame, and never lay away, like common, uncovenanted chuckles.

"An' ye were remarkin', Anders, when I gaed oot?" Upon her return Megsy thus encouraged her visitor to proceed so soon as she had dusted the "dalch" from her bands, and got down the bake-board in order to begin the yet more important operation of "baking the ait cakes."

Now there is no prettier sight to be seen in Scotland, hardly even a blanket washing,

when coats are kilted for the tramping, the sun deepens the color on rosy cheeks, and well shaped ankles shine white as the flashing heels of Mercury himself. There be heads grey and heads white and heads (alas! that it should be so!) already growing thin or shiny a-top, whose locks were once like the raven. There be hearts which once bounded fiery as barbs under the snowy baking apron that are now covered by the staid dove's grey of the "old maid," or oftener still by the widow's plain black. Yet neither head nor heart hath ever forgotten the baking of the oaten cakes. Not thus, however, but quite otherwise was the baking of Megsy, and if that resourceful lady called to mind other bakings across the years, nothing of the remembrance showed on her large and steadfast face.

Anders the fisherman set him purposely down by a large basin, which he brought softly from a little pantry, whose shelves were of the purple Parton slate, beautifully spotted and splashed with green. Into this he proceeded to "clean" the fish he had brought. Large and fine loch trout they were, even as he had said, speckled and freckled with orange and saffron, and their sleek, firm sides yet shining from the wet bracken in which they had been wrapped. Anders MacQuaker cleaned a while in silence, while the purposeful dunt-dunt of Megsy's roller of wood on the bake-board alone broke the silence.

"Ye had better oot wi' it, and get it by for the night, Anders," said the baker of cakes presently; "ye hae come to do it, I can see."

"Ye are richt, Megsy; it wad maybe be as weel," responded, with equal sobriety, the cleaner of fish, sticking to his task.

"Weel, then," said Megsy, like one definitely expectant, lifting her roller so that it stood up on end, in order with short taps to shake off the superfluous meal.

"Hae ye thoct ower what I said to ye the last time I was here, Megsy?" said Anders, swiftly and scientifically running his sharp and crooked knife along the trout's under edge.

"And what was that?" Megsy's question came out as sharp as a warning whip cracked close to the ear of a misbehaving horse.

"Margaret Tipperlin," said the fisherman solemnly, "maybe ye think because I'm a bit o' a sportin' character, and no juist what ye would ca' a tradesman, brocht up to ony particular trade, that ye can lichtly me. I'm no reminding ye that ye didn't think sae yince. We'll let that flea stick to the wa'."

"Ye had better," put in Megsy, warningly, her elbows working over the bake-board like the cylinders of twin engines. "Your health is no that guid, that I ken o'."

"But, Megsy," said Anders, ignoring her

warning, or, rather, dodging about it like a boy playing at "tig" with his fellows, "ye maun mind that though I hae been a kind o' sportin' character a' my life, nae man, land-lord nor magistrate, has ever had a word to say against me, and that's a deal to claim for a man that is as fond o' the fin and the fur and the feather as Anders MacQuaker o' the clachan o' Sant John! Mair nor that, Megsy, I may tak' a dram—but what the waur am I? Did ony man ever see Anders mistak' the breadth o' the road for the length o't? And if I be no tradesman o' ony ae trade, I can put my hand to mair trades than ony man in the country—'Maister o' nane,' says you? Maybe, Megsy—but they hae kept me weel pit on and well provided wi' stieve belly-timber for mair years than I like to mention when I am on this errand. (Hae ye a muckle plate to pit this next half-dizen troots on, Megsy? Thank ye!) Thae half-trades o' mine hae bigget me a hoose, and I might say, if that were the matter o' a boast, that they hae made me an officer o' the kirk, and a' that, Megsy, I hae dune for your sake. But the hoose is juist terrible lonesome, Megsy, wantin' you, and even buskin' salmon hulks is no to be ca'ed ony real compensation to a thinkin' man like me.

"Sae for the last time I ask ye, Megsy, will ye no gie the auld leddy in your warnin'? I need ye mair than her; she has gotten a dochter to gang to, and they say she's faillin'—that she's no long for this war', onyway."

There was silence again, as Megsy put the finishing touches to her batch. This being done to her satisfaction, she turned on her suitor.

"Hae ye dune?" she asked.

"Aye!" said Anders, selecting a fresh trout, with a mournful countenance, as if he had spoken indeed to relieve his mind, but without any real hope of success.

"Is a' said that ye cam' to say?"

"It is said, Megsy."

"Then listen! Let me bring to your remembrance that yince near on to forty years since, ye speered Marget Tipperlin afore; she was Marget Tipperlin then, and she is Marget Tipperlin noo. But she was young and foolish then; she is neither yin nor yet the ither noo. And the silly hizzy promised to be your wife, and there was a copy-book lang burnt to ash, wi' a page in it a' scrawled ower wi' the words, 'Marget MacQuaker, her book'; for the foolish lass wanted to see hoo the name wad look. She was young, though, in the auld days, but she had a lovin' heart, though the lass was never what ye wad ca' bonny; for though mony a time ye telled her that she was, Anders, she never fairly believed ye. But be that as it may, there cam' a bonnier in your road, Anders MacQuaker—aye, I do her that justice! She wad far bonnier nor me; I speak nae ill o' tfe dead; she was a woman bonny to look upon—God rest her soul!"

"Amen," said Anders, and the tear was in his eye, though that did not prevent him

squinting as critically as ever along the belly of the next fish.

"Yet a' the time ye were trysted to me, and ye cam' to see me—first every second night, then every third, and then yince a week, slower and slower, like a mill-wheel stoppin', till at last ower a' the countryside I heard where it was ye spent the rest o' your fore-nichts. Then I heard that names were to be cried in the kirk on Sabbath, and they telled me to bide awa'; but I gaed, for I trusted ye, Anders, and I kened nae ill that I had dune ye! Then I heard the name that I wrote on the copy-book, the name that should hae been my ain, cried wi' purpose o' marriage to another lass!"

"Oh, Marget! woman woman!" groaned Anders, now cut to the quick; "is forty years no lang enough to forget? Will ye no let that suffice?"

"For a man—aye," said Megsy, sternly, standing her ground and looking steadily at the suitor before her.

At last Anders dropped fish and knife together, letting the latter fall on the floor with a ringing clatter.

"It is ower lang for a man—forty months, aye, or forty weeks, serve a man to forget in. But never a woman that has been slighted and lichtled as Marget Tipperlin was slighted and made licht o' before a' the parish o' sant John!"

"Then ye winna come, Megsy? The slated hoose is to stand lonely yet?"

"Neither now nor ever, Anders. Ye shall never hae the chance to serve the auld woman as ye served the young! The copy-book is gone to the winds, and sae is the silly young lass that yince on a day wrote 'Marget MacQuaker' in it. Gang your ways, Anders. Ye hae come on a fule's errand! Never let me hear the like oot o' your mouth again."

The fisherman rose without a word, and went out upon his stocking feet to where he had left his boots. The trout were neatly arranged on the table, laid out upon a couple of clean platters. From the window Megsy watched his retreating figure down the avenue, till it grew faint and fainter, and then vanished. There was a smile upon her lips, and if you had looked closer you might have seen something like a tear in her eye.

"I hae settled Anders this time for guid an' a', I'm thinkin'," she was saying to herself as she clinked the platters down upon the clean, purple coolness of the Parton slate.

All the same, Megsy would have been greatly disappointed if he had not been back within a month with the self-same tale. And so it had been between them for over thirty years. For Megsy Tipperlin and Anders MacQuaker were in their hearts very good friends, neither bearing any grudge for the things that had been, nor the things that might have been, but were not.—Condensed by Peter Miller.

The Pictish Race and Kingdom.

BY SIR JAMES FERGUSON, SHERIFF OF ARGYLESIRE.

(Continued.)

The remains of the Pictish language are very scanty, and merely support the conclusion that it was a Gaelic speech modified by British influences, these being rather Cornish than Welsh in character, the Damnonii of the north being probably akin to the Dumnonii of Cornwall. The St. Vigean Stone has been deciphered as reading 'Drosten Ipe uoret Elt Forcus'—'Drosten, the son of Uoret, of the race of Fergus.' 'It is,' says Skene, 'a good specimen of the mixture of forms we find in this part of the Pictish territory. Drosten is not a Welsh form, but a Gaelic, Ipe Uoret Cornish, and Forcus unmistakably Irish.' It was in the immediate vicinity that in 731 Drust, one of the competitors for the Pictish throne was defeated and slain by Angus MacFergus. In Cormac's *Glossary* occurs the word 'Carit'—'*id est* Delg (a pin) Berla Cruithnech (a Pictish word).' Dobur is given by Adamnan as the Pictish word for a river, the Gaelic being Dobhar water. Reginald of Durham, who wrote in the later part of the twelfth century, records that certain clerics of Kirkcudbright were called in the language of the Picts 'Scollothes,' which simply seems to be a Norman inflexion of the Irish 'Sgolog,' the Gaelic 'Scoloc,' and the Welsh 'Yscolheic.' Bede, in describing the northern wall, says it began two miles west of Abercorn at a place called in the language of the Picts Peanfahel, but in that of the Angles Pennelton, while it appears from Nennius that the British name was Penguual, the head or end of the wall. It would therefore seem that the Picts had just modified the British name, substituting the Gaelic F for the British Gu. Epithets are attached to some of the Pictish kings in the lists. Thus the Vipolg namet of the Pictish Chronicle is in the Latin lists Fiacha Albus, and namet appears to be a Pictish form of the Gaelic *Naimheach*, glittering or shining. Gartnalt is called *duiber* or *Duiperr*, which is rendered in Latin *Dives* of the rich and is the Irish word *Saobhber*, with the interchange—not unusual in Gaelic—of D. for S. One of the Nectans is termed Morbet, which in Gaelic is *Mor Breac*, the great speckled or variegated one. The name of the Pictish Druid or Magus, Broichan, encountered by Columba, seems to be halfway between the Irish Brocan and the Welsh Brychan. The personal and place names in the earlier entries in the Book of Deir, at a time when the Pictish population of distant Buchan may be assumed to have been little affected show no peculiarities distinguishing them from general Gaelic.

The names in the long list of the kings of the Picts given in the Pictish and other chronicles, exhibit a character of their own,

but are mainly Gaelic forms. A considerable number are apparently of British derivation, and of Cornish rather than Welsh inflexion, and represent either a British word or the pronunciation of a Gaelic name by a people in which the British element was strong. The Cornish influence is indicated by the frequency of the syllable Ur and the letter W. There are also instances of the metamorphosis of a purely Teutonic name. The list does not necessarily indicate a direct line of monarchs ruling over the whole race. There was probably, as among the Irish Celts, an 'Ardrioh' or supreme king, with lesser kings, 'Rioh', ruling over the various provinces. There was probably at intervals at least a dual monarchy of the Northern and the Southern Picts, the old Caledonii and Meatae, and one or two names can be identified as rulers of the Picts of Galloway. The Teutonic names may be accounted for by the fact that a considerable Pictish population was embraced in the Anglian kingdom of Northumbria when it reached to the Forth. The most common names are Drest or Drust, which occurs nine times, Talorcan six, Brude six times apart from the thirty Brudes, Gartnadh four, a name also found among the Mormaers of Buchan and Mar, in the last of which it occurs as late as almost the War of Independence, and Nectan three times. Cinoid (Kenneth), Galan, Alpin, Ungus (Angus), and Urgust (Fergus), each occur twice. Of these Mr. Skene classifies Drust (Welsh *Gorwst*), Brude, Gartnadh, Nectan and Cinoid as Gaelic, Talorcan as probably British, Galan either, Alpin as the Pictish form of the British Eflin, and Ungust and Wrgust as Cornish forms. The two latter may be the form and pronunciation given by the Southern Picts to the Gaelic Angus and Fergus. The only names referable to the Picts of Galloway are Drust and Cindacladh. The earlier names are Gaelic, and in some instances are those of kings recorded as kings of Ireland as well as of the Scottish Picts; the later ones of Gaelic character probably include the rulers of the Northern Picts; those which are Cornish in resemblance probably belong to the region of the Southern Picts between Tay and Forth, and others including Welsh, Gaelic, and Teutonic names may belong to the Picts who seized the eastern districts between the walls, and were conquered by the Angles. The list begins in legendary times with Cruithne and his seven sons; three kings follow, two of whom are the same as two of the Irish kings of the race of Ir. The next is a Welsh name, Guidid Gaidbrechach, termed in one of the Irish editions the Briton. Then come two Cornish forms, Gest

and Wrgest, followed by the statement that thirty Brudes, of whom twenty-eight are given, reigned over Erin and Alban for a hundred and fifty years. Then came twenty-one names, including Dectorelic, who is evidently Theodric, the son of Ida, called by the Welsh the Flamebearer, the last nine of which are Celtic, until with Brude MacMailchon, who received Columba at Inverness in 568, we reach authentic history. Meagre as the materials are, there can be little doubt that the Picts were mainly, and almost wholly in the north, a Gaelic people, that in central Scotland they were largely affected by a British element, and that their language was Gaelic, modified in the south by British influences. Their language was substantially the same as that spoken in the Highlands to-day, and of which lingering traces are found in Galloway in the eighteenth century. Reginald of Durham in 1164 speaks of Kirkcudbright as being in *terra Pictorum*, and calls the language there spoken *sermo Pictorum*. Buchanan in Queen Mary's time wrote that a great part of Galloway still used its ancient language. A Norman chronicler quoted in the *Scala Chronica* relates that the Picts obtained wives from Ireland 'on condition that their issue should speak Irish, which language remains to this day in the Highlands among those who are called Scots.'

There can be little doubt that the same people north of the Forth were known in classic times as the Caledonii, later as the Picts, to the mediæval historians as 'the wild Scots', and south of the Forth as the Novantæ, the Niduarian Picts, the 'Picts who are commonly called Galwelenses' at the time of the battle of the Standard, and 'the wild Scots of Galloway.'

In the last two issues of "The Caledonian" our readers have had the privilege of reading two exhaustive articles on "The Scottish Race and Kingdom" from the able pen of our modern historian, Sir James Ferguson, Sheriff of Argyll. These articles were condensed from "The Celtic Review," and the words of appreciation from many of our subscribers encourage us to give selections from an article on "The Pictish Race and Kingdom" which appeared in the February issue of the same publication. We regret that space will not permit us to give the whole of this comprehensive article, which seems to us a most authentic and scholarly treatment of the perplexing question. It is of the greatest importance that we should know "Who were the Picts." We heartily concur with Sir James Ferguson in his conclusion that the Picts were a Gaelic people living in the north. Editor.

Bits of Humor.

GLOBE-TROTTERS PLUS.

A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English lady, overhearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! How these Americans do travel!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

MIGHT AS WELL.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

UNWELCOME ADVICE.

"Kind friend," whined a beggar, "I'm trying to get to Glasgow, and I've got the price of a ticket all but sixpence. Will you help me out?"

"No, but I can give you some excellent advice," replied the gentleman he addressed. "Take the train to within a sixpenny fare of Glasgow, and then walk."—*Tit-Bits*.

A LOSS OF MEMORY.

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, address-

ing an old colored man seated on a dry-goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington. Am I mistaken?"

"No sah," said Uncle Mose. "I useter 'member seein' him, but I done fo' got sense I jined de church."—*Everybody's*.

CAN YOU BEAT IT.

"Oh, yes, we have a wonderful climate," said the man from southern Texas. "Why, only last season we raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles in which to rock the babies."

"Yes," replied the man from New York; "but in my State it's a common thing to find three full-grown policemen asleep on one beat."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock:

"Jock, mon. I'll go ye a round on the links in the mornn."

"The mornn?" Jock repeated doubtfully.

"Aye, mon, the mornn," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a round on the links the mornn."

"Aye wee!", said Jock. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get married in the mornn."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

DIVISION OF SOCIAL LABOR.

The present King George in his younger days visited Canada in company with the Duke of Clarence. One night at a ball in Quebec, given in honor of the two royalties, the younger Prince devoted his time exclusively to the young ladies, paying little or no attention to the elderly ones and chaperons.

His brother reprimanded him, pointing out to him his social position and his duty as well.

"That's all right," said the young Prince. "There are two of us. You go and sing 'God save your grandmother' while I dance with the girls."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

NO NEED FOR WORRY.

Winston Churchill, the young English statesman, once began to raise a mustache, and while it was still in the budding stage he was asked at a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposing political views.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill, "we can not agree on politics."

"No, we can't," rejoined the girl, "for to be frank with you, I like your politics about as little as I do your mustache."

"Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not really likely to come into contact with either."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

NOT A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations as eight or nine, or one of two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid liver, tuberculosis, and kindred happy topics.

"I thought," commented the guest of honor, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

REVENGED.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University last week. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English III., the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me—I feed myself."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

BOSTON LETTER.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.

A complimentary dinner was given to Councilman Walter Ballantyne by prominent Boston Scotsmen and Canadians on the eve of his departure for a trip to Europe, at the Boston City Club.

Among those present in addition to representatives of every Boston newspaper were

Alexander McGregor, who was chairman and toastmaster; James Pottinger, president of the Scots Charitable Society; Robert Pirie, ex-president; Rev. Dr. James Alexander, vice-president; Dr. James Todd, Dr. Miles Martin, John A. Campbell, ex-president of the Intercolonial Club; John W. Jordan, Alexander C. Nixon, Robert E. May and John Ballantyne. The Rev. Dr. Clark of the Queen's Road Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, was also a welcome guest.

Nearly every speaker extolled Mr. Ballantyne's services to the City of Boston on the side of good government, every action and vote that he has ever made being above suspicion and always for the interest of the city at large, telling of the confidence reposed in him by the Chamber of Commerce, Finance Commission and business bodies. Mr. Ballantyne was called upon to reply. He was deeply moved and expressed his gratification at the spontaneity and good feeling expressed.

He stated that on the three occasions on which he had been elected to the City Government, twice among the first three and once at the top of the poll, every election promise that he had made, had been fulfilled to the letter. He had kept the faith and retained the respect and good will of every supporter. These supporters had been not alone of Scottish or Canadian birth, but American citizens. When he visited the haunts of his childhood, Gala Water, the silvery Tweed, Hawick and the border country he hoped to meet his father-in-law, who was ninety-three years of age, his brother who was seventy years of age and while he would derive great pleasure from his visit and the sight of the old familiar faces, he fully expected, that whereas, no man could but love and revere the land of his birth, the country of the Lion Rampant on the field of gold and the Union Jack which flags now fluttered above his head, he would long to return to the land of the Stars and Stripes, the country to which he now owed allegiance.

Mr. Ballantyne's remarks were closely followed, loudly applauded and when a solid silver pocket flask was presented to him by those present, he thanked them for the comforter which they had given him, to remind him of the friends who were waiting to greet him upon his return.

R. E. MAY.

Hugh Murray Richmond, eighty-five years of age, for thirty years an elder in Central Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., and until recently, senior member of the firm of Richmond Brothers, metal goods manufacturers of Newark, is dead at his home in East Orange.

The many friends of Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, O. S. C., will be glad to learn that in spite of the severe heat, he is rapidly recovering after a successful operation for appendicitis.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

FIFTH LESSON.

(Continued.)

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Matt. vii. 7, 8.

"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Jas. iv. 3.

Our Lord returns here in the Sermon on the Mount a second time to speak of prayer. The first time He had spoken of the Father who is to be found in secret, and rewards openly, and had given us the pattern prayer (Matt. vi. 5-15). Here He wants to teach us what in all Scripture is considered the chief thing in prayer; the assurance that prayer will be heard and answered. Observe how He uses words which mean almost the same thing, and each time repeats the promise so distinctly: "Ye shall receive, ye shall find, it shall be opened unto you:" and then gives as ground for such assurance the law of the kingdom: "He that asketh, receiveth; he that seeketh, findeth; to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." We cannot but feel how in this sixfold repetition He wants to impress deep on our minds this one truth, that we may and must most confidently expect an answer to our prayer. Next to the revelation of the Father's love, there is, in the whole course of the school of prayer, not a more important lesson than this: Every one that asketh, receiveth.

In the three words the Lord uses, *ask*, *seek*, *knock*, a difference in meaning has been sought. If such was indeed His purpose, then the first, Ask, refers to the gifts we pray for. But I may ask and receive the gift without the giver. Seek is the word Scripture uses of God Himself; Christ assures me that I can find Himself. But it is not enough to find God in the time of need, without coming to abiding fellowship; Knock, speaks of admission to dwell with Him and in Him. Asking and receiving the gift would thus lead to seeking and finding the Giver, and this again to the knocking and the opening of the door of the Father's home and love. One thing is sure; the Lord does want us to count most certainly on it that asking, seeking, knocking, cannot be in vain; receiving an answer, finding God, the opened heart and home of God, are the certain fruit of prayer.

That the Lord should have thought it needful in so many forms to repeat the truth, is a lesson of deep import. It proves that He knows our heart, how doubt and distrust towards God are natural to us, and how easily we are inclined to rest in prayer as a religious work without an answer. He knows too how, even when we believe that

God is the hearer of prayer, believing prayer that lays hold of the promise, is something spiritual, too high and difficult for the half-hearted disciple. He therefore at the very outset of his instruction to those who would learn to pray, seeks to lodge this truth deep into their hearts: prayer does avail much; ask and ye shall receive; every one that asketh, receiveth. This is the fixed eternal law of the kingdom: if you ask and receive not, it must be because there is something amiss or wanting in the prayer. Hold on; let the Word and Spirit teach you to pray aright, but do not let go the confidence He seeks to waken. Everyone that asketh, receiveth.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." Christ has no mightier stimulus to persevering prayer in His school than this. As a child has to prove a sum to be correct, so the proof that we have prayed aright is, *the answer*. If we ask and receive not, it is because we have not learned to pray aright. Let every learner in the school of Christ therefore take the Master's word in all simplicity: Every one that asketh, receiveth. He had good reasons for speaking so unconditionally. Let us beware of weakening the Word with our human wisdom. When He tells us heavenly things, let us believe Him: His word will explain itself to him who believes it fully. If questions and difficulties arise, let us not seek to have them settled before we accept the Word. No; let us entrust them all to Him; it is His to solve them: our work is first and fully to accept and hold His promise. Let in our inner chamber, in the inner chamber of our heart, too, the Word be inscribed in the letters of light: Every one that asketh receiveth.

According to this teaching of the Master, prayer consists of two parts, has two sides, a human and a Divine. The human is the asking, the Divine is the giving. Or, to look at both from the human side, there is the asking and the receiving—the two halves that make up a whole. It is as if He would tell us that we are not to rest without an answer, because it is the will of God, the rule in the Father's family; every child like believing petition is granted. If no answer comes, we are not to sit down in the sloth that calls itself resignation and suppose that it is not God's will to give an answer. No; there must be something in the prayer that is not as God would have it, childlike and believing; we must seek for grace to pray so that the answer may come. It is far easier to the flesh to submit without the answer than to yield itself to be searched and

purified by the Spirit, until it has learned to pray the prayer of faith.

It is one of the terrible marks of the diseased state of Christian life in these days, that there are so many who rest content without the distinct experience of answer to prayer. They pray daily, they ask many things, and trust that some of them will be heard, but know little of direct definite answer to prayer as the rule of daily life. And it is this the Father wills: He seeks daily intercourse with His children in listening to and granting their petitions. He wills that I should come to Him day by day with distinct requests; He wills day by day to do for me what I ask. It was in His answer to prayer that the saints of old learned to know God as the Living One, and were stirred to praise and love. Our teacher waits to imprint this upon our minds; prayer and its answer, the child asking and the father giving, belong to each other.

There may be cases in which the answer is a refusal, because the request is not according to God's Word, as when Moses asked to enter Canaan. But still, there was an answer; God did not leave His servant in uncertainty as to His will. The gods of the heathen are dumb and cannot speak. Our Father lets His child know when He cannot give him what he asks, and he withdraws his petition, even as the Son did in Gethsemane. Both Moses the servant and Christ the Son knew that what they asked was not according to what the Lord had spoken: their prayer was the humble supplication whether it was not possible for the decision to be changed. God will teach those who are teachable and give Him time, by His Word and Spirit, whether their request be according to His will or not. Let us withdraw the request, if it be not according to God's mind or persevere till the answer come. Prayer is appointed to obtain the answer. It is in prayer and its answer that the interchange of love between the Father and His child takes place.

How deep the estrangement of our heart from God must be, that we find it so difficult to grasp such promises. Even while we accept the words and believe their truth, the faith of the heart, that fully has them and rejoices in them, comes so slowly. It is because our spiritual life is still so weak, and the capacity for taking God's thoughts is so feeble. But let us look to Jesus to teach us as none but He can teach. If we take His words in simplicity, and trust Him by His spirit to make them within us life and power, they will so enter into our inner being, that the spiritual Divine reality of the truth they contain will indeed take possession of us, and we shall not rest content until every petition we offer is borne heavenward on Jesus' own words "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Beloved fellow-disciples in the school of Jesus! let us set ourselves to learn this les-

son well. Let us take these words just as they were spoken. Let us not suffer human reason to weaken their force. Let us take them as Jesus gives them, and believe them. He will teach us in due time how to understand them fully: let us begin by implicitly believing them. Let us take time, as often as we pray, to listen to His voice: Every one that asketh receiveth. Let us not make the feeble experiences of our unbelief the measure of what our faith may expect. Let us seek, not only in our seasons of prayer, but at all times, to hold fast the joyful assurance: man's prayer on earth and God's answer in heaven are meant for each other. Let us trust Jesus to teach us so to pray, that the answer can come. He will do it, if we hold fast the word He gives to-day: "Ask, and ye shall receive."

"Lord, teach us to pray."

O Lord Jesus! teach me to understand and believe what thou hast now promised me. It is not hid from Thee, O my Lord, with what reasonings my heart seeks to satisfy itself, when no answer comes. There is the thought that my prayer is not in harmony with the Father's secret counsel; that there is perhaps something better Thou wouldest give me; or that prayer as fellowship with God is blessing enough without an answer. And yet, my blessed Lord, I find in Thy teaching on prayer that Thou didst not speak of these things, but didst say so plainly, that prayer may and must expect an answer. Thou dost assure us that this is the fellowship of a child with the Father; the child asks and the Father gives.

Blessed Lord! Thy words are faithful and true. It must be, because I pray amiss, that my experience of answered prayer is not clearer. It must be, because I live too little in the Spirit, that my prayer is too little in the Spirit, and that the power for the prayer of faith is wanting.

Lord! teach me to pray. Lord Jesus! I trust Thee for it; teach me to pray in faith. Lord, teach me this lesson of to-day: Every one that asketh, receiveth. Amen.

THE LORD OF THE SABBATH.

BY REV. GEORGE N. LUCCOCK, D. D.

"Why seldom meet'st thou me at church?"
The Lord of Sabbath questioned me,
As if my inmost soul to search
And prove professed sincerity.
"Have you no debt of praises due,
No call to witness for your Lord,
No need of help prepared for you
Through message from God's Word?"

"I slave all week," I made reply,
"When Sabbath dawns I call to mind
That anywhere, our God is nigh,
And those who seek, outdoors, may find."

Behind his words there lurked a smile
As he exposed my shallow guile—
"And when you find him—what?" "Because
I found him out of doors I sought
Him further in His house! His laws
Learned there enlarged, inspired my
thought."

And then I made tired nerves excuse:
"I need my rest day to relax,
And find the church of little use,
For, frankly, worship proves a tax."

As if amazed at plea so strange,
He reasoned of the Rest Day's range:
"And in the House of Prayer no rest?
Was not God's day for man ordained,
That while man's soul by praise is blessed,
His body's freshness is regained?"

"But Sunday's planned, ere Sunday comes,
For visits saved just for week-ends,"
I urged, "And holiday with chums
Keeps life in touch with cherished friends."

I knew I'd said a cruel thing—
He answered gently, without sting:
"Whose friendship most abounds in grace?
Ah, friend, that Sunday's poorly planned,
Nay, lost! that gives not God first place
According to love's kind command."

"I sometimes go to church, and do
Besides, a loyal member's part,
In gifts, in works, in life that's true,"—
I cried, to prove my honest heart.

He then to His own record turned,
Disclosing not one Sabbath spurned—
"And is 'sometimes' your honest best?
Recall how I—(mark well the phrase)—
'As was my wont'—went in to rest
Where people met in Sabbath praise."

And then—"I want the day for ease,
To feast, to stroll, to ride, to read,
Plan pleasure wholly as I please,
And be from rules completely freed."

He drew His answer from His cross,
Whence our life's gain by His life's loss:
"O, friend! to make you free I died!
Have you not read so much as this:
At God's right hand all pleasures bide,
And in His presence fullest bliss!"

TH' WEE COSY KIRK IN TH' GLEN.

Awa' wi' yer turrets, an' queer shapet domes,
Yer high screechin organs an' choirs;
Yer thrummin' o' fiddles tae tickle th' ear,
Yer fantastic designs an' yer spires,
Jist gie me th' psalms on a braw Sabbath
morn,

Sung by God-fearin' women an' men;
Wha's he'rts hae been filled wi' th' love frae
abune,
In th' we cozy kirk in th' glen.

How sweet tae th' ear was pathetic "Glen-
cairn,"

An' triumphant "Dunfermline" sae braw;
An' plaintive "Dundee" wi' its penitent
soun',

An' "St. Andrew's" wi' its wonder an' awe.
Nae mystic, mechanical, meaningless signs
Marred th' sangs frae th' he'rt that was
fain;

But like incense they floated awa' tae God's
throne

Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

Lang years hae' gane by since I saw th' wee
kirk,

An' I think, whiles, I'll see it nae mair;
But, sweet smilin' faces appear in my
dreams

An' th' he'rt is a stranger tae care!
Tho' Fate wi' her subtle mysterious wand
'S lured my feet faur awa' oure the main.
Fond Memory says, whiles: let us wander
awa'

Tae the wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

But th' maist o' them noo hae answered th'
"call,"—

Tae their promised reward they hae pass-
ed!

An' th' heid o' th' flock wi' his snaw white
hair

Has cooried down among them at last,—
Some are still left, bent wi' hard honest toil

An' are patiently waitin' th' en',
For th' summons tae come, tae waft them
awa'

Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

In th' auld kirk yaird, roun' that wee hal-
lowed hoose,

Whar th' guid folks are sleepin' sae soun';
Nae monument rises tae mark whar they
rest

An' proclaim tae th' warld roun' an' roun'
But awa' 'many th' breer an' th' sweet
eglintine,

Ye may read on some flet mossy stane,
Th' day an' th' date when they slippit awa'
Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

Its lessons hae aye been a buckler an' shield,
Mid th' glare o' this warld an' its wiles;
They've aye been a chart thro' this stren-
uous life,

Wi' its trials, its tears an' its smiles,—
An' when we are called tae yon braw land
abune,

God grant that we micht mak' a fen,
Wi' th' humble credentials we got in oor
youth

Frae th' wee cozy kirk in th' glen.

JAS. H. MURDOCH.

Glassport, Pa.

New Publications.

THE MAKING OF SCOTLAND.

It is gratifying to read a book written by a competent historian who had the time and ability to ransack libraries, and never tired in his search for things new and old until he got to the bed-rock of facts. He sees both sides of the question, and fearlessly utters his opinion.

This book consists of six lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow in the winter of 1911, on the War of Independence, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, a member of Parliament for Wigtonshire for thirty years.

The author extols the early Celtic kings for their wise statesmanship and their successful warfare in forging four discordant nations into a single realm; and in introducing a fifth racial element, the feudal Norman barons. He shows how, by political union, these hostile races became inspired with a common national spirit, through the aggressive attitude of the English government, and the appearance of William Wallace, a great patriotic leader whose action was not hampered by possession of lands in the English realm.

The four kingdoms of Alba in 800 were the Northern and Southern Picts extending north and east from Drumalba; the kingdom of Dalriada, founded as a Gaelic colony from Ireland, by Fergus Mor the son of Ere, in the fifth century, and embracing Argye, Lorn, and the adjacent islands; the kingdom of Cumbria or Strathclyde, peopled by Britons or Welsh, a third branch of the Celtic race; and the Saxon kingdom, extending from the Humber to the Frith of Forth. Besides these, there were the Niduran Picts of Galloway, whose native chiefs were subject to Saxon and to Norse dominion. These kingdoms were waging war with each other for four hundred years. Kenneth MacAlpin, King of the Scots of Dalriada, defeated Drusken, King of the Picts at Scone with the help of the Danes. His mother being a Pict, he was successful in uniting the Picts and Scots as one kingdom, and becoming their king, and from that time his kingdom was termed Scotia or Scotland.

The birthday of Scotland was in August, 1057, when Malcolm III "Canmore" after the defeat and death of Macbeth, Lord of Moray at Aberdeen, was crowned at Scone as king over the whole of Scotland, and by his marriage to Margaret, introduced English into Scotland. But the long unsettled question: "Was Malcolm Canmore king of the wholly independent realm, or did he owe homage for part of his dominion to the Saxon king of England?" "The majority of Scottish historians contend that King Eadmund of England made over Strathclyde to Malcolm in free gift as an inducement to or a reward for active alliance against the Northmen." The English historians hold that it was a fief, constituting Malcolm and his successors vassals of the King of England. The author is inclined

to agree with Freeman and Skene in regarding the transaction as a hereditary fief, implying vassalage. But whatever it was, Malcolm ruled over Strathclyde. However, the relations between the English and Scottish kingdoms were greatly disturbed by the Norman conquest in 1066. Edgar, the Saxon king-elect, took refuge at Scone, his sister, Margaret having married King Malcolm, who espoused the cause of his brother-in-law. This brought the Conqueror down upon him; King William invaded Scotland by sea and land in 1072, exacting homage, and taking hostages from Malcolm at Abernethy, —but for what that homage was paid is hard to know. Immediately after the death of William the Conqueror in 1087, Malcolm invaded England. In short the question of homage is a vexed and unsettled question.

In 1124 David, the youngest son of Malcolm Canmore, succeeded to the throne; at this time the two kingdoms were knit afresh by marriage ties. David, who had lived for years in England and married an English wife, introduced feudalism into Scotland by bringing many young Norman barons with him, granting them wide lands in Moray and elsewhere; one of these was Robert de Brus, the great-grandfather of King Robert Bruce, to whom he granted the lordship of Annandale. This feudalism greatly perplexed the question of independence. The greater part of the land of Scotland was held in fief by Norman barons, who owed homage to the King of Scotland, and the same barons owned lands in England, for which homage was due to the English crown. In the case of war between the two kingdoms, these barons could not remain neutral, and by siding with the English king, they would forfeit their estates in Scotland.

At this time David's subjects comprised the original Scots of Argyie and the isles, with whom the Northern Picts had merged; the Britons or Welsh of Strathclyde, the Saxons of Lothian, the Picts of Galloway and the Norsemen of Caithness and the isles. When one remembers that these had been at war with each other for centuries, our author thinks that David's foresight in establishing feudalism in Scotland was the wisest means of making his motley people subject to the crown, and uniting them in a spirit of common nationality.

The consolidation of Scotland in 1263 under Alexander III, including Orkney and Shetland and the Western Isles, was established. During his reign prosperity prevailed throughout the land, and he maintained most friendly relations with his brother-in-law, King Edward of England. But his untimely death in March, 1286, and of the heir apparent, his little grand-niece, the Maid of Norway in September, 1290, caused a national upheaval; for the nine baron competitors for the throne (a number

which was ultimately increased to thirteen) claimed recognition in virtue of their descent from daughters or sisters of Scottish kings, and only one, Patrick Galythly was a native Scot.

When there was fear of a general war, and great slaughter, Bishop William Fraser of St. Andrews, one of the four surviving Guardians of the realm, wrote to King Edward to "prevent the shedding of blood, so that the faithful men of the kingdom may keep their oath inviolate, and set over them for king him whom of right ought to have the succession, if so be that he will follow your counsel." Besides Bishop Fraser's letter to Edward seven Earls appealed to him against the conduct of two Guardians. King Edward accepted the office of Arbitrator on condition that the Scottish representatives should acknowledge him as Superior and Lord Paramount. Nine Competitors, all Norman barons set their seals to the following acknowledgement: "Forasmuch as the King of England has evidently shown to us that the sovereign seignory of Scotland and the right of determining our several pretensions, belong to him, we, therefore, of our own free will, and without compulsion, have agreed to receive judgment from him as our Lord Paramount, and we become bound to submit to his award."

In agreeing to the above, these barons signed away the independence of their country, and consented to surrender the kingdom of Scotland and its castles to King Edward; the four Guardians, and other prelates and barons consenting. But the most of these statesmen were land owners in England, and "strife and jealousy among themselves left them with no alternative, but submission or civil war." But they could not surrender the *people* of Scotland to *any* monarch.

King Edward decided in favor of John of Balliol, and on November 19th, 1292, the kingdom and castles of Scotland were handed over to King John Balliol, and on the following day he did homage and fealty to King Edward. The superiority of England was recognized.

"John de Balliol claimed the throne on the ground of being the son of Devorguilla, daughter of Margaret, eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, youngest brother of Malcolm the Maiden and King William the Lion. He was therefore great-grandson of the Earl of Huntingdon, and great-grand-nephew of two kings of Scots.

"Robert de Brus claimed the throne as Son of Isabella, second daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon; he was therefore, grandson of the Earl and grand-nephew of two kings. De Brus being an old man raised no objection to it, although he had in his favor, the act of Alexander II, who in 1238, under the law of Tanistry, had presented de Brus to his council as heir to the throne, and caused all present clerics and laymen to take the oath of fealty to him on the Holy Gospels." It was in this account that his grand-

son, Robert the Bruce, forced his claim on the throne of Scotland when the opportunity presented itself. King John in October, 1295, renounced his homage to Edward; and declared that his homage had been extorted by violence. King Edward was enraged and declared war on Scotland. He assembled an army at New Castle and forfeited all the English possessions of Scottish barons, who would not enlist under his banner. King Balliol's army, under John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, invaded Cumberland on March 26, 1296, but was repulsed at Carlisle. Edward attacked Berwick and showed that he was a monster of cruelties. His orders were "no quarter" on a defenceless town; an awful massacre lasted two days. It is estimated that 8,000 of all ages and both sexes were put to death.

The soldiers set fire to the town and the people perished. It at once showed that King Edward was a tyrant and a merciless brute of a man. The Scottish army was defeated at Dunbar, April 28, 1196. Edward led his army through Scotland. King John was compelled to abdicate his throne on July 7th, 1296. And no less than 2,000 Scottish barons, knights and clergymen swore fealty to Edward, almost every one who sided in the war of Independence, except William Wallace and James Douglas. Edward returned to England confident that Scotland was under his heel—he took with him the stone of destiny from Scone, the Scottish records and the Black Rod.

William Wallace came forward as a leader and a patriot to throw off the yoke of England. Among the movers in the revolt were James, the Steward; Wishart, of Glasgow; Sir Andrew Murray and Sir William Douglas, of Harde. King Edward had gone to Flanders and took a number with him of Scottish knights captured at Dunbar. Wallace and Andrew Moray went to Neveverit in the north of Scotland, where they gathered a powerful force of the common people, which at once gave rise to a national and popular character. This was the secret of Wallace's greatness. The Battle of Stirling Bridge in September, 1297, stirred up the whole nation in revolt, only the English barons in charge of castles and forts, under King Edward hesitated. Wallace invaded England, and soon after his return, went to France, and was arrested by King Philip in 1299, but afterwards was set free.

The author shows the double dealing of Robert Bruce during Wallace's leadership.

No sooner was Wallace dead than he seized the opportunity to claim the throne of Scotland, by murdering the Red Comyn, February 10th, 1306, who came nearest heir of line under King Edward's award. Robert Bruce's whole conduct before he was crowned was marked by duplicity.

"It was the hereditary privilege of the Earls of Fife, to place the crown upon a new Sovereign's head, but Duncan MacDuff, the Earl of that day, was faithful to his English allegiance, but his sister, Isabella,

countess of Buchan, claimed the right to do so in his place." Bruce was favored with the friendship and service of Good Sir James Douglas, whose name is free of any stain of perjury. It was owing to his fidelity and leadership that King Robert was often delivered out of the plots of his enemies. The death of Edward I hastened the independence of Scotland. His son, Edward II, had not the courage of his father, and was no match to Bruce or Douglas.

Early in the autumn of 1307, Douglas began to recapture his own castle. "It was the morning of Lanark Fair, September, 1307. He planted a strong ambush near the castle, and made fourteen of his men to pull countrymen's frocks over their armour, and so lead horses past the castle carrying sacks stuffed with grass. Douglas knew that the garrison, being short of provender, was not likely to allow what looked like a train of provisions to pass unmolested, and sure enough, out sallied the constable. Sir John de Wanton, at the head of an armed party. Before he could overtake the supposed rustics, they had thrown off their frocks, flung the sacks to the ground, leaped into the saddles, and then Sir John, face to face with a troop of armed cavalry, Douglas came out of his ambush and the English were taken in front and rear and all killed and the castle surrendered."

The author's description of the Battle of Bannockburn is one of the best we have had. "In all history," he says, "I know of no more striking group of three, than Robert Bruce, James Douglas and Randolph Moray. Their joint memory is the priceless heritage of all Scotsmen." King Robert died on June 7th, 1329, in his fifty-fifth year, less than a year after the marriage of his son David, at the age of four, to Princess Joan of England, aged six—an unworthy son of a great King. The father, King Robert had won and established the independence of Scotland against the will and arms of a large party of the Scottish barons and people; his son, David II, was only withheld from surrendering that independence by the resolute patriotism of the Scottish barons, and a united nation.

The feeling of the Scottish people was well expressed in the following letter:

"Should our king abandon our cause, or aim at reducing us or our kingdom under the dominion of the English, we will instantly strive to expel him as a common enemy, and we will choose another king to rule over us; for while there exists a hundred of us, we will never submit to England."

All interested in Scottish history, are indebted to Sir Herbert Maxwell for this most excellent presentation of a subject which has baffled many historians.

"The Making of Scotland"—Lectures on the War of Independence delivered in the University of Glasgow by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, New York, MacMillan & Company, 1911. Price \$1.50.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE JIMMY-JOHN TWINS.

This is a story of two bright little nine year old boys who lived in a New Jersey town not far from New York. They were brave sturdy little fellows full of fun and resourceful, as most boys are. It was the time of the attempts of Peary to reach the Pole, and the twins were much interested in the expeditions of which they heard at school. Their teacher defined an expedition as "A journey, voyage or march, made by a number of people for a definite purpose," and added that the object was to benefit mankind.

As they looked around for some one who needed to be benefited, they found that their own dear mother needed help more than anyone they knew. Since the death of her baby girl a little while before she had not been at all like herself: she spent her time in mourning for her baby, and gave very little heed to the boys. One day John overheard the doctor telling his father that "mother would get nervous temptation," and have to go to a "sanatorium"—something unless she could be roused.

While they were talking the matter over John suddenly thought of a plan, and Jimmy immediately agreed to join him on an expedition whose purpose was to benefit "mother." They thought if they should go into the city the next day instead of to school and not get home until several hours after three o'clock, she would perhaps be "roused." They planned to go to the menagerie in Central Park, and to the Hippodrome.

They carried out the first part of their program, but on the way downtown, saw a poor old woman who had been dispossessed sitting near her furniture. When they learned her trouble they gave her four dollars, nearly all the money they had, and offered to watch her things while she went to look for other rooms. They talked with a young woman who was a neighbor of the one whom they had helped and were soon exchanging confidences.

The twins told her all about their "expedition" and their hope that it would help their mother, and she in time told them about her "young man" who was a policeman and would soon come and take care of the furniture, she also said that she was caring for her sister's orphaned baby, but "Tom" wanted her to put the child in an institution and return with him to England, but she could not do this.

"Tom" soon came and agreed to take the boys to the Hippodrome, which they had given up when they let the woman have their money. They spent a happy afternoon with the young policeman, and reached the ferry-house in time for the 6:15 boat. What was their surprise to find there their friend, the young woman, with her little niece in her arms. She explained that she wanted them to take the baby

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home with them and perhaps their mother would keep her.

The little fellows found it hard to carry the baby and a heavy satchel home from the station, but they reached the house in safety, and found not only their mother, but all the family pretty thoroughly "roused." The baby won the hearts of all and before bed-time, it was decided that she should stay. "Mother" found that her boys were very precious to her, and that she had been neglecting them to her sorrow for her baby.

When their father gave them their good night kiss, he said: "Boys, you have done a fine day's work, and I believe it has done more good to your mother than any doctor could ever hope to do. God bless you. Good night."

And so the expedition was satisfactorily completed in one day, and if the twins encouraged by their success, undertake another, we hope Miss Benson will tell us about it.

By Irene Elliott Benson. Published by McLoughlin Brothers, New York.

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE.

American Anecdote of old Blackbeard the Pirate. About a century ago, this dauntless pirate reigned master of the whole coast of North-America. All rivers, from Georgia to New Hampshire, were his own. He amassed great treasures, and buried them for safety under ground as some of the people say; and many nocturnal speculators sweat them-

selves in quest of them to this day, though to little purpose. Poor *Blackbeard*, imagining himself in perfect safety, ventured to send most of his crew ashore, to gather provisions on the banks of Potowmack river. Unluckily for him, his evil star presided at that moment: A British ship of war had arrived. The Commander informed of matters, sends his Lieutenant up the river after him, in a well-manned barge. They approach warily, with the hope of surprising him. Their hopes succeed. They board him, sword and pistol in hand; find but few on deck; all their own. But the Lieutenant, being a brave Scotchman, well acquainted with his Andra Farrara, wished to give *Blackbeard* a chance for his life, and generously challenged him out to single combat. The old man stood ready on the quarter to engage him. At it they went, pell mell, and for some time the contest was doubtful; but at length the good genius and better address of the Lieutenant prevailing, poor *Blackbeard* received a severe stroke on the shoulder—Hah, cried he, that's well struck brother soldier!—Well, cried the Lieutenant, *Gen ye like it you fal ha more ont*, and the very next stroke severed his black head from his shoulders, and instantly putting it into a boiling pot of water, ordered his men to cleanse it perfectly, and when done had it tipt with silver, and presented it to a friend, the keeper of a publick house, as a cup to drink punch out of; and I am told it remains in *fiat quo* to this day for that purpose.—Massachusetts Centinel, August 26th, 1789.

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SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. John Young, of Astoria, N. Y., celebrated on June 24th, their silver wedding. A large number of the members of the Burns Society, of Long Island City, headed by the society's piper, marched into Mr. Young's residence and the president of the Burns Society, Mr. John Edmiston presented Mr. and Mrs. Young with a solid silver berry bowl, as a slight token of the regard felt for them by the Burns Society. Mr. Young is an efficient officer of the Burns Society. Some thirty members of the society were present and had a gala time.

Captain Archibald MacTaggart, a retired ship owner, who, while in command of sailing vessels visited every part of the world, died on Friday, June 23rd, of heart disease at his home, No. 595½ Sixth avenue, Brooklyn. He was born in Scotland in 1824. He left a daughter.

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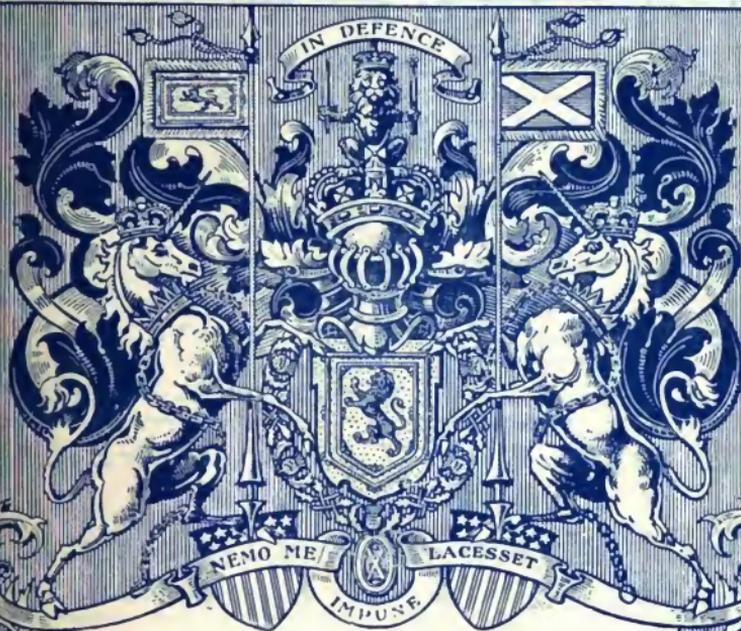
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THE SCOTTISH SEASON.

For some years past the weather during the summer has been bad: cold east and north winds and general dull leaden skies prevailing over the greater part of the country. This year has changed all that, the weather has been all that could be desired and the sun has shone day after day in a clear sky and the general talk, weather talk has been about the "heat wave." That is a peculiarity of us here. If we get a dull wet summer we lament the "good old days" of our forefathers, who apparently had ideal summers. If we have ten or fifteen days clear sunny weather we call it a heat wave and pray for rain. But this year we have had a heat wave, yet curiously enough it has not had that improving effect on the Scottish season that one would have expected. The Scottish season begins about the fifteenth of June and lasts till the middle of September. During the three months intervening visitors pour into the country and all the hotels and boarding houses reap rich harvests or try to. But this year the visitor has not

been as much in evidence as usual. At first thought one would say that the Coronation and succeeding festivities have kept the people south. That this is not the case is proved by the fact that London was not as full during the Coronation week as those scare-mongers, the halfpenny press threatened. The actual fact of the matter is that the visitor and tourist has been frightened out of Britain this year. Wild talk about increased and extortionate prices has had its natural effect and the ordinary tourist is giving this country a wide berth this year. As a consequence the Scottish season is suffering and in spite of the fine weather will suffer. For this the scare press is to blame.

THE KING'S VISIT.

The Royal visit to Edinburgh has been a great success and much has been crammed into the four days of the stay. For the first time for three hundred years Holyrood Palace has been the actual residence of the sovereign. Royal visits to Edinburgh have been few and far between. James VI of Scotland and I of England returned

to the city of his birth only once after he became King of England. Charles I paid two hurried visits, his son Charles II stayed a day or two in Holyrood after which the old Palace of sad memories was not again the scene of royal splendour till the autumn of 1745 when the Bonnie Prince Charlie held Court there with his rebel troops around him. George IV. on his famous visit to Edinburgh in 1820 stayed with the Duke of Buccleuch, as did also Queen Victoria on her two official visits and King Edward when in 1903 he made state entry into the Scottish capital. Holyrood Palace being thus left to itself and its past had fallen to the position of an interesting historic old building, full of sad memories of the tragic life of Mary Queen of Scots. But King George has changed all that. Holyrood is once more a royal palace, the habitation in Edinburgh of the King and Queen, and for four days the Court Circular has been dated from it.

ACCOMPLISHED FACTS.

Their majesties with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary arrived in Edinburgh on Monday and drove along Princes street and round by the Calton Hill and Abbeyhill to Holyrood Palace. This is the first time that a reigning British sovereign has entered Edinburgh by the Princes street station. The cheers with which they were greeted as they drove along were phenomenal; it is contrary to the custom of the Scottish people to give vent to their feelings of loyalty in cheers. On this occasion however, they broke through custom. The Queen was much amused by a notice over the shop of a dye works "We wad dye for ye" and called the King's attention to it by touching his epaulette. On Tuesday the picturesque ceremony of the handing over of the keys of the castle was performed, and the King inspected the Bodyguard of Archers. On Wednesday the foundation stone of the Usher Hall was laid and the Chapel of the Knights of the Thistle opened by King George, while on Thursday there was an inspection of the Veteran Reserve and the Boy Scouts, and the presentation of new colours to the Royal Scots. A parade of school children was held in the King's Park and thousands of children lining the roadway from Jenny Dean's Cottage to Holyrood vociferously cheered their ma-

jesties who drove slowly down between the lines. A suggestion has been put forward that Princess Mary shall be given the title of Princess of Scotland; and this if it could be done would be extremely popular with Scots at home and abroad.

POPULAR HONORS.

Coronation honors have given much satisfaction both to recipients and the public in general. As far as Scotland is concerned there has been nothing to complain of. Chief among these recipients was Lord Rosebery who has now been granted the title of Earl of Midlothian. Lord Rosebery is, and always has been a keen and patriotic Scot and one cannot help comparing his position during the recent royal visit with that of Sir Walter Scott when George IV. came north. Lord Provost Brown, of Edinburgh and the Lord Provost of Glasgow together with Mr. Thomas Hunter, Town Clerk of Edinburgh, have each received knighthoods.

SMALL LANDHOLDERS BILL.

There seems to be some chance of the Small Landholders' Bill becoming law. The Scottish members have all agreed about it, though some of them had not the frankness of the Lord Advocate who stated that he knew little or nothing about agriculture. If the negotiations which are now in progress issue fruitfully, the Bill should be such as will satisfy all reasonable men, for it will provide for all that is essential—security of tenure, fair rents, the power to purchase and just treatment of the owners of land. The disclosures of the recent census have stricken the country with alarm at the rapid dwindling of the rural population, and all are agreed that something must be done to stay the progress of decay.

BANNOCKS.

Gold in fair quantities is being found on the Duke of Sutherland's gold fields in Ross-shire, and there has been a miniature rush to the north.

His Majesty King George will pay a visit this autumn to Tulchan Lodge and Moy Hall, in Inverness-shire.

The Scottish Exhibition in Glasgow has up to date been a great success, large numbers of visitors being recorded every day.

In 1896, Mr. Andrew Usher, of the famous Usher distillery, died and left £100,000 for the purpose of the erection of a hall for

music in Edinburgh. The foundation stone was laid by His Majesty, over fifteen years having been spent in arguments as to a suitable site.

The new chapel for the Knights of the Thistle, which was opened on Wednesday last, stands at the southeast corner of St. Giles Cathedral and compares favorably in beauty with the famous Roslin Chapel.

SCOTIA.

THE SPORTING SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

The summer heat, the strike, the turmoil of business and the unusual whirl of social events seem to have made the rush to the north phenomenal this year; the castles and lodges of the Highlands are crowded with eager sportsmen, and the season has opened with great promise. The lochs and rivers are swarming with trout and salmon, the forests and moors are full of grouse and other game, and many trophies await those who hunt the red deer. The ness, Argyll, Ross and Sutherland are the ness, Argyll, Rose and Sutherland are the great sporting grounds of the Highlands.

The King and Queen are entertaining hosts of friends at Balmoral Castle. A week ago, the King, who is a noted sportsman, spent three days with MacIntosh of MacIntosh at Moy Hall, and his record in the forest surpassed his former success. He has promised to spend a few days, deer stalking, with several of the Highland chiefs.

The King and Queen will return south in October, to say "Goodbye" to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, before their departure for Canada; from that time on they will be busy completing their preparations for the trip to India; they sail in November on the P. & O. steamship "Medina." They take with them the Coronation robes, that were used in Westminster Abbey, and they will be worn again at the ceremony when India formally accepts its Emperor and his consort.

GIVE AND TAKE.

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give anything?"

"Yes," replied his boy; "nine quarts and one kick."—The Sacred Heart Review.



SHOT IN ARDNAMURCHAN, ARGYLSHIRE,
BY SIR ELDON GORST.

The Stalking of a Stag.

BY ALEX. INKSON M'CONNOCHIE.

The charm of deer-stalking may certainly be described, but it is impossible to adequately understand it till one has "followed the red deer" from burn to ridge, from corrie to corrie. Not until one has experienced the hopes and the fears and the keen feeling of disappointment which will obtrude itself when the marksman has only himself to blame, can it be realized how strong is the grip of the forest, how close the communings with Nature on the mountains. All is not lost, though not a warrantable stag may have been seen, or though at the critical moment judgment, eye and finger, or either of them, may have been at fault. There has been at least a memorable day in the open, a grand game has been played, and if the stag has won, never yet did true sportsman grudge him his victory.

The tourist who for the first time sees a herd of stags when he seeks a mountain top is apt to think that nothing could be easier than to knock over, say, half a dozen of the antlered monarchs. But the sportsman has many restraints: in his season stags are difficult of approach; he may not fire "into the brown," but only at individual beasts; he may not haunch his animal; he may not press the trigger unless he has a reasonable chance of killing rather than wounding. Nothing is more exasperating to the sportsman than to be placed in such a position that he dare not fire even at a Royal, when the immediate result of a shot would be to send a whole herd over the march and into another forest. Young and promising stags must be severely left alone. Only mature or back-going animals may be dealt with; it requires not a little self-denial to leave, say, a 9-pointer alone with the view of returning next sea-

son and knocking over a stag of ten. All the same, men have been known to let even an 11-pointer pass, and come back to grass him as a Royal, but this is a counsel of perfection. Long shots are to be deprecated; it is given to few to attempt to fire at over 120 yards in the forest. A wound which would effectually stop a man often sends a stag off at the gallop and beyond sight; a hit too low may cause a lingering death, while a deer escaping with a broken leg is an equally painful memento to the sportsman of what would otherwise have been a glorious day. No doubt 120 yards seems a ridiculously short range to those who have fired only at a target, but the shoulder of even a 20-stone beast will be found terribly small when one looks along the barrel and time presses!

"But what of driven deer?" some may ask; "they are easy enough shot, we understand." Here we are not concerned with driving deer, but it may be briefly answered that there is very little driving of deer in Scotland, that drives even under the best management are very often failures, and that even when successful pot shots are the exception. The mere killing, be it said, is very properly regarded, however essential in the day's bag, as by no means the most pleasing feature of one's day on the hill. The stalker's toast, "More blood, sir," as he looks toward the sportsman when the stag has been duly gralloched, may be used as an argument the other way, yet there are none less bloodthirsty than the hunters of deer. Do not think that the little ceremony of "blooding," of making the sportsman free of the forest, is in the least revolting; no lady on grassing her first stag was ever known to seek to evade it. It is one of the oldest institutions in the world, a survival of the times when men first hunted for food, and the youth first took his place among his elders.

The successful stalking of a deer is a work of great skill and resource, affording the expert every opportunity for a display of his abilities in the contest—man v. stag. The fight is not so unequal as some think; while the hunter has telescope and rifle, the stag has nose, ears and eyes, as well as a fleetness of foot which to the mere man is often most aggravating. It is practically hopeless for the sportsman to be his own stalker: only a select few can dispense with the professional in the forest. The late Lochiel was well known both as a sportsman and a forest owner, and he declared that even with his advantages he preferred the leadership of his stalker. On the other hand, the writer is permitted to refer to the Marquis of Breadalbane as an instance of a sportsman and forest owner who can dispense with his stalker at a critical moment. Do not worry your stalker with questions, especially when out with him on the first occasion; the forest entered, do not walk alongside him, much less ahead, however well you think you know the ground. As many questions as you like when the stag is grassed; till then, beware of distracting his attention. He will be

more impressed with your capacity should you keep yourself in reserve; he may even mistake you for an experienced sportsman! Keep your eyes more on the stalker than on the outlook for deer, for your movements must be carefully regulated by his. When he stops, so must you; when he drops, down you go; when he stoops, follow his example (though this method of advance long continued becomes most disagreeable); when he crawls, there may be no shirking of wet ground. Silence is often golden; if you must speak, do so in a whisper unless the coast is clear, and you rarely know when it is. There is no allowance for coughing or sneezing; if necessary, bury your face in the heather. Of course, your stalker will take you up-wind, and he will halt and spy at certain points which experience or the observation of the moment, suggests; remember, he is more anxious to come on single beasts than on a big parcel. He will secure your admiration for the keenness of his sight in picking up deer; he may even see more with the naked eye than you can at first discover with the aid of the telescope. You need not expect to be able to use a glass as well as your stalker when on the hill; Lord Onslow tells a good story to that effect. He was out with Sandy M'Leish in the Black Mount, when far away deer were spied with the aid of the telescopes; "They're stags," said Sandy. "How do you know that?" asked the earl, to whom the distant herd was barely distinguishable. "Stags have horns," was the unanswerable reply.

The stag at last spied, and circumstances favorable, the advance movement may at first be retrograde, the walk may become a run, the run degenerate to a long, weary wait on the heather till such time as your stag gets into a "good" position. Your nerves may be tried to the utmost; few escape stag fever, and one is not immune after the first attack. You may have had to run uphill to cut off your beast; how unreasonable of the stalker to then hand you the rifle and expect you to shoot straight, your heart thumping the while!

The stalking of a stag may easily enough seem a very simple matter. You start in the morning, riding on a hill pony as far as convenient; walk behind your stalker for half an hour; he takes a spy; a short advance; a shorter crawl, and the rifle is placed in your hands with a whispered direction—"Take the one on the right, sir," all so quickly and unobtrusively done that you can hardly realize it now depends on yourself alone how the day is to end. If you are inclined to be nervous, you are apt not to do yourself justice in this respect—you needlessly anticipate failure, and are so worried that the stalker's careful plans should come to naught on account of your bad marksmanship. But the best stalkers are veritable philosophers, and are utterly unmoved even by the repeated failures of their "gentlemen" to score. To some young sportsmen the man with the pony, bringing up the rear at a ju-

dicious distance, is an irritating spectre, as they are troubled with the thought that there will be no venison that day to carry down to the larder.

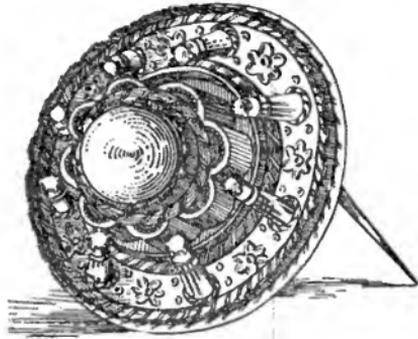
A stag, however, is not as a rule to be so easily found; indeed, it is unreasonable to expect that every stalk should end with a gralloch. Half a dozen stalks may likely end in failure then comes the success of the day. Much experience and forest lore are required before prompt decision can be come to on the hill; the training which failure produces is good both for mind and body. It is an education to watch a veteran stalker as time after time he has to give up what originally looked promising stalks and seeks new adventures without the slightest display of disappointment. Peradventure your stalker is a conscientious man—indeed, most stalkers are—and so he is not content with merely bringing you in on the deer—he sympathizes with your infirmities, and so would shorten the range for you as much as possible. Thus later you understand why he moved you about in what at the time appeared so erratic a manner—all ended in your being placed in a comfortable position for firing, and at a distance which even you had to allow left nothing to be reasonably desired. There are your beasts, some eighty yards off, half a dozen of them, feeding unconcernedly, all unconscious of your designs. Two or three are stern on—so you must wait; one or two are head on—an impossible position for most sportsmen; the others in position, side on, are unfortunately not the best of the parcel. You are counselled to wait, and as the deer move in feeding, a grand 10-pointer presents his shoulder. "Take that fellow on the extreme left, sir, but don't hurry—there's plenty of time, and you'll easily manage him." You are sensible enough to take the stalker at his word, not unduly dwelling on the shot. You fire, your stag gives a leap as though startled, and bolts away; sure there is no sadder man at that moment in the whole Highlands than you. "He's all right," remarks the stalker, and in fifty yards your stag's run is at an end, for he has been shot through the heart.—(Condensed from the Scots' Pictorial, 12th August No.)

An Irishman was once employed as a hod carrier, says an exchange, and was instructed that he must always carry up fourteen bricks in his hod. One morning the supply of bricks ran out, and do his best, the new man could find but thirteen to put in his hod. In answer to a loud yell from the street, one of the masons on the sixth story staging shrieked down:

"What do you want?"

"Trow me do' wan brick," said Pat, pointing to his hod, "to make me number good."

Note.—Through the kindness of the London Scottish Regimental Gazette, we are able to present, for the first time on this side of the Atlantic, the famous Brooch of Lorn.



THE BROOCH OF LORN.

"Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here
From England's love, or France's fear?

"No!—thy splendors nothing tell,
Foreign art or fairy spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn
By the victor hand of Lorn.

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry tossed.
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Dochart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Tyndrum,
When the homicide o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn.

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Hay,
When this brooch triumphant borne,
Beamed upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe and wheel;
Let him fly from coast to coast
Dogged by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

—Sir Walter Scott.



SCOTTISH REGALIA, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SCOTTISH REGALIA.

In the Crown Room at Edinburgh Castle are the Crown, Sceptre, Sword and Mace—the Regalia of Scotland. These are more ancient emblems of Royalty than the Regalia of England. The Crown was worn by King Robert the Bruce, who won the battle of Bannockburn in 1313; and Mary Queen of Scots bore it on State occasions at Holyrood. The sword was the gift of Pope Julius in 1507. Both the sceptre and mace are of ancient origin. Each is surmounted by a great crystal beryl, the amulet of Scottish Kings from the earliest times, and understood to have been the official badge of the Arch Druids.

Very romantic is the history of the Regalia. Only by the courage of loyal Scotsmen and Scotswomen have these Royal emblems been saved from destruction. At one time it seemed almost certain that the Scottish Crown would share the fate of that of England, and be destroyed by Cromwell. When that iconoclastic general "dung, doun" Dunbar and marched on Edinburgh, in 1651, a hurried meeting of the Scots Privy Council decided to take instant steps to save the Regalia. It was agreed that the starkest stronghold in Scotland was the great Castle of Dunnottar, which belonged to the Earl Marischal. To get the Crown there secretly was a task of difficulty, but this was successfully accomplished with the aid of a hay cart, and, snugly concealed under the hay, the Crown, sceptre, sword, and mace arrived at Dunnottar.

Undoubtedly at that period the castle was impregnable. Situated on the flat summit of a huge rock jutting out into the North Sea, on the coast of Kincardineshire, the castle was only approachable by a narrow, winding path. From the sea there was no gateway; the cliff has a sheer depth of 160 feet. As can be seen yet from the ruins

still standing, Dunnottar, in its heyday, was of immense strength of walls, and military ingenuity had been taxed to the uttermost to safeguard the approach landwards by huge iron portcullis, massive gates, and cunning loopholes for musketry. Ogilvy, to whom the defence of the castle was entrusted by the Earl Marischal, vowed to keep the Regalia against all comers.

Cromwell's troops gave siege, but found it impossible to take the castle by assault. The slower but more sure method of cutting off supplies were adopted. Starvation faced the garrison, and the soldiers grew restive. Then a brave and bold stratagem was devised. One day the wife of the minister of Kinneff Parish Church appeared before the English general and asked permission to visit her friend, Mrs. Ogilvy, the wife of the captain of the castle. This was readily granted, all the more so as Cromwell's general knew that it was only a question of a day or two ere the garrison surrendered.

Mrs. Granger, accompanied by her serving maid, entered Dunnottar, and was eagerly welcomed. A couple of hours later she came down the winding path leisurely and proceeded to her saddle-horse. Bundled up in her lap among clothing was the Crown of Scotland, and she and the maid had also the sceptre, sword and mace. All unwitting, the English general courteously assisted her to mount the horse. Next day the castle surrendered. But the Regalia were lying deep under the flagstones beneath the pulpit of Kinneff church. The minister and his wife had deposited them at midnight in all secrecy, and they lay there until the Commonwealth had fallen. Ogilvy was imprisoned for years, but on the Restoration was made a baronet. No reward, however, came to Mr. and Mrs. Granger, the minister of Kinneff and his brave wife.

After the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England, in 1707, the Regalia were placed in a heavy oak chest and left in a

stone-walled, windowless chamber, or, rather, vault, in Edinburgh Castle. Years passed, and they were forgotten. For one hundred and ten years they were never seen; even their very existence was doubted. Rumour said they were in the Tower of London, also that they had been destroyed. Only vague surmise, as no record was found of how the Regalia were disposed of. It was decided to solve all doubt. In 1817 a warrant was obtained from the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., to have the vault broken open. Not only Edinburgh citizens, but the people of Scotland were deeply stirred. Sir Walter Scott, the famous author of the Waverley Novels, had done much to arouse the patriotism of his countrymen.

Accordingly, a distinguished party assembled in Edinburgh Castle before the closed door of the vault. There were, besides Sir Walter Scott, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish Forces, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and other well known men of the day. A locksmith forced the door, and disclosed a dark, dirty, ill-smelling little room. The dust of one hundred and ten years lay thick and foul. In the grated chimney-piece were still the ashes of the last fire, a century and more ago, and a cannon ball, the relic of some forgotten siege, lay on the floor.

All eyes were turned to the oak chest, ironbound, and secured with three ponderous iron locks. When tapped with the hammer the chest sounded hollow. Sincere, therefore, was the rejoicing when, on the lid being wedged open, the Regalia were seen wrapped up in linen cloths, just as they were when first deposited so many years before. From the Castle Flagstaff the Royal Standard was hoisted, and this conveyed the news to the city.

The Crown now reposes on a marble table in the Crown Room, guarded by an iron cage and a glass covering. This ancient Royal emblem is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls, and curious enamellings. In height the Crown is, from the under circle to the top of the cross-patee six and one-half inches, and in circumference twenty-seven inches. It is composed of a fillet, which goes round the head, adorned with twenty-two large precious stones. Above this circle there is a small one with twenty pearl-tipped points, and adorned with sapphires and diamonds. The upper circle is elevated with ten crosses foree, each with a great diamond in the centre, and these crosses foree are interchanged with ten high *fleurs de lys*. Four arches proceed over crimson velvet and meet at top; they are adorned with enamelled figures, and are surmounted with a mond of gold and a large cross-patee.

Very handsome is the sceptre. It is in length thirty-four inches, and is of silver double overgilt. It is richly adorned and engraved, and has statuettes of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James. The sword is

five feet in length, the handle and pommel are fifteen inches in length, of silver overgilt; and the cross is of like metal, and seventeen and one-half inches long. On the fine-tempered and cunningly wrought blade are indented in gold the letters "Julius H. P." Both the mace, which is an interesting example of the silversmith's art, and the sceptre are specially notable by the great crystal beryl with which each is surmounted.

Four memorials of the House of Stewart were deposited along with the Regalia, by order of King William, of date 1830. Chief is the ruby ring which, from the most ancient times, kings of Scotland wore at their coronation. The others are the golden collar of the Garter presented to King James IV, by Queen Elizabeth, and the Order of St. Andrew, beautifully cut on an onyx.—(Scots Pictorial).

LORD KITCHENER, BRITISH GOVERNOR IN EGYPT.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Field-Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum to be His Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst.

Lord Kitchener during his military career has had considerable service in Egypt. He acted as a major during the brief campaign in 1883 against Arabi Pasha, and at its close remained as one of the twenty-six British officers to whom the task of reorganizing the Egyptian forces of the Khedive was given. For the next seventeen years, Egypt and the Soudan absorbed all his energies and attention. He took part in the "Gordon Relief Expedition" of 1884-5. In 1886 he became Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, and afterwards replaced Colonel Chermiside as Governor of Suakim. In 1888 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, and took part in the fighting on the Soudan frontier, under the Sirdar, Sir Francis Grenfell. On the retirement of Sir Francis Grenfell in April, 1892, the Sirdarship was conferred on him by Lord Cromer, and for several years thereafter he went on with the task of making the Egyptian Army a first class fighting machine. He was in charge of the Dongolese Expedition of 1896, and the Khartoum Expedition of two years later. After the complete success of his military operations in the Soudan, he was raised to the Peerage, and received a grant of £30,000.

A grandmother, reproving her grandchildren for making noise, said: "Dear me, children, you are so noisy today! Can't you be more quiet?"

"Now, grandma, you mustn't scold. You see, if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be a grandma at all."—Harper's Weekly.

The Old South Church, Newburyport, and George Whitefield.

On July 23d, it was my privilege to preach at the Old South Church, Newburyport, Mass. I was especially glad to preach in this church that is so intimately connected with the life, labors and death of George Whitefield, because last January, while in Bermuda, I had the honor of preaching in the Warwick Church, the first Presbyterian Church organized outside of Scotland, whose pastor is the Rev. Dr. Cameron, late of Edinburgh. George Whitefield, when on his way to the American colonies, preached for two months in the Warwick Church, Bermuda, where his labors were greatly blessed.

After the morning service at Newburyport, the officers of the church very courteously showed me the numerous objects of interest connected with its remarkable history. A part of the afternoon was spent with Dr. Hovey, an old friend, and the late pastor, who has written a history of the old church.

The church building, as is seen in the illustrations, is attractive and substantial, and it is the original structure where Whitefield preached. One thousand people can easily be seated in the church, for there are large galleries; certain elevated pews in the galleries were formerly assigned to the colored servants of the numerous sea captains who worshipped below. (We wonder if this custom was the origin of the expression "Niggers' Heaven.") It is a singular fact that a low whisper in the corner of one of these servants' galleries can be distinctly heard in the remote corner of the other gallery, but not in the centre of the building. This circumstance has given it the name of "the whispering gallery."

From the belfry of the church there is a magnificent view of Newburyport, the Merrimac River, and the surrounding country. The old bell was cast by the firm of Paul Revere & Son, in 1802, and the receipt for the payment, in Paul Revere's own handwriting, hangs framed in the pastor's study. Next to the church is the home of William Lloyd Garrison, and beyond that the house where Whitefield died.



THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, ERECTED 1756.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Dr. Hovey has described Whitefield as follows: "He was a preacher who could, at any time and anywhere, collect in the open air an audience of many thousands. He was comely, fair, slender, elastic, and of medium height. His eyes were dark blue, slightly cast, and his countenance was remarkably expressive. His voice was both melodious and penetrating, with great compass and power; so that, as testified by Benjamin Franklin, it could reach twenty-five thousand people at once. His gestures were incessant, yet eminently graceful, and his hearers were wont to say of him that 'he preached like a lion.' This wonderful orator stirred New England as it has never been stirred by any single voice before or since."

When Whitefield came to Newburyport on September 30th, 1740, the doors of all



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

the churches, save one, the Third Church, were closed against him. The pastor of this church invited Whitefield to preach, and conduct some special meetings. A revival broke out, the immediate result of which was that one hundred and forty-three persons were added to the Third Church. A more remote result was the formation of the First Presbyterian Church, familiarly known as the "Old South." The historical tablet at the right of the pulpit bears the following inscription:

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH,
 founded by
 REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD;
 Ministered to by
 REVEREND JOSEPH ADAMS,
 1742—1745;
 Organized as a Presbyterian
 Church, April 7th, 1746, and
 served by the Pastors named on
 the Memorial Tablet.

Whitefield, during a period of thirty years, made many visits to Newburyport,



JONATHAN PARSONS.

and conducted many meetings for his friend, Jonathan Parsons, the pastor of the Old South Church. His death is described as follows: "After a month of unexampled labors, he sought the house of his friend (Mr. Parsons), the next but one to our meeting house, and after evening prayers he found the street crowded with people who wanted to hear him preach. He halted on the stairway, candle in hand, on the way to what proved to be his dying-chamber, and ceased not to exhort them with tearful eyes till his candle burned away, and went out in its socket. At six o'clock the next morning, Sunday, September 30th, 1770, he entered Heaven. He was, at his own request, buried beneath the pulpit of this church, where it

had been his intention to preach on the very day of his death."

An immense concourse attended his funeral; harbor guns were fired, flags hung at half-mast, and thrice all the bells were tolled for half an hour. Near him in the crypt rests Mr. Parsons, who died in 1776, the very day the Declaration of Independence arrived in Newburyport. There also lies Rev. Joseph Prince, the intimate friend of Whitefield and Parsons.

"The crypt, as it stands to-day, is a brick structure, seven feet square, reached by a flight of steps, and lighted by gas. On the right, as we enter, are the remains of Rev. Jonathan Parsons; on the left, those of Rev. Joseph Prince; while across their feet lies Whitefield's coffin. The three cof-



fins lie with the lids open, but protected by glass, exposing the head and chest of each occupant to view. The tomb is accessible to the public, and the registry of visitors shows the names of several thousand persons who have visited the sacred place; among them are found the autographs of some of the most distinguished persons in our own country, as well as from foreign lands."

It was with feelings of awe and reverence that we entered the tomb. The church officer directed our attention to the arm of Whitefield, which was stolen long ago and taken to England, where it was seen, in 1836, by Mr. Robert Philip, who promised to conceal the culprit's name, if he

would return the spoil. This he did, but without any explanation at the time. Rev. Dr. Stearns, to whom the mysterious box containing the missing relic was returned, regarded it with apprehension, lest it might be an "infernal machine." After some months, a letter came, stating the facts, and asking if the bone had been received. Under the date of September 26th, 1849, Dr. Stearns wrote as follows: "The trust committed to me, I am happy to say, has been discharged. The venerable relic was conveyed to the vault where its kindred remains lie; and in the presence of the Session of the Church, and of the Parish Committee, I descended to the tomb and re-

stored it to its place yesterday. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.'"

As has been already stated, the present building is the identical one in which George Whitefield preached. The pulpit Bible he used is kept in a box on the pulpit, and his study table is in the pastor's study in the church.

The following inscription is found on Whitefield Cenotaph:

"This Cenotaph is erected with affectionate veneration to the memory of the Rev. George Whitefield, born at Gloucester, England December 16, 1714; educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736.

In a ministry of thirty-four years, he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than 18,000 sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble devout, ardent, he put on the whole armor of God, preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation or life. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination, gave unexampled energy to his look, action and utterance, bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the gospel by motives so persuasive, and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers.

He died of asthma, September 30, 1770; suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his eternal reward.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS IN REGARD TO THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

This old church has been the scene of stirring events. In the broad aisle, April 25th, 1775, Major Ezra Lunt enrolled the first company of volunteers for the Revolutionary Army; and Major General Samuel Holden Parsons was the son of the first pastor. Another member, Captain William Coombs, gave the army a ship-load of arms and ammunition in 1775.

From the doors of the church, in October, 1789, went forth members of the Presbytery to greet President Washington. Here on January 21st, 1815, was ordained Samuel John Mills, the "Missionary Pathfinder." On the threshold of this structure, William Lloyd Garrison thundered against slavery.

The first pastor was Jonathan Parsons (1746 to 1776), an intimate friend of Whitefield, who came from Lyme, Conn., at the latter's invitation, and was greatly beloved by his people. His installation as pastor was unique, as there was no

Presbytery or council within reasonable distance, they followed the Scotch Form of Government, that while "no single congregation that can conveniently associate, do assume to itself all and sole power in ordination, yet in extraordinary cases something extraordinary may be done, until a settled order can be had." That was good Presbyterianism by the only received standard. On March 19th, 1746, Mr. Parsons stood before his flock, with uplifted hand, and said: "In the presence of God and these witnesses, I take these people to be my people." And then they arose, and the clerk said on their behalf, "In the presence of God and these witnesses, we take this man to be our minister." The union thus formed lasted till it was ended by death.

Some of the other pastors were: John Proudfit, 1827-1833; Jonathan F. Stearns, 1835-1849; Ashbel G. Vermilye, 1850-1863, and Horace C. Hovey, 1893-1908. Dr. Hovey had a fruitful ministry, and al-



HORACE C. HOVEY.

though nearly eighty years of age, occasionally preaches in his old pulpit. He is well known in scientific circles, and has written about the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and has also contributed several articles for the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The present pastor, Allan MacDonald Paterson, was installed October 29th, 1909. He is a native of Glasgow, and studied in Toronto and Princeton, graduating from the latter in 1890. He has held pastorates in Philadelphia, Mechanicsville, N. Y.,



ALLAN MACDONALD PATERSON.

where he labored for seventeen years, and in Sherburne, Mass. His work in Newburyport has been very successful; the mortgage on the church has been paid, and about four thousand dollars has been spent upon the chapel. He is an excellent preacher, and at the last communion twenty-one united with the church.

AN ENDOWMENT.

The history of this old church has been interwoven with that of the town, state and nation in all the great movements for the advancement of the race, for more than a century and a half, and the church with its records and contents is the most precious possession of the Presbyterian denomination.

But Newburyport is not so prosperous as formerly, and is not increasing in population; Presbyterianism is at low ebb, so that the church is struggling to raise sufficient funds to meet expenses. It is therefore expedient for the Presbyterian denom-

ination to raise an endowment fund, and that without delay, and so preserve this valuable church for the denomination. The remains of George Whitefield alone are of greater value than any church edifice in the country, and would bring a higher price in open market. We appeal to the leading spirits of our beloved church to take immediate action to preserve the Old South Church of Newburyport.—Editor.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY JOHN D. MACKAY, LL. M.

Provincetown, Mass.—I have come to this cool and historic port to escape the extreme heat prevailing in Boston, and incidentally to see the American battleships which have come here, where they have plenty of space and water, for practice manoeuvres.

In the harbor of Provincetown there lies at anchor to-night the largest fleet of warships ever assembled under the American flag. There are between 45 and 50 craft of every variety known to modern warfare, among them thirteen battleships, with the mighty "Delaware" in their midst. Each of these battleships cost from eight to ten million dollars and requires, on an average, about 900 sailors and soldiers to man her. Most of them have a displacement of 20,000 tons, which is 2,000 in excess of that of the original British dreadnought. The entire fleet now here cost about two hundred million dollars. This afternoon I was permitted on board the "Delaware" through the courtesy of one of her officers. He explained to me most interestingly the workings of this floating fort, but I came away with only an impression of might and mightiness in my mind.

I write these observations at a window looking out upon the harbor. It is night, and myriad lights on the ships make what is ordinarily a black waste of water look like a nearby city. The blinking of red and white lights, operated by signalmen, tells of life and vigilance on board, and just now two searchlights are cleaving the heavens with their powerful rays, while across the water come the exquisite strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," played by one of the bands on the "Michigan," nearly two miles away."

It is all very grand as well as spectacu-

lar. It conveys to the casual onlooker the idea of majesty and nothing more. To the student of history and observer of modern events it speaks of power, mighty power, backed by great national wealth and intense, though quiet, patriotism. The most gratifying thought which the sight produces is the reflection that this great fleet is one of mankind's guarantees for international justice and that its power is never likely to be exercised on behalf of an unjust cause. Jingoism in the United States was put to death by the American people on the appearance of Cleveland's regrettable Venezuelan message to Congress. It has been succeeded by a sense of statesmanship which is felt by every responsible citizen from President Taft down. A realization of this fact has come to Great Britain, as evinced by the signing of the Arbitration treaty, one of the greatest triumphs for sane diplomacy. Peace based upon honor and justice is what the peoples of the world have been looking and longing for, and it seems that the two Anglo-Saxon nations are going to show the others how to secure it. It is most reasonable and logical that the nations, especially these two nations, should have resort to a tribunal of peace for the adjustment of their disputes rather than have them settled by the arbitrament of shotted guns. The name of William H. Taft, the father of the treaty, will be writ large on the scroll of fame.

Scarcely less reasonable and logical is it that the Canadian people should back up those great statesmen, Laurier and Fielding, in their efforts to effect a Reciprocity Agreement between this country and Canada. The interests of the people on both sides demand it. The American people have declared for it and their representatives in Congress have governed themselves accordingly. The question is about to be submitted to the voters of Canada. Will they rise to the occasion, or will they allow prejudice, inflamed by scheming politicians, to blind them to the importance of embracing the great opportunity that is within their reach?

A certain Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it, if Lizzie hadn't died."—*Harper's Magazine*.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

PEN PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE.

He looked, I thought, the prophet; his clothes loose and careless, for comfort, not show; the shaggy, unkempt, gray thatch of hair; the long head, the bony, almost fleshless face of one who had fasted and suffered; the tyrannous overhanging cliff forehead; the firm heavy mouth and out-thrust challenging chin—the face of a fighter; force everywhere, brains and will dominant; strength redeemed by the deepest eyes most human, beautiful; by turns piercing, luminous, tender-gleaming; pathetic, too, for the lights were usually veiled in brooding sadness broken oftenest by a look of dumb despair and regret; a strong sad face, the saddest I ever looked upon—all petrified, so to speak, in tearless misery, as of one who had come to wreck by his own fault and was tortured by remorse—the worm that dieth not. * * *

Age alone could not bring such anguish. * * * What had he missed? He had done so much, won imperishable renown; what more did he want? I felt a little impatient with him.—From "Talks with Carlyle," by Frank Harris, in the "English Review."

HARRY LAUDER.

The Scot comedian will make his next appearance in New York, with a Vaudeville Company, on October 9th, at the Manhattan Opera House, where he will play an engagement of six days, under the management of Mr. William Morris.—See Ad. on another page.

The Poet of New England.

*Written on visiting the land of John Green-
leaf Whittier.*

I dreamed of one who stood and sung
Outside the busy market place.
There was a sweetness in his tongue
A graveness in his noble face,
I listening watched and wondered why
The heedless throng went hurrying by.

For through his songs far echoes came
Of Nature's elemental strife,
The warring thoughts, the fiery flame
Of deeds that mark heroic life,
The mysteries of life and death
Grew vocal with his living rbeath.

He gentle seemed, but whiles a flash
Of fire would light his lustrous eye,
As when some echoing thunder crash
Disturbs the sombre sullen sky,
Then words came from his quivering lips
As weird as the Apocalypse.

He loved the crowd, he watched the
throng,
And marked their diverse moods and
ways,
And ever in his warbled songs
They lived again in lyric lays,
Yet still his manner would express
His deeper love of loneliness.

Though in the throng he lived and moved,
Yet in the throbbings of his heart,
The inward echoes ever proved
In spirit still he dwelt apart,
While touched by many passing moods,
His soul was in the solitudes.

About himself he never thought,
Or seemed to think as others do,
For place or power he never sought
Yet he to larger stature grew,
Till strength and skill and pomp and pride
Grew less and lesser by his side.

Until amid the wondering throng,
He, statue-like, to greatness grown,
Rolled out the thunders of his song,
And all their hearts were all his own,
And far and near they gathered round
To listen to the magic sound.

A glory shone upon his brow,
Strength lent his form a god-like grace,
And wisdom wrote in light somehow
Her golden letters in his face,
Yet modest seemed he still the same
Amid the tumult of acclaim.

Through him the future grandly glowed,
As if in an eternal youth,
The coming race sublimely showed,
A stronger love or worth and truth,
And man with man serenely stood,
In universal brotherhood.

Age touched him lightly as the dew
Falls in the twilight faint and dim,
He more and more angelic grew
Till time and grace transfigured him,
A whitened glory bright and fair,
Like snow, fell on his silvery hair.

At last he, marble-like became
And round his head a woven wreath
Fresh-foliaged, evermore the same,
Immortal-hued defying death,—
Glowed in the sunshine and the storm
And nobly crowned a god-like form.

I woke, and doubts and fretful fears,
That haunt the votaries of song,
Fell from me and the coming years
Glow brighter as they flash along.
As man uprising from a child,
Strength comes, and I am reconciled.

JAMES KENNEDY.

Boston, Mass., 1911.

Hamely Thochts That Make Us Kin.

(In Braid Scots.)

BY D. GIBB MITCHELL.

We're Scotland's bairns. We've been born an' bred i' the land. Oor faithers an' mithers hae been leal, eident, God-fearin' folk. Ilka neuk has rear'd its ain. Some hae been cradled i' the straths, some at the mountain fit, some on the windy side o' the hill. Some hae been nursed by the salt sea spray, an' schuled beside the rocks an' storms. A wheen learnt to toddle in quate clachans, an' a wheen grew up nearer haun, amang mair folk. The cot, the shielan, the smiddy, the schule-hoose, the manse, the ha', hae sent their ain into the war!

It is fine to hae a hame in bonnie Scotland, some spot that we ca' oor ain, that we can crack about an' look back upo'. It hauds mony memories; it minds us o' days lang by!

We've a' ae land, ae tongue, ae God, ae kirk. We're a folk proud o' one anither, an' we stan' shouter to shouter! Here an' there throwe a' the globe we gang to places o' trust; ane to the backwuds, anither to the gowd-diggings, ane to the office, anither to the mission field. The war! needs Scotsmen as weel as folk o' ither tongues. The war! has learnt that men o' grit are grown here, men that are no idle, men that can push on, men that are honest an' God-fearin'. They are lippen't till; they rise, an' syne fill seats o' honor. This is the ring o' the Scot; see that nane o' us bring shame upo' the name sae lo'ed an' leal!

We mauna come short in this generation—the clan o' families. We maun win up a stap aboon the last. (For God's sake no doon.) Let us learn weel frae them wha are gane—drappin' their fauts, and gatherin' a' their guid. God's land is to be better'd by us. It's to be dotted here an' there by the dwellers o' oor heighlan's an' lowlan's. Throwe the flicht o' years an' the wark o' life we ne'er forget the hame-biggan, we ne'er forget oor land. Far ower the sea oor thochts keep comin' hame. The lad that left comes back wi' the tears to his een.

The brave lads o' the Black Watch, efter years o' service, cam back to live oot their

time in the auld glens. As their ship landit' the scaur'd veterans—a' that were left—sprang frae the boats, loutit doon, an' kissed the shore. Naethin had killed their likin' for their wild, rain-batter't island. Indi' sun, Afric's galore, cudna ding oot the memory o' the burn, the hill, the auld hoose!

There's little fear that oor love for hame an' country will be tint. But God—oor Maker—shall we mind him as weel? Throwe the flicht o' years an' the wark o' life, God maun be mindit. He sud come afore a' hame or country. Better to lat the birthplace oot o' mind, an' the country that rear'd ye, than lat God be mislippen't. People o' Scotland, we've aye been proud o' God an' his commauns. Oor hearts hae hunger't for His favor an' blessin'.

There are graves that are green spots. There are stanes that speak to us o' brave daurin. Oor freedom has been dearly bocht; men's bluid dyed the heather—for conscience bade it. The auld Buik is oor ain; nae man can rive it frae us. Oor Sabbath is oor ain; surely that day will be clean, the war's traffic is no to touch it. The Kirk is free; we can wale oor ain, nae voice can cry us back.

We stan' the day in a busy century. We've amaist fear't at the quickness o' advance. New things come to licht ilka day, an' afore we've maistered ae ferlie anither sets us gapin again! Keek beck thro a hunner years or mair, an' tak' stock o' things as they were. It's a lang cry frae the first rude implements to the big steam hammer! It's a lang cry frae the coopit tree-trunk to the new-fangled steamboat! It's a lang cry frae the piece o' coo-hide—that passed for siller—to the gowden sovereign! It's a lang cry frae the tallow dip to the new lights o' the age! It's a lang cry frae the moots to the caiver o' men in Parliament! It's a far cry frae the weird, cloudy sicht that men had o' a bein o' poeer an' mystery, to the clear, siccar faith that folk noo hae in their God! The mist has liftit. The warlocks an' witches o' dark days are laid. Superstition and foolish surmises are lauch't at. The hodden things

are redd up wi' weise judgment. We see throwe what man cudna understand. Science has richtit an' helpit us to the daylight!

It's guid to be born at this time, to be airt an' pairt i' the race for learnin' an' progress. Ye've a window at the castle yetts, an' ye can spu a' that's dune. There are a' sorts o' men. There's a stramash, there's a hurryin' o' feet an' a bustle o' wark. There are some beginnin', some endin'. There are some i' the thick o' the fecht. Some are doin weel, some badly. Some are real an' ring true; some are feignin', some are shams, an' soun' boss. Some play their pairt saw weel that their fauseness isna kent!

Oor een rin ower the crood an' we maun discern the worth that's ben i' the body o' the man. Dinna boo doon to siller or dress. Ootward trappins coont for little. Ye can varnish a common stick and gar't look like oak. Ye can cleed a beggar an' mak him seem a king; but the man bides the man—nae cleedin will change him to ocht else. We maun hae nae pretence, naething put on for show. Varnish rubs aff; it winna stan' the drivin' sleet an' snaw. Gran' polish'll no haud aff the dunts o' the warl'. It's the man that's o' value; what he is in himsel', no what's on him. Plain claes are no signed aff for back streets. The working garb hasna to jink roun' by-lanes an' side-paths. The man in moleskins can foot the same street that the braw folk tak, an' nae man can halt him. He can gang wi' his heid up an' his face erect, an' be as guid a man as ony that pass him by. An honest heart may beat aneath ony coat, be it cloutit or braw.

Ye maun be yersel'. Souters an' tailors can deck us till we dinna ken oorsel's. They'll gar us wear the newest style, loath tho' we be to hae it. We're fain to copy ithers. We think oor ain likin is to be putten aside. We're fear't to say what we think, or do what we ken is richt. We feel oot for the warl's opeenion. We're bun' in wi' ticht ropes. We fyne sicht o' oor ain sel' tryin to fit in to some ithers shooin!

It wasna the Maker's will to hae His cratur's a' in ae settin. Ye canna wale twa alike. Ilka leaf is itsel', an' ilka tree grows its ain heicht. The potter sets oot raws o' bools an' jugs a' ae shape. His wheel will turn off as mony as he likes. The Divine

Potter works on anither plan. He mak's na twa alike. The mould gangs wi' the man; it is thrown awa. The babe is born new, an' grows up a shape o' its ain, an' wi' a soul that nae ither has. The Divine mould maunna be thrawn wi', or broken, or twistit. Ye've been made. Be yersel'. There was never anither like you, a' never will be. Ye've yer ain neuk to fill. Ye've yer ain kist o' brains, yer ain natur, yer ain bent an' foresich, yer ain pooers an' special gifts. Hoo can we belittle this original image, this new mouldin' o' Heaven, this person o' oorsel' that was made for God's purpose!

We've nae richt to soom in wi' the lave, Stan' aside an' be yersel'! Say, "This is me as I am; I am God's makin' an' I'll lat the warl' ken the hayn that Heaven has gi'en, and speak wi' the gleam that has come to my e'e! I'll live my quate, thochtfu' way; or aiblins wi' sunny humor I'll brichten my corner. I've a merrie hert, an' I'll lat it bubble ower; mayhap it'll wile awa some hungin clouds, some vexin thochts. I've a voice' I can liit. I am hamely and coothie, an' folk that are hungerin for a frien'. Whate'er I am, I'll be mysel' an' keep the mould that God has shapit me in."

In a dowie day the poet said that "man was made to mourn." He was sad himsel' when he said that. The sicht o' a man seekin wark had made him wae,—a man wi' a hame and bairns, that cudna get wark. There's mony a thing to crush doon the heart. There's muckle dool to tak' the spirit frae us. But man wasna made to mourn. Man was made to gloriffee God, an' to be bi git up on Him for aye. There's a well o' joy that's sunk in him that ocht to play throwe life. Ay, it played bonnie amang the folk lang syne, whan Scotland was quate an' slow, whan folk were few an' saw little. Their wants were simple an' their lot pleased them. It was then the field was cheerie wi' the plooman's whistle, an' the maid wi' her pail litit at the milkin' an' the mither wi' her fit on the cradle croon'd a sang!

What ails the folk that they've looten the liltin' dee awa'? What has gar'd the faces thraw? What's come ower the backs that they're sae boo'd? There's nae content, nae bidin at hame, nae bein satisfied wi' little. Grum'les hae ta'en the

place o' sangs; sour looks for lauchs, an' dimples, an' smiles!

The music that's been hush't, can we no woo it back? Will it no rise i' the air again? Will this far-on-time no coort it, an' waft it oot since mair? It's oor Makker's plan to hae happy bairns. Their hert an' their voice were gi'en them for ae tune. Naething sud quaten't. Nae care, nae trauchle, ane mishaps aud droon the tune.

Lat this be the year for a new birth o' sang. The joy o' the Lord is in ilka breist

lat it oot, an' there'll be a hertsome chorus frae the dwellers o' earth. A sang can be sung i' the mirkest hour, the blackest nicht. We're human; we're fain to hear the soun' o' ither voices. Like the sta'wart men o' the Greely band that put throwe the snell winter—aucht an' twenty years syne—amang snaw and ice; wha stood thegither an' read the psalms ilka Sabbath. They were scrimp o' breid an' water—wi' nae scoug grae the nippin frost. They herten'd ane anither wi' David's sangs, an' throwe the lang awesome months ne'er tint hope.

OUR EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

Clan MacKenzie, No. 209, will be instituted at Akron, Ohio, on Saturday evening, September 2nd. A Scottish parade is scheduled previous to the institution of the baby clan, and which will be headed by a complete bagpipe band, composed of clan pipers and drummers from near by clans.

Two hundred and fifty clansmen are expected to take part.

This clan has been organized largely through the efforts of the writer, assisted by Clansman A. Guthrie, of Akron, O., formerly a member of Clan Gordon, Barre, Vt.

The clan will be instituted by Royal Deputy William Lightbody of Youngstown, Past Chief James H. Murdoch, of Clan MacDonald No. 161, has at my request written a poem to the Scots of Akron and is given herewith. I met this guld, kind-hearted Scot at the picnic of the Western Pennsylvania Clans at Kenneywood Park, Pittsburg, Pa., on August 4th.

He did not promise to write one for the occasion, but decided to surprise me this week by mailing me some verses which certainly do describe the work of the order of Scottish Clans and these verses are being handed to the Akron Scots with good results.

More power to you Past Chief, Murdoch. The annual picnic of Clan MacDonald No. 39 and Clan MacIntyre No. 202 will be held, at Jacobs' Farm, stop 28, Y & S. Ry., on Labor Day.

HUGH W. BEST.

TO THE SCOTS OF THIS TOON.

Brither Scots, frae owre th' sea,
I'd like tae speak tae you, awee,
Concernin' things that you an' me
Should aye tak' heed;
It's sae ordain'd that folks maun dee—
It's Heaven decreed!

When sittin' at yer ain fireside,
Nae doot you've thochts, hoo tae provide
For wee bairns—when ye lay aside
A' earthly ties,
An' slip awa' across th' tide,
Beyond th' skies.

Perhaps ye hae a grey hair'd mither,
(An' fine ye ken there's no anither
In a' this warld put th'gether,
Thinks mair o' you:)
Sae, dinna let her auld he'rt wither
Nor cause her rue.

Noo, brither Scots, ye needna grieve.
Nor wear yer troubles on yer sleeve,
We hae a plan—if you'll believe
A Scottish lad,
Who's helped tae comfort and' relieve
Th' sick an' sad.

"Th' Scottish Clans"—frae coast tae coast,
Are noo th' Caledonian's toast!
Gang whar ye like, ye'll ne'er get lost,
You'll aye can feel
Ye hae a freen—when tempest toss'd
In ilka chiel.

Cauld is th' hame without a held!
When wives an' bairns are left in need
It matters not how e'er they plead,
The world is deaf!
The Scottish clans will come wi' speed
Tae their relief.

My freens, tak' tent an' form a clan,
It's th' cleanest, best, insurance plan
That ever helped a fellow man
In time o' need;
Its torch is bleezin' owre th' lan';
Wi' lichtnin' speed.

Some sixteen thoosan' earnest men,
Frae every Scottish hill an' glen
Are banded in this broad domain
Wi' prospects bright!—
Pick oot a tartan—sign yer name
This very nicht.

In Akron toon, I'm told you've there
A band o' Scots that's guid an' square,—
Then awa' wi' scruples, doot an' care
Come briest th' tide!
Get up beside th' lads that wear
Th' tartan plaid!

JAMES H. MURDOCH.
Glassport, Pa.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Mrs. Mary E. Gibbs, better known to all lovers of Scottish singing in America by her stage name of Madame Darutlo, died suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage, July 14th, at her home on Howard street, Boston. She was born at Roxbury, Mass., fifty-four years ago, but her home for the greater part of the time when not on the road was in Chelsea. She was in her day the greatest and most popular female singer of Scottish song resident in America, and was popularly known from coast to coast. For years she was first favorite with the patrons of the great Burns celebrations in Boston, and her services were in continual demand. She gave freely of her vocal gifts to many charitable purposes.

Sic transit mundi gloria. At the funeral exercises, of all the thousands whom she charmed and delighted by her voice, apart from the family, only three lone mourners, old members of the Caledonian Club, were present.

Joseph Sinclair, a life member of the Caledonian Club, and a member of Clan Mackintosh, of Cambridge, died at the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, Mass., July 5th. Mr. Sinclair was a veteran of the Civil War, and his funeral was well attended by Boston Scotsmen.

The quarterly meeting of the Scots' Charitable Society was held at Young's Hotel, Thursday evening, July 20th, President James Pottinger in the chair. July meetings are usually sparsely attended, but over seventy-five members were present to hear the wonderful report presented by the Charity Ball Committee. Every bill was reported paid, and a surplus turned over to the executive of more than \$2,000.

For over fourteen years, a small body of members have consistently urged a change in the constitution, whereby the appointment of a committee to nominate officers should be made from the floor, instead of by the chair. Time after time the folly of such a method has been shown, making it easy for holders of office to perpetuate themselves or their supporters. To the surprise of the movers of the amendment, who have been defeated for years, it was carried without a single dissenting vote.

Rev. Dr. Clark, of Liverpool, was present and delivered an address which was well received by the members. James Henderson also delivered an address on "The Power of Unity," which was considered worthy of being printed for the benefit of those members not present.

The Boston Caledonian Club games held at Caledonian Grove, August 5th, were attended by over ten thousand people, and

were a great success in every way. Amateur events were featured for the first time, and the wisdom of the committee in making this new venture was acknowledged by their erstwhile opponents. Cleaner and better sport was given, and the patrons were thrilled by the exciting finishes.

ROYAL CLAN CONVENTION AT BOSTON, MASS.

The biennial convention of the Royal Clan of the Order of Scottish Clans in America, was held at the American House, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

The convention was called to order Tuesday forenoon by Royal Chief John Hill, of St. Louis, Mo. An adjournment was made to allow for a trip down the harbor given to the delegates and their ladies by the Grand Clan of Massachusetts. When Nantucket was reached, a shore dinner or clam-bake was provided, and afterwards the visitors enjoyed themselves in their own way, strolling over the sands, listening to the Scottish music, furnished by the band in the pavilion, or going in for a dook in the saut water.

Wednesday, the 16th, the convention settled down to business, although a large number of the delegates were very much unsettled by the clams, of which they had partaken so freely the day before.

Practically every amendment proposed was defeated.

In the evening, Clan Mackenzie, No. 2, of Boston, tendered a reception to the Royal Clan, in the ball room of the hotel, at which fifteen candidates were initiated into the Order by the kilted degree staff. Chief Frank S. Abercrombie was warmly praised and complimented for the efficient work and lavish arrangements. Applause spontaneous and long sustained greeted every feature as it was presented. The electric lighting of the different emblems did not go off without a hitch, but the novelty of the ideas presented impressed the visitors greatly, and will tend toward the improvement of the initiation exercises in numerous clans throughout the order.

All the Royal Clan officers were entertained at luncheon at Young's Hotel at noon on Wednesday, by Clansman Alexander McGregor, and every delegate who visited the great department store of Houghton & Dutton, where Mr. McGregor is the active partner and treasurer of the concern, was presented with a beautiful plaid necktie. For these and other courtesies which he extended, Mr. McGregor was given a vote of thanks by the order.

At Wednesday's meeting, it was arranged



JOHN HILL,
ROYAL CHIEF.

that for the future, investments of the funds of the order will be under the care of an executive council, which will act as a board of trustees. The council, composed of the seven royal officers, will also designate where the surplus cash is to be deposited.

It was also recommended that the Royal Chief appoint a commission which at the next convention of the Order will report a more equitable apportionment, giving better representation to the larger clans. Two amendments offered by Clan Mackenzie, No. 2, of Boston, were approved, providing that in any state or province where a grand clan exists, it shall issue charters for the institution of new subordinate clans, a function which has hitherto been in the hands of the Royal Council.

The Committee of State of the Order recommended the appointment of a commission of five to consider the old age pension plan, and report at next convention the change in rate necessary to the carrying out of the plan.

The salary of the Royal Secretary was increased by \$500; the Royal Treasurer by \$50. The Royal Treasurer himself protested against a larger salary than the position warranted, being granted.

The principal business of Thursday afternoon was the election of officers.

Royal Chief Hill was opposed by Royal Councillor A. G. McKnight. Mr. Hill received 98 votes to 37 for Mr. McKnight, who then proposed that Mr. Hill's election be made unanimous, which was done.



PETER KERR,
ROYAL SECRETARY.

There were four candidates for Royal Tanlist. A. G. Findlay, of Seattle, received a majority of the votes cast, and his election was made unanimous. Peter Kerr, of Boston, for Royal Secretary; David King, of Newark, N. J., for Royal Treasurer; A. G. McKnight, of Duluth, Minn., for Royal Counsellor, and Dr. George A. Johnson, of Chelsea, Mass., for Royal Physician, were also accorded unanimous election. William H. Steen, of Braidwood, Ill., is the Junior Past Royal Chief.

A complimentary banquet by the clans of Boston and vicinity to the officers and delegates attending the convention, and to their wives and daughters, was given in the evening at the hotel, and was attended by three hundred and fifty people. James Robertson, Past Grand Chief of Massachusetts, acted as chairman and toastmaster. Lieutenant-Governor Louis A. Frothingham represented the State, and speeches were made by Royal Chief Hill, Royal Physician Dr. W. H. Fraser, and Royal Counsellor A. G. McKnight.

The convention came to a close on Friday afternoon, the principal business of the morning session being the presentation of a testimonial to retiring Royal Physician Dr. William H. Fraser, and his installation as Royal Physician Emeritus.

The resolution of William Kennedy, of Omaha, Neb., providing for a memorial day to be held on the second Sunday in April, was accepted with an amendment leaving the selection of the exact date to each individual clan.

The Press Committee introduced a resolution that the Canadian flag be brought to



DAVID KING,
ROYAL TREASURER.

all future conventions by the Dominion representatives, and displayed beside the Stars and Stripes. Among other resolutions proposed by the Press Committee, and promptly passed, were those of thanks to the clans of Boston and the Boston newspapers.

A vote of thanks was also given to the royal officers and to all the committees for their work during the past two years, and to Royal Chief John Hill, re-elected to that office for another term of two years.

It was decided to hold the 1913 convention of the Royal Clan at Philadelphia.

At the close of the final session, Friday afternoon, the wives and daughters of the delegates were escorted to the convention by Thomas W. Forsyth, of San Francisco; James Urquhart, of Boston, and Dr. William H. Fraser, and permitted to witness the installation of the royal officers for the next two years, which was performed by Past Royal Chief William H. Steen. The convention closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

In the evening, the visiting clansmen who remained in the city paid a fraternal visit to Clan Sutherland, No. 191, of Brookline.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The report of the convention has necessarily been written to cover only the barest details made public.

The inside history of the convention is another story.

More politics and wrangling were in evi-

dence, I am told, than at any previous convention.

Canvassing for votes was evident, even to an outsider.

This began immediately upon registration, and little knots of delegates were continually being rounded up by some lobbyist, on behalf of the various candidates for office.

I understand that some of the candidates who were certain of a place before the convention had their ears and eyes opened, and their brains stirred up, when they heard the plain talking of some of the delegates.

Royal Chief John Hill's election was a popular and gratifying one to the members of the Order at large. Newly elected Royal Tanist A. G. Findlay is aggressive, yet courteous, and the delegates felt pleased at their choice. All opposition to Royal Secretary Peter Kerr petered out, as usual, and the convention willingly again increased his salary. It is hard to get a \$5,000 man to take a \$2,500 position. Many of the New York delegates felt exceedingly dissatisfied that none of the royal offices came to their State.

The supporters of Hartford for the next convention meeting place worked hard, but Philadelphia won out easily.

Many of the delegates brought their wives, daughters and sweethearts, and while they were invited to the trip down the harbor, and to the banquet, regrets were expressed that during the sessions, no plans had been made to give the ladies an opportunity of visiting in a body some of the historical places in the vicinity of Boston, such as Lexington and Concord. Complaints were also heard regarding the exceedingly poor intellectual feast provided at the banquet. The committee in charge failed miserably in their duties. Several of Boston's most prominent Scotsmen were ignored, and not one Boston man was invited to speak.

The flaunting of the Stars and Stripes by one of the speakers was exceedingly distasteful to the Canadian delegates, at what they termed an international convention, and was the cause of the motion passed next day that in future the Canadian flag be displayed side by side with the Stars and Stripes at all Royal Convention gatherings.

The delegates were a creditable body of men, proud of their position and their representation, and at all times were a credit to their race and to the Order.

Among the prominent Scottish-Americans who were visitors were: Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, of New York; Rev. Donald MacDougall, editor of "The Caledonian"; James Kennedy, of New York; Dr. William A. Barclay, of Clan Campbell, Chicago; John Connell, of Bronx, N. Y., who arrived in his private yacht; Duncan McInnes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Thomas Stevenson, of Joliet, Ill., sheriff of Willis county. There was yet another, a breezy, aggressive, typical representative from "the great heart of the mighty West," who almost dominated the convention—Colonel William Kennedy, from Clan Gordon, No. 63, of Omaha, Neb. Wherever he

went, and whenever he appeared, he was surrounded by a group of effete Easterners, who imbibed his stories—his stories, I said—and drank in deep gusts of the breezy claim-and-everything spirit of the mighty West, as represented by the Queen City of the Plains.

The writer has for years in various Scottish-American periodicals urged that throughout the British Empire some one day of the year should be set aside to honor and bring to remembrance the heroes who gave their lives for king, queen and country, and who sleep in every kirkyard at home and beyond the seas, and it was pleasing to know that Colonel Kennedy had been able to get the convention to pass a resolution providing for a memorial day of our own. In case my readers should be misled, Mr. Kennedy got his title through being on the personal staff of the Governor of Nebraska.

The souvenir brochure presented to all the delegates by Clan Mackenzie, No. 2, of Boston, was one of the handsomest productions of press and typographical work ever produced. It contained cuts of all the officers and of various influential Boston men who are clansmen, also a picture of fourteen clansmen's sons, the second generation of members, also several pictures of the kilned degree staff, with their emblems.

NEW ROYAL OFFICERS.

Royal Tanist A. G. Findlay, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and has been in America since 1885. He was a delegate from Clan McKenzie, No. 164, and was nominated in a rousing speech which practically won the convention to him. He is travelling salesman for the Pacific house of a large New York concern, and is well known in all the cities and towns of the Far West.

Royal Physician George A. Johnson, M. D., was born in Canada, and came to Boston twenty-three years ago. He was engaged in mercantile and newspaper work, but kept up his studies, attending school in the evening, and graduated in medicine in 1897. He is in general practice in Chelsea, Mass., where he has filled many prominent positions of trust. He has been local examiner for Clan Campbell, of Argyll, for over ten years.

Prominent among the delegates from Canada was Mr. William P. Grant, of St. John's, N. B., representing Clan McKenzie. Mr. Grant was born in Edinburgh, and is a charter member of the celebrated Edinburgh-Harris Club, which has enrolled many famous athletes. Mr. Grant was Chairman of the Committee of State of the Order, and was nominated for Royal Councillor, but withdrew.

The Royal Counsellor, A. G. McKnight, Duluth, Minn., is an Ayrshire man. He has built up a large law practice, and is a member of the firm of Ross & McKnight, and also a member of the City Council. He is a bright, energetic Scot.

Two of the New York delegates were proposed for royal offices. Chief Andrew Wal-

lace, of Clan MacKenzie, one of the most competent men of the entire Order, was nominated for the office of Royal Tanist, but two or three others had been previously nominated with rattling speeches, whereas Mr. Wallace was presented with only a few words, consequently, the mind of the convention was for Mr. Findlay before Mr. Wallace was proposed.

Dr. James Law, of Clan MacDuff, New York, was presented for Royal Physician, and strong speeches were made in his favor, which were warmly applauded; but Dr. Law withdrew in favor of Dr. Johnson. Many believe that if he had not withdrawn, his election would have been assured.

The convention was most enthusiastic and profitable, and we are sure the delegates will return to their respective clans eager to do more effective work and extend the influence of the Order.

NOTE.—The readers of "The Caledonian" and all clansmen will appreciate this excellent and exhaustive report of the O. S. C. Convention by our representative, Mr. Robert E. May, Boston.—(Editor.)

OFFICE OF ROYAL SECRETARY, ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS.

Boston, Mass., August 22, 1911.

Mr. Walter Scott,
Past Royal Chief,
Order of Scottish Clans.

My Dear Mr. Scott:

At an adjourned meeting of the Royal Clan, Order of Scottish Clans, held in Convention Hall, American House, Boston, Mass., on Friday morning, August 18th, 1911, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Royal Clan are hereby tendered to Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, of New York, for the interest he has displayed in the work of the Order by coming to this convention at great personal inconvenience to himself and for the valuable assistance he has rendered by his wise counsel and advice, which has materially helped this gathering to arrive at correct conclusions in regard to the many important matters that came before it for solution, and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Royal Clan, and a copy of same forwarded to Mr. Scott.

As Royal Secretary of the above Order, I have therefore much pleasure in forwarding the resolutions referred to above.

With best wishes for your future success, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
PETER KERR,
Royal Secretary.

A question of great importance to the O. S. C., is the selection of a badge which shall be a genuine Scottish emblem and the recognized standard of the entire order. This matter was discussed by various clansmen, but unfortunately was not brought formally

before the convention. At present there are no less than half a dozen manufacturers turning out badges for the O. S. C., and not one of them is a representative Scottish badge. These are not popular with the majority of the members because they consider them neither beautiful nor emblematic.

CHIEF JAMES MORRISON.

Chief James Morrison of the New York Caledonian Club is one who has many years of work for that famous organization to his credit. He is a native of Glasgow, where he served his apprenticeship as a joiner. Feeling the lure of the west, in 1886, he left the Broomielaw for New York, which has since been his home. His election to membership occurred in March, 1886, and he at once took an active interest in the club's welfare, serving on the several committees at various times, was Fourth Chieftain in 1891-1892-1899 and 1900, was elected chief for 1910, and re-elected for 1911. From the first he has been a warm advocate of the kilt, always wearing it himself at Caledonian gatherings when the occasion permitted. He is also a member of Scotia Lodge F & A. M., Washington Lodge, I. O. O. F. (Manchester Unity) and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

N. Y. CALEDONIAN GAMES.

The leading event of the year in the athletic world is the "Scottish Games" held under the auspices of the New York Caledonian Club, and will take place on Labor Day, Monday, September 4th, 1911, at Washington Park and Casino, between Maspeth and Newtown, L. I.

For over half a century they have, without exception, taken place annually, and many thousands of dollars have been paid in prizes. The day is a "red letter" one for the Scots and their friends in New York and vicinity, and to attend the gathering is almost as good as a visit to the "Old Country." There the best athletes in this "New Country" compete for the handsome prizes in the games and sports as practiced from time immemorial on every haugh and hillside of our native land. You hear the Scottish tongue, the skirl o' the pipes, see the picturesque garb of the Highlander, and feel that you are "Once again in Dear Auld Scotland."

The New York Caledonian Club has a world-wide reputation for being the foremost organization of its kind in the United States of America, and will this year give the finest set of games ever witnessed.

REV. JOHN B. DEVINS DEAD.

It is with sorrow we learn as we go to press of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. John Devins, editor and proprietor of the New York Observer, and manager of the Fresh Air Fund. He died August 26th, after two days' illness, of acute indigestion, at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SKYE SOCIETY.

The Skye Society of New York held its regular meeting on August 12th, the Vice President Farquhar MacLeod presided. An interesting sketch was given by Alick MacLeod, the secretary, on his summer vacation in the State of Maine. Mr. MacLeod resigned on account of other pressing work and Mr. Donald Campbell was elected as secretary.

An encouraging feature of the meeting was the proposals for membership of three young men hailing from Skye, moreover the well known Skye piper, Mr. Duncan Grant was initiated. It may be noted with pleasure that the Skye association has three famed pipers already. After the ordinary routine of business, Mr. Grant entertained the audience by giving a few selections on the "Plod Mhor." A regular "Highland Caelidh" was encountered. Mr. Farquhar MacLeod sang some of his favorites, viz.: "An teid thu leam a' ribhinn og" and "Theid i s'gu'n teid i leam," while Mr. D. Campbell read some Gaelic stories, one of them referred to "Bana-bhrudseachain Bhatarnais." A heart to heart talk among the members brought the meeting to a close.

WHY PREJUDICE A CHILD.

A free thinker came one day to Coleridge and argued vehemently against the religious instruction of the young, and declared his own determination not to "prejudice" his children in favor of any form of religion, but to allow them at maturity to choose for themselves. The answer of Coleridge to the particular argument was pertinent and sound enough: "Why prejudice a garden in favor of flowers and fruit? Why not let the cloeds choose for themselves between cockleberries and strawberries?"

A DEFECT.

A certain skeptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was the frank reply, "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done; but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.—*The Christian Guardian*.

GEMS OF WISDOM.

Physicians' faults are covered with earth, and rich men's with money.

The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.

Play, women, and wine, undo men laughing.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.
(Continued)

Chapter VIII. MORAG.

Straight and tall as a spear, despite his limp, was this young man that went about Aros township after three days more of his bed. The gossip ran that MacNab the island surgeon, was expected soon, and that the stranger awaited his skill: otherwise his business had instantly taken him south. But some of the older folk, who had recognized Drumfin, and in whose remembrance Culloden day burned clear and bright as the fire of the torturer, were none so sure of the tale, and with nodding heads, looked uncanny things.

He had a kindly face, if a plain one, this shipwrecked man; yet clean-shaven as he was, you saw his features for strong and resolute. As often as not he walked abroad bareheaded, a shovel hat of MacLean's under his arm, his own dark hair tied in a bag-ribbon. What took the *cailleachean* more than anything, setting them to vigorous scoldings of the distrustful among their men-folk—was his essay at the Gaelic: a phrase or two picked up from his father, and these in a voice, manly, with notes of rare tenderness. This voice was his grand asset against suspicion; but it is also true that he had a way with little children that went to the heart. Tiny maids smiled fearlessly to him, as they had never smiled to a grown-up all their days; and when he carved a ship for Callum Beag's little son, whittling it with his left hand from a billet of wood held between his knees, the child and his mates crowded silently around and hailed him with frank looks as a comrade who understood the freemasonry of boyhood.

But at times the sense of intimacy failed; the stranger seemed alien, restless, and impatient; and this cottar and that had repeated enquiries from him as to the coming of the surgeon from the Ross. Even the laird, abstracted as he was in his schemes of adjusting his properties' management to the changing times—bored daily now, as Martinmas term drew near, by tacksman and croft-er regarding wadsets and services—even

the worried laird saw through Fraser's attempts at courteous dissimulation of his uneasiness. Vaguely he now thought of the young man as a naval officer on some Government survey or the like, for Drumfin had not discovered Fraser's identity to him. Spy he could not hold him, let Pennyfuaran rage as he would. Was it not plain he but awaited the coming of Dr. MacNab to mend his arm? And yet there was a gravity in the demeanor of his guest, a suddenness in the way he roused himself from fits of meditation, that bespoke something more than this only. "God help him! it's maybe my own case," said Aros half-humorously, half-bitterly, and holding his tobacco pipe aloft to chuckle more at ease. "God help him! He may be even in the south there as I am here—setting tacks of good land far below market value to keep old friends from breaking."

A week had passed since the injury to the arm, and it had become increasingly painful; the sprained foot, however, though weak, was now a bagatelle. But it was abundantly plainer every day now that the stranger fretted over the island surgeon's delay, and Aros was apologetic on Doctor MacNab's behalf.

"A little old body, skilly enough," he said, "but just ganging where it likes him best, when his calls are many. He'll but leave the house of his last patient when he's by with him—kill or cure. And there's many a clachan to hunt or we find him."

Fraser acquiesced moodily and pondered the more. He noted that Aros' household had suddenly reduced itself since he had been able to leave his room. Pennyfuaran, he heard, had gone to the south of the isle, where his home lay. Drumfin he had not seen since his midnight recounter with him; yet the surgeon had an uneasy feeling that he still haunted the house or its environs, and that his own presence there was the cause of the exile's secrecy. Remained Aros and Morag, the girl with the white roses—his lady of dream. She perplexed and fascinated by turns, for something of the smiling disdain in her offer of the roses had never quite left her atti-

tude towards him; and this was a challenge to clear himself of suspicion, not because she had made it so, but because Fraser was Fraser.

He saw little of her, except at meal-times, and then, save for a flash of merriment that at intervals transformed her face, she seemed as abstracted and watchful as her father in the presence of her guest. But she could be just, the surgeon argued; the lift of that fine brow, the candor of those eyes, meant something her rogue's smile could not gainsay—those eyes, what color were they now, grey or blue? Light-hearted, full of the joy of life, if you will, yet a word or two of hers at dinner last night had shown him her sympathy for her poor cottars, her understanding of the tragedy of a hard lot without remedy. Sincerity, courage? yes, she had these, he said.

It was after a mid-day meal, passed for the most part in attempts of all three to make the infrequent breaks in the accompanying silence less boring than the silence itself, that Fraser, coming down to the lawn, paced there for a little, deep in thought. For the hundredth time he asked himself, why should he stay on in Aros? Why should he longer risk delay in the matter of his arm? The whereabouts of Drumfin were now unknown to him, and without his confidence, he was scarcely in a position to do him a service, should occasion arise. As to the girl and her father—why should his peace of mind be perturbed because they misunderstood a chance comer across their path such as he? To many, he knew the affair would appear so trivial as to cost not a single heart-burning. For a moment he assumed the true spirit of the Pharisee and told himself how differently any of his recent shipmates would have met the situation: a word or two of blustering protest, a quarrel, and straightway a departure for the dockyard of the south, where a tale of Jacobite conspiracy, in a lonely Hebridean isle, would be magnified into a French invasion. He smiled grimly as he drew the picture, and more grimly still as he beheld himself embarked on a different course—a course that would take him, he knew, far from a speedy return to the orlop-deck of the Theseus. Yet this smile ironical was one of recognition also, since he saw himself

about to indulge a familiar passion, that of burning his boats behind him; for it was thus he was wont to secure himself against retreat from his ideals. In the end, however, he had a moment of insight and self-criticism.

"Duty be damned, sir; it's sheer vanity," he told himself as his contemplated course of action came clearly into view.

Yet the truthfulness of this conclusion was easily outweighed by its unpalatableness, and he soon took a more charitable view of the case. His plans must have matured rapidly, for he suddenly halted in his slow pacing, wheeled right about, and went off swiftly to the cottage of Callum Beag. Here he found the tiny one with the ruddy curls, and, selecting his billet with care, he set to work whittling untiringly. Golden-head asked what queer ships were these he made; and Callum himself cast not a few wandering glances at the flat slips of wood the young man fashioned. Little Neil was assured that a big and proper ship would be built to-morrow, but it needed many kisses from Fraser to chase the tears away, when the brown eyes saw the result of the day's toil stowed away in the big play-fellow's coat-skirts.

The wooden slips were still in the pockets of the surgeon when early in the forenoon of the following day he made his way to the garden that lay by the side of Aros House. It was an old pleasure-ground, cinctured by high walls hid in a green cloak of ivy and tiny fern, and without this again by a screen of oaks. So sheltered was it that October airs had left roses and hollyhocks in wild profusion and full bloom. Less favored flowers were gone a month past, but these held out gallantly, and backed by hedges of dark laurel and cooper beech made a brave splash of color in a place with more than a hint in it of the dour and sombre. The gravelled walks between box borders converged to a mounted sun-dial, about whose base hartstongue and royal grew lush and large, and set facing this, on a crescent of turf, was a bench of rough-hewn stone, mossy and weather-beaten.

Fraser seated himself on the worn flags. It was the ninth day of his sojourn in Aros, and a grey day it was, the clouds too much for the sun, a wind from the sea volleying through the glens, but absent from this

nook of perfume and rich hues. Of a morning he had observed that Miss Morag came here for flowers, presumably for house decoration, and so he awaited her approach, the volume in which he meant to appear absorbed, dangling at the length of his long left arm.

At a click of the gate he rose, and bare-headed as he was, lifted his hand to his forehead in salute to the girl as she entered. Morag flushed a little at sight of him, and gave him good-morning. She had indeed seen very little of the mysterious stranger, save at meal-time, and although she joined in the general conspiracy of suspicion regarding him, at heart she was frankly curious as to the real nature of events, and not unprepared to find herself mistaken.

"Does the arm progress to health again, Mr. Fraser?" she interrogated a trifle nervously.

"Indeed, and that is what I ask myself for several days now, madam," he said. "But what is an arm broken, when the question is one of the breath of one's lips?"

"And that is the truth," she replied. "Yet I would wish all the same that Dr. MacNab were come." An awkward pause and then: "Are not the flowers wonderful?" She smiled archly, and fingered a white rose with meaning. "Even with winter coming over the hill, see how they bloom. The whole isle is green all the year round almost, and this corner keeps so storm-sheltered. As for snow, it never lies in these parts over three days at a time save every fourth year or so. Oh, it's we are the lucky folk, Mr. Fraser! For look even at this matter of the snow, sir: how different on the mainland now!"

How queenly and guileless she looked as she bent her steady gaze on him, and yet—and yet, how furious-fast her heart was beating for a space, lest he should guess the presence there of the imp inquisitive that prompted the question. Would he talk of the south and himself? she wondered.

"Why, yes," he said; "it is indeed vastly different in the south. The post-runners or the mail-drivers on the Borders could tell you a tale of turnpikes in February or March. 'Tis days or weeks at times that the snow lies breast high there. And as for Christmas weather—"

He broke off abruptly as two figures ap-

peared on a side-path. One was a tall gentleman with silver hair, his costume, save for his fall and ruffles of white lace, wholly of black. The other was a rough packman fellow with a box of redwood on his shoulders, and a cromag in his hand; he was speaking in a soft Irish brogue, but ceased abruptly at sight of the girl and Fraser. The first-comer bowed to Morag, and then with his uncouth companion passed hurriedly out of sight behind some yews.

"Ah, Drumfin!" said the surgeon, half to himself, yet half-aloud, somewhat startled at the apparition.

He recovered instantly from his surprise, but what was his confusion to behold Morag breathing fast, her cheeks white and red by turns, her eyes fires that scorched. It was as if she had dealt him a blow, and instinctively he put up his hand to guard himself, and fell back a step.

"You spoke, Mr. Fraser, did you not?" she asked chillily.

"Madam!" he stammered.

"You will explain, sir, will you not?"

"Madam, have—"

"How you come to know this gentleman's name, sir?"

Fraser saw himself trapped. It was plain the girl had heard nothing of his meeting with Drumfin on his first night in Aros, and he looked round reddening at the thought that he must give her a story that her father had thought it wise to withhold. How to justify, how to disentangle his actions from appearances dubious in their very essence? He spread hands deprecating, but her foot tapped angrily on the russet leaves.

"An answer," she said, unmoved, unbending.

"Listen, then, said he. "Conceive my situation on my first awakening in Aros, when my last memories were of rocks and breakers. Gratitude, and gratitude only, was in all my thoughts."

Her foot still tapped; her eyes still burned.

"Gratitude, yes; but could I tell you what dangers came before the storm and my casting-away—dangers not to the body, alone, madam, but to the very element you deem me lacking in, a little thing called honor—if I could show you this, you would understand how the gratitude succeeded alarm."

To be continued.

The First and Second Marriage.

BY JOHN MAC KAY WILSON.

(Continued)

"She is," thought he unto himself, "the fairest and gentlest being I have met with since—I laid my Hannah in the dust," he would have continued; but, as the thought arose in his bosom a tear gathered in his eyes, a low sigh escaped from him, and a glow overspread his face.

Every day, however, the beautiful Miss Scott became more interesting in the eyes of the thriving merchant, and his wealth more and more attractive to her; and in an evil hour he offered her his hand, and with a sweet blush, like the shadow of a rose leaf on a lily, the proposal was accepted.

His neighbors said that if his first wife had enabled him to make a fortune, he had got one who would spend it now; and they had not been husband and wife many months until events began to show that there was some truth in what their neighbors said. The dress of Mrs. Kerr was gayer and far more costly than it had ever been as Miss Scott; though it was, from its extravagance, a subject of conversation, or what was called "a town's talk" then; and even Walter could not avoid contrasting, in his own mind, the showy and expensive attire of his living spouse with the plain and modest neatness of her who was not. She was kind enough to the children for a time, and she called them "the little creatures," and "Kerr's children." But she saw them seldom. "Not," she said, "that she disliked them, but that she could not be troubled with children being much about her."

She was not long, however, in beginning to hint that it was rather derogatory in a major's daughter to have become the wife of a provincial shopkeeper. The smell of the goods, too, shocked her nerves and injured her health.

"The smell from the shop hurt your nerves, dear!" said her husband—and the apartments they inhabited were immediately over the shop and warehouse—"the smell from the shop hurt you," continued he—"that is very strange! My poor Hannah never complained of such a thing, and I'm sure many a hundred times she stood in it from morning to night."

"Don't talk to me, sir, of your Hannah, if you please," added she; "if I threw myself away upon you, I was not to be insulted with odious comparisons about your Hannah."

"Odious, indeed!" thought Walter, with a sigh, but he durst not express what he thought; for before this he had begun to discover the inflammable materials which his wife's temper was made of.

"I tell you, Kerr," added she, "the effluvia from your shop is insupportable. It shocks my nerves continually—it is killing me altogether."

"Truly, my dear," rejoined he, "I am at a loss to understand ye. Really every other person you meet talks about their nerves, and being nervous, now-a-days. But since I can remember, there were no such words in use—that is, as they are now applied; for when we spoke of anything being nervous, we meant something that was strong and powerful, such as a nervous sermon, or a nervous speech in the House of Commons; and if we spoke of a man of nerve, it was a strong-bodied or a strong-minded man that we meant. But now-a-days the meaning is quite reversed; and when a person is spoken of as being nervous, or very nervous, it is always in reference to some silly, shaking body that has no nerve at all. And it is my candid opinion, dear, that nobody in this country ever complained of being troubled with the nerves until spirit-drinking and hot tea-drinking came so much in vogue."

"O you savage! you barbarian!" screamed Mrs. Kerr, who seemed to have been struggling with a hysteria, which now came upon her. We have seen people who have a convenient habit of assuming this pride-produced malady, and Mrs. Kerr was now trying the effect of the experiment upon her husband; and the violence of the pretended paroxysm increased as he manifested the more and more tenderness and anxiety to soothe her; and when she had caused him to believe that he had succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, "Kerr," she said, "we must, if you do not intend to kill me, leave this horrid house."

"Leave the house, dear!" said he in surprise; "where could we go?"

"Go!" she replied, "why don't you take or build a respectable house out of the town, where a person could receive their friends. You cannot expect any genteel person to call upon us here, to be suffocated with the fumes of your nasty shop and warehouse."

Walter was once more tempted to speak of his poor Hannah, and was about to say that the most genteel people in the town and neighbourhood had visited her without once hinting that there was anything disagreeable to them arising from the proximity of the shop and warehouse, or from the mixed goods they contained. But it is a common saying and a good one, that "second thoughts are best;" and Walter Kerr thought twice, and when he did so, he perceived that to speak of his dear and buried Hannah again, to her who now was to him as she was, would only be throwing oil upon a flame. He forbore and was silent.

I think—and so, perhaps, many of my readers will think—that, though a shrewd man, he was of too complying a temper. He was ready to sacrifice too much for what is called

ease and peace. But in so doing, he was only like many others, whom you will find ready to say, "Oh, we are willing to do anything for the sake of peace." And no doubt this is a very good spirit, but it may be carried too far. It is quite as possible for a man to be in error by enduring too much as by allowing too little. There is a middle path in everything; and it is always the safest, and generally the best. Extremes are always bad—so bad, indeed, that they are like two wild bulls running to encounter each other, and meeting on a common path, then thrust their horns into the foreheads of each other, and thus forcibly and painfully become as one body, to the obstruction of the thoroughfare. But that Walter Kerr was too fond of yielding, will be proved from the circumstances of his having purchased a few acres of ground, and commenced the building of a country-house, about three miles out of H—, within three months after the conversation which I have related between him and Mrs. Kerr took place.

Well, the house was finished, and a very neat and, I may say elegant-looking house it was. They had a garden behind it. Immediately in front was a parterre, tastefully laid out in plots; and between the parterre and the highway was a shrubbery, which, from the number of poplar and other rapid growing trees in it, was no doubt intended in a few years to have the designation of "a plantation" or "a wood." But after the villa was built, Mrs. Kerr discovered that new furniture was necessary for their new house.

"In truth, Harriet, my dear," said Mr. Kerr, "I can in no way see that new furniture is necessary. Ye will consider it would be extremely expensive. All that we have is strong and durable; I can see no fault with it."

He would have added, "It was all of my Hannah's choosing;" but every day the power of Harriet, her fashionable successor, had increased; and although Walter knew not whence that power came, he was too conscious of its existence, and he spoke not what he wished to have said.

To his last remarks she replied, "O Kerr! Kerr! when shall I get you to forget your low-life shop and counter? Why did I marry a man that has no ideas beyond saying, 'Thank you—I am much obliged to you,' to every petty penny customer! And a man of your fortune too! Oh, meanness—Kerr, I am ashamed of you."

He stood out for a considerable time; but "for the sake of peace," he had already yielded to building the villa; and what was once done was more easily done again—therefore he agreed to fit it up with new furniture. The building and the furnishing of the house cost Mr. Kerr no small sum, and his name did not stand at the bank as worthy of credit to the amount it once did. In his moments of solitude he thought of these things and sighed.

Yet this was not all; when they had taken possession of the house, and Mrs. Kerr had it,

and the new and splendid furniture, with the garden, the parterre, and the shrubbery, there was something still wanting—and that was, a genteel approach to the house. Its present entrance was, as Mrs. Kerr said, "no better than a gate to a cow park—as vulgar as the abominable shop and warehouse—and enough to prevent any genteel person from coming near them. Indeed, she could not ask them while they had such an approach.

Yield once to a woman's caprice, and you may yield always. Two instances in which he yielded have been mentioned, and he yielded a third time.

"Now," thought he, "Harriet, will surely be satisfied. I have built her a fine house, and fitted it up with fine furniture, and I have made her an avenue to it that a nobleman might enter. Oh, if my dear departed Hannah could look up and see the folly into which I have been drawn, she would shake her head and say, 'Walter! Walter!' And well she might."

And as Walter Kerr thought thus, he burst into tears.

But his wife was not content. The house, the garden, the shrubbery, the parterre, and the approach was not enough. She wanted her genteel friends about her, now that she was in a situation to receive them, and she brought them about her. She treated them, she feasted them. They were there not only one day in the week, but every day, by dozens and by scores. Our unfortunate merchant became a cipher in his own house and at his own table. He had formerly thought what are called genteel people as rare sort of individuals, to be met with occasionally; but he now found them plentiful as gooseberries in August. They surrounded him like locusts. They were

"Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa."

And what surprised him most was that, first one and then another said to him during dinner (in accordance with the absurd practice which still prevails), "Mr. Kerr, I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with you." And scarce had he swallowed one glass (for he always took off his heel-taps), until another said the same thing, and another, and another, as though they had entered into concert to fire a regular *feu de joie* at his head; and he thought it a very hard thing that he could not take a glass of wine in his own house without caring, or being told whether those who ate and drank at his expense were happy at his drinking or not. Moreover, they acted as though they considered him honoured by their eating and drinking; and he saw their respect lavished on his genteel better half, while he was passed over as a sort of nobody. These were almost every-day doings, and he began to find that they were making fearful inroads on his cash account; in short, he discovered that if he had acquired a fortune rapidly during the life of his first wife, he was spending it as rapidly now.

One day, after a close examination into his books (and it was a very beautiful day, but

there had been wet weather for some time before, and the roads were bad and disagreeable to walk upon), he returned home with the determination of saying unto his wife, "Harriet, it is impossible for me to stand the course of extravagance we are now pursuing. I shall be very happy to entertain your friends occasionally; but really this treating of them every week, I might almost say every day, is too much for any man in business to stand. Look at my profits and expenditure during the last three years." And he had a statement drawn out.

But, as I have said, this was only a speech which he intended to deliver in the presence of his wife. Scarce had he sat down in the parlour where she was, until he perceived from her looks and manner that there was a coming storm, and he knew that that the address which he had prepared would be ill-timed. He therefore sat in silence, but she did not follow his example.

"Kerr," said she, "I don't know whether you mean to kill me, or what you mean to do but I am kept here mewed up like a prisoner."

"Me keep you mewed up, dear!" said he; "ye certainly know that you have full scope and liberty to do as ye please—ye are mistress of your own actions."

"Me mistress of my own actions!" exclaimed she; "me go where I please!—what do you mean? How can I go anywhere? Would you have me to go wading through the mire to visit any respectable person?"

"Certainly not, my dear," said he, "but ye can take a fine day for your visits, when it is dry under foot."

"O you brute!" exclaimed the delicate Mrs. Kerr; "when shall I teach you to know anything? When shall I get your ideas carried beyond your counter? Is it not disgraceful to see you trudge, trudging into the town every day, like some poor beggar that had to work for his bread?"

"Beggars dinna work, hinny," said he, "but do not be in a passion."

"Passion!" cried she; "I tell you what, Kerr, if you continue to disgrace me as you have done, I shall never set my foot on the outside of your threshold again. Why don't you get a carriage?"

"A carriage!" he exclaimed, as though a thunderbolt had started him in his flight.

"Yes! a carriage," she resumed; "I ask you, why don't you get one? Don't tell me you can't afford it. I know better."

"I cannot tell what ye know, love," said Mr. Kerr; "but a carriage is out of the question."

"It is not out of the question," she resumed; "and question or no question, you must have one. Do you suppose I am to be kept here like a nun all my life!"

More conversation of a similar character passed between them; but it ended in this, that within two months Walter Kerr had a coachman, a carriage, and a pair of horses.

But in noticing the doings of the second Mrs. Kerr, I have overlooked the situation of the children of poor Hannah. I have seen

stepmothers who have been as kind to the children entrusted to their care—I have thought even more so—than if they had been their own. But such the reader will already have imagined was not the treatment of the children of Hannah Jerdan. Within twelve months from their father's marriage they became subjected to daily, almost hourly scenes of cruel, petty and capricious persecution.

But they endured their hard treatment and murmured not. In the society of each other they were happy—they spoke of their mother and wept. To Jacobini she was as a dream mother—like the "dream children" of poor, matchless Ella.

But Francis remembered his mother; and by that name he could never be brought to call her who had now taken her place. Mrs. Kerr, indeed, though she had no children of her own, was wont to say—

"Don't let the creatures call me mother."

Time had passed on until Francis was a boy, or perhaps I should say a youth, of nearly fourteen, and Jacobini was approaching twelve. Now, it occurred that, at the time I refer to, she had offended her stepmother in what way I know not; but, according to the statement of the latter, it was an every-day offence, although Jacobini was a gentle child, docile as her mother was. But Mrs. Kerr was in an evil humour; and after having caused her favourite servingmaid to beat the child in her presence, not satisfied with the punishment she had received, she began to chastise her herself.

The cries of little Jacobini reached the ears of her brother, who was amusing himself in the garden. Although generally a quiet, he was a bold and passionate boy. He rushed towards the house—he burst into the room where his stepmother was gratifying her cruelty and hatred on his helpless sister—he rushed forward.

"Woman!" he cried in the manner of one whose reason has left him, "if you strike my sister I will strike you!"

"Boy!" she exclaimed in a frenzy, and struck not only his sister again, but him too, and applied epithets to both, which, for the sake of human nature, it is as well not to repeat.

I have said that he was bold and passionate—he was also a tall strong boy for his years. He grasped her more fiercely, and as she continued to vent her rage on both, and to strike at both, he dashed her to the floor, and exclaimed again—

"Woman! if you strike my sister, I will strike you!"

At that moment his father entered the house. Hysterics again came to plead the cause of Mrs. Kerr. Walter had seen enough. He seized hold upon his son. He chastised him—unmercifully he did so; for he also, on occasions, was a man of violent passions; but, as with augmented rage he struck his son, the boy, while he submitted patiently to his chastisement, gazed in his face with a tearless and stern eye, and when he had exhausted his rage and strength, the

boy turned on him and said, "Are you done, sir? I shall tell my mother this—my mother!"

When Walter Kerr heard the words, "I shall tell my mother," and especially the words "my mother," pronounced by his son, and the emphatic manner in which they were pronounced, he trembled, his heart filled, he burst into tears, and stretching out his hand, he said, "Francis!"

But the boy exclaimed—"No!" refused the offered hand, and rushed out of the room.

Throughout the day he was not again seen; and after many days of diligent search after him had been made, it was ascertained that he had entered on board of a foreign trading vessel from Newcastle. Twelve months passed, and the vessel again arrived in Newcastle; but the captain stated that the astonishing boy (as he termed Francis) had left him, he knew not for why, nor for where, while they were upon the coast of Africa, where many vessels were.

The tidings fell sadly on the heart of Walter Kerr; but he had other evils to contend with. He had lost his son; and with his villa, his grounds, his carriage, and his visitors, he had lost the half of his fortune. But the ambition of Mrs. Kerr was not yet satisfied. Her husband did not possess landed property sufficient to think of being a Justice of the Peace for the county; yet she thought it would give her additional importance were he chief magistrate in the town of H—. I will not say that Mr. Kerr had not a sprinkling of ambition in his composition himself, and he more readily agreed that he should aspire to the honour of being elevated to the bench, than to any other whim that she had proposed to him. Therefore, after bestowing the necessary and customary (though illegal) fees on the corporators, which made another fearful inroad on his monied property, Mr. Kerr had the honour and gratification of being elected chief magistrate of the town of H—.

"Now," thought he, "Harriet will surely have reached the height of her ambition; she will be content now."

But he was mistaken. She not only discovered that the idea of a magistrate standing behind a counter, and working amongst bales of goods, or casks of sundry liquors, was intolerable, but she declared that the effluvia which he brought with him from his warehouse on his hands and garments was quite as abnoxious as though she still lived over it. And further, she added, that you might as well attempt to wash the Ethiopian white as to wash it away. It rendered her incapable of taking her dinner every day.

Once again Walter Kerr gave way "for the sake of peace." He gave a share in his business to a shopman who had been with him for many years and became a sleeping partner himself. Jacobini was a lovely girl of seventeen; but her persecution had increased with her years, until it became insupportable. She was treated not only as a servant, but as a slave. Her father beheld

what she endured, and he thought of the dying injunction of his Hannah, and sighed; but his interposition tended only to increase the sufferings which his daughter endured.

Jacobini possessed all the meekness and patience which had characterized her mother; but she was persecuted beyond their endurance. She tied up a few of her clothes, the plainest that she had, and with the little money which she had been enabled to gather, she left her father's house at the dead of night, and wandering towards the next town, took her journey to London, where, through the instrumentality of a friend of her mother's, she was in a few days hired as child's-maid to a merchant in the city.

Her gentle disposition and acquirements soon rendered her a favourite with the family; and when they ascertained her history, she became as one of them.

About this time there was a young man, one William Jerdan, came from India to be initiated in the mysteries of business by her master. It was soon evident that he was no uninterested beholder of the gentleness and beauty of Jacobini. There was, perhaps, something of the ardent temperament of the clime in which he was born in his composition; and he suddenly made a declaration of his affection with an enthusiasm which, while it perhaps pleased, at the same time intimidated the retiring and the timid Jacobini. She therefore listened not to his words, and sought to avoid him.

But the more her reserve grew, and the more she endeavoured to shun his presence, the more earnest became his entreaties, and the more ardent his declarations of affection. Thus several months passed, and there was a whisper in her heart, that she could love him, that she did love him; but she endeavoured to conquer it. She had often corresponded with her brother, and given him an account of all that she had endured since the day of his departure. He was now commander of a large vessel trading between India and the State of America. She had written to him on the day after her arrival in London; and about eight months afterwards received from him the following letter. It was addressed to the care of the friend who had procured her the situation:

New York, August 15th, 18—.

"My dear Sister,—I cannot describe to you what were my feelings on receiving your letter, which communicated to me the tidings that you also had been forced to flee from our father's house. It is perhaps sinful in me to do so, but I cannot avoid hating the woman whom our father would have us to call mother; not on account of her conduct to me (though it was cruel enough,) for I always despised her—but, O Jacobini! it was because she was so unlike our mother, whom I remember better than you can, and whom I suppose you will now resemble as she lives in my memory,—for all who saw you said, you were her picture; but it is because of her cruelty to you that I hate

her. The thought that you have been compelled to fly more than three hundred miles from our father's house, and that your only hope is becoming the servant of our equals! Sister, when I received your letter and read this, it cost me a sleepless night; I cried like a child—and sailors do not shed tears for trifles. Yes, though I am no Catholic, I prayed that our mother's spirit might watch over you and protect you, my sister! But I cannot endure the thought of your being a menial in the house of any one. With this, therefore, you will receive a draft for £100 upon the agents of my owners, payable at sight. The moment that you get it cashed, leave service, or I shall be angry.

"But now, my own sister, I have something else to tell you of. You know that our dear mother had a brother called James, and after whom you were named. He went to sea when but a boy, and was not heard of again. It was rumored, and believed, that he and his shipmates were taken by pirates, and that they became a part of them. The story was not true. Eighteen months ago, I was in Bengal, and had dealings with a merchant, who hearing the Scottish accent on my tongue, asked me from whence I came. I informed him; and he then, with a degree of curiosity, inquired who was my father, who my mother. When I spoke of our father—'I remember him well,' he said; 'Wat Kerr—why, he was my school and class fellow!'" But when I told him of our mother, and who she was, there was a visible paleness on his sun-burnt face; sweat stood in drops upon his brow, he gasped in his eagerness to hear me, and exclaimed—"Youth! youth! does your mother live?" "Oh, no!" I answered; and the tears gushed into my eyes, sister. "Come to me! come to me! my sister's child!" he cried, and he threw his arms around my neck. Jacobini, it was our uncle—our mother's brother. And when I had told him all, and how and why I had left the house, and spoke of you, and of your being named after him—"If I live," said he, "for two years more, I shall see my little niece, my namesake she shall be my daughter. He had been many years a prisoner, and on obtaining his liberty became a sort of secretary to a nabob in India. He had written repeatedly to his parents; but he received no answer, for ere then they were dead; and his sister our mother he knew not whether she lived, where she was, or by what name she might be found. He is now a widower, and has an only son, nearly my age. Our cousin, Jacobini, is a noble, kindhearted fellow. I should have loved him though he had been no relative of mine, from the moment I became acquainted with him. His name is William, and before this reaches you, he will be in London where you are; for, when I last left Bengal, he was preparing to go to London, to be thoroughly instructed in the rules of business. He was to be in the house of one Mr. L—, in Throgmorton street. By inquiring there, you will easily find him;

and the moment you receive this, call upon him—he will rejoice in having found you—he will protect you until I see you, which will be in the course of next year; for, after again going to Bengal, I have a voyage to make to England, and our uncle has promised to accompany me. Therefore, within twelve months, we shall meet again. Remember me to my cousin when you find him, which you will easily do. You may show him this letter, and when he has seen it, I am sure you will find in him a warm and a steadfast friend, and one who will not endure the degradation of your remaining an hour in a state of servitude.

"Farewell, dear and only sister, until we meet; and if you ever hear from our father tell him that I yet live, that I think of him and love him—but, O Jacobini! the woman that rules his house, renders it impossible that I can again enter it. Write to him that I shall meet him in London next year, but he must not bring her. Again farewell, dear sister—wait upon our cousin with this letter; it will be an agreeable surprise—and I am, ever, your affectionate brother,

"Francis Kerr."

Such was the letter which Jacobini received from her brother. But it would be a vain task to describe her feelings, on its perusal. From it she found that her lover and cousin—he whom she did love, though she showed it not, and whom she sought to avoid was one and the same person. She commanded to show the letter to him!

"To him!" said Jacobini; "I cannot." And yet while she so said she wept with joy. She went not to him—nor needed she; for, as was his wont, within an hour he threw himself in her way—for he watched her every movement. She had never spoken to him unkindly (for it was not in her nature,) but always coldly. She had the letter in her hand, and she was weeping over it when he saw her.

"Why does my Jacobini weep?" said he: "If aught distresses you, why refuse friendship and the hand of one who is ready to bear your sorrows and protect you?"

"William," she said, falteringly—and it was the first time she had called him by that name—"read, read this." And she put the letter into his hands.

He took it—his eyes eagerly glanced over it; but before he had finished it, he flung his arm around her neck, and exclaimed "My cousin!—my Jacobini—mine!"

Her face fell upon his bosom, and she wept. Few words were spoken between them; but they understood each other. He took her hand in his, and still holding the letter, he led her to the room of her master and his mercantile instructor. They were both in tears as they approached him.

"Master William," said the merchant, with a look of surprise, "what's the meaning of this?"

William put the letter which his fair cousin had received into his hands. The merchant perused it.

"Miss Kerr," said he, "I am sorry that I was not sooner acquainted with your history. If you will, you shall still remain in my house, as a friend, but not as a menial. My opinion of your cousin William, though I say it before him agrees with your brother's. Whatever his faults are, they belong to his head, not to his heart, and a little experience will correct them. I believe I have seen more between you at least on his part, Jacobini, than your brother knows. But hitherto, while I discouraged, I was not displeased at the affection which I saw my young protegee manifested towards you. And when my friend, your uncle and his father," for he spoke to Jacobini, "arrives in England, I shall rejoice not only in being able to introduce to him his niece, but in recommending a daughter."

As the merchant spoke, William and Jacobini hung their heads, and tears and blushes were on their cheeks together.

She remained in the house; and I need hardly say, that her cousin now looked upon her as his betrothed; and in the same manner did she regard him.

Before twelve months went round, her brother and her uncle arrived in London. It would be a vain task in me to picture their interview—to describe their joy—to portray their surprise. The reader will imagine it more vividly. Why should I tell how the brother wept upon the neck of his sister, and how her tears fell on his bosom; or how the merchant drew her uncle aside, and in a few words told him the affection that existed between his son and his niece, and of the worth of both. Nor need I tell how James Jerdan, after listening to the merchant, came forward with a full heart, and in one hand taking the hand of his niece, and in the other that of his son, joined them, saying—"Bless my children!"

Within a month, the indissoluble knot was tied between William and Jacobini, and they went down to Scotland to spend their honeymoon, her brother accompanying them; but her father-in-law refused to go with them, as he thought his presence might not be acceptable to her who was now the wife of his late sister's husband.

Jacobini had never heard from her father, though she had often written to him, since she left his house.

But from the day that she departed, ruin had followed fast upon him. When he left his business, because his wife was ashamed of it, business became ashamed of him. Her extravagance increased, and his property decreased. His villa, his carriage, his all that never should have belonged to him, became a jest among his neighbors. He was declared a bankrupt—he was cast into prison. The villa and the surrounding grounds were sold, the carriage was sold, and his wife went to reside with her father, who was then upon his deathbed.

When Jacobini, her husband, and her brother, arrived in H—, they found their father a captive in a prison-house. They

entered the prison to see him; and when he beheld them, he knew only his daughter. But they all, they each embraced him; they called him "Father!" and the poor man wept, even as a child weeps. He spoke of their mother—he entreated their forgiveness; but his son and his daughter clung around his neck, and cried—"Say nothing father!"

They sent for his solicitor. His son and his son-in-law paid his debts in the prison. They led him out in their arms. They went for his wife, the gay Miss Scott, that was their cruel stepmother; her father had died about a week before and she was left destitute having ruined her husband.

"I will support my father," said Francis; "but I will have nothing to do with maintaining that woman"—for she had been sent for against his wish.

"Then I will support her," said Jacobini—"William, will not you?" she added, addressing her husband. "Let by-gones be by-gones—she is my father's wife—she must have cared for me before I could have cared for myself."

"Yes, love, yes, we will support her," said her husband.

They did as they had said. Walter lived in comfort on an annuity which his children allowed him; and his wife, while she partook of it, repented because of her extravagance, and because of her cruelty to those from whose bounty she was now fed. Jacobini went with her husband and her father-in-law to India, where in a few years a happy family gambled around them, and Francis increased in wealth, but lived a bachelor, and left his property to his sister's children.

(End.)

A HOPEFUL CASE.

"I can't take your case," said the lawyer.

"You are doubtless an innocent man; but on evidence quite circumstantial,

If they try to convict you, they can."

The prisoner replied, "You're mistaken;

I'm as guilty as guilty can be."

And the lawyer grew suddenly hopeful.

"I think I can clear you," said he.

—Eugene C. Dolson.

A small girl came home from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll never, never speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live."

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the child, "because I copied all my samples from hers, and every one of them was wrong."—Harper's.

The good mother says not "Will you?" but gives at once.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The absent party is sure to be in fault.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Sixth Lesson.

(Continued.)

(Continued.)

"Or what man is there of you, who, if his son ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone; or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"—Mat vii. 9-11.

In these words our Lord proceeds further to confirm what He has said of the certainty of an answer to prayer. To remove all doubt, and show us on what sure ground His promise rests, He appeals to what everyone has seen and experienced here on earth. We are all children and know what we expected of our fathers. We are fathers, or continually see them, and everywhere we look upon it as the most natural thing there can be, for a father to hear his child. And the Lord asks us to look up from earthly parents, of whom the best are but evil, and to calculate *how much more* the Heavenly Father will give good gifts to them that ask Him. Jesus would lead us up to see, that as much greater as God is than sinful man, so much greater our assurance ought to be that He will more surely than any earthly father, grant our child-like petitions. As much greater as God is than man, so much surer is it that prayer will be heard with the Father in Heaven than with a father on earth.

As simple and intelligible as this parable is, so deep and spiritual is the teaching it contains. The Lord would remind us that the prayer of a child owes its influence entirely to the relation in which he stands to the parent. The prayer can exert that influence only when the child is really living in that relationship, in the home, in the love, in the service of the Father. The power of the promise, "Ask and it shall be given you," lies in the loving relationship between us as children and the Father in Heaven; when we live and walk in that relationship, the prayer of faith and its answer will be the natural result. And so the lesson we have to-day in the school of prayer is this: Live as a child of God, then you will be able to pray as a child, and as a child you will most assuredly be heard.

And what is the true child-life? The answer can be found in any home. The child that by preference forsakes the father's house, that finds no pleasure in the presence and love and obedience of the father, and still thinks to ask and obtain what he will, will surely be disappointed. On the contrary, he to whom the intercourse and will and honor and love of the father are the joy

of his life, will find that it is the father's joy to grant his requests. Scripture says: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the children of God." The child-like privilege of asking all is inseparable from the child-like life under the leading of the Spirit. He that gives himself to be led by the Spirit in his life will be led by Him in his prayers, too. And he will find that Father-like giving is the divine response to child-like living.

To see what this child-like living is, in which child-like asking and believing have their ground, we have only to notice what our Lord teaches in the Sermon on the Mount of the Father and His children. In it the prayer-promises are imbedded in the life-precepts; the two are inseparable. They form one whole; and he alone can count on the fulfilment of the promise who accepts too all that the Lord has connected with it. It is as if in speaking the word, "Ask, and ye shall receive," He says: "I give these promises to those whom in the beatitudes I have pictured in their child-like poverty and purity, and of whom I have said, 'They shall be called the children of God.'" (Matt. v. 3-9), to children, who "let your light shine before men, so that they may glorify your Father in heaven"; to those who walk in love, "that ye may be children of your Father which is in heaven," and who seek to be perfect "even as your father in heaven is perfect" (v. 45); to those whose fasting and praying and almsgiving (vi. 1-18) is not before men, but "before your Father which seeth in secret"; "who forgive even as your Father forgiveth you" (vi. 15); who trust the Heavenly Father in all earthly need, seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness (vi. 26-32); who not only say, Lord, Lord, but do the will of my Father which is in heaven (vii. 21). Such are the children of the Father, and such is the life in the Father's love and service; in such a child-like life answered prayers are certain and abundant.

But will not such teaching discourage the feeble one? If we are first to answer to this portrait of a child, must not many give up all hope of answers to prayer? The difficulty is removed if we think again of the blessed name of father and child. A child is weak; there is a great difference among children in age and gift. The Lord does not demand of us a perfect fulfilment of the law; no, but only the child-like and whole-hearted surrender to live as a child with Him in obedience and truth. Nothing more. But also, nothing less. The Father must have the

whole heart. When this is given, and He sees the child with honest purpose and steady will seeking in everything to be and live as a child, then our prayer will count with Him as the prayer of a child. Let one simply and honestly begin to study the Sermon on the Mount and take it as his guide in life, and he will find, notwithstanding weakness and failure, an ever-growing liberty to claim the fulfilment of its promises in regard to prayer. In the names of father and child, he has the pledge that his petitions will be granted.

This is one chief thought on which Jesus dwells here, and which He would have all His scholars take in. He would have us see that the secret of effectual prayer is: to have the heart filled with the Father-love of God. It is not enough for us to know that God is a Father; He would have us take time to come under the full impression of what that name implies. We must take the best earthly father we know; we must think of the tenderness and love with which he regards the requests of his child—the love and joy with which he grants every reasonable desire; we must then, as we think in adoring worship of the infinite love and fatherliness of God, consider with how much more tenderness and joy He sees us come to Him, and gives us what we ask aright. And then, when we see how much this divine arithmetic is beyond our comprehension, and feel how impossible it is for us to apprehend God's readiness to hear us, then He would have us come open our heart for the Holy Spirit to shed abroad God's Father-love there. Let us do this not only when we want to pray, but let us yield heart and life to dwell in that love. The child who only wants to know the love of the father when he has something to ask, will be disappointed. But he who lets God be Father always and in everything, who would fain live his whole life in the Father's presence and love, who allows God in all the greatness of His love to be a Father to him, oh! he will experience most gloriously that a life in God's infinite Fatherliness and continual answers to prayer are inseparable.

Beloved fellow-disciple, we begin to see what the reason is that we know so little of daily answers to prayer, and what the chief lesson is which the Lord has for us in His school. It is all in the name of Father. We thought of new and deeper insight into some of the mysteries of the prayer world as what we should get in Christ's school. He tells us the first is the highest lesson; we must learn to say well, "Abba, Father!" "Our Father which art in heaven." He that can say this has the key to all prayer. In all the compassion with which a father listens to his weak or sickly child, in all the joy with which he hears his stammering child, in all the gentle patience with which he bears with a thoughtless child, we must, as in so many mirrors, study the heart of our Father, until every prayer be borne upward on the faith of this divine word, "How much more shall

your Heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask Him?"

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Lord! Thou knowest that this, though it be one of the first and simplest and most glorious lessons in Thy school, is to our hearts one of the hardest to learn. We know so little of the love of the Father. Lord! teach us so to live with the Father that His love may be to us nearer, clearer, dearer than the love of any earthly father. And let the assurance of His hearing our prayer be as much greater than the confidence in an earthly parent, as the heavens are higher than earth, as God is infinitely greater than man. Lord! show us that it is only our unchild-like distance from the Father that hinders the answer to prayer, and lead us on to the true life of God's children. Lord Jesus! it is father-like love that wakens child-like trust. O reveal to us the Father and His tender, pitying love, that we may become child-like, and experience how in the child-life lies the power of prayer.

Blessed Son of God! the Father loveth Thee, and hath given Thee all things. And Thou lovest the Father, and has done all things He commanded thee, and therefore hast the power to ask all things. Lord! give us Thine own Spirit, the Spirit of the Son. Make us child-like, as Thou wert on earth. And let every prayer be breathed in the faith that as the heaven is higher than the earth, so God's Father-love and His readiness to give us what we ask, surpasses all we can think or conceive. Amen.

(To be continued.)

The Whale and Jonah.

BY PROF. GEORGE MACLOSIE, SC. D. LL. D.

People's minds have been biased by a false view of Jonah's adventure with a whale, which might be repeated to-morrow without even a miracle. Roy Matthew's account of the Japanese whale-fishery furnishes hints that may clear the mystery, by showing that the air chamber of a whale is large enough and convenient enough to serve as a harbor of refuge for anybody that might come in its way. A large whale may weigh as much as 800 men; and it requires as much fresh air as 800 men respire, and the equivalent of the respirations of 800 men for twenty minutes, that is, for 400 respirations of the men, are drawn in at one breath, through the whale's capacious mouth into its large air chamber. Its mouth can give place for ten men standing upright; and as it skims along the sea, it scoops in its food of jelly fishes and small crustaceans and other surface animalcules, which quickly enter its stomach; but a larger object, Jonah's body, for example, must go the wrong road (that is, for the whale, but the right road for Jonah) into the air chamber. Here Jonah might be wide awake, able to meditate on the situation, and to pray to God, and to

sleep over night. But though not very inconvenient for him, the whale itself might feel discomfort, and might seek relief by hurrying to shallows and sandy beaches, where it coughed up the prophet on dry land.

Mathews informs us how it often gets stranded on the Japanese coast, and is flensed and cut up into beef, and sold as food in that land, where other beef and mutton are scarce and costly. Whether Jonah's whale was thus treated the Bible does not say; but it does show that the prophet by the shipwreck gained for the Lord's side all that were with him in the storm, just as the Apostle Paul gained all in a later storm, and it shows how Jonah preached judgment to the crowd of Nineveh, and became greatly disappointed because the wicked king, and his wicked subjects, became alarmed and went in sack-cloth and fasted and prayed to God for pardon; and especially because their repentance was followed by God's "repentance" of the evil which he said he would bring. Prophetic pride spoiled Jonah, so that he raged and scolded God for his leniency; and other preachers try to spoil their work by the same pride. Some of our Christian brethren will not tolerate our joining them in their hard-shelled church; and if they carried the keys of heaven, would shut it against us, unless we complied with regulations which the Ninevites never heard of.

In order to avoid misunderstanding, I beg to add that the whale adventure, while it is not miraculous, testifies of special Providential direction as strange as miraculous, and involves the supernatural revelations to the prophet and through the prophet, and enforces the solemn lesson that the men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgement with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold! a Greater than Jonah is here.

A good parallel of Jonah's preaching was the Revival of Six-mile Water, near Belfast, Ireland, about 1625. Glendinning, a young Scotchman of noble family, was the Jonah; not proud like Jonah, but crazy, so that he could not be admitted to respectable pulpits; therefore, he went to the roughs, the Scotch-Irish who had come to occupy what was a deserted country at that time, and were themselves of the worst character. His damnation-preaching stirred up the worst of the people, and the Revival of the Six-mile Water became the turning-point in the history of Ulster, so that what was the most savage part, became the garden of Ireland, and has continued so ever since. It also sent afterwards the Tennents and others to preach in America, through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with the result that is now patent. What a blessing that sinners have not to deal with churches or clergy of prophets like Jonah, but directly with God himself, in Jesus Christ; and we can never

believe too largely in his generous mercy even to the worst of us.

Princeton University. (Presbyterian).

Mixed Marriages in Ireland.

The Church of Rome's representatives in Ireland have issued a circular letter to the priests to be read to the congregations, as follows:

"The Archbishops and Bishops call the attention of members of the Church of Ireland and all Protestants, to the following points, which indicate dangers arising from the new marriage legislation of the Roman Catholic Church:

"Under this legislation the Roman Catholic Church declares that:

"(1) A promise of marriage made by a Roman Catholic is not now binding unless it be in writing and signed by both parties, and by the Roman Catholic parish priest or two witnesses.

"(2) A promise of marriage, even if signed and witnessed, it not now binding unless the parties are willing to be married by a Roman Catholic priest and on the conditions which the Roman Catholic Church lays down.

"(3) A Roman Catholic cannot be validly married unless the ceremony be performed by a Roman Catholic priest, and in accordance with the rules of the Roman Catholic Church.

"Thus a Roman Catholic married to a Protestant by a Protestant clergyman, or in a civil registrar's office, is now told by the Roman Catholic Church that the union is not marriage at all, and that the children are illegitimate. The Archbishops and Bishops earnestly warn their people of the terrible dangers henceforth attending all marriages or promises of marriage between Protestants and Roman Catholics."

And the Archbishop of Quebec, Canada, has also issued a similar letter to the Roman Catholic clergy, calling their attention to the *Te Temere* decree, that a marriage solemnized by a Protestant minister, in which one or both of the parties are Roman Catholic, is not legal, and may be annulled." According to the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, no marriage is valid except what is done by a Catholic priest, and no church is right but the Catholic Church. This teaching is contrary to the civil law and the law of God. The evil of mixed marriages cannot be remedied by the intervention of a priest. "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

HOPLESS.

Mother: "What are you doing, Harry?"
 Harry: "I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

Mother: "Yes, so I did."

Harry: "Well, I've counted 237, and I'm madder'n when I started."—*Harper's*.

New Publications.

The Scots in Canada.

"THE SCOTS IN CANADA," by John Murray Gibbon with twelve beautiful colored illustrations, is one of the most unique and striking books of the season. It is a collection of historical sketches describing the settlement of the Dominion of Canada from the earliest days to the present time, with the definite purpose of showing how prominent a part the Scottish race played in the colonization and development of this great country.

A careful reading of the book shows that the Scots were really the "makers of Canada." The author asserts that they are to-day about a million citizens of Scottish birth or descent in Canada, and through only one-eighth of the total population, they hold more than "one half of the positions worth having," and that "the best passport for any immigrant into Canada to-day is to speak a Scots accent."

The author vividly describes the wandering Scots, as sailors, fishermen, explorers and colonizers, and by intermarriage with Norsemen and Frenchmen they extended their interest in the discovery and settlement of the New World. "The first known pilot of the St. Lawrence River was a Scot, Abraham Martin (1621), who gave his name to the historic Plains of Abraham. His daughter, Helene, married Medard Chouart, who made four expeditions to the shores of Hudson Bay in search of furs.

The history of the settlement of Canada is the history of the Northwest Trail, of Northmen, Normans and Scots, waves of the great human tide, forever passing to the west, under the impulse of economic circumstance and inspiration of bold adventure.

In 1621, Sir William Alexander, a learned and poetic Scot, a tutor of Prince Henry, son of King James, presented a scheme of colonizing Nova Scotia. He secured a charter covering the Province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was appointed Lieutenant-General by the King, who made the grant as an appendage of Scotland. "The French opposed this scheme, claiming this tract as French territory, and a squadron was sent by France, but was defeated. Sir William Alexander and his partner, David Kirke, fitted out ships and attacked the French ships and settlements in New France; they captured all of these ships, and forced Champlain to surrender Quebec. Later, King Charles restored New France to its old owners. Sir William died as Earl of Stirling, and David Kirke became the Governor of Newfoundland."

The union of Scotland and England and the decay of the system of land tenure made Scotland ripe for emigration. "War cleared the way for settlements, and the defeat of Prince Charles in 1745 left many a bare es-

tate in Scotland, and many Scots set sail for Canada, hoping to find a fortune."

After the defeat of the French at Quebec by Wolfe and the surrender of Louisburg, Cape Breton, a battalion of Royal Highlanders, consisting of the Black Watch, the Frasers and Montgomeries, were given grants of land in the newly conquered Province of Quebec.

Numerous large grants of land were given to enterprising men, who brought shiploads of immigrants from the Highlands of Scotland to Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. "Among these settlers, Gaelic was everywhere heard, the customs of their native land everywhere seen, and the memories and traditions fondly cherished." In fact, the lower provinces were settled almost exclusively by Highlanders, as is evident to-day in their descendants, for more Gaelic is spoken among them than in the Western Highlands.

After the Revolutionary War, thousands of Loyalists, many of whom were Scots, crossed into Canada and settled in the lower provinces; in 1783, fully twelve thousand settled in the St. John Valley.

Another large company of Loyalists went from New York State to Ontario and settled in Glengarry; they were joined by many shiploads from the Highlands. Like all settlers, many hardships and privations were endured, before comfortable homes could be enjoyed. From the census of 1852, Colonel Alexander Chisolm classified about thirty Highland Clans in Glengarry, numbering more than 9,000. Prominent among them were the MacDonalds, MacMillan, MacDougall, MacRae, MacLeod, Grant, Cameron, etc.

The first newspaper in Quebec was published June 21st, 1764, by Messrs. Brown and Gilmore, two enterprising Scots from Philadelphia. After the capture of Quebec, the fur trade, which had suffered during the war, took a new start under the enterprising Scots merchants of Montreal; among these were Alexander Henry, a native of the Cameronian colony of New Jersey, also Thomas Curry and James Finlay, all of whom amassed fortunes. They penetrated into the Far West, and were so successful that the War of Independence had little effect on them. In 1783 there were five hundred men at Grand Portage engaged in the fur trade.

The great success of those engaged in this trade encouraged others to enter the profitable business, and to prevent undue competition, most of the traders combined in 1784, and founded the North West Company. The leading spirits of these united furriers were Simon MacTavish, Gregory, MacLeod & Company, Alexander MacKenzie and Rodger MacKenzie and others. By the end of the century the company had a profit of \$600,000 and employed fifty clerks, seventy-

one interpreters, 1,120 canoes, and thirty-five guides.

Alexander MacKenzie, while representing the North West Company in Athabasca, made his two historic voyages to the Arctic Sea, and to the Pacific Ocean. On June 3rd, 1780, with French Canadian voyagers and an Indian guide, he reached the river that bears his name. Later, Fraser and David Thompson laid out a trade route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all in British territory, and under the protection of the British flag; but they now were opposed by the Hudson Bay Company, rivals who tried to place a barrier across their new route. This company had its beginning about 1655, when Medard Chouart, who married the daughter of Abraham Martin, and his companion in adventure, Pierre Radisson, made two fur-trading expeditions and claimed to have reached the shore of Hudson Bay. Later their plans were laid before King Charles II, and they obtained the promise of a ship, and in 1670 a charter was granted to the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of English Trading into Hudson's Bay." Thus the company came under English control, although at times "the inevitable Scot appears upon the scene."

The North West Company, having their management on the spot, were able to move more quickly than their rivals, and established forts in important places. But the Hudson's Bay followed, and located their forts near those already established by the North West.

Lord Selkirk now appears upon the scene. According to the letter of the English law, the Hudson's Bay Company owned the land watered by rivers flowing into Hudson Bay. In virtue of that technical possession, Lord Selkirk purchased a strip of land two hundred thousand square miles in extent, or four times the size of Scotland, stretching down through Manitoba to Minnesota. To this strip of land in 1811 he sent out shiploads of settlers, mostly evicted Highlanders.

"One cannot blame the Nor'westers for supposing that, as the chief stockholder in the Hudson's Bay Company, he designed a settlement which should throw a bar across their path to the northwest. And knowing that in actual fact Lord Selkirk's Company was late in the field while theirs had been the effective occupation, who blames them for their indignation?"

The North West Company choose Duncan Cameron, a Loyalist from Glengarry, to try to prevent this settlement. He "talked in Gaelic to the settlers, offering to transport them free of charge to upper Canada, promising free lands of two hundred acres to each family, and provisions for a year free of cost." Most of the colonists accepted these terms, and settled near the present towns of London and St. Thomas, in Ontario.

But some refused to leave, and the conflict between the rival parties was very bitter. Lord Selkirk himself came and tried to settle matters in his favor. At last a com-

mission was appointed by the Governor-General of Canada, which investigated the whole matter. In the end, Lord Selkirk was fined £500 for damage to the North West Company's trade and £1,500 for imprisoning one of the leaders. Thus the vexed question was settled.

In 1821, the year following Lord Selkirk's death, the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies were united, under the name of the former, and nearly the entire management was in the hands of Scotchmen. Many colonists followed in the wake of the Hudson's Bay Company, and settlements were made in the west and northwest, very largely by Scotsmen.

A large colony from Kildonan, in the Western Highlands, was sent to the Red River province about the year 1845; and many evicted tenants were sent to Canada in a destitute condition. It is said that in one season Colonel Gordon shipped fully two thousand of his tenants and cottars to Canada.

It has been estimated that between 1840 and 1850, 350,000 persons left Scotland, for the St. Lawrence, and the far West.

Scotch settlements now extended in an almost unbroken line from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island, and the people began to urge the formation of a union.

"In 1863, the Red River settlers sent a memorial to the British Government requesting railway communication with Canada through British territory, and a few years later British Columbia entered into the Dominion.

"Canadian politicians under the lead of Scots such as the Hon. William MacDougal and John A. MacDonald, clamored for the right of expansion to the Pacific. A solution was found in the creation of the great Dominion of Canada to include Rupert's Land and the North West Territories, and the Hudson's Bay monopoly was bought for \$1,500.

"Sanford Fleming, a Scot, constructed the first seven hundred miles of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1872, and later made a trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on British soil; his report of this trip shows that Scots were numerous all along his route, as was shown by the familiar Scottish names."

On November 7th, 1885, the railway connection from ocean to ocean was completed, and Donald Smith, new Lord Strathcona, the senior of four directors, drove the last spike in the presence of hundreds of workmen and citizens. It was a moment of great triumph.

During the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the North West Mounted Police under the leadership of Colonel MacLeod, guarded a territory almost as wide as Europe, and kept the railroad camps in order, and held the Indians in control, so that the first settlers who ventured into the untamed West, owed their safety in many cases, to the riders of the plain.

"The spirit of adventure carried the Scot far beyond the confines of the St. Lawrence. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario were only half-way houses on the North West trail. The Scottish settlers and explorers cleared the new pathways through the forest to the wide western prairies, and up into the Barren Lands and over the Rockies to the winds and waters of the Pacific.

"The secret of the Scots was this: they were able to adapt themselves to any circumstance, they had faith in themselves and they stuck together.

SCOTS IN CANADA.

A history of the settlement of the Dominion from the earliest days to the present time. By John Murray Gibbon with twelve illustrations by Cyrus C. and C. M. Sheldon, published by Kegan Paul, Trench Trubner & Company, Dryden House, Gerrard street, & Company, Dryden House, 10 Gerrard street, W. London, 1911.—Agents, Caledonian Publishing Company, Bible House, New York; price, cloth, \$1.00 net.

"THE CHANCELLORS OF SCOTLAND, FROM THE INSTITUTION OF THE OFFICE TO THE TREATY OF UNION," By Samuel Cowan, J. P. Two volumes. Published by W. and A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh. Price \$5.25 net, Edinburgh.

The author, on the threshold of his great historical work, feels the difficulty of his subject from lack of authentic information regarding the origin of the officer of Chancellor, as it is involved in great obscurity. It is not known who the first Chancellor was; probably the office was created by Alexander I. During the reign of David I, John de Achaus, Bishop of Glasgow, Herbert, Edward and William Comyn, all four held the office.

The High Steward was presumably the first officer of state; the Chancellor, the Chamberlain and the Constable followed in succession. The Chancellor, after 1540, was Privy Counsellor, and often presided at the Scottish Parliament, the General Assembly, Courts of Justice, and at times delivered sentence of death.

Previous to the Reformation, the Chancellors were mostly Catholic prelates. After the assassination of Cardinal Beaton in 1546, down to the Treaty of Union under Queen Anne, all the Chancellors, with one exception, were peers of the realm. The influence of the Pope over some of the Chancellors was detrimental, and often caused bitter strife on both sides. King Henry III of England, and King Alexander II of Scotland met at York in 1237. Otho, the Pope's legate, who was present, expressed a wish to visit Scotland. Alexander replied: "I do not remember ever to have seen in my dominions a legate of the Pope, neither is his presence necessary, as hitherto the condition of our church has been prosperous. The King, my

father, and my other predecessors never admitted a legate into Scotland, neither will I, while I retain my authority. You have the reputation of being a holy man, and therefore should you visit Scotland, I counsel you to beware, for lawless and blood-thirsty savages dwell in my dominion." The legate did not visit Scotland.

The Chancellors as a rule were chosen for their ability, and many of them were wise and good men. One of the greatest nobles of the realm during the Chancellorship of William Bondington, in 1258, was Allan, Lord of Galloway. His influence in Galloway was paramount, over which the Chancellor had no control. He died in 1233 and left three daughters, one of whom is known in history as Devorgilla, mother of John Balliol, King of Scotland, and the founder of the University of Oxford.

The Chancellors during the reign of George IV, were great and ambitious men, such as Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, Archibald, second Earl of Argyle, and George Gordon, second Earl of Huntly. During the reign of James V, were Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus, and Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, and under the reign of Queen Mary were the Gordons, fourth and fifth Earls of Huntly, and James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who was beheaded for his plot in putting Darnley to death; many of the Chancellors met death at the assassin's hand or on the battle-field. James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was the great-grandson of Archibald, "Bell the Cat," and his Chancellorship was one of the most eventful in the history of Scotland. He was a man of great personality, and respected by high and low. His word as Regent was law, and yet he "was buried in a felon's grave, without a human being to pay the last duty to his remains," for his supposed connection with the murder of Darnley.

Some of the women of this period are worthy of note, and were recognized for their sound common sense, as well as their scholarly attainments. Archibald, fifth Earl of Argyll, succeeded Morton as Chancellor; he was a man of strong character, and an active promoter of the Reformation. His wife, the Countess of Argyll, was a natural sister of Queen Mary, and a great favorite at court. Argyll, being a Protestant, was not present at the baptism of Mary's son (James VI of Scotland and James I of England), which occurred on December 19th, 1566, but the Countess, his wife, attended, to represent Queen Elizabeth, though also a Protestant, and held the child at the font. For this she was summoned before the General Assembly, and submitting to discipline, was obliged to make public penance in the Chapel Royal at Sterling. This to us seems to indicate the narrowness of the time, but it also shows the influence the Church had over people of both low and high degree.

Agnes Keith, the wife of Colin Campbell, sixth Earl of Argyll, was a woman of great personality in her time; after her marriage with Sir Colin Campbell, the Crown jewels

and Queen Mary's jewels, which the Regent Moray had appropriated, passed into the possession of the Argyll family. Regent Morton demanded an instant delivery of these jewels, and threatened to arrest both Sir Colin and his lady. But Lady Agnes refused to give them up, and a long correspondence was carried on between herself, Queen Elizabeth and the Regent Morton, until at last she was forced to surrender the jewels to Morton.

Chancellor Maitland was a man of great learning and ability, and was considered the leading statesman of his time. James Kennedy, the learned Bishop of St. Andrews's, was also an influential Chancellor (born 1406, died 1466). The last Chancellor of Scotland was James Ogilvy, fourth Earl of Findlater; he held office from 1705 to 1708.

The burning of George Wishart, and the murder of Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, are vividly described, as well as the treaty of the Union between Scotland and England. The vote on the Union bill stood 116 for and 83 against it. In connection with the passing of the Acts of Union, \$10,000 was divided among the Scottish nobles, which was claimed to be a bribe from England, but they resented this implication.

This work in two volumes is the latest production of the well known Scottish historian, and will be appreciated by students and Scottish readers. We have on former occasions reviewed his comprehensive work, "The Ancient Capital of Scotland," also "The Celtic Earldom." All of Mr. Cowan's writings are standard, and should be in every library.

The work of the publishers is excellent, and the two volumes are most attractive.

SERMONS IN BRAID SCOTS AND GLOSSARY. By D. Gibb Mitchell. London: Andrew Belrose.

"THE IDEAL OF JESUS." By William Newton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50 net.

Dr. Clark is a deep thinker and a clear writer and this volume is a worthy contribution of the interpretation of the teaching of Jesus. His discussion on the "Picture of the High Aim," and the "Ideal and the Method" is fresh and vigorous.

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"Learning to Love," by J. R. Miller, D. D., New York. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, price fifty cents.

Sleep without supping, and wage without owing.

If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.

ASSISTED BY CARNEGIE.

A certain congregation in a Western city built a new house of worship and wanted a new organ. Having heard that one of the philanthropic specialties of Andrew Carnegie was the giving of organs to worthy churches, the officials of this church applied for one.

The church was notified that a committee should be sent to New York to see Mr. Carnegie. The minister and one other person explained the needs and merits of the want. They saw Carnegie's secretary and church. They said they thought that a four-thousand dollar organ would be about right.

"Very well," said the secretary; "but it is the invariable custom of Mr. Carnegie to require the churches to which he presents organs to raise half the price agreed upon. Go back home and raise two thousand dollars, and we will see what can be done."

The committee hastened home, filled with enthusiasm, and started a canvass. In two days the two thousand dollars was secured, placed in a bank, and Mr. Carnegie was notified of the success of the undertaking.

Presently this reply came back: "Mr. Carnegie is of the opinion that two thousand dollars is enough to expend for an organ for your church. Expend that sum wisely and you will have a fine instrument."—Saturday Evening Post.

STARTING THE STOPPED.

One day an old farmer borrowed a mule from his neighbor. After he had finished his work he sent his fourteen-year old boy to take it home. The boy had gone about half a mile when the mule stopped and positively refused to go any further. After the boy had almost pulled his arms off trying to get him to go, an old doctor came along and asked: "Why, my son, what is the matter with your mule?"

"Why sir, can't you see, he has balked!" cried the boy.

"Well," said the old man, opening his case and taking out a bottle labelled carbolic acid, "we'll see what we can do for him," and he poured some of the acid on the mule's back, and in much less time than it takes to write it the mule was galloping down the road at a rate he had never gone before.

The boy looked up in surprise and said: "Doctor have you got any more of that stuff?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, doctor, are you sure you have got a whole lot more of it?" he asked.

"I think I have plenty. What did you want to know for?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, I wish you would pour some on me, doctor, for I've got to catch that mule," answered the boy.—National Monthly.

Ministerial Bureau.

It is generally admitted that Evangelical Denominations have no uniform and effective method of bringing pastorless churches and churchless pastors together.

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The Bureau keeps a record of both churches and pastors, and is prepared to furnish suitable men or places until some satisfactory arrangement is effected.

As the church or minister may find reasons during the temporary supply of a pulpit why they would not be suitably mated, this will prepare the way for the preacher to turn to some other opening,

and the church to find some other man.

The Bureau will also undertake to furnish able supplies during vacation, or for temporary purposes: as when a pastor is ill or is obliged to be absent from his pulpit for a longer or shorter period.

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THE
C A L E D O N I A N

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SIR WILFRED LAURIER.

The Canadian Election.

The Canadian election of Thursday, September 21st, is now history. The Liberal Government, under the able leadership of Sir Wilfred Laurier, who has been Premier for fifteen years suffered an overwhelming defeat. The Government has passed into the hands of the Conservative party, and the new leader, Robert Laird Borden, will have in the next Parliament a majority of fifty. The Liberals attribute their defeat to the raising of the issue of annexation, rather than to the reciprocity measure. Doubtless, there were several other causes, such as the diverting of the course of trade from the west to east to north and south, injury to the great cities; injury to the trans-continental railways upon which Canada has expended nearly five million dollars, and add to that, the imperialistic idea. But whatever may have been the reason for the Conservative victory, it has not only put Laurier and his ministers out of office, but it has disturbed President Taft and his Cabinet. Certainly it is a great disap-

pointment to the President and his associates in Congress, who worked so hard for the passage of the Reciprocity bill, to have it so emphatically rejected by the Dominion of Canada. But we fully believe that Reciprocity would be a great commercial advantage to both countries. It is said that "Canada's vote of rejection will not impair the pulp and paper section, which cannot be nullified except by a repealing act of the American Congress, and such a repeal is improbable."

The following Canadian Cabinet Ministers went down in the defeat: W. S. Fielding, Finance Minister; William Patterson, Minister of Customs; George P. Graham, Minister of Railways; Machenzie King, Minister of Labor; Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia; Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and William Templeman, Minister of Inland Revenue; Jacques Bureau, Solicitor-General.

Among the men mentioned who may find places in the new administrative are: Prime Minister—R. L. Borden. Trade and Commerce—H. B. Ames, or Sir M. Bowell.

Secretary of State—L. P. Pelletier, or H. B. Ames.

Minister of Justice—T. W. Crothers or Judge Doherty.

Marine—Dr. Reid or A. S. Goodeve.

Postmaster General—J. D. Hazen or Dr. Schaffner.

Agriculture—A. Brodeur or R. S. Lake.

Public Works—R. McBride or John Stanfield.

Finance—G. M. Berley or E. B. Osler.

Railways or Canals—E. B. Osler or H. B. Ames.

Interior—C. A. Magrath or R. McBride.

Militia—Lieutenant Colonel Hughes or Major Sharpe.

Customs—G. E. Foster.

Inland Revenue—R. Forget or Dr. Reid.

Labor—Judge Doherty or J. Stanfield.

Solicitor General—O. S. Crocket or R. N. Rhodes.

Robert Laird Borden, the next Prime Minister, was born at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, June 16, 1854. He was educated at Acadia Villa Academy and was a teacher for some time. He was admitted to the

bar in 1878. Before he came to Ottawa to live he practiced law in Halifax successfully. He was first elected to the House of Commons from Halifax in 1896, and was re-elected in 1900. He was defeated in Halifax in 1904, but was elected from Carlton county, Ontario, in 1905, at a by-election.

At the 1908 election he was elected in Carlton and Halifax, and sat for Halifax in the last Parliament. He has been leader of the opposition ten years. There has been much dissension among conservatives over his leadership. He is not a "mixer," but is a good fighter, and has always had the respect of his opponents. Mr. Borden is an imperialist of the deepest dye. While he is opposed to reciprocity of the Laurier brand, many of his Conservative supporters say he will not be averse to entering into negotiations with the United States for "an amelioration of tariff relations between Canada and the United States."

Current Events.

On Monday, September 18th, the New York Times celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. The special edition on that day was profusely illustrated with portraits of men who have been prominent in the work of the paper, and pictures showing the progress of the city during the three score years.

Colonel John J. McCook, senior member of the law firm of Alexander & Green, New York, died on Sunday afternoon, September 17th, at his summer home, Seabright, N. J., in his 66th year. Col. McCook was born in Ohio, was of sturdy Scotch-Irish descent, and a prominent Presbyterian, being an elder of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, and director of Princeton Theological Seminary. At the age of sixteen, he entered the Union Army and served with Grant in his Virginia campaign. He was severely wounded at Shady Grove, on May 30, 1864, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel when less than twenty years old. After the war he resumed his college studies, and later took a law course at Harvard University, and has for many years been one of the leading lawyers of New York. He is survived by his wife and

four daughters, one of whom is the wife of J. Pierpont Morgan's nephew.

We regret to announce the death, on September 21st, at East Orange, N. J., of Dr. James C. Hepburn, the oldest graduate of Princeton, and pioneer missionary to Japan. In 1905, Dr. Hepburn, on his nineteenth birthday, received the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun from the Emperor of Japan, for his work in that country. He assisted in the first translation of the Bible into Japanese, and issued the first Japanese-English dictionary. A sketch of his life, with his photograph, appeared in "The Caledonian" over a year ago. As his name indicates, Mr. Hepburn was of Scotch descent.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Henderson Virgin, for twenty-eight years pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, New York, died on Sunday, September 17th, of apoplexy. He was a man greatly beloved, and during his long pastorate did much to increase the influence of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. of the Harlem district.

The many friends of James Hay, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., Royal Deputy for the Clans of New York, will be pained to

learn of the death of his promising son, early in September, after a lingering illness. Mr. James Hay, Jr., was a short time before his illness, elected vice-president of the Hay-Budden Manufacturing Company. Through "The Caledonian," the clansmen of New York and vicinity extend to Mr. and Mrs. Hay and family sincere sympathy.

The venerable Mr. A. M. Richmond, of East Orange, N. J., has been greatly afflicted by the death of his son, Hugh Murray Richmond, at the age of sixty-five. He was a prominent business man of East Orange, and an elder of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Orange, for twenty years, and superintendent of the Sunday School for fifteen years. Mr. Richmond was a brother to Rev. George L. Richmond, of Booneton, N. J.; Rev. Charles Richmond, president of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and Arthur Richmond his partner in business, and Mrs. E. Prickett, all of whom survive him.

The Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, of Brooklyn, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, started two weeks ago to make an extensive tour among the leading churches of his denomination in the country. The churches will certainly be inspired by his strong personality and evangelical enthusiasm.

The Rev. Thomas William Smith, D. D., the energetic pastor of St. Nicholas Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, was married on August 31st, to Miss Grace M. French, at Worcester, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Charles Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, officiating. On October 3d, the church and congregation gave a reception to Dr. and Mrs. Smith.

A million school children; that is, approximately, the reckoning in New York city. The registration in 528 public schools may reach 715,000; 168 parochial schools have 125,000, and it is estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 children are in attendance at private schools. A formidable army in potential; a heavy responsibility resting upon the educators of New York.

Clan Scott, of Brooklyn, held their first outing and games at Dexter Park, on Saturday, September 9th. A large delegation from Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, led by Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, enjoyed the hospitality of this aggressive young clan.

Mr. William L. Cockburn, the famous Scottish baritone, accompanied by his wife and son, has arrived in Montreal. After several engagements in Canada, he will settle in Hyde Park, Mass. "The Caledonian" extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Cockburn and his family.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, in an article in the New York Journal of September 21st, severely criticizes Mr. Roosevelt's recent article in "The Outlook" on peace arbitration. He says: "It is difficult to read Mr. Roosevelt's dissertations on peace without becoming tired. They are bewildering in something the same way as would be a blind man's discussion of colors, or a deaf man's disquisition on music. There hardly exists in him the quality that corresponds to the subject which he is debating. What he writes about war is certain to be illuminating, for he is himself militancy incarnate, but the peace-chord was left out of his harp when he was strung. If he had been created metal instead of man he would have been dynamite. Or if he had been created brute instead of man, he would have been gorilla. Fortunately for the world, he was sent into it in human shape, and yet in a shape that precludes his ability to talk edifyingly about peace. No man can be authority upon everything."

UNITED STATES CURRENT EVENTS.

Frost in the New England States last month seriously damaged the tobacco and other crops, which were not very promising even without this mishap.

The New York Association for Relieving the Condition of the Poor, reported recently that there has been more suffering from poverty in the city during the present season than there was last year. Charity organization affairs in New York city apparently are not managed so as to attain the best possible results for the amount of money expended for relief and maintenance. The Charity Organization of the city received about \$250,000 for the purposes of the association last year, and of this amount not much more than one-quarter went to the relief of the poor. The rest was expended for salaries maintaining a School of Philanthropy and doubtless other fads. This playing at being philanthropists does not benefit the indigent much, nor can it commend itself to a generous public that contributes towards the relief of poverty and distress. In marked contrast to this mode of managing a charity organization, are the methods pursued by St. Andrew's

Society of New York, which for over one hundred and fifty years has ministered to the relief of ailing and indigent people of the Scottish nation, without receiving any aid whatever from the city. Citizens of New York should appreciate this act.

The result of the Canadian election has been a serious disappointment to President Taft and the defeat of his pet project of reciprocity leaves his administration so far with but little to its credit of prime importance. His "parting of the ways," remarks and the Hon. Champ Clark's annexation speech doubtless contributed in no small degree to a result which both deplore.

The new charter proposed for the City of New York, which would confer autocratic power upon Mayor Gaynor and annex the Board of Education to Tammany Hall, has been undergoing revision preparatory to its being placed before the State Legislature. Some of the most objectionable features of the new charter have been eliminated by the Senate Committee on Cities, at Albany. That section of it relating to the Board of Education has also been deleted of some censurable provisions, but even as amended it does not commend itself to practical educationists that desire the management of the schools and the disbursement of the school funds to be outside the range of municipal politics.

The vindication of Dr. Wiley, chief of the Government Bureau of Chemistry, by President Taft, is generally regarded with great satisfaction by people throughout the entire country. Outside of a slight technical mistakes wrongly attributed to Dr. Wiley, the attempt to displace him was no doubt prompted by his too vigorous methods in exposing adulterations of articles used as foods and for drinking. It is to be hoped that Dr. Wiley may be long preserved to safeguard the public against those who menace human life by adulterating the necessities of life.

The recent meeting of the Governors of States at Lakewood, N. J., will doubtless result in good ultimately. As a collective body, not vested with an legislative authority, the conference could merely debate and suggest what was thought desirable. There are certain matters, however, which ought to be regulated by uniform laws, throughout the entire country, as for instance divorces. The annual meeting of the Governors of States should pave the way for a uniform divorce law for all the States, which would tend to mitigate some of the most serious evils attached to divorces at present.

The Canadian Club of New York, had an informal collation at the Hotel Flanders, on the evening of 21st of September. The meeting being held chiefly to obtain the earliest possible news of the elections in Canada. When it became finally known that the Liberal Government and Reciprocity were overwhelmed by a Conservative,

Imperialistic floodtide, there were many expressions of regret on the part of members, as nine-tenths of the members of the club are Liberals.

The resignation of the Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, as pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, after a continuous service of forty-one years, has been the occasion of profound regret, not only among the members of the church, but by a wide circle of Christian friends outside of his immediate pastoral charge. The resignation was read to the congregation of Calvary Church on the evening of September 22nd, when the Rev. Donald MacIntyre, assistant pastor, called a special meeting to order, to take official action on the resignation. Dr. MacArthur has been asked to continue his connection with Calvary Church, as pastor emeritus.

BRITISH CURRENT EVENTS.

The harvest in Berwickshire and generally throughout Scotland, has been earlier this season than it has been for forty years. Harvesting operations began early in August and were completed early in September. The season was also remarkable as being the driest for many years past.

The British Association will meet next year at Dundee, and will be presided over by Dr. E. A. Shafer, professor of physiology in Edinburgh University. Professor Shafer is a native of London, and was general secretary of the Association for the five years preceding 1900.

The Braemar gathering, which did not take place last year owing to the death of King Edward, was held on September 7th, when the attendance was unprecedentedly large. The King and Queen and other members of the royal family were present; the King and the young princes wearing the Highland costume.

Westminster Abbey, which in consequence of the Coronation of King George and the Queen Mary, was closed to the public from the first of April, was re-opened early last month.

On the 3rd and 4th of September, two disastrous fires occurred in Glasgow, involving a loss of \$675,000. That on the former date was in the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society's buildings, which was damaged to the extent of \$500,000 and on the latter date was in the old historic building, the Tontine in the Trougate, which resulted in a loss amounting to \$175,000.

King George and the Queen gave a ball at Balmoral Castle on September 8th, to the tenants and employees on the royal estates on Deeside, the Queen joining in one of the reels. In addition to their Majesties, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Fife and the Princesses Alexandra and Maud his daughters; the Earl of Roseberry, Lord Kitchener and Mr. Birrell, secretary for Ireland, were present. The Highland dress was conspicuous at the affair and the stir-

ring notes of the bag-pipes gave an additional interest to a picturesque and extremely pleasant gathering.

In Crathie Parish Church, Aberdeenshire, King George on September 10th, unveiled a memorial to his father. King Edward was a regular worshipper in the church, which is a model in its scheme of decorations.

Statistics of trade of the United Kingdom recently issued, state that the value of articles imported last year, amounted to £678,257,024, of which goods to the value of £170,450,266 were imported from British possessions. Exports from Britain valued at £159,402,833, were consigned to British possessions and £374,712,984 to foreign countries during the same period of time.

The Glasgow Exhibition has been a grand success and a daily attendance of over 100,000 is not unusual. By the time it closes at the end of October, it is expected that the attendance will aggregate eight million.

The quincentenary of St. Andrew's University was opened with imposing ceremonies on September 13th. Representatives from universities around the circuit of the world were present, and the display of academic robes made a picturesque scene. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, chancellor of the university, was congratulated by the American Ambassador, Mr Reid, and others, and was the recipient of a message of congratulation from King George.

The Helindean tweed operators, dealers and crofters of the Lochs district of Lewis, Scotland, recently assembled at the Royal Monument, erected by them on the heights overlooking Balallan, on the occasion of the coronation of King George. The demonstration was arranged for returning thanks to the King and the Royal Family for their patronage of the Helindean tweed industry. A letter from the King, commending the loyalty of his Lewis' subjects, was read.

Lord and Lady Pentland attended the Harris' cattle show on August 31st. A vote of thanks was extended to them, and in replying expressed their great interest in the people of Harris, and all that pertains to their welfare.

An address of welcome was presented to Sir Alexander and Lady MacDonald at Duntulm House, the ancient seat of the MacDonalds, by a deputation from the parish of Kilmuir. Lord MacDonald responded heartily to his loyal tenants.

Miss Flora Chisholm, daughter of Mr. Chisholm, procurator-fiscal, Lochmaddy, has gained honors certificate at the Oxford Higher Local Examination held last July.

The prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on "Scotland's debt of gratitude to her parish schools, her grammar schools and her universities" given by Mr. J. Peddie Steele of Florence, on the occasion of the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary

of the founding of the university of St. Andrews, was awarded to Mr. Alexander Gray M. A., Carshalton, Surrey, England.

Rev. John S. MacPhail, died at the age of 88, at his residence at Nairn, on August 31st. Mr. MacPhail was endowed with rare gifts and would have attained a high position in the church in the south had he not preferred the quiet life of the Western Isles. His ministry at Shat, Kilmuir and Bentkecula was fruitful. He was a man of great accomplishments and singularly unobtrusive. On one occasion he was offered the moderatorship of the Free Church but declined. After his retirement from the ministry he lived a quiet and kindly life at Nairn, where he was universally respected.

Mrs. Drew of Ardencaple House, Helensburgh, celebrated her hundredth birthday last month. She received congratulations and good wishes from the King. Mrs. Drew, who is well known in London Society, met Sir Walter Scott in 1829.

CANADIAN CURRENT EVENTS.

During the month of August the City of Toronto derived \$86,000 revenue from the Street Railway Company.

The Government of Canada estimates the yield of wheat this season for the entire country, at 204,634,000 bushels.

The report comes from Vancouver, B. C., that the total salmon pack for this season amounts to 750,000 cases.

Last year the mines of Canada yielded products valued at \$105,000,000.

Canada will have its Thanksgiving Day on October 30th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Owing to Turkey's bad government in Tripoli, Italy demands a protectorate, to safeguard her interests there. But Turkey is defiant, and a conflict between the two powers is threatened.

There will be no war between France and Germany, as the points of dispute have been settled.

On Monday, September 25th, the battleship *Liberte*, one of the finest vessels of the French navy, was torn to pieces and sunk at Toulon, by explosions in her ammunition hold, and nearly half of her officers and men were killed.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON.

" 'Tis an age of unparalleled effort—
The foremost that ever was seen;"
He explained, "and our greatest invention,
By far, is the flying machine."

"Oh no," she replied, "I consider
The biplane inferior quite
To excuses you've sometimes invented,
On coming home late in the night."

SCOTLAND TO-DAY AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Many of my friends and acquaintances, both in Scotland and in my adopted country, have asked me to compare Scotland of to-day with Scotland of twenty years ago, the time when I left its shores for America.

Twenty years ago, being a boy without care and responsibility, my study of Scotland was limited, and my ambition was to get through school as quickly as possible, and emigrate to a country offering greater opportunities.

As a result of close observation while traveling leisurely through Scotland this summer, I have come to the conclusion that there are three conditions existing in Scotland to-day that are detrimental to the country's progress; they are—too many churches—too many distilleries—too many large estates.

The first problem will be a difficult one to solve, for although having an intelligent body of men to deal with the subject, jealousy and bigotry have entered largely into the question, and will prevent its solution until some powerful men from all the Protestant bodies get together, and work for a United Protestant Church of a national character, to be called by a name other than the "Wee Free United Presbyterian," etc. Under the present conditions there is a great drain on the poor to support three and four ministers in a small community where one would suffice.

The whiskey question is a serious one—distilleries have increased in great numbers, due, no doubt, to the enormous sale of Scotch whiskey all the world over. Its exportation is growing, but the fact remains that the consumption of it in Scotland is entirely too great, and while it is notably decreasing in some parts of the country, it is increasing in others.

The wealthy land-owners ought to go. They are of no benefit to Scotland. They stay there only during the shooting season, then away they go to London, and their rents follow, thereby taking the money from Scotland to be spent elsewhere. The crofts ought to be owned by the crofters, and the government ought to finance the project, loaning the money for purchase at a low rate of interest, extending over a period of twenty or thirty years. The large



D. G. C. SINCLAIR.

farms, deer forests, sheep ranches all ought to be cut up and sold to the people. Land now lying in waste would be cultivated, crops raised in the forests, and sheep farms and deer preserves, etc., would flourish.

The prospect of eventually owning their own homes and some day having them free and clear would appeal to the Scottish people. The small farms would be easily disposed of, and emigration, to a large extent would be checked, and the population of Scotland would soon increase. New life would be given to one of the greatest races on earth.

To my mind, Scotland—ever dear to me as the land of my birth, has in many respects been practically at a standstill during the last twenty years. This lack of progress, however, cannot be traced to faults in the character or ability of our countrymen, for wherever they have migrated throughout the world, they have been successful in all lines of endeavor. Those who have remained at home, especially the farmers, are still working to benefit the wealthy class.

D. G. C. SINCLAIR.

Scotland Here and There.

THE SCOTTISH HOME RULE BILL.

The bill for the restoration of a Scottish Parliament is not being taken seriously in Scotland; perhaps the fact of its being introduced into Parliament at the end of a session, and at a time when everyone is away for a holiday, is the reason of this. But the fact remains; here is a most important bill, a bill hitting at the very foundations of British rule, and a bill which would cause a serious upheaval in Scotland, being introduced into the House of Commons, and the whole country merely noting that it has been introduced, and no further commenting on it. That the bill will not be passed is, of course, certain, but its introduction shows a peculiar trend of feeling in certain quarters. The Scottish people as a whole do not want Home Rule, but a certain number, fired by some sort of ultra-patriotic zeal, cry for a revival of the glories of the old Parliament House in Edinburgh. They do not seriously consider what this would mean; they merely say: "We had our own Parliament; let us have it again." From one point of view, however, a Parliament in Scotland would be good. Scottish questions would receive better consideration than they get now in London, but the best remedy for that is now for constituents to refuse to be represented in Parliament by any but Scotsmen, and as far as possible only by men native to those constituencies. At present, there are some constituencies in Scotland represented in the House by men who not only are not Scottish in any way, but who actually were rarely if ever in Scotland till they came north to contest the seat.

FLIGHT OVER THE FORTH.

At last a flight has been made over the Firth of Forth from the Marine Gardens at Portobello to the Fifeshire Coast. This notable flight was carried out by Mr. W. H. Ewen, a Scottish aviator, who is associated with the flying school at Lanark, and who is the only Scotsman holding an aviator's certificate. The flight attracted much attention, both on shore, and on the many ships passing in the Firth at the time. No sooner was Mr. Ewen over the waters

of the Forth than he became aware of the fact that the wind was of a trying character. He steered the aeroplane upwards until he reached a height of 1,000 feet, in the hope of getting into a steadier atmospheric region. The wind at that altitude, however, was found to be still tricky, and necessitated dexterous steering. The aviator headed for the Fifeshire coast, and flying at a great velocity, his speed being helped by the wind, he was soon approaching Inchkeith. He passed the island to the east, and continued until within about a mile of Kinghorn. After passing Inchkeith, the wind difficulties suddenly ceased, and the aviator found himself almost in a dead calm. So free from currents was the atmosphere, that he scarcely had to use the steering wheel at all. Opposite Kinghorn, the aviator turned and steered across the Firth again towards Leith. About the middle of the Firth he left the calm belt, and once more found himself in the midst of variable and dangerous currents of air. After a difficult passage through this bad part, he came over the Gardens, and made a successful descent.

THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL.

The national memorial to King Edward is still causing considerable discussion. It will be remembered that at the general meeting of representatives from all the cities and towns of Scotland, it was agreed that the memorial should take the form of a new gateway to Holyrood Palace. At this Glasgow demurred, and showed such hostility that they deposed their two representatives and appointed others. Finding, however, that the Holyrood plan was to be proceeded with, Glasgow withdrew altogether. Now the proposal is to complete the building on the Calton Hill. A correspondent writes to the Press, saying:

KING EDWARD MEMORIAL.

To the Editor:

The Scottish National Monument was intended to be a reproduction of the Parthenon of Athens, and the only mystery about the building on Calton Hill, is that it has remained unfinished for four score years. "R." considers any building there would be

a monstrosity, but that was not the opinion of the late Mr. J. Dick Peddie, who said in 1851 that "its completion is of great importance to Edinburgh."

"It would add to the number of our buildings the most classical one in Europe—a building without rival in ancient times, it would make Edinburgh more than it still now is a 'modern Athens,' and more than ever attractive to visitors."

"Many people think that Calton Hill is crowded with buildings, there are many spots on the hill which might be occupied before this can be the case."

"The effect of crowding, if there be any, is produced by the want of any decided superiority in one or more of the buildings to others."

To sweep away the unwholesome slums in the neighborhood of Holyrood would resemble playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

Such a task should not form any part of the proposed memorial to King Edward."

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY CELEBRATION.

The five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the St. Andrew's University will be held this month. This is the oldest of the Scottish universities, and the ceremonies connected with the celebration will be on a great scale, and will extend for three days. The university authorities have prepared an elaborate program, and for a considerable time a large number of officials and clerks have been occupied with the arrangements. Numerous committees have been appointed to take charge of different parts of the work involved, and practically all of the details have now been seen to, and the completed program approved. The universities throughout the world have been invited to send delegates to take part in the proceedings, and in the quaint old town, quite accustomed to an annual invasion of fashionable summer visitors, will be gathered together men of distinction and learning, from all civilized countries.

BANNOCKS.

Some motorists while crossing the Lowther hills near Moffat shot a tame goat which they saw browsing on the hills. When the police catch them, they will discover there's some expense about goat stalking.

I regret to announce the death of Miss Anna M. Stoddart, the well known authoress of the biography of Professor Blackie.

An alarming accident occurred at the

Waverley Station, Edinburgh. A horse bolted at full speed down the carriage way to the platform. Being stopped there, it backed and fell over on the railway line, where its foot became locked in the points. It lay on the line for about an hour, and was then got off.

Fellows and members of the Institute of Journalists, numbering, with their lady friends, about two hundred, paid a visit to the Abbey and Palace of Dunfermline, as the guests of the Carnegie Trust, and had tea in Pittencrief Park.

SCOTIA.

TWO ON THE JUDGES.

Retorts Which Rather Battered the Court's Remarks.

Lawyers and other persons in the County Court House were amused at two stories told by one of the stenographers, which he said were actual recent incidents of everyday life in the courts.

The first story related to a somewhat heated discussion, which took place between a young clerk in one of the city departments who sued for reinstatement and the justice who tried his case.

It was said that at the conclusion of the trial the justice remarked:

"I can get many clerks that will do the work that you are required to do for fifteen dollars a week."

"That may be true, your Honor, and I am certain that I can get many lawyers who can do the work your Honor is required to do for \$3,000 a year."

The salary of a Supreme Court Justice is \$14,000 a year.

The other story related to a discussion between a somewhat irritated justice and an official stenographer.

According to the narrator the Justice turned to the stenographer and said, "There are not very many good stenographers."

"That is true, your Honor," remarked the stenographer in question. "I have often thought how much more the administration of justice was dependent upon stenographers than on judges."

"How is that," inquired the justice.

"Well, you see Judge, I could go out and get 10,000 lawyers in this city who could sit on the bench and get away with the work of a Supreme Court Justice, but aside from the official stenographers of the Supreme Court and a very few additional stenographers who have had court experience, I do not know of a single man I could get to act as a Supreme Court stenographer who could last for a single day."

It was said that the justice in each case enjoyed the retort.



ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

IMPORTANT APPEAL!

The Rev. Dr. MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, and president of the Baptist World Alliance, is intensely interested in giving the Gospel to Russia and Moravia, the importance of which he emphasizes in the following article. He expects to be in St. Petersburg at the dedication of the Tabernacle, at Christmas time. This work commends itself to all Christian people of all denominations, and is worthy of our hearty support.

Dr. MacArthur is one of the oldest and most respected pastors in New York. For forty-one years he has been pastor of Calvary Church, one of the most important Baptist congregations in the country. His great energy and popularity are never on the wane, and constant demands are made upon him as lecturer and preacher in various parts of the United States. This summer, from July 1st to the last Sunday in August, he ministered to the congregation of Tremont Temple, Boston, and God's blessing was poured out in large measure on the services—Editor.

A TWO-FOLD CRISIS.

A crisis is upon us regarding Baptist

work in Russia and in Moravia. Rev. Wilhelm Fetler has sent out stirring appeals in the interest of his church house in St. Petersburg. He is a man of varied ability and of noble character. He is, in no small degree, a hero, a martyr and a saint. Four years ago he began his work in St. Petersburg. God has graciously owned the labors of this devoted servant. He needs \$40,000.00 more to complete the work on the large tabernacle needed to hold the eager congregations. Soon he must return to Russia to stand trial before the High Court in Moscow, for the crime of preaching the Gospel. He is now in America on bail-bonds to the amount of \$2,500. He must prove to the officials in Moscow that a Baptist keeps his word, and can be fully trusted.

His tabernacle is half-completed; it is intended to hold 2,000 hearers. But now his money is spent to the last kopek. He has made great personal sacrifices of time, strength, health and money—having borrowed about \$7,500 on his own responsibility. The Baptist denomination in the United States will surely come to the rescue and gladly assist in completing the **FIRST BAPTIST PRAYER HOUSE** in the capital of the Empire of the Czar. All contributions may be sent to the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

God has given us a wonderful man in Rev. Wilhelm Fetler. Shall we stand by him in his work? This is a case in which the Latin proverb has striking illustration: *Bis dat qui cito dat.*

Apart from all other considerations, it is to be borne in mind that the favorable result of Mr. Fetler's trial may be greatly influenced by the generous gifts of his American friends. It will be worth much in his interest to have judges and other Russian officials know that Mr. Fetler has friends in America who support his work by their sympathies, their prayers and their generous gifts of money.

Another pressing claim is that of Rev. Norbert Capek, in Moravia. He ought to receive within the next few weeks \$2,500.

Rev. Norbert Capek is an unusually able man. He knows the Moravian character, has a passion for the souls of men, and is a born leader. If help comes to him now, he will lead multitudes of the Moravian people into the truth as 't is in Christ Jesus. This is a rare opportunity for the cause of evangelistic religion in this historic land.

Falling to secure \$2,500, our most hopeful work in Moravia may be brought to a disastrous ending. God in truly wonderful ways has given his approval to the work of Brethren Fetler and Capek. This is a critical moment in their work. Failure now will mean weakness for many future years; success to-day will mean honor to God and salvation to thousands in the near future. The work of the Baptist College in Russia can be taken up when provision has been made

for the churches of these two brethren. This provision is the immediate and pressing need.

In helping the work of these noble men, we are advancing the cause of civil and religious liberty for men of every name and creed around the globe. This is a time for immediate action; to wait for the calling of committees may mean defeat to-day and disaster to-morrow. Both of these appeals were endorsed repeatedly, directly and indirectly, at the great meeting of the Baptist World Alliance recently held in Philadelphia. Shall we come at once to the help of the Lord by helping these beloved brethren?

Several esteemed brethren have been asked to co-operate with Mr. Fetler and myself by visiting pastors and laymen in the interest of this work.

But it is plainly impossible for brethren representing the Alliance to make personal or congregational appeals to our great constituency. Our field is the United States and the Dominion of Canada. It would be necessary to appoint at least five hundred brethren to make these appeals in a personal way. The difficulty of finding suitable men for this work is apparent. The cost of appealing to the churches in this way is simply prohibitive. We must, therefore, depend upon Pastors, Trustees, Deacons, Sunday School Superintendents, and the leaders of the various organizations in the churches, such as the Brotherhoods, Men and Religion Forward Movement, the B. Y. P. U., Farther Light Societies, Christian Endeavor Societies and other church organizations, and men and women of the churches generally, to make this appeal, and to secure the needed funds. This European work has made the first call upon me as President of the Alliance. A great church is needed in Moscow, as well as in St. Petersburg. If St. Petersburg were aided now, it could aid Moscow in the near future. Marvelous possibilities await us in Russia and Europe generally. May God guide us in all our plans, and give us the victory for His Name's sake!

R. S. MACARTHUR.

Calvary Study,
123 West 57th St.,
New York.

DAVID G. WYLIE.

Dr. Wylie was born in Logan county, Ohio, and is of Scotch ancestry. He was graduated from Geneva College in 1879, and after a year of public school work, entered Yale Divinity School, where he remained for two years. In 1882, he came to New York, and completed his course in theology at Union Theological Seminary, and the following year took a course of graduate work. During his senior and post-graduate years, he had charge of the Wilson Mission, in Tompkins Square.



DAVID G. WYLIE.

Later on he became pastor of the Canal Street Presbyterian Church, then of the Knox Church, and in 1891 was called to the pastorate of Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, where he is the sixth minister in one hundred and fifty-five years.

The Scotch Church is one of the historic congregations of New York, having been organized in 1756. In fact, its history begins back on the battle grounds and heather fields of Scotland, where its first pastor, Rev. John Mason, D. D., was born and educated. As Dr. Wylie said in a sermon some time ago: "It is to Scotland, land of mountains, liberty and religion, that we trace our origin. We honor and revere the martyrs of the homeland, who contended so faithfully for the rights of King Jesus. They stood for freedom in church affairs, for representative church government, for the supremacy of the work of God, and the Kingship of Christ."

The church of which Dr. Wylie is pastor has been noted, not only for its long history in this city, but for its ministers, among them being John Ma-

son, D. D., John M. Mason, D. D., and Joseph McElroy, D. D. As for the present pastor, simply to name the offices he has held is to give something of his personality, character and capacity. He has been several times Moderator of the Presbytery of New York, of the Synod of New York, President of the New York Ministers' Association, Chairman of the Committee of the General Assembly on Systematic Beneficence, and of the Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work. At the present time he is a member of the Western Section of the Evangelical Alliance, Chairman of the Committee on the Work of Sunday Schools, and of Young People of the Presbytery of New York, Chairman of the Pulpit Supply Committee of the Presbytery, and a member of its Moderators' Council. Dr. Wylie was, with Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mr. Daniel S. Remsen, and Richard W. Gilder, one of the organizers, and is at the present time a director of the New York Kindergarten Association; a director of the Presbyterian Hospital, President of the Gospel Missions to the Tombs, a Trustee of the Synod of New York, of the Tarsus School of Asia Minor, and Chaplain of the Scottish Society, Clan McKenzie, and of the St. Andrew's Society of the City of New York. He is also the head of the Robertson School, which was founded in 1799. Besides taking a special interest in his own school, this busy pastor keeps in close touch with the educational work of the city, and is a favorite visitor and preacher at many public schools, private schools, and colleges.

Dr. Wylie has the usual B. A. and M. A., and in 1888 won from the New York University the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1897, Lafayette College and the University of Nebraska each conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and at its last commencement Maryville College bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Dr. Wylie, who delivered the commencement oration on "Some Elements of a Successful Life." The following is the estimate of Dr. Wylie by one who knows him well:

"As a preacher he is scholarly and eloquent, direct, forceful and business-like. He wants to win men, and succeeds. He is an apostle of common sense, a thorough

believer in the Old Bible, in the faith once delivered to the saints, and warm-hearted, sympathetic, and loyal to his friends."



WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES.

Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, D. D., pastor of Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Seventy-third street and Broadway, was born in the State of Michigan in 1877. His father, Rev. Dr. William Foulkes, was at that time pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Quincy, Mich., and is now in Kansas City. During the boyhood of the subject of this sketch, his father's pastorates, in addition to the one in Michigan, were in Fostoria, Ohio, and Salina, Kansas.

Dr. William Hiram Foulkes received his college education in the Presbyterian Synodical College of Kansas, at Emporia, and shortly after his graduation was united in marriage to Catherine E. Lamb, a college mate. Dr. Foulkes began his ministry in Bunton, Kansas, a hamlet of a few hundred people. Here he served the Presbyterian Church as a student-pastor, receiving the salary of six hundred and

fifty dollars per year, and paying rent besides. After a short pastorate in this field, Dr. Foulkes went to Chicago, where he entered McCormick Theological Seminary, and where he took the usual three years course in divinity. At the end of his term he was awarded the Bernadine Orine Smith Fellowship by the faculty on the basis of the highest excellence in general scholarship during his entire course. Upon this fellowship the young minister with his wife and first child, went to Edinburgh, Scotland and studied for a year in New College, returning to his first parish as an ordained minister, a Scotch community in the heart of Illinois—Elmira by name. After a three years' ministry there, he was called to the influential parish at Clinton, Iowa, where for three more years he labored until an urgent call took him to the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Orgeon, one of the largest churches in the Presbyterian denomination, and one of the great churches upon the Pacific coast.

During Mr. Foulkes' pastorate in Portland, he took an important part in all the religious and social movements of the Pacific coast. It was at the beginning of this pastorate that he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from three institutions in the same day; one the College of Emporia, his Alma Mater, the others, Lenox College, Iowa; and Whitworth College, Washington.

In Portland, Dr. Foulkes took active part in municipal and civic matters, and was president of the State Anti-Saloon League of Oregon. When he left Portland to come to Rutgers Church, New York, the three leading dailies made favorable editorial comment upon his work in Portland.

Dr. Foulkes is a member of the Executive Commission of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. He is also a member of the Joint Executive Committee of the Boards and the Commission, which has in charge the forward benevolent movement in the Presbyterian Church. He was also appointed, at the last General Assembly a member of the committee to confer with the faculty and directors of Union Theological Seminary, and was elected, at the same assembly, as a member of the Council

of Churches holding the reformed system of faith. Last year, Dr. Foulkes was one of the official delegates to the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, and has since then travelled widely in the western part of the continent, giving missionary addresses.

Dr. Foulkes also has charge of the campaign of Gipsy Smith, the noted British evangelist, who has just passed through New York on his way to the Pacific coast. Gipsy Smith preached in the pulpit of Rutgers Church, Sunday, September 17th, and in the course of his address, took special pains to bear witness to the diligent and efficient management of the entire campaign.

To his methods of church work, Dr. Foulkes is aggressive, but not radical. He is a believer in the "old gospel," and preaches it. He is a missionary enthusiast and a worker for children and youth. He has published no books, but is a frequent writer in the religious press. His call to Rutgers Church was hearty and twice repeated. He is entering upon his first year of work under favorable auspices.

Dr. and Mrs. Foulkes have taken a residence on West End avenue, where with their family of four children, Frederic R., Paul B., William R., and Catherine H., they will live during the next several seasons.

Dr. Foulkes is a member of Chi Alpha, the interdenominational society of clergymen of various denominations in New York; is a son of the American Revolution through his mother's ancestors, as his father is of Welsh birth, and Dr. William Hiram Foulkes is the fifth in direct descent of Welsh ministers. He is also a member of the Masonic Order; and further, serves the church at large, by being president of the Board of Directors of the Dubuque (Iowa) German Presbyterian School, one of the leading German evangelical colleges and seminaries in America.

THE DEFENDANT.

"And now you may tell," said the lawyer,
"Of the couple's disputing, that night—
Just what the defendant was doing,
And the part that he took in the fight."

"As I saw him," the witness made answer,
"He was busily dodging the broom,
While vainly extending his efforts
To make an escape from the room."

The Scottish National Dress Of Court or Gala Costume.

BY R. ERSKINE.

There is an homely adage to the effect that what is worth doing is worth doing well. Apparently, this sapient axiom does not apply to those who wear the National Dress. At all events, no one can deny that the maxim in question is not more honored in the breach than it is so in the observance. Very few Scotsmen know what constitutes Court or Gala Costume, and fewer still take the trouble to put their knowledge into practice. To say truth, the widest divergence of opinion exists as to what constitutes Court dress; and even the occasions on which it can, with propriety, be worn are matter of dispute with many. There is thus considerable doubt in the public mind respecting two aspects of our topic, the inevitable result being that whilst the interests of the dress suffer by reason of the uncertainty which prevails, no compensating gain accrues to the Gael, who, being more or less a law unto himself in regard to this matter, is far too apt to consult his own taste and convenience in preference to the artistic requirements of the dress he wears.

It is a pity that, inasmuch as our National Dress is admitted to the English Court, no regulations exist as to what constitutes Court costume in the eyes of the officials charged with the settlement of such points. English gentlemen, whether civilians or employed in the Army or Navy or other official services of that country, are well catered for in this respect. If they wish to go to Court, they are required to do so in conformity with the sartorial rules laid down by the English Court, and from whose terms no departure, however small, is tolerated. If, on the other hand, a Scottish gentleman desires to attend the English Court, wearing the National Dress, no regulations exist to be a law and a guide to him in attiring himself against such an occasion. The number of Gaels frequenting the English Court is not, of course, great; but, acting on the principle of the axiom laid down in the opening paragraph of this article, namely, that if a thing be worth

doing at all it is surely worth doing well, I recently wrote to my friend, Lord Spencer drawing his attention to the anomaly referred to above, and asking, in the interests of those Gaels who do attend the English Court, if something could not be done to supply the want of which I complained. His answer was what any one who has the privilege of that true English gentlemen's friendship would naturally expect from so amiable a source: it was kindness and courtesy, not typed, but typified. He wrote that whilst there might be difficulties in the way of giving immediate effect to my suggestions, yet he would bear the question in mind, and would return to it, should a favourable conjuncture present itself. And there, meantime, the matter must rest, so far as the National Dress and the Court of St. James are concerned.

The Court of England "as no ann," however, it is highly desirable that rules should be laid down as to what constitutes Court or Gala Dress. The stereotyping, as it were, of the full-dress form of the modern National Costume is a measure urgently needed as much in the interests of the dress itself as in those of such as are accustomed to wear it. Formerly, no doubt, such regulations existed. The dress was much in evidence, as the saying goes, at the Scottish Court; but with the passing of our Kings to "another place," it, and many other national concerns, seem to have gone under a cloud. It has to be remembered, too, that during no inconsiderable number of years, the garb was proscribed. It was forbidden to be worn on its native heath—much less was it a welcome visitor at southern Courts; and when the statutory disabilities placed upon it were removed, considerable difficulty was experienced in bridging the sartorial gap existing between the date of its suppression by law and that of its revival through the same channel. Fashions, like men and brooks, do not stand still. They are constantly changing, or being changed in the interests of the standing armies of tailors

and haberdashers which all countries, civilised and semi-civilised, harbour. When, therefore, the Scottish National Dress was revived, it was recognised on all sides that the changes in fashion which had taken place since the date of its suppression by Act of Parliament rendered its restoration in its pristine form, if not impossible, at all events undesirable. No doubt, had the dress been restored under political and social conditions similar to those which obtained in Scotland before our country was united to England, these difficulties had been easily overcome—assuming for argument's sake that a Scottish Parliament could ever have been induced to take so extravagant and unpopular a step as the suppression of the National Dress. But, as it happened, it was just the absence of these favouring conditions which proved so prejudicial to the dress in its revived form. The Scots were by no means popular in England at that time. The English Court was only half reconciled to the idea of letting political by-gones be by-gones—although necessity clearly dictated some such policy on its part—and as for going out of its way to prescribe what the Gael should or should not wear by way of national raiment, or even lending its great social influence to assist to determine these debatable points, as well might we expect the Tsar of all the Russias to be deeply engrossed in the question of the salvage of the Japanese national costume, or President Braga of Portugal to descend from the realms of fancy where he appears to reside to discuss the cut and complexion of ex-King Manuel's breeches. Left, therefore, to itself to shift as best it might, we need not be surprised if our National Dress lost, under these discouraging conditions, much good ground, as well from the point of view of appearance as from that of order and regularity in respect of its several forms. Appearance suffered by reason of the general decline of taste—a falling-off which became more marked as the nineteenth century approached, and which was particularly noticeable in regard to men's attire. Order and regularity suffered, too, because the standards by which both had been determined were lost, or at all events owing to changed political conditions, could no longer be enforced as they had been in

the days that were gone. Prophets arose who knew not Israel in the sense that individuals came forward at this time who knew little, and cared less, about the history of the Dress, and whose taste, if not negligible, was positively nasty; and these "authorities," together with a swarm of half-baked lairds and Anglicised "Chiefs," proceeded to promulgate laws and to issue ukases on their own account touching the "correct" way to wear the National Garb which not only came near to completely spoiling it altogether for the time being, but which laid the seeds of many future dismal years of execrable taste and perverted ingenuity. It was about this time, for instance, that that unsightly and unsavoury invention of the devil turned "Highland" tailor—the long goat-hair sporan—came into vogue; and many other fell and abominable things were done in the green wood of the "Restoration" which had certainly never been tolerated for a moment in the dry. But perhaps the most disastrous effect of the Parliamentary suppression was seen in the loosening of those regulations by which the Dress and its appurtenances had been governed. As I have already expressed it, each man now became a law unto himself; and inasmuch as the vulgar standard of taste is universally, almost invariably, low, and tends to decline in proportion as the influences designed to purge and to elevate it fall into disuse the confusion, unsightliness, and want of order and regularity engendered by so unsatisfactory a state of affairs may, in the case of the National Dress, be much more easily imagined than they can be described. All of man's institutions—even the most favoured and the most carefully guarded of them—are subject to variations in respect of the merit of their achievements, just as the day or the year is subject to changes of temperature and as climates vary. Art comes and goes, in the sense that some epochs are more favourable to its production than others; and it will be found, I fancy, that even those things—such as our own virtues and integrity of purpose—of whose mutations we are least apt to take account, inasmuch as we regard them, if not as perfect, yet as all-sufficing, have their periods of effulgence and their times of depression, on the principle, doubtless, that

every dog has his day. In the same way, too, did the National Dress pass under a temporary cloud at the beginning of the nineteenth century. I say "temporary," although, if the truth must be confessed, the shadow of that depressing disturbance lies athwart its threshold to this very day.

The Garb of the Gael is still suffering from the pains and penalties impertinently associated with its wear at one period of its existence; and though a good deal has recently been done to standardize it once more, and to strip it of those artistically and historically unsound accretions whereby it was assailed and brought low in the opening years of the nineteenth century, yet, even now, all is not well. "Half the world knows not how the other half lives"—we have heard it of old. It would certainly be as apposite to affirm that "half the Gaelic world knows not how the other half dresses." We are still too much the sport of Tailor and Haberdasher—not that individuals belonging to those trades are intentionally misleading; but they sin because they are not informed, which, if not as bad, morally, is just as grievous practically. In fine, the shadow of the shop still darkens the door which leads to the true appreciation of the National Dress; and inasmuch as the object of these papers is to do something to clarify the atmosphere, and to put all things appertaining to the Garb of the Gael in a perspective which shall be, artistically, satisfying whilst at the same time it shall be, historically, just and correct, I venture to appeal to my readers to do what they can to assist me—to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these my solemn recommendations, so that not only may they themselves be informed with the spirit of these counsels of sartorial perfection, but that they may be also the cause of conversion in others.

There are two kinds of Court or Gala Costume; and that which distinguishes the one from the other is, that whilst the one is worn with the belted plaid, the other is worn with the cross or shoulder plaid. Both these forms, in conjunction with their proper appurtenances, constitute full or Gala Dress; but, personally, I prefer the former; and for that reason I have chosen it, instead of the latter, to be the subject of the coloured illustration which accompanies this article. My preference for the



THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL DRESS.

belted plaid, as opposed to the cross or shoulder, is based on two considerations, which, after due examination on the part of the reader, I hope will be found just. In the first place, I am of opinion that the manner of wearing the belted plaid is more picturesque than that of adjusting the other; and in the second place, I think that, historically, it has more to recommend it. My various reasons, not indeed for objecting to the cross-plaid, which I like passing well, but for preferring the other to it, will be found stated at some length in *The Kilt and How to Wear It*; and to the preference therein expressed the vanished years have by no means weakened my allegiance. It but remains for me, in conclusion of this head, to append a list of the various items of apparel, etc., which those must necessarily possess who wish

to wear the Court or Gala Dress. I fear the list is a somewhat formidable one; but here again I am impelled to take advantage of the occasion to remind the reader that that which is worth doing at all should be well done, because not only will our own personal credit and sense of satisfaction thereby be greatly enhanced, but, through the same instrumentality, will a public example be afforded to others. With regard to the Arms and Ornaments mentioned in the following list, the reader is requested to note that I shall have something to say as to these in a subsequent chapter:—

COURT OR GALA DRESS.

- A Belted Tartan Plaid.
- Doublet and Waistcoat (black or coloured cloth, or Tartan).
- Tartan Kilt.
- A Flat Blue Bonnet.
- Diced or Tartan Hose.
- Tartan or Coloured Garters.
- Patent Leather Brogues (with or without Silver Buckles).

ARMS, ORNAMENTS, ETC.

- A Claidheamh-mor.
- A Dirk, which can be of Silver, if preferred.
- A Pair of Silver or Plated Scots Pistols (modern).
- A Dress Sporan.
- A Shoulder Belt for the Sword, with Silver Buckle.
- A Coloured Leather Shoulder Belt for the Pistols.
- A Silver Cartridge Case, with Silver Chain to same.
- A Silver Badge for the Bonnet. (This can be either the family crest or the Clan badge made in silver).
- A Set of Silver Buttons for the Doublet and Waistcoat.
- A Silver Shoulder Brooch.
- A Silver Sporan Chain or Leather (black or coloured) Strap.
- A Sgian Dubh.
- A Waist Belt, with Silver Buckle, for the Belted-Plaid.

For the other form of Court or Gala Dress, all the above will be required, with the difference that here the cross or shoulder plaid takes the place of the belted kind, whilst the Doublet is cut differently. Full or Gala Costume is for wear at Courts, and on any great occasion—whether in the

day time or at night—when “full dress” is usual or obligatory. In the latter case (*i. e.*, if in the day time), a black silk tie, which can be worn in either “sailor-knot” fashion or in a bow, should be substituted for the white evening tie seen in the accompanying coloured sketch. These latter observations do not apply, of course, to the cross or shoulder plaid form of the dress, with which no tie is worn. Moreover, if Gala Costume be worn in the day time, and the function, whatever it may be, is held out of doors, ordinary leather brogues (preferably without buckles) should be worn in place of patent leather ones.—*Guthna Bliachna.*

PATRIOTISM.

Here is a word freighted with the intensest meaning. Patriotism is a principle of duty and a responsibility. Patriotism and religion are inseparably connected in the Bible. The prophets of the Chosen People used the same terms to express their passion for patriotism and their passion for God. Go to the Holy Scriptures if you are searching for an illuminating message of patriotism, or love for God and country. For instance, the old Jew gave expression to his patriotism thus: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.”

To-day it is being demonstrated that times of peace have their battles to fight and victories to win no less renowned than war, and as true patriots live now as any who drew the sword or fired the gun or cannon on the bloody fields of battle.

Sir Walter Scott gives expression to patriotism as follows:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,

“This is my own, my native land!”
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand?

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung.
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.—Ex.

THE PROFESSOR SPEAKS.

“And now,” said the college professor,

To his class of attentive young men,
“There are points in the study of language,
That you'll trip on again and again.

“You may conjugate Latin and Sanscrit,

With never so much as a flaw,
While signally falling to master
The tongue of your mother-in-law.”

The Sabbath: God's Trystin' Day.

(In Braid Scots.)

BY D. GIBB MITCHELL.

There's the sough o' a Sabbath day in this sang. (Psalm cxxii). It is ane o' David's liltis that the folk lo'ed to sing as they stappit the road to Zion. Solomon had biggit them a braw howff to forgaither in, whaur their Makker trystit wi' them. They traivel't lang miles to win there, an' a' narhaun bude neibor them as they won throwe the holie yetts—for a' were fu' fain to be in-by. Nane wud bide awa gin he cud be there.

Look owre the roads that come frae ilka airt an' see the thrang! The auld man wi' his staff, slow an' grave; the young loon, brisk an' gay; the mither an' faither an' the little anes by their side—whiles ane whiles a few, dander thegither—a' makin' for the holie hoose. An' their faces are bricht an' bonnie as ane says to the tither, "We're gaun to Zion." Hoo winsome it maun hae been to hearken to the choirs o' kirkgangers croonin the same words o' heart joy!

Man has sax days o' toil. The wheels keep spinnin, the hammers rattle, an' the bellows redden the lowe. The plooman co's throwe his day' darg, the milkmaid fills the pail, the orraman delves his spadeful's, and syne the warl's work is dune, an' halts for the day o' rest. The week thuds wi' noise. There's a comin' an' a gaun, a hurry an' a bustle, a han'lin an' a laying doon o' tools. The hours maun hae their fu' o' wark, an' there can be nae daffin nor aff-pitten, or the dole wud be scrimp.

The Sabbath morn glimmers in wi' a quateness that says "wheesh't to man an' a' livin'. The sun waukens the warl' wi' a commaun: "Rest this day, it belongs yer God. Ye're weary an' forfochen. Yer soul is hunger't an' there's Ane wavin ye till Himsel'!" There's a hush fa's on a'! the looms an' engines are like deid. The banks are still, an' the clink o' siller awa. The stools are empty, the buiks are clappit to, pens are laid by. The shutters are up, an' a' the gear ahint bides happit owre for the morn. God is giean man his chance to rise aboon the clods. Wi' boo'd back an' een doonwith, his thochts an' his hert

were amang the stour. But upo' the great lowsin day he staps awa frae the broun yirth an' a' its marrow trash an' plants himsel' in his ben room, to haud the day holie an' laud his Makker!

The Almichty Himsel' made the warl' throwe the sax days o' a week, an' syne the seventh He haltit and restit. He was the first to work an' the first to haud the Sabbath. As folk cam to the yirth an' fand they bude work gin they wud hae meat, they were fell thankfu' o' a day to lie down, fell thankfu' o' a day for anither ploy; an' throwe the quateness an' the hush their thochts won up! There had been nae fricht' nin commaun frae an unseen, darksome voice—"Min' the Sabbath!" They had nae need o' thunner an' lichtnin to fleg them to their knees. Na: the voice o' their Makker had spoken laigh, an' the hert o' man kent it was but richt to gie the seventh day to his God. The hert o' man kent it was the least he cud do to lat oot his feelings—for he was fain to mak his respects to his Ruler!

But man cudna lang roose the Lord alane. There were few souls i' the first days o' the warl', an' ilk ane had his neuk to delve. Whan the Sabbath cam roun' it was guid to forgaither, an' in their rude ways o' liltin they fand it heartier to be mony rather than ane. Time gaed on an' here an' there a wee hame was made. Bairns were born, an' the faither an' mither learnt them to pray. The hame was the Kirk: there was nae ither. Mair years sped on an' families grew. There was nae hoose big enouch where they cud tryst for worship. The sky was their rigin an' ony green sward was theirs to wale! It was then men begude to cry on God. They were agreed they sud a' stan' roun' the same altar stane an' laud their God wi' fu' voices. Here was the first Kirk, wi' nae creeds, nae splits, nae man left oot—ae tongue, ae heart, ae sang!

Here stan' we i' the cradle day o' the warl' an' look owre the lang span o' time, an' a' throwe it is dottit wi' the holie day an' companies o' folk stappin to the Kirk! Ilka land had its Sabbath an' ilka tongue

its psalms. The mirk quarters o' the globe, wi' a' their claivers, haud their day for lowsins. Their worship was to wud an' stane; but they ne'er tint sicht o' the Sabbath. This is pruif o' the age o' God's day, an' the keeping' o't, lang afore the Ten Words were put upon stane. The first men ettled to loot the knee by ane anither, an' hear their voices risin in a loud swall. This langin for company, for a tryst in a holie biggin, is an inborn sigh that seeks throwe the heart o' man frae auld lang syne. It is an instinct, plantit in man's breist, like a thocht o' God that's been left ahint the wrack o' sin.

Something ails a man wha hods awa frae the lave, an' wi' a lanely voice speaks his devotions. There's a smirk o' pride, a conceit o' himself', in the man wha maun hae his ain neuk wi' nae ither to fash him! The folk oot-by are owre black for him to neibor wi'. He jealousies, aiblins, that his gran' words canna be hearkened till i' the jabber o' ither tongues. There's an hour for the *ben* prayer, an' there's an hour for the brither's common worship. Ony excuse to skirt the fellowship will ding off the guid he micht be gettin.

There are ither folk—a hantle o' them—wha bleeze awa about their way o' praisin' God. Their Kirk is the bonnie warl': the blue lift, the sunshine, the sailin' clouds, the mountain heicht, the brae-side, the green knowes, the wimplin burn, the flooers, the birds, the sea-shore, the rocks, an' the spume o' the breakers. Natur' is the wa's o' their biggin, an' her creations dirl their soul an' fill them wi' awe an' wonder at the wisdom an' glory o' the great Creator!

There's a time for the sights an' soun's o' the bonnie warl'; an' ther's a time for gatherin' at the pu'pit fit. It gratifies the Divine Ruler to see His people delicht themsel's in His beauties. He gar'd the mornin' lilt wi' freshness and strength. He set the marvels i' the sky an' tuned a' to move i' their order. Gin man can rise an' get a glint o' the ferlies o' life throwe God's een—weel for him; aan' he has a richt to find joy in a' his Makker has put roun' hom!

But there's something wins ahint this array o' splendour. There's something seipes deeper than ootward fauchts o' yirth or sky. Come into the faulds that

elbuck thegither. Lat the sun shine an' the birdies warble; but, close yersel' in wi' God's ain an' there bide. Sing wi' them, pray wi' them, pree the Word, an' wait on yer portion frae the preacher. That'll cleed yer soul wi' fine robes o' love an' purity. That'll busk ye braw wi' faith an' trust. That'll redū ye o' yer guiltiness fears an' lat the wastrel past be dune awa. For wark a-heid ye'll aye be ready, an' ye'll be a better crony—mair leal an' bigger handit—a man that God can lippen to.

It is guid to be thirled wi' the won'er-warks doun here; but to won'er is no to hae faith; to look on fair flooers is-na purity; to admire paintit pictures is-na holiness. At the Kirk a man gangs strauchter to God, an' gi'es Him his word that he'll ser' Him wi' his best!

Oor forebears in Scotland were men o' mettle. They had sair times to warstle throwe, an' mony a heid was ta'en to stop the prayers upo' the hill sides! What for did they no bide at hame an' do the richt by their ain fireside? Cud they no hae bidden quate an' guardit their wives an' bairns? What was a' the sodgerin an' the hackin an' the butcherin for? Dinna speir: their's a holie hush upo' that time! They were the brave men o' oor kintra wha focht for oor richts, an' grudged-na their bluid for their faith. They cudna pit by the King's order: sae they had to dee! They micht hae been sly an' gi'en ae face to their tyrant cuif, an' anither to God, when name was by. They micht hae swappit maisters when the dragoons cam clinkin up the glen: nane wad hae been wiser. The fine men folk wad hae been looten live. The land wad hae been singin' wi' gowden grain. The hames wad hae been couthis—the ingle-neuk wi' nae dreid—the bairns weel cled and fed, wi' nae frichtsomen stare—the mithers, eident and bonnie, wi' their fit on the cradle, croonin a sang!

Waes me! that micht hae chanced, an' the broun clods o' oor lan' wadna hae been wat with the bluidy gore o' oor grandsires. Ay, but Scotland wad hae been fause, oor faihthers rascal chieils wi' nae fealty to God or man—waesome wafflin cratur's—fit for the end they dreed'd! The story o' oor kith wud hae been fyle't wi' the blackest strokes! We wud haud oor tongue an'

be shamed to lat the weans hear o't. Waur than a'—the hoose o' God wad hae fa'en to pieces, the roads grown green wi' girse, the bell roostit aff—nae sough o' Sabbath an' nae the moors an' glens! We moan for the dool an' the pains o' the brave Scottish men. But we're proud o' them a'; an' we can hear their deen words as their bluid was skailin, eggin us on to haud siccar to God an' kintra. Weel they lo'ed their Sabbath day an' their trystin thegither i' the Kirk!

Thae are bygone days. Our Sabbath is deen; it's amais a week-day, it's slippin awa frae oor grip. It was kent aince an' cherished. The bell is aye tollin an' the doors are unsteekit; but the folk geck at it, an' gang ither gaits. They maun see their frien's an' hae a crack. The buird maun be spread weel an' meikle to wale frae. The wheels rin past their door an' wyle them furth for a gallop. By-lanes an' squares hae their feck o' folk for loiterin an' loungin. Idle clavers an' lowse words damn the air, like openins o' hell! Dandy loons swagger throwe the day wi' their pipe and their walkin stick! There's nae thocht o' God. There nae thocht o' a Kirk, o' psalm, a chapter, nae worryin' about sin an' ill-doin! It's an easy, canny, lat's-alane way o' life. They are marrow to the carles wha gecked at Heaven's Son an' lichtlied His words.

We little ken what we're tinin. We'll fin' the worth o' oor bless ins when they're gane. The warl' will hae its fill o' sin, an' syne, toom an' despairin, will hunger an' crave for what it flung awa in its blin' greed!

We maun cry them a' back. We maun tryst them to the auld howff, set the best man i' the pu'pit, an' lat him speak wi' sic woooin tongue that their fit winna steer frae the place. Get the man whose been far ben wi' the Almichty, wha comes oot wi' his face glowin an' his heart in a lowe—an' he'll gar them look up an' won'er. He'll gar them gi'e owre their stravaigin days an' think wi' shame what they micht hae been. He'll wyle them frae their thowless an' snoovin gaits an' mak them men again, mak them fain push the best in to the lave o' their days. The news o' love frae Him aboon comes owre them like a bonnie story to a bairn. It was an auld sang, but they had aye flung it awa.

Their een will keek ayont the glaur o' the warl' an' get a glint o' Heaven! The blackest heart can be redd up an' made richt!

The Christ-Man aince stappit in to the hoose for prayer. There was a bangin o' noise: siller clinken, feet trampin, an' folk thriepin owre their bargainens. He lookit roun': His een saw the Deevil's wark. He was anger't an' fired wi' passion. He made a tawse o' sma cords an' ca'd them a' oot—the sheep an' the nowte beass; an' toomed oot the troker's siller, an' coupit their tables, an' tell't them that trokit wi' does: "Tak thae things awa; ye'll no mak My Faither's Hoose a hoose o' traffic."

The moss o' the warl's trokin beards owre a' thing—man's hert, the Buik, the Kirk, the Sabbath itsel'. It's no content to bide amang the sax days, but it creeps into the seventh. There's a voice frae Heaven throwe a' the din o' life, an' it says: "I've gien ye the sax days; gie Me My ain day. Ye maun toil, but ye're mair than yer wark. The week fyles ye, an' the bark o' yirthly things grows owre yer soul. My day shoos aff the bark an' brings ye to Me. Ye've enuech time for earnin yer breid an' hoardin yer gaer. Think ye ae day is owre lang for thochts o' Me? It's sune by—like the wabster's shuttle—it flashes for a blink throwe the workin days, an gin ye steal it for yersel', the Sabbaths 'll no come back again! Ye've to chose yersel' what ye mak o' My day. Ye ken what's richt. Ye ken what pleases Me, an' what's for yer weel for eternity!"

Stan' an' look back on the life road ye've traivelt. What glints o' licht has the Sabbath cuisten along the path? Or, aiblins, was it mirk an' shadows ye faund? What can ye tell o' the day? Was the day fu' o' joy an' hertnin? Or was it owre lang—a dreich an' drearie day? A wheen hae this story—that they lo'ed it weel. They had muckle to thole, their load was wechty. They had thrawn folk to deal wi'; they had sair times; an' the Sabbath lowsed them frae thirldom. It was a day when the wechts fell aff an' their hert rase to sing.

A wheem mair hae as happy a memory. The day was their gowden chain, an' ilka link was cherished. It was the Lord's

day when the licht broke upo' them, whan man's Saviour was reveal't, an' they took Him for their ain. Ilka Sabbath gied them time to get fresh blink o' Brawest o' Men. Sae was it that the gowden chain pu'ed them on throwe the rough bits, an' weised their feet forrit to the heicher roads!

A feck o' ithers tell hoo blythe they were the first Sabbath they won back to their Kirk. Lang had their body been wrackit wi' pain. Waukrife, their nichts were eerie an' lang, their pillow wat wi' tears. A glish o' the dank air frae the deid mirk dale crap owre them! But the Sparin Haun o' God airtit them saftly roun' an' they rase for anither spell o' life. The lown Sabbath was a hert-fillin day. They footit the road they kent sae weel. They daunder'd throwe the wud by the rinnin' burn. They crossed the wee brig an' speeled the brae-side whaur the yellow spinks were mony. Nae won'er that their hert loupit wi' thenkfu'ness an' joy. The open yett was like Heaven ca'en them ben to reeze their Healer an' their Health-ha'der. They sat i' the auld pew, an' memory brocht their blessins to min'!

There was a fu' cup upo' the Sacrement day whan ane an' a' foregathred. They cam frae far an' near,—the herd frae his lanely shielin, the crafter, the plooman, the laird, the fisher-folk; an' a' that cud win were there. Yae flock was i' the Kirk, anither had a green knowe. It was a solemn sicht. Faces were grave. Nane loot fa' an idle word. The guid man o' God spak words frae heaven, an' the folk saw their Saviour's bluid flowin' for them. The elders raxed roun' the breid an' the wine, an' the worshippers were airt an' pairt in Christ's Body. Whan it was owre, the hoose skailed an' a gaed their ain road to hame an' ha'. There was a spring i' their step—loads had been liftit, an' herts lichtened, an' the raivel'tness o' things evened out!

The Sabbath! Whaur's the man that wud niffer it for Saturday? Wha wud shove his God oot an' haud it for his ain diversions? The Sabbath! the day whan man can be at his best, whan his haun has a safter touch, whan his e'e looks up wi' hope, an' his hert brims owre wi' guid-wil. The Sabbath! the day that stops a' body an' speirs: "Ken-ye what's ye're weird? What here for? Whaur bound?"

There's nane that can live wi' nae Sabbath. The day is for ane an' a'; it's to be mislippeden by nane!

It's a day for restin', for thinkin' in earnest, for blythesomeness, for the hame wa's to soun' wi' love, for the kirk wa's to rink roun' the hale community. It's no a day for surly broos an' thrawn faces, for thrie-pin owre sma' jots and tittles. It's no a day o' langsome, dreich hours. It's the brichtest day o' a', a day for kindness an' britherly love!

The Hoose o' God gathers a' its bairns together. It wales-na the guid, nor bars oot the bad. It ca's in a'; the totterin an' the weans, the sta'wart an' the weaklin, the weel-aff an' the pur. It gies a haun to the sair-trauchled an' a new sang to the pithless. It hushes the sabs o' the struck-en lass, an' dichts the tears o' them wha've happit their deid. The greetin ill-doer slinks in an' finds that he's wantit, that there's guid tidins for him. The God-fear'in saunt loots at his side. Their prayer gangs up to the one Hearer. God's hoose bids them welcome. Ilk ane has misdoins eneuch to lay bare an' repent o'. There's a sowtherin for a' an' a happin up o' by-ganes! God's hert has room, an' there's nane but will fin' that true!

An antern seat here an' there has tint its holder. Year in year oot it never has him. Belike he's cauld in the grip o' the warl', or aiblins doon i' the gutter. It is sadden-in to see the gaps. The folk that are there miss them, for the blanks mean a brither, a faither, a dochter forwander't. The tears fa', but are'na seen!

There are vaucant seats that min' us o' the weel-lo'ed far owre the seas. Ay, an' there's aye some that'll ne'er be filled again. Some were ta'en i' their bloom, or they've ser'd their time an' won their rest. The kirk doerna haud an unbroken band!

The hoose for the himmaist hame-gaitherin' is Heaven. Its doors are half unsteekit as ane gangs throwe. The licht sklents doon an' mak's us fain to be in. It's there God will tryst His leal folk. Fareweels will be owre, an' the bluid-bocht mortals frae ilka airt will meet aroun' Heaven's ingleneuk an' greet their Saviour-God. Dool is dune wi', an' there'll be glad herts for aye!

"There's nae sorrow there,
There's neither could nor care,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal."

The Trip of M'Lindy Ann.

BY MRS. AMELIA GODDARD.

Elihu Simpson and his wife M'lindy Ann lived on a thrifty farm in a big pleasant farmhouse that had belonged to his father and mother. They were very proud of their home and he called it "The Elms," because years ago he had set out the six elm trees which had now grown into beautiful shade trees.

Elihu loved to hector his wife, though he was very proud of the quiet little woman with silvery hair. He might well be proud of her, for she kept the farmhouse in perfect order and looked after his material wants in every way.

One day he walked into the kitchen where she was making butter, and said loftily:

"Well, M'lindy Ann, I've just sold the hill farm for four thousand dollars. Do you hear that? And I've got it—the whole pile—right here in this satchel. I want a good breakfast early to-morrow morning so I can catch the eight o'clock train into the city, for I'm going to put the whole four thousand into a bank. I suppose, M'lindy, you'd like to go along, but you can't, for it's jist a matter of business and I can'tend to it myself. What do women know about business anyhow? But of course they think they do, and want to vote, humph! Yes, I reckon I know how this money has come—by good hard knocks and hard work, and I've been a good part of my life making it; so of course I'll take good keer of it."

"Well, Elihu, I've worked pretty hard for it myself," said Mrs. Simpson meekly. Her voice seemed soft and plaintive as his was loud and jolly. He laughed, and throwing back his head said:

"Well now, M'lindy, I call that good,—fine. What does any woman know about hard work, I'd like to know. M'lindy, I do believe you'd complain if you was sot in Paradise. Why, you don't know when you're well off. Here you've got a good home, only a little bit to do, and a chance to go to church most every Sunday, besides a few husking bees every year and some sewing circles. Yes, you have all you need."

M'lindy did not reply, but turned quietly and devoted herself to the "little" she had to do.

The next morning as she finished her sweeping, and while her broom and her thoughts were going steadily, her lord and master came in and said:

"Well, M'lindy, I'm going now. I'll be home on the early morning train."

He said it kindly and quite condescendingly, for he always thought he was real easy to get along with, and really he knew she would be lonely while he was away. As he took up his satchel he said:

"Be sure to wait breakfast for me. I'll be mighty hungry, I guess."

"Elihu, be sure and buy a return ticket. They're cheaper in the long run."

"Well, M'lindy, you do talk as if you had traveled most of your life."

"I do wish you had a new suit of clothes to wear to the city."

He put his hands on his baggy trousers and said:

"If my clothes don't suit the people they don't need to look at them. You know they were brand new ten years ago, for I bought them to go to niece Harriet's wedding. And let 'em laugh; I guess they would laugh the other side of their mouth if they knew I had four—yes *four*—thousand dollars in this little old satchel."

So he rode off wonderfully satisfied with himself, and thinking how soon he would be in a grand city bank to deposit his money.

He bought a return ticket. Of course he was going to do that, even if M'lindy hadn't told him to, but women were "allus full of advice."

His ride to the city was not at all dull, he saw so many new things as the train seemed to fly along. At one of the stations a well-dressed gentleman got in. As the car was crowded and he saw this farmer sitting alone, he asked Mr. Simpson if he could sit down beside him. Although he wore kid gloves and stylish clothes, he seemed very pleasant and talked cheerfully of crops raised this year,—that they

seemed to be better than they were last year—and drew Mr. Simpson into conversation on familiar subjects. He told Elihu he was a member of the Ohio legislature, and was on a tour for his health. In return, Mr. Simpson told him about his pleasant farm home, and that he had just sold one of his farms for a good round sum—four thousand dollars—and it was “all in my satchel going to be put in the bank to-day.”

The stranger told him he knew of a strong, reliable bank, where he deposited, and also of a good place to put up. “I’ll show you to the hotel now, and this afternoon I’ll be back and show you to the bank,” he volunteered.

“Yes, do come,” said Mr. Simpson, “and I won’t be so all-fired lonesome.”

“Well, good-bye now. Do as I told you, —wait at the Astoria Hotel until I come for you.”

Elihu got to thinking as he was alone.

“Well, I declare, I guess I’ll stick to this big hotel for dinner. I don’t mind expenses this trip. I’ll have to pay somewhere about fifty or sixty cents perhaps, and afterwards I’ll go to a store and buy M’lindy Ann a splendid new waist—that’ll cost as much as fifty cents. How tickled she will be as she sets in our meeting house, Sunday, with it on. Why, I can remember her when she sang in the church choir—an awful pretty girl with a blue waist on. Yes, I’ll buy her a blue one. I guess she hain’t had many new clothes lately.”

Just then the slick looking Ohio man appeared.

“Mr. Simpson,” said he, “I’ve made up my mind to stay with you till to-morrow. We will both go to the same hotel and to the bank if you want me to, for since we had such an interesting talk about farming I feel interested in you. I’m thinking of buying a farm myself.”

“This young man is a likely feller,” thought Elihu. I’m glad I met an honest man. You bet there won’t any confidence man nor slick-looking feller get the best of me and git hold of my money now. If he does he’ll just git hit over the head with this umbrella. He’ll think of his head instead of my satchel,” and he followed his friend to the cafe.

M’lindy Ann was up bright and early

the next morning and listening for the early morning train as it sped over the road toward their farm town. Breakfast was ready and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove. Her house was spick span clean, and she had on her best Sunday gown, but strange to say it was not very new. But it was brushed to the last degree, as also was her old bombazine cape. Her bonnet lay on the stand waiting to be put on without a moment’s delay.

As she went to the door on hearing Elihu’s step, in he walked, trembling from head to foot. His hat crushed all out of shape and his clothes muddy. In an anxious tone M’lindy said:

“Elihu, Elihu,—Oh! I see how it is,—you’ve been run over by one of those automobiles. Quick, tell me which one of your bones is broke!”

He burst into tears.

“Oh, M’lindy, it is worse than that. I’ve been drugged and robbed of all my money. Yes! I’ve lost the four thousand dollars, and it is my own fault, too. I met a nice slick-looking stranger—a feller who said he was from the Ohio legislature. We talked and I told him I had in my satchel four thousand dollars. He was so good to me—he treated me to some beer; but M’lindy, I didn’t drink only half a glassful. They must have put something into it, for I couldn’t move hand nor foot. He went through my satchel, and then kicked me all around the room and tramped on my hat. I went to sleep and when I woke up it was time to take the train back home. Oh, oh! I’m ruined, M’lindy,—the money I had worked so hard for—worked for it all my life.”

“I’ve worked pretty hard for it myself,” said she. She had made that same speech only the day before.

“Well, M’lindy, if I had it back again I’d give you half of it—yes, I would, though ye hain’t worked near so hard as I have. But maybe you’re entitled to half of it, for you’ve kept the house mighty nice. But now it’s all gone! Why, M’lindy Ann, where are you going to—putting on your hat and things this morning?”

“Elihu, I’m going to the city.”

“Going to the city?” gasped Elihu.

“Yes, I’m going to the city to put in the bank four thousand dollars that I saved

by taking it out of your satchel when you was going off so bumptious and elated yesterday morning."

"M'lindy Ann, do you say you have got the money I thought that Ohio man had taken from me, and that you got it out of my satchel before I left home?"

"Yes." And she looked at him calmly, as she hooked her old black cape under her chin.

"Yes, Elihu Simpson, you went to the city with a piece of wood wrapped up in a newspaper! I done it myself, for I knew you would tell someone you had money in your satchel. We had worked too hard for it to have it taken from us. So your friendly Ohio man must have felt good when he did not find it. Now I am going to the city, and you take good care of my chickens. See they are fed and have fresh water. Be sure to wind the clock every night. Skim the milk every morning. Churn day after to-morrow. Elihu, I'd tell you to wash up the dishes every day real good, but I don't suppose you will wash 'em at all. Well, you won't have but a little bit to do, so you told me yesterday, and just one week from to-day you can meet me at the depot."

He looked very solemn and said slowly: "M'lindy, I guess I better go along with you and show you the way. We could get Ellen Briggs to keep house here."

"No, I don't want none of your ideas about traveling."

"But, M'lindy, it ain't right for a lone woman to go off to the city alone with all that money in a satchel. It ain't right. Something might become of you,—there's no telling what."

"There won't nothing happen to *me*. Now you just keep house and be at the depot to meet me a week from to-day." And then the hectoring, brow-beaten, little silver-haired woman, started from her own home into an unknown world.

Well, perhaps there were years that hardly seemed as long to Mr. Simpson as that one week his wife was away. The housework put cricks of all sorts into his back, and he no sooner got one meal done than it was time to begin another; and things he straightened up soon got unstraightened. He didn't wash many dishes, but would sweep mostly in the middle of the floor. The first and second day he

skimmed the cream, and then he said he should not churn, the butter might go to thunder! He could buy it cheaper than he could make it. No, indeed! he should not break his back making butter. M'lindy *did* have some work to do—something besides 'setting' in a rocking chair. But then she was used to it.

At last one day he drove in his buggy to the depot, and there he saw M'lindy step from the train. She stepped most as light as a girl, he thought. He guessed she felt mighty nice to-day the way she looked. Perhaps she was glad to get home.

"Well, Elihu," she said, "how are you and everything at home? Probably things are in a heap, but never mind that,—I'll soon straighten 'em up."

They drove home quite fast, talking of the chickens and all. After a good supper, and they had time to chat, he intended to ask her about the money; and if she had made a blunder of it he would remind her of it forever. She took up the satchel and began looking it through.

"Well, Elihu," said she, "the money's safely deposited in two banks,—half of it in the People's Bank and the other half in the First National Bank. You see I've got two bank books and two check books. I divided it so in case one of 'em broke we would have money in the other one. Every check on that money'll have to be signed by me, but of course, Elihu, I won't be mean about it. I consider half of it is yours. And do you know I raised some money for our new church? I went to Cousin Susan's and had a lovely time. She knew a few moneyed folks, and I got fifty dollars toward seats and a carpet for our church."

"Why, M'lindy Ann, how did you think of doing that? And you say our four thousand is all safely put into two banks? Well, I'm glad of it, and that there didn't nothing happen to you."

"Yes, Elihu, I have bought you a whole new suit of clothes. I got the hundred dollars Jack Jones owed you six years, and I've bought me a new silk waist, a new umbrella, a new hat with beautiful blue and black flowers on it, gloves, and shoes. And oh! Elihu, how nice we will look in church. I'm glad to get home, and seems as if I'd just begun to live. Ain't you glad I went to the city?"



PETER F. GRAY,
First Chieftain.



DANIEL SINCLAIR,
Second Chieftain.



THOMAS M'NAB, JR.,
Third Chieftain.



WILLIAM MACGREGOR,
Fourth Chieftain.



JOHN F. COWIE,
Fifth Chieftain.

New York Caledonians Had Such a Good Time!

The fifty-fifth annual games of the New York Caledonian Club took place at Washington Park, near Maspeth, L. I., on Labor Day, September 4th. The weather was exceedingly fine, and the attendance was larger than in former years. The parade of the members and visitors from the clubhouse to East Thirty-fourth street ferry was watched with lively interest by thousands who lined the sidewalks, and many expressions of admiration of the handsome "kilts" and the stirring music by the Caledonian Pipe and Drum Band, were heard on all hands. On arriving at Washington Park, Chief Morrison heartily congratulated the paraders on their splendid appearance during the long march. The Highland Guard, commanded by Captain William G. Reed, gave an exhibition drill, which was heartily applauded. There were no less than twenty-six events on the program. The Games Committee and judges were kept very busy all afternoon. They discharged their arduous duties with great ability. The Reception Committee comprised First Chieftain Peter F. Gray, with Clansmen Andrew J. Littlejohn, William Towns and Robert D. Mitchell. Standing erect under the burning rays of "Old Sol" produced thirst, and a desire for edibles. Liquids and solids were supplied by the committee on a liberal scale, with a *bon homme* and alacrity truly admirable. Adjoining the arena were abundant facilities for quenching the "drooth" of the general public.

It was widely advertised that William N. Queal, of Alexandria Bay, champion runner of the world would appear. He did so, and won without difficulty the one-mile, three-mile and five-mile races. His speed and endurance are truly astonishing.

The following is a partial list of the events and winners:

Putting the heavy stone—First, Louis Mang; second, E. J. Stoll; third, M. Campbell.

Broadsword dance (girls)—First, L. Harkness; second, H. Peterson; third, F. Cameron and R. Petrie (equal).

Members' sons' race (under twelve years)—First, J. Sorbie; second A. McNab; third, William Scott.

Members' sons' race (under fifteen years)—First, A. Towns; second, D. Mathieson; third, J. Stack.

Broadsword dance (men)—First, Gordon Fraser; second, William Cameron; third, William G. Sorlie.

Highland Fling (boys)—First, James Hoey; second, John Fraser; third, J. D. Petrie.

Highland Fling (girls)—First, L. Harkness; second, E. Davidson; third, H. Peterson.

Highland Fling (men)—First, Gordon Fraser; second, William G. Sorlie; third, William Cameron.



JAMES MORRISON,
Chief of the New York Caledonian Club.

Quoiting—First, J. McFarlane; second, J. Fairhurt.

Broadsword Dance (boys under 15)—First, James Hoey; second, J. Fraser; third, J. D. Petrie.

Pole Vaulting—First, L. Maug; second, Gordon Fraser; third, H. Spielman.

Highland Dress Competition (members)—First, J. D. Crawford; second, N. Douglas; third, S. W. Towns.

Highland Dress Competition (open)—First, Peter Docherty; second, W. S. Mitchell; third, P. Morrison.

Bag-pipe Competition—First, J. Dow; second, J. McIntosh; third, Robert Ireland.

As a dancer, Miss Louise Harkness certainly made a record. She was the smallest of the competitors, but her grace and agility took the spectators by storm.

The games committee included Chief Morrison, Chieftains, P. F. Gray, Dan Sinclair, Thomas McNab, John Watt and Clansmen Robert Lauder, J. C. Edwards, W. Fyfe, William Don, Thomas Scott and Andrew Galloy.

Ex-chief Robert Foulis was head of the press committee, and David F. Sheeran made a capital announcer. Visitors were present from Yonkers, Scranton, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Greenpoint, Boston, Newark, Paterson, Elizabeth and Wilkes Barre. It was indeed a "graun' time" for every one—and for years to come the 1911 celebration, on Labor Day, by the New York Caledonian Club will be referred to as a "Red Letter Day" in its calendar!

S. B.

CORINTHIANS OUST NEW YORK, 4 TO 2 IN FOOTBALL GAME.

On Saturday September 16, at the Polo Grounds, before 7,000 spectators, a team of New York State League made a plucky fight for supremacy against a strong eleven of the Corinthians, of England and did well in keeping the score at the low margin of 4 goals to 2. The weather was ideal, and it was a good natured, orderly crowd that viewed the battle in the arena.

So doggedly did New York cling to the leather in the first half of the game that at times they looked like victors, closing the session, a draw—1 goal each.

On resuming, the visitors showed advantage, in combination, over the New Yorkers, and easily added 3 goals to 1 for the boys of Gotham, leaving the final score at Corinthians 4 goals, New York 2 goals.

A bad feature of the game was Referee Creighton's too literal interpretation of the fouling rule, the recurring interruption of the game giving a false impression of the cleanliness of the good old association football game.

"GLESCA."

NEW YORK SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.

The regular monthly business meeting, of The New York Scottish Highlanders was held September 18th. There were over one hundred of the members present. Quartermaster John T. Whitehead, on behalf of the organization, presented Comrade Daniel Sinclair with a handsome loving cup. Mr. Sinclair has done much in the past to help this organization to attain the position which it now holds with the public. On September 4th, Labor Day, a delegation from this organization attended the Carnival at Asbury Park, N. J., and were awarded First Prize for the most handsome costumes. The said delegation took much pleasure last evening, in turning said prize, which was a very large handsome gold loving cup, over to the organization. The date of our ball has been changed from November 10th, as previously advertised, to November 3rd. We have engaged a Boston Company, who will produce for the First Time the production "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

ANDREW WALLACE, JR.

First Sergeant.



DR. ANGUS SINCLAIR.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF NEWARK, N. J.

At the September meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of Newark, N. J., Dr. Angus Sinclair, president, in the chair, an interesting discussion was engaged in looking towards the popularizing of the society. As is well known, Scots and their descendants are as thick as blackberries in New Jersey, and all they need is a good cause and a rallying point. Apart from broadening their social intercourse the cause of aiding their less fortunate countrymen is always a moving factor among the Scots everywhere. Under Dr. Sinclair's guidance the "Smokers" of other years will fade into insignificance, and higher and better things will be aimed at. There will be a "ladies' night" this month, when youth and beauty will clarify the atmosphere, and song and story will revive the tender and glorious memories of the grand old land, and wit and wisdom will illumine the brightness of the land in which we live. Secretary Campbell is at work on a program that will stir the hearts of the listeners like the west wind shaking a cluster of Jersey lilies.

A committee consisting of Edwin Hall, Henry Chapman, John Dunn, John Forbes and W. M. Mackay, were appointed to make arrangements for the annual banquet. These anniversary gatherings have met with much popular favor, but Dr. Sinclair and the other officers are determined that the members will not be allowed to go to sleep during the remainder of the year.

J. K.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

A proposed amendment to the constitution, brought out a more than usually large gathering at the September meeting of the Caledonian Club.

Ex-chief James Grant made an able and lengthy speech in favor of the amendment, which proposed practically that the club should enter the life insurance business. His speech was listened to with great attention, but no chance was given for a test vote, as it was moved that the matter lay on the table until a committee of three, composed of Robert E. May, William N. Campbell, and James Grant, confer with the Massachusetts insurance commissioner and report back.

The union picnic committee of the O. S. C., of Greater Boston, held their twenty-second annual games at Caledonian Grove, on Labor Day. They were the most successful ever held, and the officials are entitled to all the congratulations which are being bestowed upon them by their various clans. The attendance was nearly 8,000. The games were well and cleanly contested. The surplus was satisfactory. In addition to all the above, the relay race between picked men from the Scottish clans, versus a team from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, unlike the professional events, was won by the Scotsmen.

The Fore River Rovers won the final game of the football championship.

The Boston Caledonian Club sent a large delegation to attend the games of the New York Caledonian Club, on Labor Day. On their return, they spoke in the highest terms of the manner in which they were entertained by the New York club, and of the great good feeling which exists between the two societies. Although they spent a strenuous and exciting day at the games, the climax came in the evening, when as the guests of Mr. Walter Scott, they were escorted to the Cafe Martin's. When they entered in full Highland costume, and marched to a profusely floral decorated table with Scottish flags in evidence, the orchestra played appropriate Scottish music, and during the evening discoursed many popular Scottish airs to the great delight of all the Cafe's patrons. Mr. Scott, who is an honorary member of the Boston Caledonian Club, was accompanied by Mr. Duncan McInnes, and the entertainment provided the Boston delegation was such, that they declare it will ever remain a red letter night in their memories.

At its conclusion, Auld Lang Syne was sung in real old country style, the occupants of the other tables standing and enjoying the spectacle.

The Boston members present were, Chief James A. Sinclair, First Chieftain James Urquhart, Second Chieftain John Green, Fourth Chieftain Thomas Grieve, Ex-chief George Scott, Ex-chief William H. Grieve, Ex-chieftain Walter Lamb, Jr., and Clansman John Lamont.

New York Scotsmen commented most favorably regarding the representative body of men sent as delegates from the Boston Caledonian Club, and the uprightness of their bearing and gentlemanly conduct, while on their visit, in contradistinction to that of several of the delegations from other cities. New Yorkers will in all probability make no public complaints, but every Scottish organization should take cognizance of this and discuss it at their meetings. When a member of any Scottish society dons the Highland costume, he should fully understand that the dress should never be dishonored by his conduct. He is a marked man. If he fails to conduct himself properly, through too copious libations of the wine of his country, or otherwise, the dress, his country and his countrymen suffer in the estimation of his fellow citizens, and he brings discredit not upon himself alone, but on all Scottish organizations. I write this feelingly because a gentleman of another nationality complained to me regarding the obnoxious conduct of some men in Scottish costume while enroute to New York.

We are a great country, and we are prone to look with commiseration on the poor, benighted inhabitants and natives of other countries. Mayor Fitzgerald's weekly, "The Republic," tells a story of an old Scottish woman on her deathbed, listening to the ministrations of her pastor. His subject was forgiveness, and he was making good progress; she was finding peace with all man and womankind, and her enemies in particular. "You know," he said, "God made everybody, every nation and every race—Hebrew, English, Scotch and Irish." "Did God make the Irish?" she said. "Why, of course God made the Irish," he replied. "Weel, He'll rue the day," she vociferated.

This reminds me of another old Scots-woman who was holding forth in company with a diatribe against the Irish, and how Scotland was becoming over-run with them. "Why," she said, "we canna get the use o' oor ain gallowes for them."

Still another old Scots-woman wondered at a Frenchman wasting his time praying, declaring that "God Almighty wadna understan' sich gibberish."

The ladies of the Burns Memorial Association have been working quietly all through the summer and upon a call being issued for results, plans were matured so spontaneously

that four largely attended meetings were held by them in one week. The fair, which it is fully expected, will complete the fund, will be held in Tremont Temple, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 23, 24, 25. The supporters of the various tables are running whist parties, dances and soirees every week, and everybody is being requisitioned to give something or to come and buy something.

"Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!"

Nearly one thousand members of the Intercolonial Club and their friends, gathered at Intercolonial Hall, Thursday evening, September 21st, and several hundred of the members of the Canadian Club gathered at the City Club, prepared to cheer for reciprocity and enthuse over the election returns.

"The shouting and the tumult" didn't die because it never commenced. Regret, disappointment and chagrin were expressed on every side and remarks which will afterward be regretted, were publicly made.

The ex-Canadian, who has now become a citizen of the United States, has no right to speak for the Canadian electorate; he has a right to his own opinions, he may believe those who disagree with him to be wrong, but if the majority of those who have never relinquished the power to vote, believe differently from what he does, it may be possible that they are right after all.

To say as some have that the conservative victory was won by bribery and lavish expenditure of money is an insult to Canada.

Frederick J. McLeod, ex-president of the Intercolonial Club, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts, ex-chairman of the Democratic State Committee and chairman of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, after the returns had shown conclusively, the enormous landslide against Reciprocity, made the following remarks:

"The result is displeasing, but not distressing. The country has been enjoying great prosperity these last few years. Reciprocity is something new and untried. Perhaps it would impair that prosperity. Some wise voters thought it was best to leave a condition alone that was good.

"A just retribution has been served upon the United States by Canada. When they were anxious for reciprocity, we would not listen to it. We treated their representatives with scant respect at Washington.

"The question of reciprocity in itself was not voted upon. People looked ahead. They saw in reciprocity, which in itself might be good, a dangerous tendency. The vote is so decisive that I do not think the question will come again before the people for a great many years."

Alexander McGregor of Malden, treasurer

of the Houghton & Dutton Company said:

"The defeat of reciprocity is most unfortunate. I attribute its defeat and the defeat of Premier Laurier to the much-talked-of annexation. I firmly believe that reciprocity is now and will continue to be a dead issue. You see about sixty per cent. of the people of Ontario and the provinces are Scotch, and they have the greatest respect and loyalty for the old Union Jack. The defeat of the measure is regrettable, especially as far as the United States is concerned, as we would have been more benefited by its passage than Canada."

Robert L. Borden, N. C., addressed the Canadian Club, of Boston, March, 1910, and on this visit as on all of his many visits to Boston impressed all with whom he came in contact, by his intense earnestness, seriousness and powerful energy.

The country is safe!

Mr. Borden is descended from New England ancestry, and it seems like retribution if, as some say, the result of the election is a slap in the face to the United States.

Among the loyalist families who emigrated to the Annapolis valley during the war of the Revolution, were the direct ancestors of the next premier of Canada.

OUR EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

On June 19th, the writer attended a picnic at Silver Lake, near Akron O. There I met Mr. James Shaw, President of the Burns Club, and Mr. A. Guthrie. On meeting these braw Scotch "chiefs" and inquiring about prospects for organizing a branch of the Order of Scottish Clans, I discovered that Mr. Guthrie had been a clansman for twenty-four years. The writer was invited to attend an open meeting of the Burns Club on July 6th, in company with Royal Deputy Lightbody.

I attended this meeting. There being a small attendance, we could not do much. However, Mr. Guthrie promised assistance and on July 19th the writer and Mr. Guthrie called on Scotchmen in the business district. Mr. Earl J. Campbell, dealer in electrical goods very kindly allowed us the use of his storeroom for a meeting place on the following Saturday, July 22. With the aid of the newspapers and mailed circulars about twenty-five candidates came to the meeting place and the majority signed applications. We realized that in order to do effective work, it would be necessary to secure a hall for weekly meetings to discuss ways and means of securing additions to the membership list.

Meetings were held every Thursday evening during August, in the Arcade Block. At every meeting, strangers would come asking information about the objects of the order and judging by their appearance they were "Callants" raised on parritch in the

Highlands of Scotland. One of them particularly, impressed me when giving the name of his wife, which he recorded as Mary Ann Stuart Mitchell Reid. Mr. Reid is a comic of the kind that compels attention immediately.

The baby clan has been named Clan McKenzie No. 209 and was instituted on Saturday evening September 2nd. It now has forty active members and four honorary members.

Chief Hart of Clan Grant No. 17, Cleveland, together with thirty-eight clansmen, came in a special car from Cleveland bringing with them five pipers and a drummer for the parade.

About twenty clansmen from Youngstown with clan pipers, James Ritchie and William Campbell, came via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pittsburg Bagpipe Band with five pipers, Messrs. John Blackhall, William Craig, David Poole, Harris and Finnie, with Messrs. Scott and Mungall, snare drummers, and John Gordon, base drummer, played the patriotic selection "Marching through Georgia and Scottish airs along the line of march. James Edward a member of the new clan and who is also a member of the police force, together with Pipe Major Harper, of New York and the chiefs and past chiefs of the clans led the line of march, along the business streets and created much excitement.

The marchers received ovations all along the line. On arriving at the hall refreshments were served and the business session opened.

Chief John Douglas of Clan MacDonald No. 39 conducted the initiation ceremonies, the balance of the offices being filled by past chiefs and officers of both Clan MacDonald Youngstown, and Clan Grant, Cleveland.

The members of the Burns Club and their ladies were invited to the concert following the installation ceremonies. The program was as follows:

"The Lea Rig" and "Mary Kind, Kind and Gentle is She," by James Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio.

Highland Fling in costume, Past Chief Charles F. Carson, Akron, Ohio.

Piano selection, William Hart, Cleveland, Ohio.

Song, "Soor Milk Cairt," Past Chief John Wilson, Cleveland, Ohio.

"A Wee Drapple O't," John Blackhall, Pittsburg, Pa.

"My Ain Folk," James Blackhall, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Rising early," David Poole, Pittsburg, Pa.

"March of the Cameron Men," William R. Clink, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Hey, Donal'," David Poole, Pittsburg, Pa.

Scottish selections on violin, John T. Ross, Akron, Ohio.

Harry Lauder songs, James Reid, Akron, Ohio.

"A Wee Bit Land," Past Chief John Wilson, Youngstown.

Bagpipe Selection, Pittsburg Bagpipe Band.

Sword dance, Past Chief Charles F. Carson, Akron, Ohio.

Prospects for the new clan are very bright.

HUGH W. BEST.

The following officers were installed:

Chief, A. Guthrie; past chief, Charles F. Carson; secretary, Thomas C. Henderson, 15 W. Broadway, Akron, O.; financial secretary, Fred Glenn; Chaplain, Daniel Timmis; treasurer, R. S. McCulloch; senior henchman, John T. Ross; junior henchman, James Reid; seneschal, Archibald H. White; warden, Colin Cameron MacBurney; sentinel, John C. Donald; tanist, Dr. J. S. Pattie; trustees, James Glenn, John Aitkenhead, I van L. Myers; examiner, Dr. E. J. Cauffield.

On taking office, Chief Guthrie made a short address in which he thanked all those who assisted in perfecting the organization and also took the opportunity to thank Clan Grant, of Cleveland for a donation of \$25 on behalf of the baby clan.

A company of Burns concert artists will be engaged soon for a series of concerts for the following clans, during Burns week 1912:

Clan Grant, Cleveland, O.; Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, O.; Clan MacIntyre, Sharon, Pa.; Clan Cameron, Pittsburg, Pa.; Clan MacDonald, McKeesport, Pa.

No doubt the artists will be engaged before this issue goes to press.

The annual picnic of Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, and Clan MacIntyre, Sharon, Pa., was held on Labor Day and proved a big success.

Harry Lauder is billed to appear here for a matinee performance only, on November 24th, at the Park Theatre. He goes to Cleveland same evening with his special train, for an evening performance.

David R. Thompson returned several weeks ago from a trip to Bonnie Scotland. Agnes Thompson, his sister, will return some time in October.

The Thistle Friendship Literary Circle, of Youngstown will have their first meeting after the summer vacation in October with Mrs. Hugh W. Best 113 Warren avenue.

Plans are being discussed for the annual St. Andrews banquet of Clan MacDonald, No. 39 to be held last week in November.

Clansman John T. Ross, of Akron, in addition to being a talented violinist is an artist of ability, he having painted clan banners for his clan and another banner 6 feet x 21 feet with the words "Scotland Forever." He was formerly a member of the Gordon Highlanders.

Mr. Hugh W. Best, the Caledonian representative, expects to attend the meeting of Clan MacKenzie, Akron, October 11th.

(To be continued.)

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

MORAG.

Briefly he recounted the happenings on his first night under her father's roof. He flushed a little as he told of his discovery at the study door; he flushed more darkly still as he observed a little threatening movement of her brow and lips that cried "Eavesdropper" louder than any words, and he paused as the meaning of the look came on him suddenly.

"Ah," he said simply. "You will not understand."

"And little wonder!" she cried cruelly. "It was not among court trustys I was bred."

"Trusty!" he said, wincing, white to the lips. "I am not that. I have told you the cold truth. But I am no spy."

"At least you're in the Hanoverian's service," she said, with a fine inconsequence. "And you're Hanover in politics, also, I'll wager."

"That's as may be, madam. Yet till this moment I have never heard it charged as the equivalent of the informer's meanness."

"You'll be telling me next you're Jacobite."

"To confess, I am not."

"Tush! then it's plain you're Hanover."

"Madam, if you'll have it so." He bowed in irony. "But are we not twenty years back, if we make the distinction?"

"Are we indeed so far afield?" she asked, her uplifted eyebrows eloquent. "Then why does a poor gentleman from Paris so disquiet you?"

"The Prince—" he began, and paused. "Surely, you cannot think that cause anything but hopeless?"

"Ah, there shows the advocate at last!" she cried. "Hopeless? And why, sir? Do you think the Highlands are of yesterday, that even our Prince's failings can make us forget the tales of the years, or the hopes they stir? Give us again the old ways and the old life. Is it not worth wounds and cold hearths to bring them back? Give us the

chief—the kindly chief, and his people—the kindly people. And let the Prince—" she halted.

"Let the Prince take his own gate?" said Fraser, smiling.

A little dimness came to the girl's fine eyes. "Ah, no," she said softly. "It's in a green, quiet glen of old Albainn I'd make his home—one whence he'd see the sky stretched over the sea, and the sun going down in it—where he'd be having the dear memories of the days of the heroes. And, oh, it's kindness, kindness, and nothing of reproach I'd be for giving him!"

"And would he reign, your fairy prince?" asked the man, smiling.

She turned on him, elate of a sudden, quivering with emotion, her ideal on her brow. "And even if he has failed us, Mr. Fraser—even if he has failed us? Look you, there's never a clear night in Aros, sir, but I can find a new star in the sky." A prophetess—a sybil—beautiful and young, yet with the wisdom of years on her lips—it was thus he saw her as he stood at gaze, and her passion of conviction was so infective that he sighed.

"Ah," he said, "if I could only believe! But I am, I fear, a Laodicean for either faction. 'A plague on both your houses,' say I." "Even Hanover?" she asked.

"Even Hanover," he said, "since I've seen the Americas, where in his own colonies your Hanoverian oppresses to the death."

There was silence for a little now, and Fraser made an effort to leave this ground already so torn with the conflict as to render further fencing unsafe.

"But all this is foreign to your question regarding winter in the south. Miss Morag," he said abruptly.

The girl reddened, remembering her ruse to bring this man to speak of himself. Her head dropped suddenly to watch a foot tossing dead leaves to and fro and so brought her fair side curls from out her hood of pink sarcenet to hide cheeks flaming. In her present mood

of missionary of her ideals, she was wildly angry with herself for the prying meanness of her earlier attitude, as she reckoned it, and she did not answer.

"And yet, madam, if you will but allow, I had rather turn to something of more moment than any of our recent topics. Will you overlook what must seem a monstrous impertinence in me, if I speak of a matter personal, and on so brief acquaintance?"

But the girl was still wroth with herself, and therefore distrustful of a further passage of arms.

"You must make me no confidences, sir," she said fiercely. "I forbid it."

"I beg of you—" he protested.

"Nay, then, you send me away," and she made as if to leave him.

"I must risk the offence, madam," he said. "You desert a sinking ship, I fear."

The metaphor caught her, and she halted on the going.

"It was of set purpose I came here this morning," he went on. "It is all so sudden, so strange, so abrupt, I know; but I came to ask a service of you. There is none here in whom I can so safely confide."

Startled anew, Morag looked up in his grave face, but composed herself with an effort.

"Then in that case," she said, "it were best that we walk up and down while I gather a rose or two for my basket. For," she added, innocently enough imputing herself, "I must avow that curiosity is not a new trait in some folks hereabouts."

Chapter IX.

FRASER'S TALE.

They paced slowly under the ivy-covered walls, and round the roses odorous; and here, as in a cloistral stillness, they heard the sea wind calling in the outer world of shore and hill, while not a dead leaf stirred to it at their feet.

"Yes," said Fraser, "I thought of everyone: yourself remains. And first of all it is some part of my own story you must hear, for it may help you to a better opinion of me than of a spy."

"Mr. Fraser!" she cried, protesting.

"Your pardon, then. But here is the tale," he said.

"I have been for three years surgeon in the navy of this Hanoverian you detest,

and—to be exact—I was surgeon's mate five weeks ago on board the Theseus, eighty-four guns. It was late July when we left Louisburg, and early August when we came down to the Virginias, and so home."

"The Virginias?" cried Morag; "why, 'tis there that Cousin Elspeth lives. Pray, tell me, is there further trouble with the governor?"

"Still trouble, madam. And to my mind the Assembly has the right of it."

"Yes, yes," she answered. "But do not let me interrupt, I beg of you—the Theseus, you said."

"The Theseus, yes. Our orders were sealed, but when we were nearing Scotland it was plain our business lay there, for no sooner did we sight the Lewis than we set to cruising about it in the strangest of fashions."

"Ah!" said Morag, her grey eyes flickering swiftly with sudden fire.

"And if it was not the Long Isle it was Skye, and in rough weather, too. It was common talk that the French desired a diversion from the attentions of King George on the St. Lawrence; and, indeed, to speak plainly, it was hinted your friend, the Young Chevalier, was about to aid them by repeating his Scottish visit of fourteen years ago."

He stopped, laughing gently but outright in his scepticism.

The fire in the grey eyes flamed high. "It seems you think it no likely tale, sir," she said coldly. "But pray, go on; I remember the storms of August."

"The storms, yes, and fogs, also, madam. We had to anchor three days in Lochboisdale, no pilot to be had, and the mist like curtains of parchment. When we came out, it was clearer, a little, though still dirty weather, and we drove south and south, until at the end we lost our reckoning 'twixt Coll and Tiree."

"I remember the fogs," said Morag, impassively.

"We flew signals, we fired guns, and at last a smack came off from Tiree shore with a pilot on board. He, however, would come with us on one condition only; and since we could not press-gang him in the middle of squalls and mist, we had to accept his terms. His kinsman was at death's door, and if he came aboard us, then we must send a surgeon ashore to him; he

would not leave his cutter, he said, until a doctor was put over the ship's side. And so it was that I was sent, while the frigate went off in a driving sleet."

"Nay, sir, now I remember. The Theseus? Did she not sail safely into the Bay of Tobermory one day a full month ago, coming down the Sound a week later? A great tall ship she was, too," said Morag, forgetting her politics for the moment, while her fine eyes danced at the romance of the bargain. "And the pilot's kinsman?"

"Ah, poor body, he died before I reached his bedside."

"Ah, he died? Poor pilot! Does he know yet, I wonder? Poor pilot!" said the girl pensively. "But," she went on, her voice changing quickly—"but if you are a surgeon in the navy of this man you call king, why do you await the coming of a simple country physician to mend your arm?"

"Because I wish no one to know I am a surgeon—the surgeon from the Theseus, who landed in Tiree some five weeks ago. For by all tokens, that is a man who'll have cold comfort from some folks in the isles if he is discovered. And, meanwhile, here is this arm of mine that will be healing in a pretty crook before your Dr. MacNab arrives, if there be none to help me with it."

He looked enquiringly at the girl, and even the light falling on her cheek from her hood of pink silk, could not hide her sudden pallor.

"Oh, what do you wish? I'll do it at the telling," she said in a strained voice.

"Hush! It is but a little thing if a needful, Miss Morag. We shall want some handfuls of wool and some strips of linen rag."

"I'll carry them under the roses in my basket," she suggested, a faint smile dawning on her trembling lips—"under the white roses, sir."

"You will have your jest, madam," he said. "I fear I put you to a vast annoyance."

She murmured indistinctly in reply, and went off at once towards the house, whilst Fraser stalked over the fallen leaves, his little volume to his nose, but an impatient eye on the garden gate. He sighed in re-

lief when she returned, the least trifle breathless.

"Will it please you—will it please you to sit beside me here on the bench whilst I unwrap this arm of mine?" said he.

They seated themselves, the girl on his left, and more breathless now.

"'Tis work more fitting for a man, Miss Morag, but as I say, I have no choice in the matter."

He lifted the sling, and throwing back the shoulder of his sleeveless coat, showed the swollen limb. Then he produced two flat pieces of wood from the skirt of the garment.

"All I ask from you is a pull with your right hand on mine—a hearty handshake, as it were," he said.

The girl bit her lip savagely, and her hand went to her heart. But Fraser looking up in alarm at the sudden movement, her fingers strayed from the flowered calico over a breast that heaved to the lace of her pelerine, and adjusting the knot there, she said with a tremulous assumption of calm:

"Do you mean setting the bone, Mr. Surgeon?"

He smiled assurance in reply. "Bones," he said.

"There are two, I believe, if Dr. Douglas and my memory are right." He nodded to the part of the seat where his little text-book of anatomy lay, its leathern covers still salt-encrusted. "But the break is simple, and the work is nothing if you are brave. See—I sit so." He sat upright on the rustic seat. "I brace this arm with my left—so—while you stand in front and stoop to stretch the limb evenly. Then here are the boards, and the wool makes pads for them; and these strips of linen are ties, you see—so—one this side—one that—tie so—again—"

He repeated the manoeuvre, while she watched steadily with bright eyes.

"You have your lesson now," he said. "It is cruel to ask this of you, but what can I do else?—Come, your hand."

There were two white faces when the work was done, and the man's brow dripped sweat on the knot of the last tie.

"Oh, is it rightly done?" asked Morag, anxiously.

"As well and truly as if the Royal College themselves had been your instruc-

tors," he answered, smiling feebly. "And now, we'll hide it in the sling, and forget all about it, for you want more roses, don't you? Shall I finish this story of mine, whilst you go on with your flower-gathering?"

"Why, yes," she answered. "Am I not the mindless one, not to ask you? 'Twas this horrible arm that made me forget."

"And it's but in explanation of my secrecy regarding its setting that I offer to trouble you further," he said.

And so they followed the maze of the garden walks, the girl gathering her roses and Fraser telling his tale.

"I stayed with the Tirie folks longer than I had need to," he said. "But the truth is, their ways of life were something new for a sailor, and, London born though I am, my fathers before me had lived the lives of these same people. For there I was, if not in my own calf-country, at least in that of my forbears."

"You tell me?" said Morag.

"Yes, even my father, who is a city merchant, had the Gaelic, you must know, and had dealings with the Highlanders all his days, in the Scrape, as he called it, and before and after that."

"You tell me?" said Morag again, and smiling. "No wonder you're only half-Hanover."

"In any case," said Fraser, "I suppose it's something in the blood that no amount of trading in silks can wean us of; but there I was, and my heart in my mouth at the first word I had of leaving the place. For the storm came to an end, and a smack was to sail for the mainland. Ah! Miss Morag, I don't know how you feel, but the little burns and a bush or two in the glen there seemed harder to part from after a week's acquaintance than anything I'd known for years, east or west."

"It's me that kens," said the girl, her rapt eyes on Ben Shiante, seen mistily through the oaks.

"Well, that's the grip of my heart that yon place took," said Fraser. "And so, as I said, there was the packet sailing when the storm had passed, but go I could not. And afterwards—well, there were other storms. But oftener it was my inclination—my sentiment—call it what you will, that kept me back until I had tied myself to one fleeing from what was only rough justice,

for he had killed a fellow creature. Who he was, matters little now, for he died off Aros Point nine days ago. And then—why then, though no sheriff's writ runs in these outer isles of the sea, as you know, there's the clan—or, despite the late acts, the spirit of the clan—not yet dead. So, because of the clan, this man fled; and because of the clan Ian Fraser hides his skill of surgery, and asks a woman to do ungentle tasks."

"Oh, sir, how I am grieved for you," was all she said, and by the least movement of her head her fair side-curls were again let droop, this time to hide her eyes.

Fraser gulped a little. It was the one heartily friendly word he had heard for a weary time, and it came from one who seemed to understand. So far, it had done him good to relieve his soul, but he was now dangerously near to elaborating a melancholy that was not unpleasant. Did the girl intuitively recognize the way he went downwards? or was it really a return of suspicion on her part that made her say:

"And so I did you an injustice, Mr. Fraser, in thinking your chief concern was for your Government's danger from us poor Jacobites. Yet all the time it was but your anxiety to keep your own skin whole?"

The shaft stung, not by reason of its keenness, but because he felt the blow unfair, and, flushing, he decided on an immediate retreat. Yet thinking he saw the rogue in her eye, he forgave the stroke instantly, and, smiling, said:

"You see too deeply into motives for me to risk a longer stay, so permit my withdrawal before you rend every mask of fair appearance from me. My thanks for your aid in surgery, madam; and I leave you to your roses."

She looked down at her foot, tapping the fallen leaves, and framed a reply of speech more gracious; she smiled her kindest. But the wicket clicked, and he was gone.

Chapter X.

GARDEN SECRETS.

The girl walked back to the seat of mossy stone, and found there the little, weather-beaten text-book of anatomy.

"Why, 'tis Mr. Fraser's," she said, sitting down and laying it aside. "This comes of his haste. Well, then, let him

return for it as quickly." And she tossed her head.

Then, sunk in a day-dream, her lips half-parted, the least tinge of damask in her cheek, she switched the leaves at her feet with a twig of hazel. Her eye followed the swift cloud-carry which the gales of the outer world were chasing, followed the dark cloud-shadows, as swift, passing and passing continually, over the bronze and fawn of the hills, over the flicker and gleam of the water-courses. In Glenaros woods the winds piped joyously, and the pungent odors of the shore were wafted to her. All the wilds cried holiday, and called on her, their child, to come to them. But a little frown had gathered on her brow, and she sighed softly: her mood and Nature's, it seemed, were for the present at variance.

Of a sudden she started and looked up. A slight, delicate youth had approached noiselessly over the carpet of sodden leaves, and now stood before her, smiling, and with something of a pose in his figure, wrapped as it was in a long cloak, bearing many mud stains.

"Norman!" she cried, and was in his arms.

"Hush, little sister, hush! . . . Who was this that left you but a little ago?"

She crimsoned fully now, as if he had read every mood of her reverie.

"A Mr. Fraser," she said; "a shipwrecked man. But oh, Norman, how travel-stained and weary you are!"

He smiled approval of her attentions, and yet looked down on her as if she had been some backward school girl not yet lesson-perfect.

"Always the little sister, eh?" he said. "Let us finish Mr. Fraser, first, my dear. Does he know me, I wonder? Do I know him?"

"How should he know you, Norman? His being here at all is the merest accident."

"Still, 'tis but the question we must always be asking, if we are to be prepared. Has he not by any means heard that the little sister has a wicked brother, a ruffler, a Jacobite agent, a gambler, eh—one who cannot come to his father's front door

by daylight?" He gave a crafty side-long look at the girl, and, his arm encircling, he patted her shoulder.

"Nothing," she said. "He knows nothing, I tell you. Come indoors instantly to fire and wine, sir. What a life of dread a poor Norman leads? Poor Norman!"

"Indoors? Not yet. I dare not!" He shook his head doubtfully, his eye still on the garden gate, through which the surgeon had passed but a little ago. "Come," he said, "we are unsheltered from any chance-comer's eye at the wicket there; let us take the path behind the yews, ill-omened as they are, for I've much to tell to the little sister."

They left the seat for a path that ran some twenty paces behind it, a clump of yews and hollies intervening; and they had but reached the further end of the track, when Fraser, unnoticed, returned for his forgotten volume. He had just found it, when there came from behind the thick wall of trees, the sound of voices—a girl's and a man's. The girl's he recognized instantly for Morag's. But the man's—it seemed as if his every fibre became rigid at the well known sound. It was the voice of Cattanach.

As if impelled by some power not himself, he stole close to the dark foliage, and peered through. The tousel of blond silken hair, the full blue eye, the cursed simper—Cattanach it was, without a doubt, and his arm encircled Morag. Fraser choked at the sight, and his temple pulse hammered; his vision failed, and he clung to a branch unsteadily. Then, as he heard them address each other as brother and sister, a profuse sweat broke over him, and he slid weakly to his knees among the rank grass. The contradiction was too unnatural, too terrible; this man, base to the depths of all cunning—this man, brother to that creature of fire and spirit and high ideals, habiting a world of beauty he knew nothing of!

A word or two of their talk came to him; his horror increased a hundred fold, and he stumbled unsteadily yet stealthily to his feet, and sought the wicket unperceived.

(To be continued.)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

SEVENTH LESSON.

"HOW MUCH MORE THE HOLY SPIRIT."

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall the Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—Luke 11:13.

In the Sermon On The Mount, the Lord had already given utterance to His wonderful HOW MUCH MORE? Here in Luke, where He repeats the question, there is a difference. Instead of speaking, as then, of giving *good gifts*, He says, "How much more shall the Heavenly Father give THE HOLY SPIRIT?" He thus teaches us that the chief and best of these gifts is the Holy Spirit, or rather, that 'n this gift all others are comprised. The Holy Spirit is the first of the Father's gifts, and the one He most delights to bestow. The Holy Spirit is therefore the gift we ought first and chiefly to seek.

The unspeakable worth of this gift we can easily understand. Jesus spoke of the Spirit as "*the promise of the Father*;" the one promise in which God's Fatherhood revealed itself. The best gift a good and wise father can bestow on a child on earth is his own spirit. This is the great object of a father in education—to reproduce in his child his own disposition and character. If the child is to know and understand his father; if, as he grows up, he is to enter into all his will and plans; if he is to have his highest joy in the father, and the father in him,—he must be of one mind and spirit with him. And so it is impossible to conceive of God bestowing any higher gift on His child than this, His own Spirit. God is what He is through His Spirit. The Spirit is the very life of God. Just think what this means—God giving His own Spirit to His child on earth.

Or was not this the glory of Jesus as a Son upon earth, that the Spirit of the Father was in Him? At His baptism in Jordan the two things were united,—the voice, proclaiming Him the Beloved Son, and the Spirit, descending upon Him. And so the apostle says of us, "Because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." A king seeks in the whole education of his son to call forth in him a kingly spirit. Our Father in heaven desires to educate us as His children for the holy, heavenly life in which He dwells, and for this gives us, from the depths of His heart, His own Spirit. It was this which was the whole aim of Jesus when, after having made atonement with His own blood, He entered for us into God's presence, that He might obtain for us, and send down to dwell in us, the Holy Spirit. As the Spirit of the Father, and of the

Son, the whole life and love of the Father and the Son are in Him; and, coming down to us, He lifts us up into their fellowship. As Spirits of the Father, He sheds abroad the Father's love, with which He loved the Son, in our hearts, and teaches us to live in it. As Spirit of the Son, He breathes in us the childlike liberty, and devotion, and obedience in which the Son lived upon earth. The Father can bestow no higher or more wonderful gift than this: His own Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Sonship.

This truth naturally suggests the thought that the first and chief gift of God must be the first and chief object of all prayer. For every need of the spiritual life this is the one thing needful: the Holy Spirit. All the fulness is in Jesus; the fulness of grace and truth, out of which we receive grace for grace. The Holy Spirit is the appointed conveyancer, whose special work it is to make Jesus and all there is in Him for us, ours in personal appropriation, in blessed experience. He is the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus; as wonderful as the life is, so wonderful is the provision by which such an agent is provided to communicate it to us. If we but yield ourselves entirely to the disposal of the Spirit, and let Him have His way with us, He will manifest the life of Christ within us. He will do this with a Divine power, maintaining the life of Christ in us in uninterrupted continuity. Surely, if there is one prayer that should draw us to the Father's throne and keep us there, it is this: for the Holy Spirit, whom we as children have received, to stream into us and out from us in greater fulness.

In the variety of the gifts which the Spirit has to dispense, He meets the believer's every need. Just think of the names He bears. The Spirit of grace, to reveal and impart all of grace there is in Jesus. The Spirit of faith, teaching us to begin and go on and increase in ever believing. The Spirit of adoption and assurance, who witnesses that we are God's children, and 'nspires the confiding and confident Abba, Father! The Spirit of truth, to lead into all truth, to make each word of God ours in deed and truth. The Spirit of prayer, through whom we speak with the Father; prayer that must be heard. The Spirit of judgment and burning, to search the heart, and convince of sin. The Spirit of holiness, manifesting and communicating the Father's holy presence within us. The Spirit of power, through whom we are strong to testify boldly and work effectually in the Father's service. The Spirit of glory, the pledge of our inheritance, the preparation and the foretaste of the glory to come. Surely the child of God needs but one thing to be able real-

ly to live as a child: It is, to be filled with thy Spirit.

And now, the lesson Jesus teaches us today in His school is this: That the Father is just longing to give Him to us if we will but ask in the childlike dependence on what He says: "If ye know how to give good gifts unto your children, HOW MUCH MORE shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." In the words of God's promise, "I will pour out my Spirit abundantly;" and of His command, "Be ye filled with the Spirit," we have the measure of what God is ready to give, and what we may obtain. As God's children, we have already received the Spirit. But we still need to ask and pray for His special gifts and operations as we require them. And not only this, but for Himself to take complete and entire possession; for His unceasing momentary guidance. Just as the branch, already filled with the sap of the vine, is ever crying for the continued and increasing flow of that sap, that it may bring its fruit to perfection, so the believer, rejoicing in the possession of the Spirit, ever thirsts and cries for more. And what the great Teacher would have us learn is, that nothing less than God's promise and God's command may be the measure of our expectation and our prayer; we must be filled abundantly. He would have us ask this in the assurance that the wonderful HOW MUCH MORE of God's Father-love is the pledge that, when we ask, we do most certainly receive.

Let us now believe this. As we pray to be filled with the Spirit, let us not seek for the answer in our feelings. All spiritual blessings must be received, that is, accepted and taken in faith. Let me believe, the Father gives the Holy Spirit to His praying child. Even now, while I pray, I must say in faith: I have what I ask, the fulness of the Spirit is mine. Let us continue steadfast in this faith. On the strength of God's word we know that we have what we ask. Let us, with thanksgiving that we have been heard, with thanksgiving for what we have received and taken and now hold as ours, continue steadfast in believing prayer that the blessing, which has already been given us, and which we hold in faith, may break through and hold our whole being. It is in such thanksgiving, and prayer, that our soul opens up for the Spirit to take entire and undisturbed possession. It is such prayer that not only asks and hopes, but takes and holds, that inherits the full blessing. In all our prayer let us remember the lesson the Saviour would teach us this day, that, *if there is one thing on earth we can be sure of, it is this, that the Father desires to have us filled with His Spirit, He delights to give us His Spirit.*

And when once we have learned thus to believe for ourselves, and each day to take out of the treasure we hold in heaven, what

liberty and power to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on the Church of God, on all flesh, on individuals, or on special efforts! He that has once learned to know the Father in prayer for himself, learns to pray most confidently for others, too. The Father gives the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, not least, but most, when they ask for others.

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

Father in heaven! Thou didst send Thy Son to reveal Thyself to us, Thy Father-love, and all that love has for us. And He has taught us, that above all gifts which Thou wouldst bestow in answer to prayer is, the Holy Spirit.

O' my Father! I come to Thee with this prayer; there is nothing I would—may I not say, I do—desire so much as to be filled with the Spirit, the Holy Spirit. The blessings He brings are so unspeakable, and just what I need. He sheds abroad Thy love in the heart, and fills it with Thyself. I long for this. He breathes the mind and life of Christ in men, so that I live as He did, in and for the Father's love. I long for this. He endues with power from on high for all my walk and work. I long for this. O Father! I beseech Thee, Give me this day the fulness of Thy Spirit.

Father! I ask this, resting on the words of my Lord: "HOW MUCH MORE THE HOLY SPIRIT." I do believe that Thou hearest my prayer; I receive now what I ask; Father! I claim and I take it: the fulness of Thy Spirit as mine. I receive the gift this day again as a faith gift; in faith I reckon my Father works through the Spirit all He has promised. The Father delights to breathe His Spirit into His waiting child as He tarries in fellowship with Himself. Amen.

THE STRUGGLES O' LIFE.

BY KENNETH M. CRAIG.

My life is harrow'd sore wi' debts,
W' bighted loves and vain regrets,
My debts large, w' few assets,
And yet I'm blithe and cheery, O.
The wimplin' burnits purl and sing,
The birdies chirp on blithesome wing,
Auld Nature has a happy ring,
And cheers me when I'm weary, O.

My frien's they winna show their face,
My foes rejoice at my disgrace,
They think I'm oot o' life's swift race,
Nae mair to tak' the journey, O.
On bried and water I will dine,
And scrimp until I get in line,
Wha kens I yet may finely shine,
When fortune tak's a turnie, O.

And when I reach the hill o' fame,
And honor circles roun' my name,
Nae mair they'll seek to try defame
A struggle crowned sae grandly, O.
O'er a' the ills and bitter strife,
And duns and sorrows that were rife,
I'll bless the day the goal of life
Was reached sae blithe and blandly, O.

The Fallen God.

BY ELSIE VIRGINIA JONES.

"Jack, what makes you delight in gath-
ering all this horrid rubbish around you?"

Jack, otherwise Jacqueline, tilted her pretty head and gazed at me in scorn, her great dark-fringed eyes widening,—ah, the most bewitching eyes in the world, that make you think you are near heaven or—

"Why, Dick,—rubbish! How can you say such things! It is because I love them," spreading out her dainty hands toward her treasures.

The room was a queer octagon shape; and the dancing afternoon sunlight wove a golden pattern on the rich oriental rugs strewn over the polished floor. From every nook and corner peeped out rare antiques,—here a quaintly carved ivory statuette, or an ancient bronze against some priceless tapestry; there a painting, dark, gloomy, bearing the name of some great master. And then, enthroned above them all, was my particular bete noir, a grotesque Japanese idol that seemed to gaze in laughing derision at these spoils of the past heaped at its feet. This room always reminded me of some corner of the curio shop in Balzac's "Magic Skin." I had heard the story of almost all of them, Jack's treasures. Perhaps I could more readily understand why great-great grandfather Lorraine hoarded up the quaint pieces of Etruscan gold, or the slender Venetian glasses that somehow always reminded me of the dusty bottles hiding in the cellar—or that great-grandfather Lorraine added to them in his travels,—they had all been wanderers, the Lorraines; but how Jack, the dearest girl in the world, could content herself here for hours,—I could not understand! Why, I really believe she said her prayers before that grinning Japanese idol!

Jack curled up in a great nest of a chair, silken pillows behind her, and stared out at me like some mischievous elf.

"Dick, I do not think you could ever understand—they all seem real to me. And that idol, how exquisitely the ivory is carved, and just look how Grandmother Jacqueline smiles down at it from her frame," pointing to a great picture above it.

It was a wondrously piquant face that gazed down at us. It could have been Jack herself, save for a wistful look in the blue eyes and a droop of the lovely lyrical lips.

"Poor Granmaman," Jack mused, "do you know I think those eyes seem to be asking a question. I wonder," she mused,—"I have heard there was a lover before she married grandfather. She was French, you know, and died when daddie was a wee bit of a lad."

"What a romantic pate it is," I teased, crossing over and standing beside her chair. "Perhaps—perhaps you might help me out of my difficulty."

She knit her brows in mock perplexity. "A difficulty, Dick? Wait, I have it! *You are in love!*—that must be it. Let me see, a thoughtful studious air, somewhat distracted at times,—no appetite, (you know you refused a second helping of Martha's pie last night) and—"

"Enough, Miladi Jacqueline," I interrupted, "I greatly fear I will acquire too much flesh, hence the refusal of the jewel of Martha's culinary art, and as for my being distracted,—you would drive—"

"Dick," she implored. "Then tell me, please, and I promise not to interrupt."

"It is about Grandfather Chesholm, Jack, and the request in that confounded will of his. He fell in love with some girl to which his pater objected,—he left the whole story, with a miniature thrown in—I've never even taken the trouble to look at it—and wants me to hunt up her granddaughter (he heard she had one, saw her in fact, when she was a kiddie)—and marry her, if she isn't married. I would not listen to a word of it when my lawyers laid it before me. Grand-dad was always an eccentric old dev—gentlemen, I mean. Plague take his old will and the property, too."

"But Dick, suppose this granddaughter was a lady fair, with midnight tresses and big brown eyes—and you'd fall in love—"

"At times they are distracted, it's a sign, you know," I quoted, mimicking Jack's voice. "Jack, confound it, you know I *de-test* dark women, and I love but one—" This jestingly, yet with a faint ring of

truth in it. We could never be serious long, Jack and I.

"Oh, dear," drawled Jack, "and who is this paragon? Ah, I have it, 'tis Elaine Hammond."

"Jack, dear, why will you misunderstand! I mean it, little girl. I know I wear the 'cap and bells' quite often, but there are times when the bells jangle out o' tune. There is someone I love, whom I think the world of, but she does not care for me. Alas, another idol sits enthroned in her heart." And unseen, I made a grimace at the mocking god. Try as I would, the raillery would creep out. But Jack did not understand,—why will women be so perverse at times!

"Dick, have you told her that you loved her?" she queried, her voice quivering with a new tenderness, and yet there was a world of mischief in the sweet face.

"Yes," I answered stiffly.

"I—I am sorry for you, Dick." She walked across to the idol and laid her hand lovingly on its great carved head. Standing there, she turned and faced me. "I—I do not think I can help you out."

"Jack, come here; I want to ask you—a question," I implored, as she moved toward the door.

She looked back for an instant, and then said mockingly:

"Why not ask the idol, Dick? Really it is quite an oracle."

The door closed softly, and I was left alone—alone with Jack's treasures and my thoughts. Both were rather distasteful—displeasing to me. I paced back and forth restlessly, fancies running riot in my brain. Should I give up the property and ask Jack to be my wife?—but then my indomitable pride would not permit me to do that. Jack who was used to every luxury, a poor man's wife!

I stopped before the idol and the grin seemed more sinister than ever.

"Spirit!" said I, "Thing of Evil—Prophet still—thou grinning devil!" I finished. Was it fancy, or did a low chuckle sound from the depths of the ivory god? And then—I do not know how it happened, but I raised my hand and struck at it, blindly. The next instant there was a crash and the god lay at my feet, broken into fragments.

I stood for a moment, bewildered, and

then at the sound of Jack's tiny French heels clicking through the corridor, I was at once seized with a wild desire to flee.

"Why, Dick, what is this?—My idol!" She was kneeling on the floor, sobbing like a child over a broken doll.

"Jack, dear," I began—

I was interrupted by a little cry from Jack. She sprang to her feet, a tiny bundle hugged to her breast. "Dick, come here," she commanded, beckoning from the window seat.

Peering over her shoulder, I saw a little packet of letters—yellow with age—tied with a faded blue ribbon, and as she reverently untied them, a faint odor of lavender came from them, as if they enclosed some half-forgotten memory.

"Shall I read them, Dick? It—it seems sacreligious," she whispered, the tears still gleaming on the long lashes. "And yet—"

A name caught my eye—"Dearest Jacqueline."

"See, they are addressed to you," I said.

"Dick, don't!" she implored. Then—"They are Granmaman Jacqueline's letters, and she must have concealed them in the idol."

Standing there in the fading light, we read them together—the old, quaintly-worded letters of long ago. There was no signature save the letter "L." We came to the last one, and as we opened it a tiny slip fluttered down and fell at Jack's feet. Eagerly I picked it up. It contained just a few lines, written in a delicate Italian hand.

"Leigh, my Leigh," it ran; "they have succeeded at last in taking you from me, and I am to marry Malcolm Lorraine. It will break my heart, for while he will call me wife, I am yours—yours. I cannot destroy your dear letters—they mean so much to me now. Dearest, for the last time I bid you good—"

That was all. The little unfinished missive lay between us, and Jack's face came to me through a mist. Would that not be perhaps her fate—and mine? Silence reigned in the little room for a moment, and then—

"Jack," I cried, "My God, how blind I have been! Jack, little girl!" I shook her

in my excitement. "Grandfather Ches-holm's name was Leigh!"

She passed her hand across her brow mechanically, and gazed at me, bewildered. Then her little hands went out to me in appeal.

"Dick, Dick, are you—sure?"

"Wait, I have it." I delved deep into my pockets and drew forth a tiny miniature—the miniature I had never taken the trouble to examine before. Eagerly I pressed the spring, and the locket lay open in my hand. There, smiling back at me, was the sweet face of—"Granmere Jacqueline"—

and as if to banish all doubt, entwined with a lovers' knot were the initials "J-L."

"Jack!" I cried, and seizing her in my arms, I executed a wild dance around the room, placing her at last breathless in her great chair.

"And so they lived happily ever after," I quoted softly, kneeling beside the throne of my queen, and in some mysterious way the queen's little hand stole into mine, and the queen's dainty head bent low—ever so low, and—

I was glad the grinning idol could not see!

The Recollections of a Village Patriarch.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

There is no feeling more strongly or more generally implanted in the human breast than man's love for the place of his nativity. The shivering Icelander sees a beauty, that renders them pleasant, in his mountains of perpetual snow; and the sun-burnt Moor discovers a loveliness in his sultry and sandy desert. The scenes of our nativity become implanted on our hearts like the memory of undying dreams; and with them the word home is for ever associated, and,

"Through pleasures and palaces through we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

We cannot forget the place where our eyes first looked upon the glorious sun; where the moon was a thing of wonder, the evening companion of our childish gambols, joining with us in the race, and flying through the heavens as we ran! where we first listened to the song of the lark, received the outpourings of a mother's love upon our neck, or saw a father's eyes sparkle with joy as he beheld his happy children around him; where we first breathed affection's tale or heard its vows, and perchance were happy, wretched, blest, or distracted, within a short hour. There is a magic influence about nativity that the soul loves to cherish. Its woods, its rivers, its hills, its old memories fling their shadows and associations after us and over us, even to the ends of the earth; and while these whisper of our early joys, or of what we fancied to be care ere we knew what care was—its churchyard tells us we have a portion there—that there our brethren and kindred sleep. We may be absent from it until our very name is forgotten; yet we love it not the less. The man who loves it not, hath his affections "dark as Erebus." It is a

common wish, and it hath patriotism in it too, that where we draw our first breath, there also we should breathe our last. Yet in this world of changes and vicissitudes, such is not the lot of many. While I thus moralize, however, I detain the reader from the Recollections of the Village Patriarch; and as some of the individuals mentioned in his reminiscences may be yet living, I shall speak of the place in which he dwelt as the village of A—.

The name of the patriarch was Roger Rutherford; he was in many respects a singular old man. He was the proprietor of three or four cottages, and of some thirty acres of arable land adjoining to them. He was a man of considerable reading, of some education, and much shrewdness. His years at the period we speak of were four score and four. By general consent, he was a sort of home-made magistrate in the village, and the umpire in all the disputes which arose amongst his neighbors. It was common with them to say, instead of going to law—"We will leave the matter to old Roger;" and the patriarch so managed or balanced his opinions that he generally succeeded in pleasing both parties. He was also the living or walking history, or chronicle of the village. He could record all the changes that had taken place in it for more than seventy years; and he could speak of all the ups and downs of its inhabitants. What Byron beautifully says of the ocean—

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,"

might have been said of the memory and intellect of the patriarch. He had also a happy art of telling his village tales, which rendered it pleasant to listen to the old man.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATION.

"THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH," by Stewart Dick, with twenty-four illustrations, in color, by Scottish artists. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.; Edinburgh, T. N. Foulis. 1911. Price \$1.75.

This is a most interesting book of 258 pages giving historical sketches, romance and quaint stories associated with the principal towns of Midlothian and other districts in the south of Scotland.

The author has taken great pains in collecting from the various towns and hamlets of this region romantic stories and legends which he relates with their proper setting of time and scene. His descriptions are graphic and the beautiful colored illustrations are real artistic gems.

Mr. Dick speaks in glowing terms of the advantages the shores of the Forth offer to golfers. He says: "All along the Fife coast the shore is lined with golf courses. To one brought up by a seaside course, the game lacks flavor without the touch of the keen sea air." In the south golf is the game of the classes only, "but in Fife and the Lothians, everyone plays, gentlemen, working men and loafers.

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"PAVEMENT AND HIGHWAY," By William Power, literary editor of "The Glasgow Herald." Price 2s. 6d. This is a new illustrated book on Glasgow, the Clyde and the West of Scotland. It contains many reminiscences, quaint, humorous and pathetic, centering round the Clyde River Steamers, and possess a particular interest for the Scot abroad.

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It is related that a young man went one day to the famous New England preacher, Jonathan Edwards, to ask for his daughter.

"But I love her."

"No matter, you can't have her."

"But she loves me, too."

"I say you can't have her."

"But I am well off and can support her."

"You can't have her, I tell you."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? What have you against me?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, why can't I have Emily?"

"Because I think you are a pretty decent sort of a man; too good for her."

"What? Mr. Edwards, what in the world do you mean?"

"She's got a wicked temper, and you wouldn't be happy with her."

"But I thought she was a Christian?"

"So she is, young man, so she is. But before you have lived as long as I have you'll find that there are some people in this world that the grace of God can live with, but you can't—Selected. (Presbyterian Journal).

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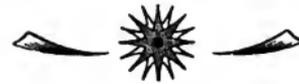
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DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE

—The Duke of Connaught, the new Governor General of Canada, arrived in Quebec on October 13, and was sworn into the office in the Provincial Parliament building in that city. On the day following, the Duke and Duchess were given a magnificent reception in Ottawa the capital of the Dominion. Probably 50,000 people were assembled at the Parliament building and vicinity to greet the new Governor General. The royal standard floated from the top of the magnificent building and flags and other decorations were displayed all over the city. Various national societies presented addresses, to each of which the Duke replied. Subsequently a triumphal march was made through the city and finally the new Governor General and the Duchess were left at Rideau Hall, which will be their home for some years.

DOMESTIC CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Carnegie and Miss Margaret, their daughter, arrived at New York on October 20th, after passing a pleasant summer at their Scottish home, Skibo Castle.

—The recent death of Mr. Harold Vernon, of Vernon Brothers & Company, wholesale paper dealers, of 68 Duane street, New York, was greatly regretted by a wide circle of friends. Mr. Vernon practised law for a time, but quit that profession and engaged in business with his father. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and active in his religious sympathies.

—On Saturday, October 29th. Andrew Carnegie was elected Lord-Rector of Aberdeen University, without opposition.

—Sylvester Horne, a Congregational minister and a member of Parliament, the only clergyman in the House of Commons, has been visiting this country, and delighting audiences with his able and interesting addresses.



EARL GREY.

—Earl Grey, the retiring Governor General of Canada, left for England, October 12th.

—The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has announced the formation of a commission on peace and arbitration. This commission will co-operate with similar ones appointed by the English and German churches. The Federal Council represents thirty-one Protestant churches, with a total membership of 18,000,000.

—At the first game of a series of seven, to be played between the Giants, of New York, and the Athletics, of Philadelphia, at the former city, 38,281 baseball enthusiasts witnessed the contest. The official gate receipts on the occasion amounted to over \$77,000.

—John S. Blake, a Scottish inventor, died recently at his home in Port Monmouth, N. J. He was sixty-eight years of age, and had taken out four hundred patents in this country and in Europe for various contrivances.

—The recent death of Cornelius N. Bliss, prominent in New York banking circles, was deeply regretted by his many friends throughout the country. President Taft telegraphed his condolences to the bereaved family. The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, and was largely attended by the business and other friends of the deceased.

—Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, president of St. Andrew's Society of New York, recently returned from a brief hunting expedition in British Columbia. Mr. Hepburn went in quest of grizzly bears in that region, but about the time of his arrival there, a party of Canadian surveyors and emigrants who had just arrived, frightened away the ursine game. The tracks of bears were numerous, but the grizzlies were conspicuous by their absence.

—Mr. Edmund Mitchell, of Berkeley, California, is writing a serial novel for "The Sunset," a California magazine, which will be of interest to Scotsmen. Mr. Mitchell is an Aberdonian, was educated at the University of Aberdeen, and in his story "Captain of His Soul," he presents a Scottish hero, Donald Brodie.

—General Walter Kitchener, Governor of Bermuda and brother to Lord Kitchener, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, at their home, No. 35 East Fortyninth street, October 20th. He is on his way to Bermuda from Canada where he saw to the matriculation of his son at McGill University in Montreal. With his daughter, Miss Madge Kitchener, he will be the guest of the Harrimans for two weeks. He was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Ritz-Carlton, by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborne, of Columbia University.

—The death of Chief Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, last month, was universally regretted. He was an able jurist, greatly esteemed and highly popular as a gentleman among his associates and others. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and strong in his religious sympathies.

—James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States, delivered a lecture on "The Problems of the United States in 1870 and 1911," recently, at the Harvard Union, Boston. Touching the problems facing the United States, Mr. Bryce said

"The slavery problem was settled, though at a terrible cost, and the currency problem has practically settled itself. But you still have many problems before you. There is the negro problem; the question of prohibition; the problem of city government; the labor problem; the trust problem, and the problem of semi-Oriental immigration."

Relative to immigration, Mr. Bryce said that the inflow of Germans, Irish and Scandinavians, which began about thirty years ago, had never constituted a menace to the United States, as they were in many ways

similar to the Anglo-Saxons. He said:

"The immigration of Italians, Poles, Slavs and Jews from South Russia does constitute a problem, and a serious one. It will be interesting to see just how this country deals with it. I have watched the development of this nation closely during the last fifty years, and I believe that there is no reason for pessimism. The people are amply able to deal with any problem that may arise."

—Presbyterians as a body are not making much progress numerically according to the reports made to the synod of New Jersey. The net gain in the United States according to the committee last year was 8,973, after deducting deaths and dismissed members.

—Much to the surprise of people generally, the cause of Women's Suffrage secured a victory in the recent State election in California. The result probably of giving women the privilege of voting, will have a salutary effect upon political affairs in the Pacific State.

—Rev. R. J. Campbell, the eloquent and noted pastor of the London Temple, is to visit this country and Canada shortly, an approaching event in which much interest is manifested. A sermon expressing his views, appears in "The Christian Work and Evangelist," of October 21st.

CANADIAN CURRENT EVENTS.

—Methodists from all quarters of the world attended an Ecumenical Conference of that religious denomination, held in Toronto last month. It was stated at the conference that there were 2,528 Methodist foreign missionaries, and that the ordained ministry of Ecumenical Methodism equal 52,978.

—The population of Canada according to the new census will amount to about 7,200,000. General electoral districts are still to be heard from, but the figures given will be a near approximation to the actual count. This result is disappointing as even the most moderate in their estimate counted upon a population of 8,000,000 for the Dominion.

—In mid October in one day nearly 2,000,000 bushels of grain were marketed on the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways.

—The Duke of Sutherland is investing extensively in farming lands in British Columbia and the Canadian Northwest. Before leaving Vancouver, B. C., recently the Duke stated that he would probably be the means of sending 5,000 people to British Columbia next summer. He has also acquired 50,000 acres of prairie land along the line of the Canadian Northern Railroad, in Saskatchewan, which he intends to colonize in the same manner. Highlanders have not forgotten about the Sutherland clearances yet, and it is to be hoped that the present Duke will not use the drastic methods adopted by another Duke of Sutherland, in perfecting his scheme of colonization.

—Madame Celbane, the distinguished vocal artist, who made her farewell appearance on the stage on October 14th, was a native of Canada.

—At the next session of the Alberta Legislature, the authorities of the Canadian Northern Railway will petition for the right to build and operate fourteen new railways in that province. The projected lines will open large areas of country unreachd so far by railroads.

BRITISH CURRENT EVENTS.

Dr. Joseph Bell, a noted Scottish surgeon, under whom Sir A. Conan Doyle studied medicine in Edinburgh University, died in the early part of last month. It is claimed, doubtless with entire truth, that Dr. Bell was the prototype of "Sherlock Holmes," made famous in fiction by the novelist.

—Lady Sydney Ogilvie-Grant, who recently joined a musical comedy company in London, as a member of the chorus, is one of the three sisters of the present Earl of Seafield, and like him was born in New Zealand.

—During the absence of King George in India for the Coronation durbar a commission appointed by him will act in his name. It is stated that the Lord Chancellor, Premier Asquith and the Lord President of the Council are to be appointed.

—A memorial to John Bunyan, the author of the religious classic, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and other works, was placed in Westminster Abbey last month.

—Savings banks in the United Kingdom have 1,827,460 depositors, with £52,267,805 credited to them.

—The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Crosby, is a Scotsman. He graduated as a physician at St. Andrew's University, and is now eighty years of age.

—Sir Thomas Gray, who has represented

Berwick for twenty-five years in Parliament, received the honorary freedom of the borough recently in recognition of his long period of Parliamentary service.

—The Rev. George Johnston Cale D. D., minister of Forfar died recently. He was a native of New Brunswick, and at one time minister of St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N. B.

—St. Andrew's golf prize, recently completed for by the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, was won by William John M. Howden, C. A.

—A memorial of the Marquis of Linlithgow, was unveiled lately at Linlithgow, by the Earl of Roseberry.

—The Earl of Strathmore presented a set of Colors on October 7th, to the 5th Battalion Black Watch, at Glamis Castle. The ceremony was universally interesting.

—A new comedy has been lately placed upon the stage by Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of the highly humorous "Oh, Christina."

A KANSAS TOWN WITH A WOMAN MAYOR AND A WOMAN POLICEMAN!

A Kansas town now has a woman mayor, a woman city marshal and a woman city clerk. The October Woman's Home Companion, in its "About People" department, says:

"If Chicago's motto is, 'I will!' the motto of Kansas seems to be, 'Why Not?' For example, no other town had elected a woman to the mayoralty; but the voters of Hunnewell, Kansas, saw in that no reason why they should not do so, especially if the woman happened to be the best man. And when they had chosen Mrs. Ella Wilson as mayor, she quickly justified their confidence in her vigor and independence. First Mrs. Wilson startled the community by appointing another woman, Mrs. Rosie E. Osbourne, city marshal, with instructions to preserve order, to clean house, and to enforce the laws restricting the sale of liquor. Mrs. Osbourne is six feet tall, weighs nearly two hundred and fifty pounds, and is said to fear neither man nor mouse. Mrs. Wilson also appointed Mrs. E. F. Hilton town clerk. Like many another reform mayor, Mrs. Wilson has found her city council in stubborn opposition to her every move; but she is very popular with a large element upon whose moral and political support she depends to enable her to make good the second half of her declaration that 'Hunnewell is no worse than a lot of other towns—but it is going to be better than most of them.' Mrs. Wilson owns a home in Hunnewell and several farms in Oklahoma and Kansas, and, as her husband is an invalid, has long been accustomed to manage her own affairs unassisted. She has two sons—one twenty, the other fourteen years old."

Scotland Here and There.

PRESERVING THE AMENITIES OF EDINBURGH

Edinburgh is blessed with the presence of two bodies of citizens, which exist for the purpose of preserving the amenities of the city. These two bodies are the Dean of Guild Court and the Cockburn Society. The first is kept up by the town, and the second by mutual subscription. One of the city by-laws exacts that no one can make any alteration to his house or garden without first submitting the plans to the Dean of Guild to be passed by the Court. A short time ago, one of the citizens was summoned and fined for erecting a small greenhouse in his back garden without first asking permission of the Dean of Guild. The Cockburn Society, which under its present energetic secretary, Mr. A. E. Murray, W. S., is doing excellent work, keeps its eye on any building which is likely to spoil the appearance of any view or street in Edinburgh and the district. Furthermore, one of the by-laws of the city states that no building must jut out into the street more than a certain distance. Yet in spite of all these precautions, a building has been erected without protest, in Inverleith Row, that absolutely breaks all regulations. It is intensely ugly, it takes up half the pavement and it has utterly spoilt what was hitherto a very pretty street. The excuse that it was a government building is now put forward to explain why its erection was allowed. I refer to the new laboratory for the Botanical Gardens, which put up by the government over-rides the city laws. As a consequence now that the building is complete, and it is too late to protest, letters strongly condemning the erection are daily appearing in the press.

THE CITY MUSEUM.

Visitors to Edinburgh often experience bad weather and spend the wet days in the various museums, and libraries. The Royal Scottish Museum is always visited, as is also the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, but curiously enough the magnificent collection of Stuart, Scott and Burns relics as well as other interesting curios in the city Chambers are ignored.

The Burns' relics were formerly on view in the Burns' monument, on the Calton Hill, but for various reasons, it was decided to remove them to the City Chambers, and it almost seems as if they had been hidden away, so few people go to see them. Two other relics of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, have just been added to the Stuart collection. One is a brass clock of French workmanship, the works of which are said to be complete. Beneath a design of dolphins on a plate surmounting the dial, runs the inscription "Maris Stuarti Regina Scotia," but it is believed that the letter of the inscription dates from a period one hundred years later than that of the ill-fated Monarch. One curious point may be noticed with regard to the inscription quoted above; it is the only one known that does not give the correct title "Regina Scotorum," "Queen of Scots." There was never officially a King or Queen of Scotland, the title was King or Queen of Scots. The other relic is a square topped table, made of wood from various places associated with the Queen. The St. Andrews' Cross which is the central feature on the top, is made of wood from Linlithgow Palace, the centre square and fleur de lys are from Queen Mary's thorn tree in St. Andrews, the oak border of the central square is from Cardinal Beaton's house in Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh. The border round the fleur de lys is from Allan Ramsay's house in High street, Edinburgh; and the wood of the other parts of the table is from the drawbridge in Lochleven Castle, the old Parliament House stair; the notorious Major Weir's house in West Bow Edinburgh and the old church of St. Andrews.

KING EDWARD MEMORIAL IN CRATHIE CHURCH.

In a former letter, mention was made of the Rev. Jacob Primmer, the Dunfermline minister who holds weekly meetings in the Queens' Hall, Edinburgh, to protest against what he calls "the advance of Pop-

ish customs in the Church of Scotland." One of his strongest protests has been against the statuette in St. Cuthberts' Church, Edinburgh. This statuette stands beside the font, and is said to be merely representative of a mother bringing her child to be baptized. Pastor Primmer, however, claims that it represents the Virgin and Child, and the matter has been annually brought before the General Assembly. Pastor Primmer has now presided over another meeting where the following resolution was passed: "That this meeting of the citizens of Edinburgh views with indignation and alarm the steady advance of the Ritualistic conspiracy to revolutionise the worship of the Church of Scotland; that we do deplore the fact that the Royal Family, by memories of the dead in Crathie Parish Church, are credited with making it 'a gem of ecclesiastical decoration,' which is being copied throughout Scotland; that at the Reformation, every altar was removed and destroyed, and the pulpit placed in its stead; that a wooden table, 'so conveniently placed that the communicants may orderly sit about or at it' alone is legal and that when it is placed, or in any other way made to appear as if it were not part of the communion table at which all are to sit—ministers, elders, and people—this is illegal; that the memorial erected by His Majesty King George V, in Cathrie Parish Church, being a structure of Iona marble, between six and seven feet in length, and standing three feet in height, being arranged in front of three panels, the centre one having a large cross, with the four arms of equal length, as in the case of Popish altars, while the top is formed of a solid slab, which is placed at the east end of the chancel, where Popish altars usually stand, and resting on a plane, and having behind it an elaborately carved screen or Popish reredos—that therefore this structure is nothing else than a Popish marble altar, and is therefore inconsistent with the laws and usages of the Church of Scotland, and is therefore illegal; and that therefore we demand that the same shall be declared to be illegal by the Church Courts, and that its instant removal be ordered."

SCOTIA.

A STORY OF JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind and Grisi were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang it she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but was singing to loving friends in her Fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into the weird, thrilling, plaintive prayer. Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence, the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead, a teardrop glistened on the long black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her, and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.—(Presbyterian Standard).

GRANT'S LINEAGE.

An amusing glimpse of General Grant is given in "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist," by Mrs. L. B. Walford. The general and his wife were touring Scotland, and expressed a wish to meet the novelist's father. "There's a question," he said, "that I want to ask him."

My father was anxious to know what the famous soldier was like. It was a somewhat rough-hewn face, we told him, ruddy and sunburnt, with a beard. "Not unlike Lord Seafield," said one, pointing to an engraving of a former Earl of Seafield which hung on the drawing-room wall.

But we little expected that the "question" to be asked by the Grant from over the water related to this very resemblance.

Out it came, almost immediately after greetings had been passed.

"You are Grants, aren't you?" quoth the general, with frank disregard of ceremony. "I know you are, for the heiress of Luss married a Seafield. I know all about it; and now tell me,"—he looked a little self-conscious and actually a little shy,—"people say it, but I don't know whether it's humbug or not, am I like the late Lord Seafield?"

"You are his living image!" replied my father, and took him up to the picture.

He spoke the simple truth, and I think I never saw a man more pleased than this American descendant of the ancient Scottish family.

He stayed a long while and talked of wandering back to the Seafield portrait.

My father knew human nature. "The general was more taken up with being a Grant," he said, "than with all the beauties of Loch Lomond."

Probably this shrewd opinion was correct, for in a letter which I subsequently received from Ulysses Grant, he did not refer to the "beauties," but reiterated his intentions of looking into the genealogical tree of the Seafield.—(Youth Companion).

THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

It is said that King James VI. on removing to London was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The Ambassador was lamenting one day before the King this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the King said to him—"Why, I have a Professor of Signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz.—at Aberdeen but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles."

"Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," said the Ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The King saw he had committed himself, and wrote or caused to be written, to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The Ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be Professor of Signs?

A PERFECT MIRACLE.

Being told that the Professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could say when, the Ambassador said, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months." Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was got, instructed to be Professor of Signs, but not to speak on pain of death! Geordy cheerfully undertook the role. The Ambassador was told that the Professor of Signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Next day Geordy was gowned, wigged and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college, all the professors and the Ambassador being in an adjoining room. The Ambassador was shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the whole professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The Ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held two of his. The Ambassador held up three; Geordy clenched his fist and looked stern. The Ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up; Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket and held that up. After which the Ambassador bowed to him,

and retired to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. "He is a perfect miracle!" said the Ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!"

NECESSARIES AND LUXURIES.

"Well," said the professors, "to descend to particulars." "Why," said the Ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one, I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury."

ANOTHER VERSION.

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so having got quit of the Ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. "Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man?" "The rascal!" says Geordy. "what did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say there were but three eyes between us; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel, that I steeked my neive, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' done it, too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here; but forsooth takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor, beggarly, cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him, nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha' this! But by a' that's guid" (concluded Geordy) "I'm angry yet that I didna' thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"

T. P's Weekly.

DUNDEE FOREVER!

A New York daily recently published a series of pictures (seventy-five altogether) each of which suggested a proverb. Some of them were easy of solution, but many were not. Thousands waited by day, for the picture, and worried over the solution. Many very valuable prizes were offered, the first being a "handsome five-passenger touring car," valued at \$1,250! Who won that prize? Miss Jean M. Cruden, 351 Union street, Jersey City, N. J. Her solutions were absolutely correct in every case. All the other competitors had one or more errors. Miss Cruden is a native of Dundee, Scotland, and has been few years in this country. She is an accomplished and successful artist. Dundee may "weel be proud o' her!"

We have heard Miss Jean Sherburne, of Boston, and we know of no better Scottish singer in this country.

Alexander MacDougall.

On Saturday morning, September 30th, 1911, the editor of The Caledonian received a cablegram announcing the death of his oldest brother, Mr. Alexander MacDougall, of Wellington, New Zealand. In July, Mr. MacDougall underwent a serious operation, the result of which seemed to be satisfactory, but evidently there was a relapse, and the news of his death came as a great shock.

For over thirty years Mr. MacDougall has been prominently identified with the business enterprises of New Zealand. He was a stockholder and manager of the first company that sent refrigerated beef and mutton to England. Later he was president of a London stock company operating coal mines in New Zealand, and when the mines and railroads passed into the hands of the government, he was appointed manager of the coal mines of the dominion.

Mr. MacDougall at the age of sixteen, entered the University of Glasgow, where he was soon recognized as a student of more than ordinary ability. His parents wished him to study for the ministry, but after a four years' course in the university, he accepted a tempting offer from a large banking house in Glasgow, and thus entered upon a business career. When in Glasgow, he married Miss Margaret Gray, a woman of unusual ability and loving disposition. He first went to New Zealand for his health, but being pleased with the country, decided to stay, and later his wife joined him.

They had no children of their own, but brought up two nephews, one of whom, Allan MacDougall, is a brilliant student, and for the last two years has been studying at Oxford, on the Rhodes scholarship.

Mr. MacDougall had a large circle of friends, both in Great Britain and New Zealand; for business as well as pleasure called him back several times to the old country, when as president of his firm, The Point Elizabeth West Coast Coal Company, he was obliged to spend two or three years in the head office in London.

Fourteen years ago in an explosion of one of the coal mines—"The Brunner"—sixty-five men were killed and the company paid \$150,000 to the afflicted families, an act of generosity which was highly commended.

Mr. MacDougall was a noble, large hearted Christian man, and will be greatly missed. He is survived by his wife, three brothers and four sisters. His mother died just two years before him.

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

SCOTLAND'S GREATEST SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

On October 14th, 1758, there died on the battlefield of Hochkirk the scion of a noble house, and one who was without doubt Scotland's greatest soldier of fortune.

The history of the Keith family makes more interesting reading than the majority of romances. The family, according to a reliable source, originally came from Germany, and then bore the name of Catti, which was subsequently altered to Chattan. Readers of history know that it was the chief of the Clan Chattan who slew the Danish leader, Comus. It was for that deed that he was created Hereditary Grand Marischal of Scotland, by Malcolm Second. For centuries a power in the land, were there no other outstanding factors connected with their name, the Keith family would be remembered by the fact that one of the Earls Marischals founded the famous University in Aberdeen in 1593. Strong adherents of the Stuart cause, the rising of 1715 caused the downfall of the Kelths, as it did of many another famous Scottish family; as a result of that rising the Earl the tenth to bear the title, and his younger brother were forced to seek safety on the Continent.

It was at one of the family seats in Aberdeenshire, Inverugle, that the two brothers who were to make history were born. George, the Earl, and his brother, James Francis Edward, were mere youths when they went "out" in the '15; the latter in fact was but 19 years of age. Despite their youthfulness, however, both were matured in the use of arms and held positions of high rank in the Jacobite army.

Born fighters, the brothers found ample opportunity to display their skill on the Continent. Keith the younger became attached to the Spanish army, in which he rose to the rank of Colonel. Transferring his services to Russia, he rapidly rose to be a Major-General. When in the Russian army he saw much fighting and also took a prominent part in arranging the treaty with Turkey in 1739. Opportunities for the exercise of his skill in the Russian army decreasing, Keith

offered his services to the restless Frederick of Prussia, who promptly accepted them. The summit of his fame was reached when he was created a Field-Marshal in the Prussian army.

A brilliant career was brought to an abrupt end at the Battle of Hochkirk on October 14 1758, when James Francis Edward Keith fell, pierced to the heart by a bullet—a fitting termination to such a life!

The elder Keith had also a distinguished Continental career, his services to the Spanish and Prussian nations proving him to be a man of exceptional ability. His dash and resolution were not much less conspicuous than that of his brother. Truly fate had mapped out a strange course for the last two representatives of the Keith family.

The house of Keith has vanished, but their memory cannot. Not only in this country, but also in Germany is the name of Keith honored. In Berlin there stands a magnificent statue of the dashing soldier who fell at Hochkirk, which might have resulted in victory instead of defeat had Frederick acted on the advice of his trusty Field Marshal. A replica of this statue was presented to the town of Peterhead by the grandfather of the present German Emperor. Dunottar Castle, which stands on an enormous rock on the Kincardineshire coast, and is one of the finest ruins in Scotland, was one of the chief residences of the Keiths. Apropos of Dunottar, how true has proved the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer—

Dunottar, standing by the sea,
Lairdless shall thy lands be;
Beneath the roof-tree of thy dome
The toad, shall bring her young ones home.
W. S. C.

—(Regimental Gazette).

A TRUE STORY.

In Holy Writ a description of Naaman, captain of the host of the Syrian King, says: He was a great man, honorable and a mighty man of valour—but he was a leper.

Peter Johnston was a prosperous farmer in L— Parish (Scotland), was an elder of the Free Church, honorable in all his dealings—but he was very fond of whiskey! His sister kept house for him. They maintained the time-honored practice of "takin' the Book." Friday is the market day in C—, and from it Peter was seldom absent. Cold water is not the beverage consumed by the farmers who congregate there. Whiskey and the very best o' whiskey, is called for and supplied.

On one occasion Peter had consumed with cronies in the Bull's Head, a double portion of alcohol and arrived home perilously near drunk. But drunk or sober

"family worship" must not be omitted! It would be scandalous to do so, seeing he was an elder! He set to work by attempting to read a chapter in the Book of Revelation. He made a frightful mess of it—missing lines and botching words. Miss Johnston and Jamie Bruce, the clever herd-laddie, laughed convulsively. Peter stopped, and with great indignation rebuked them for laughing at "the Word o' God." They protested his awful reading had made them laugh and the collie dog to howl. What was to be done? Peter's prayer never varied, and Jamie Bruce (who had a good memory) could repeat it *verbatim*. He offered to take his master's place at the evening devotions, and Miss Johnston heartily approved his doing so. Peter reluctantly yielded. Jamie read a chapter in Romans with supernatural gravity. Then they knelt down and Jamie repeated his master's prayer without missing a word, and with genuine uncton.

Peter twice or thrice fell asleep when on his knees, and actually snored, but his sister roused him up without ceremony. He commended with fervor the performance of his substitute at the Throne of Grace, and declared he would spend his last shilling in sending Jamie to college and "makin' a minister o' him." Jamie wanted to be a carpenter. In due time he became a journeyman, afterwards he started business on his own account, in which he was quite successful. He now lives in New York city, where he has many warm friends.

At social meetings, over the tumbler of toddy, he tells with glee how, when but a laddie, he "Took the Book" when Peter Johnston was "*non compos mentis*."

B.

On Sunday afternoon, October 8th, a memorial service for Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D. D., was held in the Central Presbyterian Church, New York. Tributes were paid to Dr. Devins, as a minister, editor, lecturer, traveller and Philanthropist, by Revs. Drs. Merle Smith, George Alexander, Jesse Forbes, and Henry Topping. A letter from Dr. John Carson, of Brooklyn was read by Dr. Wylle; one from Dr. Stoddart, by Dr. Forbes, and several other letters were read by Mr. James Yearance, who was instrumental in arranging the memorial service.



WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL.

On Sunday evening, October 8th, Rev. William P. Merrill, D. D., was installed pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue, and Thirty-seventh street, New York, Rev. George Alexander, Moderator of the New York Presbytery, presiding. Dr. David G. Wylie of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, offered the opening prayer. Rev. Dr. Henry VanDyke, whose pastorate of the Brick Church began twenty-two years ago, preached an appropriate and brilliant sermon from the text, "Against such there is no law." Rev. John H. Jowett, D. D., of the Fifth Avenue Church, offered the installation prayer; Dr. Francis Brown, president of Union Theological Seminary gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. Alexander the charge to the people. It was an impressive service, and the large, beautiful church was crowded. The Brick Church expects great things of Dr. Merrill, as an honored successor to the two previous pastors, Dr. Maltbie Babcock, whose ministry lasted less than two years, and Dr. Richards, who was pastor for ten years. The sudden deaths of these two distinguished ministers came as shocks, not only to the church, but to the whole city.

Dr. Merrill was born in Orange, N. J., in 1867, both father and mother being of English descent. When a lad his parents removed to Newburyport, Mass.; there he attended school and when eleven years old he united with the Congregational church, and a year after he went to New Brunswick, N. J. Here he graduated from the High School and entered Rutgers College, and after finishing his college course, he came to Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1887. In 1890, he took charge of Chestnut Hill Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and served that church for four and a half years. He then accepted a call from the Sixth Presbyterian Church, of Chicago, where he labored faithfully for over sixteen years, until he came to New York a few weeks ago.

Dr. Merrill received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rutgers College in 1904. He has written two books, which have had an extensive sale, "Faith Building," published by Revell & Company, and "Faith In Sight," published by Scribners' Sons; a second edition of the latter is now in press. He has also been a contributor to reviews and magazines. Dr. Merrill, during his pastorate in Chicago, was married to Miss Clara Helmer; they have two bright boys, one seven years old, and the other two. They lost their oldest boy, seven years ago.

Extracts from Dr. Merrill's first sermon, preached in the Brick Church, October 8th, 1911:

"Cross-bearing means putting your best, without stint, into Christ's great work of delivering all men from sin. You cannot save them; but His salvation can flow through you; and it will not flow unless through you. You cannot raise dead souls; but you can roll away the stone. You cannot bring new life to those who have lost their life; but you can prepare the way of the Lord to their hearts through a real sacrificial sympathy. To bear the cross is to lift the burden of some man, woman or child, any burden whatever, and to carry it as if you could find no better use for your life; it is resolutely to put your strength beneath the awful load of social wrong, and to stay in the ranks of the helpers though you die for it. Your Christian life lies worthless to God, valueless to yourself, powerless in the face of the world's need, until something of the true cross is enshrined in your daily life."



MALCOLM JAMES MACLEOD.

The Rev. Malcolm James MacLeod, D. D., pastor of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, New York, is a worthy successor of the lamented Dr. Donald Sage MacKay. He is an eloquent, thoughtful and earnest preacher of the old Gospel, which he makes ever fresh and attractive. Several volumes of his sermons have been published and have met with a successful sale. During his comparatively brief ministry in New York, he has won the respect and affection not only his own parishioners, but of many others.

Dr. MacLeod is in the prime of life, and is a man of great energy and intellectual power. He was born in Prince Edward Island, of Scottish parentage, and is a graduate of Dalhousie College, Halifax. During his college course he had no intention of studying for the church, but, like many another Scotsman, excelled in mathematics; he won the Sir William Young gold medal for the highest honors in mathematics and physics.

However, later his mind was drawn to the ministry, and, in 1887, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and after a three years' course, graduated in 1890. Anxious for still further equip-

ment for his life-work, he took a post-graduate course at McCormick Theological Seminary, in Chicago.

Dr. MacLeod has had three successful pastorates. After leaving the seminary, he was called to the Third Presbyterian Church of Chester, Pa., where his ministry was greatly blessed, and the church building became too small for the congregation, necessitating the building of a new church, which cost \$70,000. After six years at Chester, he was called to the chair of New Testament Greek and Exegesis at Lincoln University, where he remained for a year and a half, until he accepted an urgent call to Pasadena, California; here he labored for ten years with blessed results. While in Pasadena, his congregation erected the finest church structure on the Pacific coast, costing \$325,000.

About a year and a half ago he received a call from the Collegiate Church, New York, which he accepted, and was installed as pastor a year ago last May. At his installation, Dr. Robert MacKenzie preached the sermon, and Dr. David J. Burrell of the Marble Collegiate Church with his associates, took the other parts.

Mrs. MacLeod was formerly Miss Edith Wilson, of Chester, Pa. They have two bright children, Blakely, twelve years old, and Jeane, seven years of age.

JOHN HENRY JOWETT, M. A., D. D.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has been most fortunate in securing as its minister, the Rev. Dr. John Henry Jowett, late of Birmingham, England. At every service the large church is crowded with attentive hearers, and his sermons are inspiring and helpful, in simple forcible language he presents his message, adapting it to the needs of all. Though he has been only a few months in the city, his spiritual influence is felt far beyond the bounds of his own parish.

Through the kindness of Dr. Jowett, we have been able to obtain a sketch of his life and work written by a friend, when he was pastor of Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, and we are glad to have the privilege of giving it in a condensed form:

"The ministry of 'Carr's Lane,' has been an exceptionally great and noble one. The present minister is in the line of succession, not only by his fitness, but also by his selection. John Angel James selected R. W. Dale as his assistant and successor; and Dr. Dale, during his last illness, said that Mr. Jowett was the man to carry on the work of the church; so that he is really Dr. Dale's nominee.

"Mr. Jowett is a man of many eminent gifts. He is the kind of man who would have made a way for himself in any career of nobility. He would have made a great merchant or a great lawyer. In fact, he would have adorned and enriched any congenial calling, as he has already adorned and enriched the ministry of the church. Along with his great abilities he has the simplicity of the child, combined with a high degree of prudence. He is as light hearted as a boy, and as sensitive as a girl. He is a genial companion. He loves to associate with his brethren in the ministry and in the churches. His counsel is greatly valued in denominational affairs. He is a warm friend of the Free Church Council, and has been in times of doubt and difficulty a discerning and sagacious adviser. He is also a firm friend of the Temperance cause and has done more for its advancement than perhaps many a noiser advocate

"But whatever qualities and powers we may enumerate as belonging to Mr. Jowett above all else he is a preacher inspired by a lofty desire to be an expositor of the Word of God. And this being the central point of interest, it is natural to ask what is the secret of his success? How has he attained to his present commanding power and vast influence? To answer these questions, fully we should have to go back to a previous generation. Of him it may be said that the preacher is born not made. Yet his native gifts have been sedulously cultivated. The following brief outline of his career will confirm the saying that there is no royal road to learning.

"In 1882, Mr. Jowett entered Airedale College, Bradford, to be trained for the ministry. He was then only eighteen years old, but he was a practised and able speaker. In his native town of Halifax, he was a familiar figure on political and temperance platforms. From a mere boy he had



JOHN HENRY JOWETT.

revelled in the speeches of the political leaders. His wise and far-seeing father often encouraged the lad to journey twenty or fifty or even a hundred miles to hear John Bright, or Gladstone, or Disraeli, or other renowned champions. The boy read and declaimed Bright's speeches and studied Carlyle; and he practised voice culture with extraordinary avidity. He had made up his mind to be a speaker. Under the powerful ministry of the late Dr. Enoch Mellor, a giant in intellect and speech, the sensitive, plastic mind of the boy was early and deeply impressed with the style of this prince of preachers. Thus when he entered college he was a forcible speaker with a good command of the English tongue. All his energies and gifts were now to be consecrated to the service of the Lord.

"After a year's study at 'Airedale,' he won a scholarship which took him to Edinburgh University. There he became associated with influences and movements which (next to his home life) have formed the deepest and purest springs in his life and character. Amongst these may be specially mentioned the strong Puritan teaching of Dr. Alexander Whyte, and the genial, searching mysticism of the late Dr.

John Pulsford. From both these fountains Mr. Jowett drank deeply. Professor Drummond also exerted a powerful influence over his character. When Mr. Drummond started evangelistic work among the Edinburgh students, Mr. Jowett was attracted both by the saintly, thoughtful professor, and also by the searching and purifying movement. That remarkable tide of evangelical fervour, which caught and swept on hundreds of the most gifted men in the university, is still advancing, and Mr. Jowett, with many more, is to-day swimming in its foremost wave.

"In addition to his distinguished work in the classes of the university, Mr. Jowett found time to read and study very closely the New England school of writers, headed by Emerson. Here, and in his further study of Carlyle and Tennyson, he formed his style and enriched his power of expression. Given a youth of great powers of work and downright earnestness of purpose, as well as of extreme sensitiveness of mind, and it is easy to see how all these influences must have moulded and strengthened and chastened the extraordinary powers he had received from his gifted mother.

"Moreover, during all this time he was finding his way about the highways and byways of the heart of man. He fell in love with Bunyan's writings and gave much time to the study of the Scriptures and learned also to read his own heart, and so added great stores to his knowledge of men. His subsequent theological training at Airedale and Mansfield Colleges and the temporary pastoral oversight of country churches in his summer vacations enriched his mind and heart, and prepared him for the undertaking of the heavy responsibilities of the ministry.

"At the close of his college career he was called to St. James's Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here his ministry was a benediction to the city. When he left to come to Birmingham, *The Newcastle Chronicle*, in a leading article, said that his ministry had made business life on the Tyne side sweeter and purer. What higher praise could be given to any man? In the metropolis of the Midlands his influence is already deep and

far-reaching. On Sundays 'Carr's Lane' is crowded. On Thursday evenings 500 or 600 people assemble to hear his expositions. He is making 'Carr's Lane' a centre of missionary and social endeavor; and his church has such influence in the parish that the candidates for the Board of Guardians nominated and supported by the church visitors were triumphantly successful in the recent election.

"What is the secret of this success of Mr. Jowett as a preacher and pastor? This is a question not easily answered. Some might point to his musical, winning, yet trumpet-like voice, which he has learned to use with such tender and overwhelming power. Others might say that it was his pictorial mind—the power to see and state truths in simple and graphic form. Much can be accounted for by his combined fleetness and calm. He is swift in his work yet he is never in a hurry, for, like Nelson, he is 'always ready a quarter of an hour before time.' The habit of close observation has given him a storehouse of illustrations, which his poetic temperament and masterly skill enable him to use with such aptness, delicacy and force. Power of sympathy is strikingly felt in his public prayers, which frequently have led men into the light of salvation. Those who know his method of study might say that he succeeds because he takes pains to search the Scriptures and to prepare his sermons with the utmost labor. If genius be 'the power of taking pains,' Mr. Jowett is certainly a genius; for he toils at the Scriptures as few men are in the habit of doing. He is a reader of many books, yet he is essentially a man of one Book. But to our mind the one secret of his power and success is his clear and certain convictions. He speaks as a man who knows the mind of God, and like the ancient prophets can say, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Jesus Christ, he is profoundly convinced, is his Saviour and Helper, and the Redeemer of all men; in Jesus Christ too he finds the solution of the world's problems, the means by which we are to attain to a new heaven and a new earth. These with Mr. Jowett are firm beliefs; and these firm beliefs give force to all other outstanding gifts, and so help him to be what he is, a true minister and a wise winner of souls."

The Ne'er-Do-Weel.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(In Braid Scots.)

BY D. GIBB MITCHELL.

We've a' had oor ain thochts about the wa' gang an' the hame-bringin' o' the Ne'er-do-weel. The spendthrift loon is kent by ane an' a'. We hae a bit o' him in a' oor herts: that's what gars sae mony o' us tak' to the story.

There were twa laddies: we winna fash wi' the ane that bade at hame. We track the wanderer—bonnie an' weel-buskit; till he comes back—haggert, battert an' bruised, broken-hertit an' faggit oot.

What had the great Preacher in His e'e when He spak this earthly parable wi' a heavenlie meanin'? Ane an' a' wha jalouse they will mak' mair oot o' a life birl't awa' frae God, God's gait an' God's folk, than gin they had bidden at hame; that are no contentit an' crouse aneath his ain riggin-tree, but yaumer for a langer tether, that they may skirt awa' frae the lug o' His holy law. Sichlike hate the straucht road, but maun aye be borin' thro' hedges, scailin' dykes, an' loupin' ditches—cantrips that wyle us frae a faither's hoose, an' tak' us to the bogs o' dool. Oor Maker lets us gang. He gies us a will to mak' or mar. He doesna put a ring thro' the nose, nor pin the tow siccar i' the grund, an' tie us down to graze in a neuk o' the field. He treats us a' like free men—to gang wrang or gang richt o' oor ain likin'.

Blythesome was the hert o' the birkie o' oor story whan livin' at his faither's hoose at hame. Frank, civil chiel, wi' a sparklin' e'e, he was lo'ed by ane an' a': the beggar an' the laird were baith alike to him. Nane o' them a' kent the far-ben langin' o' his hert, which stronger grew as the weeks were passin' by—the wish to brak awa' frae the hame bin'le. He craves for scouth, an' fidges to ken what was gaun on i' the warl' oot about. He can thole the hame haudin' nae langer. Some unco thochts were gatherin' thick. His hert was in a lowe. "Faither," he says, "I'm sick tired o' this place, an' a' thing about it. I'm sick tired aye hearin' ye say, 'Dinna this, dinna that.' Gie's my life into

my ain keepin'." An' the faither pairted him a' his belangin's, an' gied him his share.

Does the scoun'el ken the airt he's to tak'? Has he an inklin' o' what he's about? He flings a sklent ahint him as he turns the cruik in the road, an' then strides forrit into the unkent warl'!

We tine sicht o' him in the thrang o' the warl' for a while. But God kens whaur he is; he's nae lost. Nane stravaig hameless i' the temptin' toun without God kennin'. He roun's the corner at ilka turn. Ye canna jink by Him. God is aye ane o' the inner circle. That omniscent e'e i' the centre o' a' things looks doun an' in like a star at midnight. Nae wrang-doin's are slippin' His notice, or will miss the dreid douncome o' His scaith.

No ilka ane that wanders oot intil the wild trackless muir comes back again. Mony hae been cosie an' snug wi' the bonnie blythe blink o' their ain fireside, an' lured awa' by fause lights, sink to the chin in quaggs o' vice, an' are nae mair heard tell o'. Better ne'er to hae left the cot on the broo o' the hill whaur a' was bashfu' modesty, wi' few wants an' licht cares, far frae the busy haunts o' ill-doin', oot amid the calm an' coyneess o' God's ain warl'; better ne'er nae to hae heard the nichtly stramash o' the flooded street, but only the sang o' the burnie that wimples thro' the clachan—than be swamp't i' the city's swirl.

Mony hae gane oot for a saunter wi' God i' the mornin' o' their days, whan, unbekent, His haun kilt up the curtains. They were spellbund wi' the fertlies o' the couthie warl' aroun' them. The lift o' blue was like their young herts, as the starnies peepit oot an' glimmer't i' the dawin'. But afore the years had lang gane by they've been pu'd into the warsle o' life, an met wi' sair mishanter.

The warl' sune herries herts o' their uprichtness an' mind-makin. It taks the len' o' love, an' flings it by whan it's dune wi't. Seek for pleasaunce! We can get mair

than eneuch. The warl's fu' o't. It's as fu' o' pleasure as it's fu' o' sin. It winna grudge ye a' its pleasures. It beckons ye wi' open haun's, an' enticin' courtesy, sweet smiles an' graces, that fill yer hert to the likin' o't. It strikes up lilts to gar ye dance, and sings sangs to gar ye lauch, an' tells ye tales to wyle yer fancy roun' the playock's o' yirth. It sune gets ye into a doited mood, an' then palavers wi' yer feelin's as it likes. What is warst for hearin' an' thochts to bruik is linkit on to swagger an' geckery—apologies for't. Yer feelin's bang aboot wi' ilka likin'. Ae thing's jist as gude's anither—tak' time, tak' time—an' a' that comes ye're ready for't, gude or bad. Ye're ready to tak' a blaw wi' ilka ane that has a pipe, to tak' a glass wi' ilka ane that has a bottle, an' crack wi' ilka ane that has a joke—dance to ony pipe that happens to play. It's a game o' slap-bang—here's to ye—hail fellow weel met—cronie for cronie—troke wi' gude humor for a' that it's worth. Ye've been bobbin' after pleasure an' didna ken't. Ye've settled to cram yer hert wi't, but it widna fill. Ye had aye a drouth for mair—a drouth that naethin' wad slacken.

Sic a dreich gait to gang! Hoo many twinin's an' turnin's! hoo many keists at the cauld corners! hoo mony fa's and hoo mony fechts! hoo mony tulzies for naethin' ava! What hae ye gotten for yer trauchle an' toil? Hoo muckle that was worth yer heed? Hoo muckle that'll mak' memory sing the tinklin' sang o' peace, or bide wi' ye that ye'll mak' yer ain?

It was pleasure ye soucht, an' ye've got it; but ye've tint yer joy i' the grippin' o't. Ilka smile, ilka joke, ilka banterin' drivel was a smotherin' clod i' the well o' yer joy. It fyle't a' the waters sae sweet an' sae pure, that wud hae flow'd intil joy an' hope. Ye've catch't at the bubble that was bricht on the stream—in yer luif there's left naethin' but the cauld blob o' despair.

By the ingle-neuk we hear o' oor faither's creeds, an' the brag o' oor kintra's deeds, an' the martyr's bluid that dyed the heather: grave words o' advice an' warnin'. The mither prays, the faither instructs. We hae the solemn Sabbath day, the kirk wi' preacher an' teacher, an' the Lantern o' God shinin' light abune a'. We've a frien' in oor conscience, nae

scaith in oor soul. We're eident an' guid-hertit. We like oor-ainsel's. Oor ain feelin's are gude company. Though we bide alane, we're no bird alane. There aye creeps ower the soul oor ain joy o' life. This is rig-oot we get for the darg o' life—a graun' rig-oot for the ups an' douns that fa' to oor lot, ilka ane saier to warsle wi' than anither. A' this may be thrown to the winds in rantin' aff to the far country. Ye dwindle doon to naethin', fa' frae the palace to the swine troughs—tine health, wealth an' frien's—Ay! an' forget to keep the tryst wi' God.

Mony a promisin' callant has thrown awa' his character an' gude name for a year or twa's gallivantin'. The blythesome fellow—wi' a natur' as open as day, a saft hert, a winnin' way, an' twa sparklin' e'en, is courtit by young an' auld. He has the best sangs at his finger ends. Ilka gaitherin' mak's muckle o' him. He's aye a favorite. A'boday kens his guid, an' hae nae grudge against his ill.

Ower aften this is the lad that gangs the wrang gait—the lad we hae to greet aboot. This is the lad that mak's the sighin' an' the sabbin' in oor ain hoose at hame. This is the lad that mak's Scotia's harp trimmle wi' the waefu' tune o' grief. This is the lad that braks a mither's hert, an' sends a faither greetin' to his grave.

But whaur is the prodigal o' the story? Let's get a blink o' the billy. He's reached the end o' his tether noo. Losh! my frien's, look at him! He's no for seein'. Puir chap, he's an unco sicht. But is't him? We hardly ken him. He's lost the picture o' himsel'. The banes are seen, an' the ghaistly vision o' the lad that ance was there, is a' that's left. Will ye greet wi' me? Lat's pity him. Lat nae man curse a word that's here, or lat the drow o' fate fa' on him.

Whummlin' a troch ower on its mou, he hirkles doon on't, claps his elbows on his knees, steeks his face atween his looves, an' glowers like a gowk on the grund. His heid's a' raivell't an' unsnod. His face is thin wi' the cark o' care. His e'e is hollow, as if lookin' for the grave. His cheek is wanrife. His voice is husky, wi' nae hert to speak. He's had mony a nasty fa' an' mony a hard dunt. His bare feet are a' hackit an' bleedin'. His heid is dizzy an' sair! What's he thinkin' aboot? He's

crackin' to himsel'. He's sayin' somethin' about the faither's hoose—his hame—and eneuch—an' to spare. Syne he braks oot an' misca's himsel'. He whurls in on himsel'. There's hope; he's at hissel'; he sees hissel'.

He looks up an' glowers about him. The licht o' reflection is strugglin' thro' a clink o' his mirk mind—the memory o' purity peerin' thro' the pollution, an' seekin' to loup ower the past, an' couple the will on to its former innocence. The daylight has come a' the way frae the faither's dwellin'. He's at hissel'; he's thinkin'!

He takes stock o' his surroundin's. The swine are gruntin' an' howkin' about hem, an' wi' his heel he kicks them oot ower frae him. It's no the swine he's kickin', but his ain past. "I'm a filthier brute than the swine. What wuld hae thoct I e'er wud hae come to this o't? The warl' has kickit me about, an' noo when my siller's dune—whan clean rookit, they grin an' pass me by. What might I no hae been had I bidden at hame? I've tint a' that was worth keepin'. Mony a damned corner I've been howken in to my sad loss this day. I'm hungry an' there's nocht to eat. I'm thirsty an' there's nocht to drink. I'm hameless an' I've nae lithe neuk to crawl to. I'm cauld an' I've nae claes to hap aroun' my shiverin' limbs. My hert is sair. My cronies hae a' forsaken me; they lauch me by. I'm lanely, forlorn, an' warl'-weary, an' nane say to me, 'Brither, tak' hert again.' At hame there's eneuch—an' mair than eneuch. I canna gang hame. I canna gang in this sicht. Wud my faither tak' me in? Naethin' can beat a trial. I'll up an' awa' to my faither's hoose. Glad will I be gin he only gies me the place o' an orra-man, feeds me wi' the hinds, an' lats me sleep i' the bothy."

He's up an' awa'—no takin' time to rin doon to the pool to dicht the dubs frae his body. He bolted aff without giein' in his warnin'.

Frien', whaur are ye? Are ye awa' frae hame an' God? Hae ye smashed a' to bits the heavenly image gi'en ye lang syne? Yer dark deeds hae brocht ye to this! I trow o' bleedin' conscience, the thoct o' a wasted life is sair to thole. Come hame without scrubbin' aff a single dub, an' without tellin' the Deil whaur ye're gaun. Come hame. Come back to

the richt gait. Come hame. Ye're welcome back to oor ain hoose at hame.

"Come into the fauld, oh, the hillside is eerle,

Come back to the richt yett. nae langer bruik shame.

Inby yont the Ingle-neuk love mak's ye cheerle,

Come back, ye'se be welcome to oor ain hoose at hame!"

It's lang sin' ye daundered down by through the laigh gait,

A-whistlin' like lintie fu' couthle, nae blame!

Ye've tint a' yer blinkin' yont by in the dubs, Walt

Ye noo for a welcome tae oor hoose at hame."

Hameward he hirples ower the lea, an' he hears the lowin' o' the kye, an' the bleat, bleat, bleatin' o' the sheep, a' bick-erin' doun the hillside—a fleecy drove—hame to their cosie pen, to be fauldit frae the wolves for the nicht. Abune his heid the wild birds screech, as wastlans they flee to their roost 'mang the weird, craggy rocks; an' far abune the sough o' the wind mang the pine trees the cushie-doo coos an' coos, ower an' ower again, as the big reid sun sinks oot o' sicht i' the rosy wast. A'thing was shoutin' loud at the pitch o' its voice, "Hame, hame, hame!" An' sae was the prodigal.

The e'enin' brings a' hame.

Hoo aft the faither speeled the knowe to get a blink o' the road that comes frac the far kintra. A faither's hert is a faither's hert a' the warl' ower. This nicht he linger't lang. Weel into the gloamin', when a'thing was lyin' doun to rest, he was takin' a hin'maist anxious look, when lo! at the turnin' o' the road the belated waistrel hies in sicht. But is't him? Ay, sure it's him—his very gait an' the swing o' his shouters. The faither's hert loupes up an' grows big at the sicht o' him. He hurries doun the brae, watchin' the loon as he slowly trudges on wi' hingin'heid—broodin' ower his story, an' dreidin' sair.

The faither canna bide back. His e'en an' his hert are rinnin' ower wi' mercy. A when ells frae ane anither, the prodigal lifts his heid frae the grund, an' losh! the faither is at him. Yes, his ain faither. The sluices are drawn; the deeps are broken up; the saut tears gush doon the lad-die's cheeks.

Behold a penitent!

"Faither, I've sinned awa' my life, an'"—

"Wheesht! wheesht! that's eneuch for me. I ken the lave o't. There's to be nae back-speirin' whaur ye've been or what mad pliskies ye've been at—nae flytin', nae cross-quaistenin' hoo ye're sae raggit, an' tattert an' torn, what's come o' yer early bloom, or whaur ye've spent the prime o' yer days. Hoo? What? Whaur? Naethin' o' the kind. Lat byganes be byganes—sae nae mair. Come awa' in-by. Blythe o' merry we'se be a'."

That nicht saw the fattest stirkie ta'en frae the sta' an' stickit for the merrie-makin'. An' the gown—the wale o' them a'—an' the shoon, an' the ring, were a' clappit on him.

The faither spared naething to mak' his son sure o' the hertiest welcome. The music struck up, an' they begude to be merry. "My laddie was deid an' is livin' again; he was tint an' is fund."

The aulder carl glumsh't at the muckle supper that was made for his brither. He stood awa' in a corner an' wudna gie'm a welcome—grudgin' his faither's guid-will that gaed by him to the ne'er-do-weel. His faither's hert was owre big. But had the faither been as he was, he wud hae been a wastrel yet. He wud ne'er hae thocht o' hame; he wud ne'er hae left the swine trochs. It was the faither's muckle hert that brocht the laddie back. Lat the grudgin' brither bide i' the backgrun'; mystery is a gude cloak for his behavior. Let him cool i' the skin he het in!

In The Home of Sir Walter Scott.

BY DR. V. B. PALMORE.

The most interesting private homes we have ever visited were those of Cecil Rhodes, on the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, and of Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, in Scotland. The one has left his imperial and enduring mark upon the world of politics and conquest, and the other, upon the world of literature. To all classes of people there is not a private home in the world more fascinating than this of Scott. It is rather remarkable how he ever secured so many objects of such extraordinary and intense interest. He seems to have been a favorite with emperors, kings and princes. Here are the swords of Bruce, the purse of Rob Roy, the pistols and portfolio of Napoleon, and cross which Mary Queen of Scots held in her hand when she was executed. Among the hundreds of varieties of curious and queer things of the olden times is the wife "Tongue Tamers," which was a metal band extending around the head and fastened with a small lock in the rear. An inward projection, something like the end of a spoon-handle, was placed in the mouth, above the tongue, in such a way as to prevent the possibility of talking while the band was locked.

On the wall of the drawing room is Chinese, handpainted wall-paper, a hundred years old, containing foliage, pheasants and flowers, with colors as bright and beautiful as if painted within the last year. In this same drawing room are some very rich and rare paintings, one of which is the most famous painting of Scott himself, which is considered a very life-like and perfect picture. Whether presented in bronze, marble or on canvass, he was certainly a very pleasing personality. In the library are twenty thousand volumes of rare interest. His private study, however, was of more intense interest to us than his great library. From floor to ceiling of this study are thousands of volumes designed for ready access.

A private door opened from the upper gallery into a little bedroom into which, or out of which, he could pass at any hour of the day or night, without disturbing any one. There was a peculiar pathos in the chair and desk at which he sat, and performed his herculean task. Constable and Company and James Ballantine and Company, two great publishing houses, failed, with Scott as security for them, for more than a half million of dollars. In-



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

stead of shirking behind a bankrupt law, or in some way trying to evade the tremendous responsibility, he girded up the loins of his intellectual strength and in his old age, coined from his own brain more than six hundred thousand dollars in the *Waverly* novels. He thus paid off every dollar of his indebtedness, and died an honest man. Mark' Twain deserves credit, when under similar circumstances, he followed such a noble example.

Back of this private study was one of the most beautiful and exclusive private flower gardens, on which his eye rested much of the time, while writing his charming romances. Just outside the window is the grave and monument of his favorite dog. This dog appears by his side in white marble in that incomparable monument on Princess street, in Edinburgh. His fondness for trees, flowers, horses and dogs was a touch of nature indicating his kinship to all the world. Very few people, at all familiar with Scotch literature, could ride a single one of the fifteen miles of the Tweed Valley, between Abbotsford and Dryburgh Abbey, without a thought of Walter Scott. Every mile of the charming scenery seems glorified or over-arched by the presence and halo of the great

magician. His favorite saddle horse, with an empty saddle, moved with the long funeral procession down this valley. The procession was somewhat startled when the horse halted and refused to move. It was discovered to be the angle of finest view, one of Scott's inspiration points, which the horse had never before passed without stopping. There are few places in all the world more suitable for the tomb of a poet than amid the romantic ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.

"There by that roofless tower,
Where the wall flower scents the dewy air,
And the owl mourns in her ivy bower
And tells to the midnight moon her care."

The granite tomb of his son-in-law at his feet, recalled the closing hours of this heroic Christian, when he said to this son-in-law: "Read to me." When the son-in-law asked, "What shall I read?" this man whose books were being read by more people than the books of any other living author, with twenty thousand choice volumes in his own private library, looked into the eyes of his son-in-law, and answered,—"Lockhart, there is but one Book!"

Tennyson was once walking in his garden with a friend, when he was asked, "What is Jesus of Nazareth to you, Mr. Tennyson?" The poet walked some distance in silence. Halting before a beautiful rose, he said, "I will now answer your question." Pointing first to the sun and then to the flower, he said, "What the sun is to that rose, Jesus Christ is to me!" These testimonies from Scot and Tennyson are worth more to the world than all the doubting higher critics have ever said, from Tom Paine to Bob Ingersoll.

Hon. Mrs. Maxwell, a granddaughter of Sir Walter, a brilliant and beautiful woman, now owns and occupies this famous home, Abbotsford. She is probably the best posted person alive to-day on the life, character and career of Mary, Queen of Scots. The secret, doubtless, of her far-reaching research and thorough investigation into the times and countries in which this ill-fated queen lived and died, is a very realistic painting which Sir Walter left hanging in his drawing room, of the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, painted immediately after the tragedy of Fotheringay! The head of John the Baptist in a

charger, is not more suggestive of remorseless cruelty and injustice than this picture. In Westminster Abbey to-day, the bodies of Queen Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, rest within a few feet of each other, and there is scarcely an hour of the day that the tomb of Elizabeth does not echo the sighs of admiration and sympathy heaved by visitors at the tomb of her rival.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, speaking of the tragedy of Fotheringay, says: "Thus terminated a trial which in legal history probably has no counterpart, and regarding which the following points especially strike us; the incompetence of the English tribunals, as then constituted, to judge an independent sovereign; the refusal of counsel to the prisoner, in violation of the laws of England, the absence of the witnesses whose presence in the face of the accused was essential to all just proceedings; the forced position of Mary, not before independent and trustworthy judges, but before commissioners carefully chosen beforehand, and who, combining the offices of judge and jury, united in endeavoring to nullify the defense.

At Fotheringay we find the prisoner standing alone before her judges. At Westminster the witnesses appear in the absence of the accused, while at neither is a single original document produced; copies, not of written letters, but pretended copies from ciphers were admitted and believed on the faith of men whose confessions were drawn from them by fear of torture, or from forged documents. Such was the evidence by which Mary was tried and condemned.

As we stood and gazed upon this tragedy on canvass, of the head of Mary and thought of her transcendent beauty, her commanding and queenly figure, her linguistic ability and splendid scholarship; the sublime courage with which she walked to the scaffold of execution, her unflinching fidelity to truth, as she stood facing an unsympathetic multitude of cruel persecutors on the one side and eternity on the other! Her unswerving faith in God and her supreme eloquence as she stood so sublimely alone, we could scarcely refrain from tears.

On our first visit to Melrose Abbey in the long ago, the moon was not rising un-

til midnight. The weather was very mild and balmy, and we were so anxious to see it by moonlight that we persuaded the old keeper of the Abbey when we retired to lock us on the inside! When the iron tongue of time, in a distant old church tower, sounded the hour of midnight, the moon peeped over the horizon, to find us sitting in Scott's favorite seat, gazing up through the window which his pen made so famous in the following lines:

"Thou would have thought some fairy's hand

"Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakyng knot had twined.

Then framed a spell when the work was done,

And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

When the moon rose higher and the "Ivy Banners" were waving their shadows over the broken tombs of Scottish chiefs and of the heart of Bruce, our hair inclined to stand on end as we thought of all the graveyard and ghost stories of our youth.

In later years, both at Melrose and Dryburgh, the luxurious growth of ivy has been removed from the walls, which somewhat depreciates the poetic romance that once hovered in its shadows, but the walls will stand much longer by the removal of the ivy. This removal not only prevents the disintegration of the walls, but enables the visitors to better study the marvelous beauty of the architecture and carving. It also enabled us to discover that the most beautiful sculpture in the Gothic Structure over the white marble monuments of Scott, on Princess street, in Edinburgh, was copied from Melrose Abbey.—*Presbyterian*.

THE WARSHIPS IN THE HUDSON.

The mobilization of the U. S. warships from October 28th to November 2d, consisting of 102 boats of all kinds, assembled in the Hudson River, was the largest in the history of our navy.

The cost often spoils the relish.

Of a little thing, a little displeaseth.

He that hath no ill fortune is troubled with good.

Do not buy of a huckster, nor be negligent at an inn.

Earth for work, Heaven for wages; this life for the battle, another for the crown; time for employment; eternity for enjoyment.—Guthrie.



HARRY LAUDER.

Harry Lauder is once more in this country. His success at Manhattan Opera House, New York for six days, beginning October 9th, was phenomenal; from three to four thousand people crowded the house at every performance.

Almost three years ago he first came to America and began his tour at a Music Hall in New York. His unusual reception in London preceded him, and he justified it in every respect when an American audience actually saw and heard him. Dan Leno failed at once and unmistakably when he tried to amuse them in the fashion that had long pleased his British following; Chevalier had no such vogue in America, even at his first visit, as he had long enjoyed in England. Women from the London Music Halls, like the endless chain of Lloyds, Clare Romaine or Vesta Tilley, usually fare well in America. The

men of equal rank have had less favoring fortunes until Lauder came. Their humor has been below—or at least beyond the understanding of their audience. Lauder has been comprehensible, interesting, amusing, and vital from the first. From New York, a year ago, he was to go to Boston, but the rivalry between the managers of vaudeville theatres that had brought him to America suddenly ended and he returned forthwith to England. Now there is new rivalry; Lauder has come again.

Lauder is one of the irregularly recurring wonders of the vaudeville stage. He is a Scot on the edge of middle age who began his career as "a comic singer of no importance," in the British Music Halls. Little by little, he made his way upward; he ceased to be a mere "filler" and began to have his place in the middle of toward the end of the list, when the house was fullest and most expectant.

Pit and gallery discovered him first and spared no audible sign of their appreciation. By the time at which they were calling "Harry," stalls and circle had discovered him as well, and found no less novel pleasure in him. His turn soon came to be the most eagerly awaited of the evening; his name had the largest type on the posters, he was booked for years ahead in the music halls in the length and breadth of the three kingdoms. In London he could fill two or three houses in a single evening and as many more, if time and strength permitted him to appear at them. Only last September, at a country house, he did a long turn for the King and won distinction as an entertainer.

Lauder is a Scotchman of the Scots', he began humbly enough, but now in his days of leisure he plays the laird on an estate in the Highlands. The "Braid Scotch" of Lowland speech is probably as difficult a dialect for the unaccustomed ear as human tone on or off the stage has ever devised. Almost invariably Lauder sings and speaks in it, but in such a clear and telling fashion that every syllable goes home, understandably, alive, significant. Mr. Lauder's arrival in New York on October 9th, 1911 was delayed, but the large audience waited until one o'clock. The following account of his experience

on that night and a sketch of his life was printed in the New York Herald of October 15th, and he authorized its reprint in "The Caledonian."

THE AUDIENCE'S TRIBUTE.

"It was the most remarkable tribute I have ever received," said the comedian, "and one that I shall never forget. It brought the tears to my een and I dinna know how I sang at all, at all. The fact that those faithful souls should wait until that unseemly hour for me touched ma verra deeply."

"And most of them had seen you before."

"Aye! Some of them a dozen times perrrhaps. That was the remarkable part of it. If it ha' been my firrst thrip I could ha' understood the curio..ity, but most of them knew my songs as weel as I knew them mysel'. But it was the kindness and courtesy of the New York Herald that made my appearance Monday night possible. If the Herald's dispatch boat Owlet had not consented to take me aboard I would ha' had to disappoint my audience, and I would ratherrr dee than do that."

"You must have had an exciting trip."

"Hoot, mon! Now your're talking. You can ha' noo idea of the excitement aboard the Saxonia after we learned that I could not reach here in time for the opening show. I was verra near crazy, and afore I got through I had everybody else on the ship in the same condition."

"What delayed your departure from the other side?"

"I had been ill for five weeks at my Heeland hame, in Dunoon. Canna you spell that? D-u-n-o-o-n. It's in Arrryglshirre, the western part of Scotland, and"—

"All right, don't strangle yourself."

"I wanted you to get the name of the place right. I left the other side a Saturday night by the Saxonia, of the Cunard line, the only steamship I could get. I was told that we would dock here Monday morning at the verra lateert. All went weel until Friday morning, when Captain Benison told me that we would not get to poort until Tuesday. Then the excitement started. Everybody knew I was aboard, because I had taken part in the ship's concert and they all begged the Captain to do his best. He promised that he would

have me at Quarantine at half-past eleven o'clock Monday night, and he was just six minutes out of the way, a remarkable guess."

"Were you nervous?"

"Aye! I was verra nerrrvous. I dinna remember touching the deck after that. Friday afternoon I saw the George Washington, of the North German Lloyd, approaching and my joy was boundless."

"A sail! A sail!"

"Aye, lad. Just what we all shouted, although, of course steamships dinna have sails. I begged the Captain to transfer me to the faster boat, but he said he could not do it. Everybody on boord begged him, but he said he couldn't do it. He said he could stop only in case of fog, wreck or to save a human life. I threatened to jump overboard, but they grabbed me and locked me in a room till the steamship was out of sight."

"Did you really mean to jump over?"

"Aye, and I think Mrs. Lauder would ha' jumped after me. From that time on I spent fifty pounds sending wireless messages to Mr. William Morris, my manager, telling him to hold the audience Monday night and I would be there if I had to swim from Quarantine. When I learned that the Owlet was sure to be at Quarantine to get the ship's news I put on my kelts and got ready. I was ready at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I wasn't transferred to the Owlet until midnight. I dinna know how I got doon the thirty foot rope ladder with everybody yelling at me. It all seems like a dream."

"Did Mrs. Lauder go down the ladder?"

"No, she did not. Early in the afternoon I tied a rope arrround her waist and told the crew to lowerrr her after me, but when she was halfway doon the customs officers dragged her back. Mon alive, but she were a sight, dangling in the air! I shouted, 'You betther go back, lass,' and finally they dragged her back on deck. On boord the Owlet I picked up an accordion belonging to the engineer and I played and sang coming up the bay. I was dumped into an automobile and we made the run from the Battery to the theatre in about ten minutes. I never had such a fast ride in my life. But as it turned out it was all for the best. Everything that happens is for the best."

"Why do you say that?"

"Who has more reason for saying it? Didn't the Almighty God take me from the bowels of the earth where I was slaving in a coal mine and place me in a sphere where I would be of more use, where I would be able to contribute my little mite to the entertainment of others? Isn't my rise from the very depths an inspiration to every man who knows the story."

"How long were you digging coal?"

"About ten years. I am forty-one now. I started when I was twelve years old and I was buried for fourteen hours a day until I was twenty-two. I was in water up to my hips most of the time, swinging a heavy pick. I sang as I worked and my comrades got to like my singing. My reputation spread in the little town in which I lived, and I was in demand at entertainments in the neighborhood. I made about eight dollars a week in the mines and averaged about fifty cents a night for singing. Mon alive, when I look back! I thought I was a prince at that time."

"Where did you make your first professional appearance?"

"In Lanarkshire, Scotland, with a concert company. I got seven dollars a week, but I didn't ha' to get up at five o'clock in the morning as I had been doing for years. I thought it was paradise to be above ground all day. After a while I became well known in the provinces. I got to London and the top or the rung about eleven years ago, and I have played from three to six months in London every year since. My London contracts carry me to the end of 1913."

"Have you ever gone back to the mines?"

"Aye! Many a time. And I haven't forgot how to dig coal," said the comedian, raising his right arm until the muscles threatened to burst the plaid that encircled it. "I have tried to have mining conditions betthered in the old country, and I have been partly instrumental in bringing about a few needed reforms."

"My first job in the mines was driving a little Shetland pony. They use them in the mines of Scotland to fetch the water, but the poor little beasts have a sad life of it. I am very fond of them and have one at home which was presented to me by some friends. I have taken a prominent

part in the agitation in their behalf which started in England several years ago, and last May I appeared before the House of Commons to plead for the passage of a law that would insure them more humane treatment. The government has taken the matter up, and I am prouder of my part in the programme than anything I have done."

"Where do you get your songs?"

"They're all my own, words, music, and stage business. 'I Love a Lassie' is my favorite. No, I don't know how the melody came to me; it was an inspiration. It is dedicated to Mrs. Lauder, and doesn't begin to do her justice. She's a great lass. London and America seem to like that song the best. I don't know how many years I have been singing it. I had to repeat it over and over again for the late King Edward when I was ordered to appear before him. Half an hour after performing for royalty I was back in the music hall singing for the costers, who only paid tuppence to hear me. From the King to the coster! Isn't that a fine line? Put it in that way."

"How do you find relaxation?"

"I don't have much time to spare for a holiday, but I manage to fish and shoot and play golf occasionally. I've got a fine place in Scotland, and then I've got my boy John. That's his picture over there. Isn't he the bonnie lad? He's nineteen and he's a student in Cambridge University."

"He won't have to dig coal, will he?"

"He might do worse," was the philosophical reply.

Slander always leaves a slur.

That is well spoken that is well taken.

All is soon ready in an orderly house.

A skillful mechanic makes a good pligrim.

They need much whom nothing will content.

Welcome death, quoth the rat, when the trap fell down.

That sheep has his belly full which butts his companion.

Give a child his will, and a whelp his fill, and neither will thrive.

A merchant's happiness hangs upon chance, wind and waves.

Apothecaries would not give pills in sugar unless they were bitter.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Eighth Lesson.

(Continued).

"And He said unto them, Which of you shall have A FRIEND, and shall go to him at midnight, and say unto him, FRIEND, lend me three loaves; for a FRIEND of mine is come to me from a journey, and I have nothing to set before him; and he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him because he is HIS FRIEND, yet BECAUSE OF HIS IMPORTUNITY he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—Luke XI, 5-8.

The first teaching to His disciples was given by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount. It was nearly a year later that the disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray. In answer He gave them a second time the Lord's Prayer, so teaching them *what* to pray. He then speaks of *how* they ought to pray, and repeats what He formerly said of God's Fatherliness, and the certainty of an answer. But in between He adds the beautiful parable of the friend at midnight, to teach them the two-fold lesson, that God does not only want us to pray for ourselves, but for the perishing around us, and that in such intercession great boldness of entreaty is often needful, and always lawful, yea, pleasing to God.

The parable is a perfect storehouse of instruction in regard to true intercession. There is, first, *the love* which seeks to help the needy around us: "*My friend* is come to me." Then *the need* which urges to the cry: "*I have nothing to set before him.*" Then follows *the confidence* that help is to be had: "Which of you shall have a *friend*, and say, *Friend*, lend me three loaves." Then comes the unexpected *refusal*: "*I cannot rise and give thee.*" Then again *the perseverance* that takes no refusal: "because of his *importunity.*" And lastly, the reward of such prayer: "He will give him as *many as he needeth.*" A wonderful setting forth of the way of prayer and faith in which the blessing of God has been so often sought and found.

Let us confine ourselves to the chief thought: Prayer as an appeal to the friendship of God; and we shall find that two lessons are specially suggested. The one, that if we are God's friends, and come as such to Him, we must prove ourselves the friends of the needy; God's friendship to us, and ours to others go hand in hand. The other, that when we come thus we may use the utmost liberty in claiming an answer.

There is a twofold use of prayer: the one, to obtain strength and blessing for our own life; the other, the higher, the true glory

of prayer, for which Christ has taken us into His fellowship and teaching, is intercession, where prayer is the royal power a child of God exercises in heaven on behalf of others and even of the kingdom. We see it in Scripture, how it was in intercession for others that Abraham and Moses, Samuel and Elijah, with all the holy men of old, proved that they had power with God and prevailed. It is when we give ourselves to be a blessing that we can specially count on the blessing of God. It is when we draw near to God as the friend of the poor and perishing, that we may count on His friendliness; the righteous man who is the friend of the poor is very specially the friend of God. This gives wonderful liberty in prayer. Lord! I have a needy friend whom I must help. As a friend, I have undertaken to help him. In Thee I have a Friend whose kindness and riches I know to be infinite: I am sure Thou wilt give me what I ask. If I, being evil, am ready to do for my friend what I can, how much more wilt Thou, O my heavenly Friend, now do for Thy friend what he asks?

The question might suggest itself, whether the Fatherhood of God does not give such confidence in prayer, that the thought of His friendship can hardly teach us anything more; a father is more than a friend. And yet, if we consider it, this pleading the friendship of God opens new wonders to us. That a child obtains what he asks of his father looks so perfectly natural, we almost count it the father's duty to give. But with a friend, it is as if the kindness is more free, dependent, not on nature, but on sympathy and character. And then the relation of a child is more that of perfect dependence; two friends are more nearly on a level. And so our Lord, in seeking to unfold to us the spiritual mystery of prayer, would fain have us approach God in this relation too, as those whom he has acknowledged as His friends, whose mind and life are in sympathy with His.

But then we must be living as His friend. I am still a child even when a wanderer; but friendship depends upon the conduct. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "Thou seest that faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect: and the scripture was fulfilled which saith: And Abraham believed God, and he was called *the friend of God.*" It is the Spirit, "*the same Spirit*" that leads us that also bears witness to our acceptance with God, "*likewise also,*" the same Spirit

helped us in prayer. It is a life as the friend of God that gives the wonderful liberty to say: I have a friend to whom I can go even at midnight. And how much more when I go in the very spirit of friendliness, manifesting myself the very kindness I look for in God, seeking to help my friend as I want God to help me. When I come to God in prayer, He always looks to what the aim is of my petition. If it be merely for my own comfort or joy, I seek His grace, I do not receive. But if I can say that it is that He may be glorified in my dispensing His blessings to others, I shall not ask in vain. Or if I ask for others, but want to wait until God has made me so rich, that it is no sacrifice or act of faith to aid them, I shall not obtain. But if I can say that I have already undertaken for my needy friend, that in my poverty, I have already begun the work of love, because I know I had a friend who would help me, my prayer will be heard. Oh, we know not how much the plea avails: the friendship of earth looking in its need to the friendship of heaven: "He will give him as much as he needeth."

But not always at once. The one thing by which man can honor and enjoy his God is *faith*. Intercession is part of faith's training school. There our friendship with men and with God is tested. There it is seen whether my friendship with the needy is so real, that I will take time, and sacrifice my rest, will go even at midnight and not cease until I have obtained for them what I need. There it is seen whether my friendship with God is so clear, that I can depend on Him not to turn me away and therefore pray on until He gives.

O, what a deep heavenly mystery this is of persevering prayer! The God who has promised, who longs, whose fixed purpose it is to give the blessing, holds it back. It is to Him a matter of such deep importance that His friends on earth should know and fully trust their rich Friend in heaven, that He trains them, in the school of answer delayed, to find out how their perseverance really does prevail, and what the mighty power is they can wield in heaven, if they do but set themselves to it. There is a faith that sees the promise, and embraces it, and yet does not receive it. It is when the answer to prayer does not come, and the promise we are most firmly trusting appears to be of none effect that the trial of faith, more precious than of gold takes place. It is in this trial that the faith that has embraced the promise is purified and strengthened and prepared in personal, holy friendship with the living God, to see the glory of God. It takes and holds the promise until it has received the fulfillment of what it had claimed in a living truth in the unseen, but living God.

Let each child of God who is seeking to work the work of love in his Father's ser-

vice, take courage. The parent with his child, the teacher with his class, the Bible reader with his circle, the preacher with his hearers, each one who, in his little circle, has accepted aid and is bearing the burden of hungry, perishing souls—let them all take courage. Nothing is at first so strange to us as that God should really require persevering prayer, that there should be a real spiritual needs-be for importunity. To teach it to us, the Master uses this almost strange parable. If the unfriendliness of a selfish, earthly friend can be conquered by importunity, how much more will it avail with the heavenly Friend, who does so love to give, but is held back by our spiritual unfitness, our incapacity to possess what He has to give. O, let us thank Him that in delaying His answer, He is educating us up to our true position, and the exercise of all our power with Him, training us to live with Him in the fellowship of undoubting faith and trust, to be indeed the friends of God. And let us hold fast the three-fold cord that cannot be broken: the hungry friend needing the help, and the praying friend seeking the help, and the Mighty Friend loving to give as much as he needeth.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY!"

O my Blessed Lord and Teacher! I must come to Thee in prayer. Thy teaching is so glorious, and yet too high for me to grasp. I must confess that my heart is too little to take in these thoughts of the wonderful boldness I may use with Thy Father as my Friend. Lord Jesus! I trust Thee to give Thy Spirit with Thy Word, and to make the Word quick and powerful in my heart. I desire to keep Thy Word of this day. "Because of his importunity he will give him as many as he needeth."

Lord! teach me more to know the power of persevering prayer. I know that in it the Father suits Himself to our need of time for the inner life to attain its growth and ripeness, so that His grace may indeed be assimilated and made our very own. I know that He would fain thus train us to the exercise of that strong faith that does not let Him go even in the face of seeming disappointment. I know He wants to lift us to that wonderful liberty, in which we understand how really He has made the dispensing of His gift dependent on our prayer. Lord! I know this. O teach me to see it in spirit and truth.

And may it now be the joy of my life to become the almoner of my Rich Friend in heaven: to care for all the hungry and perishing, even at midnight, because I know *my Friend*, who always gives to him who perseveres, because of his importunity, as many as he needeth. Amen.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

The regular meeting of the Boston Caledonian Club, held Tuesday evening, October 3rd, was very largely attended, a larger proportion of the older members being present than usual. After the report from the committee appointed at last meeting to interview the insurance commissioner, Mr. James Grant moved that the amendment to the constitution that he had proposed, be indefinitely postponed, and everybody coincided. The election of a committee to take charge of the annual Burns' celebration, January 25th, 1912, resulted in the following gentlemen being chosen: George Scott, William Gray, Peter M. Miller, Robert E. May and John Speirs.

A number of prominent Boston Scotsmen journeyed to Lynn, Mass., on the evening of October 12th, and formed a very large and appreciative assemblage. The members of the Lynn Caledonian Club, and their friends gathered to greet them. Mr. Samuel Nicolson was in charge of the Boston party, and Chief William J. Hamilton, of the Lynn Caledonian Club bade them welcome. Mayor Conroy, of Lynn, was also a welcome guest, and the evening sped far too soon for the Boston delegation, who were loud in their praises of the club's members and friends.

Professor J. H. Ripley, organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Boston, delighted everyone with pianoforte solos. Miss Jessie H. Cobb, soprano, became an instantaneous favorite. Alex. H. Barclay's voice was in splendid condition, and his rendering of Scottish songs was most acceptable to the Lynn Scots.

White seated in the operating chair in Dr. Mardoch Graham's office one afternoon recently, being treated for the "hell o' a' diseases," we heard a gentleman inquire from the attendant, when he could have an interview with the Dr. "Surely I recognise that voice," said Dr. Graham, and excusing himself, he went to greet the newcomer, and immediately I heard exclamations of surprise and pleasure. "How did you come here?" "Is this where you are?" "To think I should land in your office!" "Rather different surroundings from our last place of meeting!" etc. When the Dr. returned to me he was beaming with pleasure. His new patient was a gentleman he had last met in South Africa during the time of the Boer War. Dr. Graham was at that time civilian dental attache to the Canadian Regiments. Speaking of South Africa, I have just learned that Dr. John Sinclair, at one time pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Brookline, Mass., and who left here for Scotland to present his claim to the Earldom of Cathness, is now settled over the Presbyterian Church at Pretovia.

The largest and most interesting meeting of the Scots Charitable Society that has been held for some time took place at Young's Hotel, Thursday, October 13th.

A large calendar of business was put through swiftly and smoothly. A large influx of new members were initiated. Many good speeches were made and a most harmonious spirit prevailed. A committee was appointed from the floor to nominate officers for the ensuing year, thus ending a fight, which has racked and nearly wrecked the society. Arrangements for the annual St. Andrew's festival to be held at Young's Hotel, Friday evening, December 1st, are almost completed, and a most interesting and enjoyable evening is assured.

As a showing, how membership in this grand old society, once attained is seldom relinquished, for the first time in three years the secretary thought it was necessary there should be a reading of the black list, or names of members who were in arrears for dues. Out of a membership of nearly seven hundred, only nine names were on the list and members present vouched for seven of these.

After the motion for adjournment was carried, it took some time to clear the hall, as old friends and new faces were many and president Pottinger was being congratulated by all factions for the pleasing way in which he conducted the meeting.

Members of the Boston Curling Club are planning already to have a bonspiel in Boston some time in January or February. A team composed of Scotland's representative curlers sail from Glasgow for Canada on the Empress of Ireland, December 29th, where they will be the guests of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and it is expected they will visit Boston and try conclusions with the local team.

The Boston and District Soccer Football League were granted the use of the American Baseball League grounds, by Mr. John L. Taylor, on which to play a game in aid of the Williamson Testimonial. The match was played by teams representing the Northern and Southern Divisions. The afternoon was Saturday, October 14th, and the weather was ideal, but through insufficient advertising or some other causes, only about five hundred people came to witness the game, which was three-fourths of an hour late in starting and resulted in a tie.

To help in the encouragement of Soccer football playing in the public school playgrounds, school children were admitted free.

Harry Lauder appeared Friday and Saturday, afternoon and evening, October 20th and 21st, at the Classic Boston Opera House, before audiences that packed the immense auditorium. It was thought that the prices asked would be prohibitive, and

his Friday afternoon audience was almost entirely what is called in Boston, a carriage audience, but for the other performances as high prices were paid, and every seat was filled.

At a complimentary dinner given Mr. Lauder at the City Club on Saturday afternoon, by President Pottinger of the Scots Charitable Society, the guest was hailed as the man who had elevated the vaudeville stage to the rank of Grand Opera, and in Boston too.

Mr. Lauder expressed the pleasure he felt at being able to meet so many of the close and dear friends he had made during previous visits to Boston, and regretted very much, he could not find it possible to meet more, and thereby hangs a tale, which he told in the kindest and most forgiving spirit, amid the mirth and banter of his listeners. When Harry was told that the man who had wronged him, had bought a horse, but never paid for it, his charitable feeling vanished. "A horse thief," he said, "that's bad,—I don't like to hear that,—the man that steals a horse should be hanged." On surprise being expressed that he had read none of the laudatory criticisms on his performance that had appeared in the Boston morning papers, he declared he never read them anyway, and besides, he had spent the whole forenoon reading about that awful murr-der.

Opinions being given as to what punishment should be inflicted on the minister who had been arrested for the crime, Harry said, "Dae ye ken whit I will dae, if it was in my power to sentence him? I wudna giv him the electric chair, that's too sudden and no enough punishment. I wud gie him twenty years solitary penal servitude for murdering the lassie, and then other twenty years for making a clook of religion." Off the stage Harry Lauder (he objects to the Mr.) is as talented, witty and entertaining as on, and his fascinated listeners held on to him to the last minute, begging for more stories. Meanwhile there was hurrying and skurrying and anxiety at the opera house, a mile and more away. A taxi, however, was waiting at the door, and Harry literally tore himself away from the crowd of City Club members, who had gathered in the rooms he had to pass through to make his exit, and in a very few minutes thereafter he was giving pleasure to five thousand people, instead of the six of us he had left with the haunting refrain of "Fare-ye-well, till we meet again," ringing in our ears.

Alexander McGregor, ex-president of the Scot's Charitable Society, won out at the primaries, by a majority of 2,680, and his position on the next Governor of Massachusetts' council is assured, as his district is overwhelmingly Republican. Councillor Walter Ballantyne's re-election to the City Council of Boston, is also assured. He will again be backed by the Municipal League,

and when elected, will be the senior member of the council of nine, which directs the entire affairs of the City of Boston.

ROBERT E. MAY.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

At the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 17th and 18th, Harry Lauder might be said to have opened the swinging doors of the season into winter nights' amusement. Then on Friday, the 20th, with a clash, came the Gordons' concert and ball, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club concert and masquerade, on the same evening. 'Tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, these collisions of dates that have happened several times within the last few years, with no benefit, but rather detriment to each other. It can only, in my opinion, be avoided by a representative committee of one from each Scottish organization, meeting quarterly, or otherwise, as might be determined, to outline amicably and agreeably dates with each other that would not conflict. The asperities that arise from this condition of affairs are most hurtful to both, and wounds made in hasty, unauthorized words, by irresponsible individuals, sometimes take a long time to heal.

The Gordons held forth at Quartette Hall, Germantown and Lehigh avenues, while the ladies were at Assembly Hall, Tenth street and Girard avenue. I stayed the first part of the program at the Gordons' concert, which was brilliant and strong in talent, Miss Esther Hood being the dazzling star of the night. Fullerton, tenor, and Wilson, comic, both, I believe from 'way down East, were refreshing and like a breath of the caller air in their different lines of rendering the auld and new Scotch songs. Mr. McLoughlin, basso, was strong and powerful in voice portrayal of "The Brigand" and "Holy Friar." Mr. Alexander was the elocutionist, and he was attentively listened to, and warmly applauded by the large audience present. Miss Isabel McKinnon was the disporter of Highland Fling and Sword Dance, to the delight and "Hooches" of the Scottish Kensingtonians.

Then by proceeding to Assembly Hall, I found quite a goodly number of the ladies and young masqueraders. Their concert program was headed by Mr. Thompson and Miss Harrison, well known and much appreciated sketch artists, always brightly entertaining; then the rising young Scottish soprano, Miss H. Milne. Each time we hear her she is reaching higher and higher in the sweet art of expressive song. William Fleming was tenor, and the auld heart loved favorite of the Scots here awa, Mrs. Jeanie MacGowan Dickinson, sang some of the auld Scottish roundelays as pleasingly as ever. The gathering was select, and made up of young family representatives of the best Scottish-American culture and respectability in Philadelphia.

PETER MILLER.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF DETROIT.

JOHN SMITH, PRESIDENT.

The Caledonian:

The usual Scottish games were had August 17, last on Sugar Island, one of the most beautiful islands in Lake Erie. We had three of the largest steamers of this port at our service from eight o'clock a. m., until after twelve, midnight, when the last boat brought the last of the joyous crowd home.

We had our usual large patronage. Fully twelve thousand people attended, and the event is said to have been more complete than its predecessors.

The events, thirty-seven in number, were operated with alacrity and proficiency seldom equalled. The entire night previous it rained and appearances indicated a failure, but the day following never was excelled for purity and beauty and all conceded that it did seem that Providence did favor the Scotch.

Our twelve pipers and three drummers met at our Hall at seven o'clock in the morning, and marched through our streets playing, arriving at the boat at 7:30, and were distributed on the boats; this was insisted on by our patrons, as they were bound to hear the pipes.

The events opened with an exhibition drill by St. Andrew's Highlanders, commanded by Chief Robert Schram, followed by races for boys, for girls, for married women, for men. A dash for members, a race by the Highlanders, competition in playing the pipes, the best dressed Highlander. The best dressed juvenile Highlander, Highland dancing, the sword dance, Highland fling for girls, throwing the shot, tossing the Caber, running, jumping, vaulting, and various team contests in the tug of war. In the pipe contests, many contestants from abroad participated, as also in the best dressed Highlander, and in the dancing contests, and many of our visitors carried away prizes.

Throughout the happy day the pipes were heard over the Island, and the kilts were in evidence in all directions, and the combination of tartan, green sward, shrubbery and water surrounding, made as beautiful a picture as ever eye rested on. Never was a multitude of people more happy. It seemed that all hearts looked up and gave thanks for such a perfect grouping of beauty, and it was the more happy because it was in memory of Scotland, the land of strange beauty.

Delegations came from Battle Creek, Saginaw, Bay City, Flint, nearly every town in Michigan was represented. A special steamer was chartered from Toledo, Ohio,

and the Canadian towns along the border came to enjoy the day with us.

And everybody was Scotch that day.
Very sincerely yours,

RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.



RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

St. Andrew's Highlanders of Detroit, Michigan, held their regular annual meeting at their hall, 111 Congress street East, on Wednesday evening, October 11th.

Among other things the report of their auditing committee showed assets \$1,960.00 and no debts.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President and Historian, Ronald S. Kellie; vice president, William Cameron; secretary, William Walker; treasurer, Robert Gerrie; chaplain, James Campbell; chief, Robert Schram; second chief Richard Lindsay.

They contemplate holding a smoker for themselves and friends in the near future.

EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

James S. Wilson, a prominent contracting bricklayer and stonemason of South Sharon, Pa., died of apoplexy, Saturday, October 14th.

He was apparently in good health on retiring for the night, and his heavy and labored breathing early Saturday morning awakened his wife. Her efforts to awaken him were of no avail and he died several minutes after the arrival of the physicians.

The deceased was thirty-eight years of age, having come direct to South Sharon nine years ago, from Paisley, Scotland, his former home. He was a member of the St. Murens football club, as well as the Abercorn football club, while a resident of Paisley.

He is survived by his parents in Paisley two brothers, Andrew of South Sharon, and John, of Youngstown, and four sisters, Mrs. M. A. Reed, Duquesne, Pa.; Mrs. John Arkwright, of Slippery Rock, Pa.; Isabel Wilson, of Paisley, and Agnes Wilson, of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Wilson was a charter member of Clan McIntyre, No. 202 Sharon, Pa., and was well known throughout Mercer County and well liked and respected.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends.

On Labor Day his brilliant playing on the football team for Clan McIntyre won the game from Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, at the annual picnic.

His loss will be keenly felt by Clan McIntyre and the entire community, who extend sincere sympathy to his bereaved wife.

BURNS CONCERTS IN JANUARY.

The clans in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, to the number of five have joined hands and secured a company of artists for a series of Burns concerts in January. The artists are as follows:

Harold Jarvis, famous tenor robusto. His records of Scottish songs on the Victor Talking machine are gems of art in the singing line; James Singer, baritone; Margaret K. Alexander, Soprano; Harry Bennett, comedian; James McIlroy, Jr., pianist.

The five clans and the dates are as follows:

Clan Grant, Cleveland, Ohio, Friday, January 19th.

Clan McIntyre Sharon, Pa., Tuesday, January 23rd.

Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, O., Wednesday, January 24th.

Clan MacDonald, McKeesport, Pa., Thursday, January 25th.

Clan Cameron, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, January 26th.

The clans interested seemed determined to hear James Singer once again, especially in "Duncan Gray" and "The Cottage Where Burns Was Born." Miss Alexander and Mr. Singer will sing duets. James McIlroy, Jr., is a member of Clan MacDonald, McKeesport, Pa., and is Supervisor of Music in

the territory surrounding his home, and a better Scottish pianist could not be found anywhere.

The concert at Cleveland, Ohio, will be held in the Engineers' Auditorium; at Youngstown, in the Masonic Temple Auditorium; at Sharon, Pa., in the Grand Opera House. The artists are first class, and a series of successful concerts should result.

William Cook, of Clan McDonald, Youngstown, O., and John Nathaniel, of Clan McKenzie, Homestead, Pa., will sail on December 16th for Glasgow. They will visit their parents in Cambuslang.

Clan MacKenzie, of Akron, O., the baby clan of the O. S. C., held its first entertainment and dance on October 27th, which was largely attended and was a big success. On October 25th, their meeting was open to prospective members, after the business session. This clan is composed of genuine hustlers, and here's hoping they will continue to be.

Clan MacDonald, Youngstown, O., will hold their annual St. Andrews' Day banquet on Wednesday evening, November 22d, in the Excelsior Parlors, over Kresge's store. Plates are limited to three hundred. Needless to say, this occasion will be enjoyed by all.

M. Cary McNab, a prominent Scottish attorney of Youngstown, together with his family, have just returned from a visit to the Scottish Highlands.

HUGH W. BEST.

A WORTHY SCOT.

Mr. Andrew Wallace, baker, 164 Eighth avenue, New York city, is known and admired by a wide circle of friends. "Nothing succeeds like success" is a modern proverb, and his remarkable success is a result of thoroughly honorable dealing. His valuable services in connection with the New York Caledonian Club and Clan MacKenzie are well known and highly appreciated. Mr. Wallace is indeed a worthy son of "auld Scotland," being exemplary in every relation of life. The Caledonian has much pleasure in inserting his "ad." in this issue, in view of the rapidly approaching holiday season. As a baker, he is unsurpassed.

JOHN REID.

Mr. John Reid, merchant tailor, 17 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the successful business men in "The City of Churches." He has been long celebrated for the perfectly fitting garments supplied to his numerous customers, and his charges are very reasonable. Mr. Reid comes from Haddington, Scotland, which he re-visits frequently. He is a trustee of the Caledonian Hospital, and has labored faithfully in the interest of that institution. Mr. Reid is well informed, and can "take the measure of men" both in a sartorial sense, and when approached by fakirs and humbugs of all kinds and sizes.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter X.

Behind the yews, the young man with the prominent blue eyes was smiling down on Morag.

"Yes; in affairs at last, dearie," he said. "In affairs at last. I tell you." He pranced a step of dancing, and gaily dangled his cloak from side to side.

"You take the affairs lightly enough, then, sir." She smiled. "You mean—?"

"I mean that I have the news from Glengarry, and that there is no surer hand, Morag."

"The Prince, Norman?"

"Yes, the Prince, madam. He is coming again, and soon."

There were instantly tears of happiness in the girl's eyes.

"Ah!" she sighed, contentedly, and that was all. Then, after a space, doubt returned. "But can it really be true?" she asked.

"As certain as the sunrise to-morrow morn," he answered. "Murray and Clancarty have arranged it all. Choiseul and Belle-Isle have promised. Prussia will help, if need be. The British fleet is busy in the Canadas, and we have two of the best admirals that ever sailed blue waters—Conflans and Thurot."

"La! there are fine names in plenty, sir! Is there never a Highland one besides the Murray?"

"The little sister, the little sister!" He patted her shoulder with the air of a well-pleased tutor. "Of course, of course: for there's never a clan on Lochgarry's old list but that we'll have it out in better numbers than ever. And what do you think? Besides the raid on the Highlands there's London to be attacked! Oh, I'll warrant you we'll show them war!"

"War!" said Morag, fiercely, her eyes ablaze.

"War!" he cried. "And who, think you, is His Highness *charge d' affaires* in the Isles?"

"Oh, Norman, who but yourself?"

The young man seemed startled for a moment at the thought.

"But no—blessing on you!—what are you thinking of, girl? It's scarcely so

far forward I am. No, no. It's an old friend and a staunch—Drumfin, if you please; and he is in Tiree, I hear."

"Drumfin?" cried the girl. "But no; he is in Aros Isle, sir; and with no thought but that of renewing acquaintance with friends and haunts of his youth—the exile's eternal weakness. So I fear your story's miscarried, Norman. 'Tis not Drumfin."

As she spoke, she missed the flash of secret satisfaction in the blue eye of her companion. He snapped finger and thumb and hopped as in sheer *délight*.

"The story is true enough, I tell you," he said, halting before her, his hands on her shoulders. "But 'tis as you say about Drumfin. When he came to Scotland he knew nothing of all this; 'twas part of Clancarty's plan, you see. Timely on the spot, Drumfin would know nothing if arrested before the affair was ripe. But when the hour struck and His Highness' commission came, who more active and trusty than Drumfin, will you tell me? 'Twas part of the plan, I say, to use him. And, indeed, things could not have fallen out better than they have done."

"Why," said Morag, in solemn surprise, "we're in the very heart of it, dear brother, it would seem."

Norman evidently saw less of the high seriousness of the case in which they stood, for he skipped delightedly again.

"In the very heart of it!" he cried. "Think of it, *mo chridhe!* (my dear) What happiness!"

She blushed, and smiled gladly back to him.

"Why," she said, "'tis but half an hour since Drumfin passed this very spot."

"Lord!" cried the youth, paling through his ivory skin. "You do not tell me he is even in my father's house?"

"It's just the same I am telling you," said Morag.

He glanced around slowly and furtively, his face grave, as if he feared meeting Drumfin's quiet eye at any point.

"Never!" he said. "Alone?"

"Yes, alone—. But no, not now. For such a queer man came to him this morn-

ing—an Irish pedlar by his looks. Indeed, it was but a little ago that they went down this alley together."

Norman bit his lip savagely. "Ay," he said, quite crestfallen at this last piece of news. "And he'd have a red box—this pedlar—a red box on his shoulders, Morag?"

"The very man. Norman."

"Just as Glengarry wrote me," said he, musingly. "By the Lord, he's got the route already, then!"

"The route?" asked Morag.

"The Prince's route, Morag; his armament, dates of sailing, and his landing-place. He'll have full details of Conflans and Thurot, I'll warrant. Ah! it's glad I'd be to have his post, little sister!"

"But come in to him, and hold council," said the girl.

He smiled. "Still so innocent?" he asked. "That is not our way of working, little one. No, no; he must not see me, and I must not see him, and we can then take our oaths to that effect. You perceive, dearie? Even now I must be off for the high road."

A curlew called just then from the distant shore, and he took the proffered advantage.

"Listen!" he said.

Again the sea bird called.

"A signal?" she queried.

"A signal," he lied glibly in return. "And good-bye is what it means for us, little one. But first, listen. If you hear of aught that you think I should know at any time, you must send to Clachaig, in the hills behind here. Cattanach at Clachaig, that will find me. For it's there I'll be waiting and waiting to help towards what you and I still sigh for, lass. A kiss, little sister."

Their lips met. Then he struck a pose, half-ludicrous, to make her smile through her tears, pointing one toe, whilst his head was thrown back like a harlequin's. He laughed aloud as he climbed the wall and seated himself on the coping.

"Good-bye," he cried, mocking the sad looks his departure had called up. "Good-bye! Am I not the dolorous one? Hear me weep!"

His wild laughter rang out cheerily through the stillness of the place. It came in a faint, shrill peal over the yew tops to

where Fraser paced uneasily at the mansion's gable end, and he shuddered as he heard it.

CHAPTER. XI.

THE FAIRIES' CASTLE.

That night Fraser awoke to a grip on his injured arm. Past the undrawn curtains of his chamber window there poured the glory of moonlight, its spectral beams whorled on the bare wooden floor by the bull's eyes in the lozened panes, and in the faint radiance he beheld the face of Belle, the Aros house servant, scared almost to the ridiculous.

"Sir, oh, sir," she whispered, "rise, or you will be killed," and vanished.

He guessed her meaning instantly, and, too good a seaman to overdo the hurrying, clad himself quietly and effectively against the hint of cold in the air. Then, as he opened the door a crack and peered out, his left arm was suddenly seized, and he flung back so quickly from the grasp that the door clattered to the shaking wall. His sound hand went to his hanger, but he withdrew it when he saw the pencils of moonlight strike on a woman's figure clad in a cloak, whose hood encircled the pale face of Morag MacLean.

She beckoned him silently, and he followed her downstairs, where again she took his hand. Thence they glided, rustling and tiptoe, along a narrow wood-lined corridor, to a final flight of steps that left them on a floor of flags. A door opened from this cold room on a bit of rough lawn above the river; and across the open ground, swept by frosty airs and moonlight, they ran noiselessly, save for the jingle of a chain-catch on Fraser's cloak. They reached the shelter of the leafless birches fringing the stream, found the great stepping stones uncovered, the water racing swift and black under tinkling plaques of new-born ice, and, crossing to the further side, the open was taken again on a slight ascent. Then, the track running beneath some oak and hazel, the few squares of orange light that marked the House of Aros were lost to view. It was here Morag turned eagerly to her companion.

"'Tis the Tیره MacLeans, Mr. Fraser: they have come sooner than you thought, you see. Did you not know that the man who did this thing was cousin to my father

in the second degree? Did you not guess the dead man's friends would come knocking at my father's gates in their search for the slayer?"

"I knew him for your father's cousin," said Fraser wearily.

"Then you should also have known that you risked your life doubly in Aros; for even if these Sunivaig men should discover that cousin Angus is dead, they would still hold you guilty, in that you aided his escape. And they are indeed savage, these folk; pit and gallows at Duart used to know them well in the olden days, when they were roving in the isle. The dark ones! their curses as black as the knives they fingered!"

"Knives?" asked Fraser, halting and looking back.

She interpreted the glance at once, and said coldly: "My father? Oh, he is safe enough; or is it here his daughter would be? Drumfin is returned, and with him."

"Did they indeed threaten with knives?" asked Fraser gloomily, as they resumed the path.

"Why, yes. Their hands were busy enough, though they never drew steel. There were seven, and Deaf Alan to head them, if you please."

"Deaf Alan?"

"You do not know him, sir? He wrote the wicked book for the London printer, and was unfrocked for it."

"Lord," said Fraser, "books and printers are many in London town, and both are wicked, madam. I've no traffic with them, you may be sure, or I'd never be the saint I am, Miss Morag."

"Jest as you will, 'twas a grave enough matter for us three an hour ago, when these wild men broke in on us. My father and Drumfin were discussing some lines in Virgil; and I was busy at bits of estate-work, when there came a knocking, and forthwith these islesmen entered without a by-your-leave. Then before the parley was well begun the dear father saw it all—he that is for ordinary so excitable—and what does he do, but, cool as a court lawyer, take up my tally-book and scribble your name across the figures."

"I see," said Fraser.

"I understood him at once, and in order to send Belle to you, slipped off as naturally and as soon as my fears would allow."

"I see," said Fraser. "Did they appear to suspect my presence in Aros?"

"Why no; how should they?"

"Then what danger to me does your father fear?"

"Oh, you don't know these wild isles of the sea, the clans of them," cried Morag. "News goes fast, and they'll not be long in Aros without hearing of you. There's Deaf Alan—he smooth one—little will pass him. Oh, had you seen him stroking his dirk-sheath before my father's face—the bold one! He's mad for the old ways—"

"A little weakness of your own, is it not, Miss Morag?" interjected Fraser, smiling.

"Tush!" and she halted to stamp her foot—"Will you jest on occasion so serious, sir? 'Tis for the old ways he is mad, I say; but 'tis for the worst as well as the best. And with him the clan's very teeth must be paid for. Let me tell you, sir, that if he is in the isle to-morrow, and routing for news of his quarry, there will be no safety for you in Aros township. Thus we take time by the forelock to-night; but it's in rough fashion you must pass the dark hours at the Fairies' Castle. I fear. Do you know it?"

"Not I," said Fraser blankly, with a shrug of his shoulders; and as if careless of whatever chance befel him, he stared upwards at the stars dusted over the clear blue sky above.

"I pray you," chid the girl, "not so hopeless, if it please you."

"Indeed," he said smiling, "it is not as you surmise. My thought is rather that we magnify the danger unduly."

"Oh!" she cried, and crimsoned darkly, and he saw his error instantly.

"Ycur pardon," he said. "I—"

"And you can't believe me so fond of midnight adventures with a stranger, sir, as to seize the least pretext for them? Do you imagine Highland usage as less delicate than 'hat of the South?"

Fraser inwardly cursed his blundering, and sought for a word of excuse, but she spoke again before he found it.

"The man you helped was a kinsman of my father, let me remind you; and so it is that I am here. Please you, follow me."

Imperative she took the woodland way at a rapid pace, leaving the man no choice but obedience, and he pursued her lithe

steps in laggard fashion, with something like sulking in his air, until he beheld her turn with a gesture of impatience, and await him. Instantly, fearing a second outpouring of her wrath, he capitulated.

"I crave pardon," he said. "I am a selfish boor, I confess. I shall do as you wish, madam."

Her eyes flashed, and she made no reply. But she pushed on, as if to hide the tumult of her thoughts. Oh, soon, soon, she told herself, he would learn to think of the Gael in truer fashion. Soon he would see what chivalry was—what loyal hearts could dare; and he and his breed would no longer sneer every generous impulse out of life. Her Prince—her Prince was coming—was coming again! How she would humble this man! But—failure? Ah, should the Prince fail—what then? Oh, then would she show him how his great spirit bore its sorrow—how ten thousand hearts were broken in the breaking of her Prince's heart! And there also should this Southerner find humiliation in the thought that he had helped in victory so shameful.

Suddenly it came to her with a glow of her whole being that she was unusually preoccupied with plans for the discipline of this stranger's spirit. Was it because a hint of a reason for all this dawned on her, that she began to make endeavors after a return to matter-of-fact by urging him to a faster pace?

"A little quicker, I pray you," she said. "You do not know whom we flee, sir, or your steps would be lighter."

They went on over the mossy track that now left the wood and took them by a rampart of rock to a steeper ascent of the hill. The winds of the day had fallen, and far beneath, they saw the Sound, quiet in unwonted fashion, the moon's path fair and unrippled from Innimore to Aros. A croaking heron flapped shorewards from the wood they had left; a stoat, already in winter white, flashed and halted, and flashed again across their path. For the rest, the hare and the black-cock were the only living things that stirred. Higher still they climbed, their breathing a little faster now, and the fragrance of boe-mvrtle around them. They passed between the twin peaks of a little hill, and the girl looked round, shivering

in a faint breeze that was now felt on the western side of the height.

"Oh, I trust I have not misled," she said feebly, looking out over the great fields of mountains spread fair and far beneath the moonlight's witchery. "I can see two waters only, but as yet not our mark—the loch in the west there. Further still, sir. Come."

They descended into a little plain with many little pools of peaty water in it, and not without difficulty advanced toward a great mound in front, where soon the outline of massed stones on its summit rose black against the azure of the sky.

"Ah," said Morag, "the Castle."

The escalade of the steep little hill on which the ruin stood was stiff work. Twice the girl, exhausted, slipped on the wet turf; and at last assenting to Fraser's appeal, she seated herself on a boulder on the eastern face of the ascent in order to await his return.

When at last Fraser had climbed the hundred feet or so of rock-strewn hillside, he found himself on a little plateau, with a rude wall, massive though dry-built, surrounding its almost circular outline. The ruin must indeed be ancient, he pondered; testimony of its age lay even in the meagreness of the remnant left, for although the wall was some ten feet in thickness, its height measured only half this at most. Here and there were hollows, marking where chambers or stairs had opened, and he noted how these might offer hiding from an enemy or shelter in stress of weather. For the rest, the hill was an ideal place of refuge, and commanded the isle as from an eyrie. Yonder were two of the signs for which the girl had asked: Loch Frisa to the north, the Sound to the East. And now a shimmer of moonlit tides gave the third of the marks, for here Loch-na-Keal, an arm of the Atlantic, was thrust inwards to the island's mountain-roots. At sight of these surrounding waters, the sailor in Fraser came dominant, and unconsciously he fell to admiring the strategy of those builders of earlier years, who—plainly sailors as well as warriors—had so wisely chosen this vantage ground in the waist of the isle. He dreamed on the past and saw again their beaked galleys float darkly on the wave—a Viking argosy. His imag-

inings, indeed, took him so completely from himself, that for the moment he had quite forgotten the matter he had in hand, and the meaning of his errand among these moon-lit hills, when a faint cry came to him, a woman's wail, and he suddenly recalled his plight, his waiting companion, and all the ordeal of the present hour.

He scrambled down the eastern face of the hill, and looked for the girl's figure, but the westerling moon made shadow here—shadow as of ebony, and he stumbled as he went, seeing no sign of her. "Miss Morag," he called; yet the only reply was the eastward-flowing wind calling *hush* among the grasses. An echo from the twin-peaked hill startled him as he called again, and then in a flash this lone high moorland, with its tussocks of creamy moss, and its peaty pools, through which he plashed desperate—this harmony of gloom and fair lights as of mother-of-pearl, became a horror to his soul.

He plodded distracted around the base of the Castle Hill, and ever his call in the dark brought wilder fears as it echoed fainter and fainter in the high gullies above Aros. Oh, worse than a fool, he thought, that he should do this thing! Was it to save a poltroon such as he from a scuffle with some islemen that this high-spirited lass had risked so much? Oh, fool! oh, fool! Again and again he called her name, beside himself with apprehension.

He had made the circuit of the great mound unrewarded, and now, the moss water at his ankles, he stood at bay and looked around. Then his eye found a spot of whiteness in the gloom, and he strained upwards to it instantly. It was Morag's face. The girl lay pale and breathing faintly; and she smiled wanly but spiritedly to him before she closed her eyes in a spasm of pain.

"You are hurt?" he cried, kneeling beside her.

"A sprain only, I think," she answered, and again the wan smile. "And of all places the fashionable one, if I may judge from your sling, Sir Surgeon—the right arm."

It seems that after she had rested a little, she had attempted to follow him up the hill. Then a foot slipped, the wrist

doubled under her, and the pain had been so great as to cause her fainting.

"Look at it, surgeon," she said. "Would not a fracture there be more *a la mode*?"

Fraser examined the wrist, and was able to assure her that a sprain was the worst that had happened. Her kerchief, dipped in a stream, served as a temporary dressing, and the surgeon halved his sling of silk to share it with her. Then they turned homewards.

"And so you come back to Aros with me to see me safe? I protest 'tis a Highland convoy this," said Morag gaily.

"And how?" asked Fraser.

"Oh, one sees a friend home to his lodging, and then the friend returns the favor. And so they may go on for a round of the clock."

"Ah," said Fraser absently, "how I regret that sprain!"

"Oh, la! as if I had not done well enough by guiding you once, sir?" she said archly.

It was now the surgeon's turn to show a high color.

"Oh, 'twas not of the Scotch convoy I was thinking," he said rather awkwardly.

For reply she tossed her fair side-curles.

"I mean—I should be vastly pleased—" he stammered.

"Because of the sprain?" asked the rogue. "How strangely you mingle pleasure and regret, sir!"

Thereupon Fraser assumed a moody silence, finding himself so poor a match in this wordy warfare; a hundred sharp retorts rose in his mind, indeed, yet an opening never came for any of the weapons he fashioned so finely. But now, as they regained the mossy plain, and the uneven ground made progress more difficult, not a little satisfaction mingled with his solicitude as he saw her bite her nether lip when a false step in the gloom jarred her injured arm. The agony of the wrist was in truth so great that she swayed a little as if about to faint again.

"You are still pained," said he, coming close to her. "Will you take my arm?"

"La! indeed, sir, and which?"

She laughed gleefully, if feebly, and her old self was in her voice as she demonstrated the difficulty of the problem.

"You cannot come to my left side, sir, for 'twould then be your maimed arm I'd

sacrifice. And if you take the other side, what of my poor hand?"

She laughed again, but despite her gaiety, swayed in a sudden pallor, and there was nothing for it but his left arm around her waist.

"'Tis a trifle awkward, I confess," said she faintly, when the first shock of surprise at his daring had passed: "Yet if we can but keep step we'll do none so badly. What monstrously frail creatures we be, that a little pain should so unsteady us! Let us give thanks, Mr. Fraser, that it was no worse. An ankle, now! La! how horrible!"

Half-way back to Aros she suggested that she felt better and might do without his aid, and so Fraser relinquished his grasp reluctantly, and by stages.

They approached the township cautiously, lest the Three men should be abroad, but at last they halted without mishap at the stepping stones on the Preacher's River.

"There now is one part of a debt discharged," sighed the girl. "And Angus MacLean's kinswoman will sleep the sounder to-night because of it. I've shown you the best hiding in all the country-side, sir, so back to it as fast as you can, if you are wise; for though Aros is safety for me, 'tis danger still for you. To-morrow I'll send you food and news by the trustiest I can find. *Slan leat.*"

"And what is that?" Miss Morag?"

"Why, 'tis the good word of farewell I'm giving you."

They shook hands left-handed, but like good comrades, and she went down the bank to the first of the stepping-stones. Fraser stood dark in the moon-light, watching her as she balanced unfairly on it, a crust of thin ice crackling under her feet; and he saw how her hurt hand, entangled in the folds of her cloak, was suddenly disengaged to check her unsteadiness, as she slipped and retreated to the hither side again; so, tossing off his sling, he was beside her in an instant.

"Your permission," he said.

And all in a dream she felt herself lifted and borne over the boulders in the bed of the stream. Momently he paused when he reached the birches on the other side, before he set her down, but in that second he had turned her face from his own shadow, so that the moonlight fell on her broad forehead and quiet eyes. There was something in her look that was eloquent of understanding, something of pity for his lot, and something also, that, despite her recent merriment, mingled all these with a hint of the old sorrow of the world, and the tragedy of life itself. Passion in that instant came to birth, and death in his face, and he placed her gently on earth again, yet not without a grimace of pain at the movement of the splint on his broken arm. Then he held the birch-twigs cavalierly aside, and bent to kiss her fingers.

"*Slan leat,*" he said, and resuming the stony path across the river, he was soon high on the moonlit heath once more.

CALEDONIAN HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Caledonian Hospital, Brooklyn, has completed plans for what promises to be its busiest winter. All summer the members and their friends have been working faithfully for the hospital, and in the opera contest, held every year by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, the Caledonian Hospital has maintained third place. Should it continue to hold its position until the end of the contest, this means that it will secure fourteen tickets for seven performances of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company's Brooklyn season. In each of the previous contests held, the hospital has secured tickets which in each case have been disposed of most advantageously.

On December 11, 12 and 13th, a Scottish fair is to be held in the Imperial, Fulton street, near the Borough Hall subway sta-

tion, Brooklyn. Again the Scottish table, which proved so great an attraction at the last bazaar held in the Brooklyn Masonic Temple in the fall of 1909, will be featured. Straight from the land of heather, have come many articles that will send the thoughts traveling back over the water, and the soft Scottish tongue will make the thought seem true. The Flora MacDonald Society will be in charge of one booth and various other Scottish societies will be represented. The Manhattan and Bronx branch of the Women's Auxiliary, will also assist at the fair.

The Auxiliary has prepared and published a Scottish calendar for 1912, which while it maintains the high standard set for it by the calendar for 1911, is yet distinctly different.

ESTELLE NOBLE.

New Publications.

THE WORLD'S MEMORIALS OF ROBERT BURNS. Collected and described by Edward Goodwillie. The Waverley Pub. Co., Detroit, Mich., October, 1911. \$2.00 net.

There is such a fascination about this book that one feels that he cannot lay it down until he reads it from cover to cover. It is dedicated to the immortal memory of Robert Burns, the national bard of Scotland, an apostle of freedom, and of the universal brotherhood of man. This beautiful volume of 180 pages of reading matter and sixty pages of fine illustrations is a record of all the known statues and memorials erected throughout the world in memory of Burns. The choice selections from the poet of which the inscription on the monuments are largely composed are full of interest and very appropriate. The brief descriptions given of these monuments which perpetuate the poet's memory, show the high admiration that Scotsmen everywhere have for the immortal Burns. Throughout all the centuries of literary effort there has been no one writer, who has been so universally loved and therefore honored. The last section of the book contains loving tributes to him from distinguished men all over the world, which show that the name of Burns is enshrined in the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. All admirers of Burns, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Goodwillie for his patience and diligence in seeking out all these memorials, also in gathering their sketches and presenting them in such a readable form, together with their full-page pictures. The book is bound in red cloth with a bust of the poet printed on paper on front cover.

THE "TUDOR SHAKESPEARE," edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Published by the MacMillan Company, New York. Price per volume, thirty-five cents.

We have before us the initial volume, "Romeo and Juliet," of a new and very attractive edition of Shakespeare. Prof. Neilson, of Harvard University, and Prof. Thorndike of Columbia, the general editors, are men of ability and scholarly attainments. "Romeo and Juliet" is edited by them alone, but the volumes which are to follow (there will be forty in all), are each under the special editorship of different Shakespearean scholars, who are, almost without exception, professors of English in the leading universities and colleges of America. The publishers have taken great pains in the mechanical makeup and the result is a book with clear type, attractive binding and exceedingly convenient size. The low price places it within the reach of all admirers of the great dramatist.

In the Introduction to "Romeo and Juliet," the editors discuss the text, the date of composition, source of the plot, other versions of

the story, the lost play, its relation to contemporary drama, and also the style, stage history, and interpretation. The "Notes" and "Glossary" are very suitable and instructive. We await with eagerness the remaining volumes.

"THE BEAUTY OF SELF-CONTROL." By J. R. Miller, D. D., New York; Thomas Y. Crowell Company, one dollar net.

This is a helpful devotional book. Dr. Miller excels as a practical writer on various phases of Christian life, and "The Beauty of Self-Control," is one of his best. We quote the following as the key note of the book:

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LIBEL IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Extracts from an article by the Hon. William J. Gaynor (Mayor of New York, late Judge of Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York), in the October Century.

Democratic institutions have no deadlier enemy than the professional falsifier of daily events or the professional libeler who ruins reputations and poisons the community through the printed sheet; and free government cannot survive the continuance of such a condition.

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The abuse of the power of the press, especially by that part of the press which, to gain greater circulation, appeals to the passions and prejudices of the ignorant and thoughtless, causes more misery than war or pestilence; and in the United States it is principally responsible for the frequent failure of men of ability, character and patriotism to enter or continue in the public service.

The Recollections of a Village Patriarch.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

(Continued.)

It was in the month of August, 1830, and just before the crops were ready for the sickle, old Roger was sitting, as his custom was (when the weather permitted), enjoying his afternoon pipe on a stone seat at the door, when a genteel looking stranger, who might be about fifty years of age, approached him, and entered into conversation with him. The stranger asked many questions concerning the village and its old inhabitants, and Roger, eyeing him attentively for the space of a minute, said—"Weel, ye seem to ken something about the town, but I cannot charge my memory with having the smallest recollection o' ye; however, sit down, and I will inform ye concerning whatever ye wish to hear."

So the stranger sat down beside the patriarch, on the stone seat by the door, and he mentioned to him the circumstances respecting which he wish to be informed, and the individuals concerning whom he wished to learn tidings. And thus did the old man narrate his recollections, and the tales of

THE VILLAGE.

I have often thought, sir (he began), that A—is one of the bonniest towns on all the Borders—indeed, I may say, in all broad Scotland. I dinna suppose ye will find its marrow in England; and I dinna say this through any prejudice in its favor or partiality towards it, because I was born in it, and have lived in it now for the better part o' four score and four years; but I will leave your own eyes to be the judge. It is as clean as the hearth-stane o' a tidy wife—and there certainly is a great improvement in it, in this respect, since I first knew it. There is the bit garden before almost every door, wi' vegetables in the middle, flowers along the edges, a pear or cherry tree running up the side o' the house, and the sweet, bonny brier mixing wi' the hedge round about. It lies just in the bosom of the woods, too, in the centre of a lovely haugh, where the river soughs along, like the echo of the cooling of the cushats in the plantations. The population is four times what it was when I remember it first, and there are but few of the old original residents left. There have been a great many alterations, changes and improvements in it, since I first kened it; but young folk will have young fashions, and it is of no use talking to them. The first inroad upon our ancient and primitive habits, was made by one Lucky Riddle taking out a license to sell whiskey and tippeny, and other liquors. She hadna carried on the trade for six months until a great alteration was observable in the morals o' several in the parish. It was a sad heart-sore to our worthy minister. He once spoke to me of having Lucky Riddle summoned

before the Session. But says I to him—"Sir I am afraid it is a case in which the Session cannot interfere. Ye see she has out a king's license, and she is contributing to what they call the revenue o' the country; therefore, if she be only acting up to her regulations, I doubt we canna interfere, and that we would only bring ourselves in to trouble if we did."

"But Roger," quoth he, "her strong drink is making weak vessels of some of my parishioners. There is Thomas Elliot, and William Archbold, or Blithe Willie, as some call him for a by-word; those lads, and a dozen o' others, I am creditably informed, are there, drinking, singing, swearing, fighting, or dancing, night after night; and even Johnny Grippy the miser, that I would have made an elder last year, but on account o' his penuriousness, is said to slip in on the edge o' his foot every morning, to swallow his dram before breakfast! I tell ye, Roger, she is bringing them to ruin faster than I can bring them to a sense o' sin—or whatever impression I may make her liquor is washing away. She has brought a plague amongst us, and it is entering our habitations, it is thinning the sanctuary, striking down our strong men, and making mothers miserable. Therefore, unless Lucky Riddle will, in the meantime, relinquish her traffic, I think we ought in duty to prohibit her from coming forward on the next half-yearly occasion."

I was perfectly aware that there was a vast deal o' truth in what the minister said, but I thought he was carrying the case to a length that couldna be justified; and I advised him to remember that he was a minister o' the gospel, but not of the law. So all proceedings against Mrs. Riddle were stopped, and her business went on, doing much injury to the men's, bodies, purses, and families of many 'n the village.

It was nae great secret that there were folk, both in and about the town, that had small stills concealed and working about their premises, and that there wasna a night but they sent gallons o' spirits owre the hills into England; but, by some means or other, Government got wit of these clandestine transactions, and the consequence was, that a gauger was sent to live in the village, and three armed soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants, who had to provide beds for them week about. Naebody cared for having men wi' swords and firearms in their house, and they preferred paying for their bed at Luckie Riddle's. They were regarded as spies, and their appearance caused a great commotion amongst young and old. I often feared that the spirit of murmuring would break out into open rebellion; and one morning the soldiers

came down from the hills, carrying the gauger covered wi' blood, and in a state that ye could hardly ken life in him. One o' the soldiers also was dreadfully bruised about the head, and his sword was broken through the middle. They acknowledged that they had had a terrible battle wi' a party o' smugglers, and rewards were offered for their apprehension. But, though many of our people were then making rapid strides towards depravity, there was none of them so depraved as to sell his neighbor, as Judas did his Master, for a sum of money. None o' us had any great doubts as to who had been in the ploy, and some o' our folk werena seen for months after; and, when inquiries were made concerning them, their friends said they were in England, or the dear kens where—places where they could have no more business than wi' the man o' the moon—but when they came back, some o' them were lamiters for life.

The next improvement, as they called it, was the building of a strong square, flat-roofed house, like a castle in miniature, wi' an iron-stanchel window, and an oak door that might have resisted the attack o' a battering-ram. This was intended to be a place of confinement for disorderly persons. A constable was appointed to take care of it, and it often furnished some of Lucky Riddle's customers with a night's lodgings. Persons guilty of offences were also confined there, until they could be removed to the county jail.

The next thing that followed, certainly, was an improvement, but it had its drawbacks. It was the erection of a woolen manufactory, in which a great number o' men, women, and bairns were employed. But they were mostly strangers; for our folk were ignorant of the work, and the proprietor of the factory brought them someway from the west of England. The auld residents were swallowed up in the influx of new comers. But it caused a great stir about the town, and gave the street quite a new appearance. The factory handna commenced three months, when a rival establishment was set up in opposition to Lucky Riddle, and one public house followed upon the back of another, until now we have ten of them. As a matter of course, there was a great deal more money spent in the village; and several young lads belonging to it, that had served their time as shopkeepers in the country town, came and commenced business in it, some of them beneath their father's roof, and enlarging the bid window o' six panes—where their mother had exposed thread, biscuits, and gingerbread for sale—into a great bow-window that projected into the street, they there exhibited for sale, all that the eye could desire for dress, or the palate to pet it. Yet with an increase of trade and money, there also came an increase of crime and a laxity of morals, and vices became common among both sexes that were unheard of in my young days. Nevertheless, the evil

did not come without a degree of good to counterbalance it; and in course of time, besides the kirk, the handsome dissenting meeting-house that ye would observe at the foot of the town was built. Four schools besides the parish school also sprang up, so that every one had education actually brought to their door; but opposition at that time (which was very singular), instead o' lowering, raised the price o' schooling, and he that charged highest got the genteel school. Then both the kirk and the meeting-house got libraries attached to them, and Luckie Riddle found the libraries by far the most powerful opposition she had had to contend wi'.

(To be continued.)

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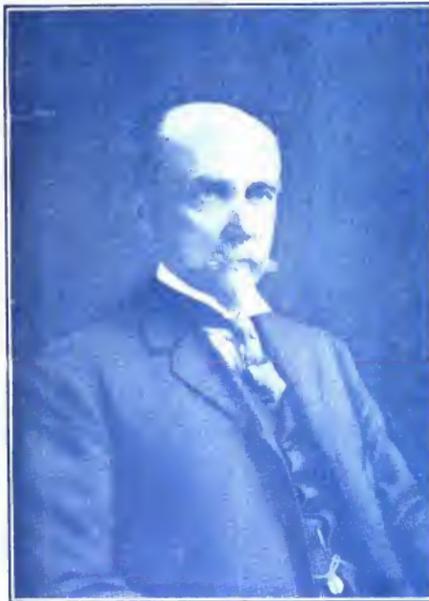
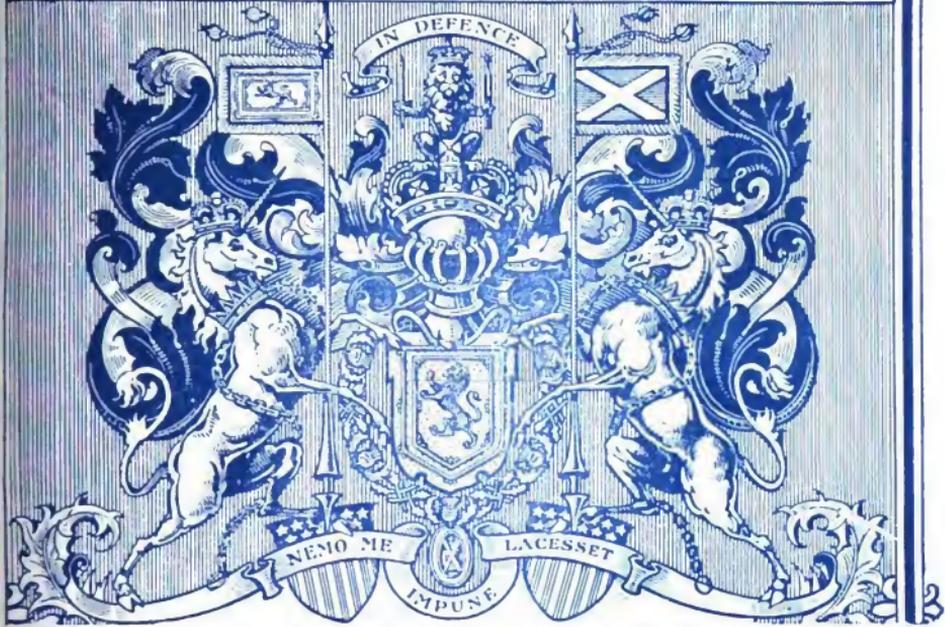
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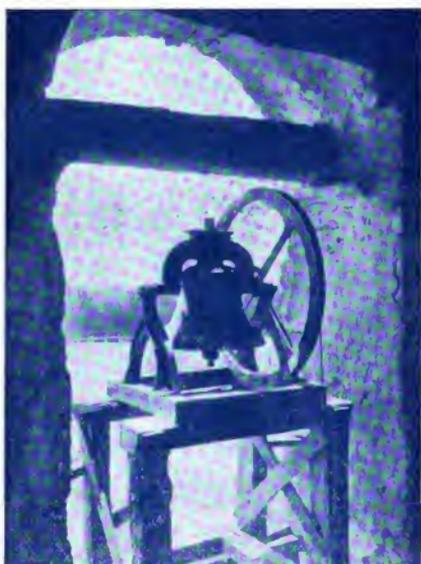
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Current Events.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

DOMESTIC.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie organized on November 10th the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and endowed it with a capital of \$25,000,000. According to the charter of the organization, it is authorized "to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States," and carry on the work of founding libraries and endowing colleges, even after the philanthropist's death. This is the largest of Mr. Carnegie's individual gifts, and brings the amount he has given altogether for the diffusion of knowledge and philanthropic objects generally up to the enormous total of about \$200,000,000. Benevolent people of large means differ as to the means to be employed to improve human conditions. Some think that to relieve indigence directly and sporadically is but to perpetuate the evil; others, following the promptings of a generous heart, relieve the necessities without the desire or hope of reward, and leave the question of the remote consequences of their kind acts out of consideration. Mr. Carnegie bids fair to leave behind him a name as a patron of learning and an advocate and active promoter of universal peace second to none in the history of humanity. Scotsmen all the world over ought to have a feeling of pride that a man

of their nation is the greatest philanthropist of all times.

The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs met in New York city on the 14th ult. The assembled women were welcomed by Mayor Gaynor and addressed by him and Chancellor Brown of the University. When the State Federation last met in New York, in 1898, there were but 150 delegates present, as compared with over a thousand at the recent meeting, representing 350 clubs, with a membership of 75,000. All over the country, women are combining in the same way. The enlargement of their sphere of work and the growth of a feeling of independence is largely changing the relations of the sexes. In six States they have the right to vote as well as men, and probably at no distant date the same privileges will be given to them in all the States. The influence of women voters will probably be salutary at first. What the ultimate result will be is difficult to conjecture.

Dr. Ganz, a German aeronaut, declares his intention of flying across the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon next spring. Recently, Dr. Ganz called upon Mayor Gaynor, of New York, to offer him the honor of accompanying him on his hazardous venture. The Mayor told his visitor that if his attempt were successful, he would take a ride with him over land.

The one hundred and second anniversary of organized Bible work in New York city will be on Sunday, December 3d. In honor of the event, special meetings will be held in many churches, including one in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Rev. John Henry Jowett will preach:

Mr. John Wanamaker, the well known New York merchant, was the guest of honor at a banquet given recently in his honor, at Sherry's, by his business friends, as the climax of his fifty years' honorable business life. A silver loving cup was presented to Mr. Wanamaker, as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his business friends. A. Barton Hepburn, who was Controller of the Currency when Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General, told interestingly of the troublous times in politics during their terms of office.

Mr. Cummings, a leading official of the Carnegie Trust Company, was convicted recently of appropriating for his own use \$147,000 from the Carnegie Trust Company of New York.

A movement has been started by some university men to organize college clubs throughout the country to enter into a campaign for the election of Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, to the Presidency of the United States.

Sir Charles Ross, Bart., of Balmagowen Castle, Ross-shire, arrived in New York lately, with Lady Ross, who was born in Kentucky. Sir Charles Ross fought in the Boer war and equipped an entire battery at his own expense for service in South Africa. Next to the Duke of Sutherland Sir Charles is the most extensive land owner in Scotland.

Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, stated on November 17, that "Roosevelt is now an avowed candidate for the Republican nomination for president. It will be a neck and neck race between him and Taft in the convention. The recent article by Roosevelt in *The Outlook* is subject to but one interpretation."

It is possible that Col. Roosevelt intends to be a candidate for the presidency next year, though the article he wrote for *The Outlook* does not show him to be such an "avowed candidate." But few men of integrity would like to have their honesty of purpose upheld at the expense of their intelligence, and judgment. Col. Roosevelt could scarcely regard as a compliment, the reflection that he was deceived when he consented to the absorption by the United States Steel Corporation of a rival, competing concern.

At the request of William Curtis Demerest, Chairman of the Special Committee of the National Committee for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English speaking people, Mayor Gaynor named the committee November 17, that will represent New York city. This committee will arrange for the celebration that will be held in New York. It is headed by J. P. Morgan and numbers fifteen, among the number, of course, was Andrew Carnegie.

A more than ordinarily perspicuous stargazer of Lowell Observatory, Arizona, early last month discovered hoar frost in the Antarctic regions of the planet Mars. The sharp-sighted astronomer might essay an easier, less remote job, and tell us the complexion of the man in the moon.

The President of Harvard University, Albert L. Lowell, was created an officer of the French Legion of Honor, on November 10th, in Paris. This, needless to say, is an honor rarely conferred upon others than Frenchmen, and is prized accordingly.

To maintain an army in the Philippine Is-

lands it is estimated has cost the United States so far \$167,486,403. Outside of the mere fact of possession, which has at least a sentimental value, this country has not been benefited appreciably by such ownership.

The fact of the churches of the United States publicly expressing their approval of arbitration treaties, and of all other means which would tend to eliminate war from the future history of humanity, can scarcely fail of having a salutary effect.

Mr. Robert Wallace, Williams Bridge, New York, a native of Perthshire Scotland, died suddenly on Monday November 6th, at his residence. Mr. Wallace was a highly respected Christian gentleman—known to the whole village as an upright man. For many years he was engaged in the real estate business. He was a Mason—a member of the St. Andrew's Society, N. Y., and a candidate at the last election for alderman for the Thirty-fifth District. He was the leading officer in the Williamsbridge Presbyterian Church, and an active member of the committee of church extension of the Presbytery of New York. He came to this country in 1870, and was seventy-four years old. The funeral was held on Tuesday evening in the church and was largely attended and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Albert Ganz, and members of the Church Extension Committee of Presbytery. He leaves a son and daughter.

Mr. Evan J. Fraser-Campbell, representing The South African Banking Corporation in New York, died on November 8th, in the Presbyterian Hospital New York, as a result of injuries received by being run down by an automobile in Central Park. His skull was fractured and he died without recovering consciousness. Mr. Fraser-Campbell was born in Scotland at Dinmore Argyllshire. He came to this country in 1879, and assumed the American agency of the South African Banking Corporation, and also the agency of the William Forbes Woolen Company of Tientsin, China. He married Miss Edna Arnold, the daughter of B. G. Arnold of this city. He was formerly a member of the Union and Downtown Clubs. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Seamen's Aid Society, and attended the University Place Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Fraser-Campbell is survived by Mrs. Fraser-Campbell and three sons, Evan, Arnold and William B. Fraser-Campbell. He was sixty-four years old.

CANADIAN.

It was recently reported that owing to the lack of freight cars many elevator stations in the northwest were forced to refuse grain. It was claimed that at Winnipeg, two thousand cars a day could be fully employed in the shipment of wheat and other grains.

A movement is on foot in Halifax, N. S., to erect a monument in honor of Robert Burns, in that city. Fredericton, N. B., and Toronto, Ont., have so commemorated the Scottish national poet and Halifax is determined not to be left behind in expressing its admiration for the genius of Burns.

Among the questions to be discussed at the present session of the Canadian Parliament will be probably the status of the Canadian navy projected by the Laurier Government. This was to be independent of the British naval authorities. If the scheme is not discarded wholly, the party in power in Canada now will likely make the Canadian Navy contributory to the British Navy—a much more friendly and loyal disposal of the affair than that contemplated originally.

The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, recently permitted himself to be named a patron of the Caledonian Curling Club of Montreal. As Prince Arthur, forty-two years ago the Duke opened the Caledonian Curling Club and a photograph was taken of those prominent at the ceremony. Of those so pictured the Duke of Connaught and another man only survive.

The Hon. Hugh Guthrie, M. P. of Guelph, Ont., recently received one of the Coronation medals sent to him by command of King George. Mr. Guthrie was a representative of the Province of Ontario in the Parliamentary delegation from Canada at the Coronation.

The Allan Line directors recently placed orders for two steamers for their Liverpool-St. Lawrence service. One is to be built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company at Govan, and the other by the W. Beardmore & Company, at Dalmuir.

Over 450,000 barrels of apples have been shipped from Halifax this season. This is almost one hundred per cent. more than were shipped last year.

Under the auspices of the Salvation Army, a large number of British immigrants are expected to arrive in Nova Scotia shortly.

The Canadian Northern Railway intends to erect workshops in the City of Quebec.

Andrew Bonar Law, recently selected as the leader of the Unionists in the British Parliament, was born in New Brunswick, where his father, Rev. James Law was a Presbyterian minister.

Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, spent a few days recently in conference with Premier Borden and his cabinet, at Ottawa, and requested that steps be im-

mediately taken to exclude from the province all Chinese, Japanese and Hindus.

The twelfth Parliament of Canada was opened at Ottawa on November 16th, by the new Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, under conditions more brilliant than at any previous occasions of the kind. Many visitors were present from the United States and from all parts of Canada, and though the proceedings were democratic in certain aspects, there was a flavor of royalty attached to the ceremonial unavailable under the circumstances.

BRITISH.

King George and Queen Mary left England on November 11th, and started on their visit to India, where, at the Durbar, they will be crowned emperor and empress of India. The ceremonies, fetes and displays attending the presence of royalty in the vast eastern dependency, will be on a scale of unprecedented pomp and magnificence. These festivities will last till January 7th, when the royal couple will bid adieu to their multitudinous, complex Indian subjects and start for Britain's shore. Fond as Orientals are of display and parade and all the trappings of rank and royalty, their majesties' visit to India will doubtless tend to promote a feeling of loyalty to the royal family and to the vast imperial domain to which they belong.

A promise of £50,000 has been made by Lord Mount-Stephens towards the establishment of a Scottish Presbyterian pension fund for ministers. The purpose for which the fund is established is to give a pension of £100 a year to ministers who have reached seventy.

The White Star Line Company are negotiating with Harlem & Wolf, shipbuilders of Belfast, for the construction of a steamship which will surpass in dimensions the recent additions to the line by more than a hundred feet. The projected vessel will be nearly if not fully 1,000 feet in length.

Sir Hugh G. Reid, a native of Aberdeenshire, and first president of the World's Press Parliament, died in Rome, Italy, early last month. He published the first half-penny newspaper in Great Britain.

A memorial was recently placed in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the Rev. Dr. John Dowden, Episcopal Bishop of that city.

Lord Kilmarnock, heir to the Scottish earldom of Errol, departed recently with Lady Kilmarnock, to Stockholm, Sweden, where he is attached to the British Legation.

In honor of Archibald Sinclair, an officer in the Second Life Guards, on his soon coming of age, extensive festivities have been arranged in England and more especially

in Scotland by his grandfather, Sir John Tolémache Sinclair, and by other members of the ancient family to which he belongs. On the death of his grandfather, the young officer will inherit a large estate extending over an area of a hundred square miles in Scotland. The young man's mother was the daughter of Malcolm Sands, of New York, and through this connection is related to the Vanderbilts and other New York families.

Stafford House, the magnificent London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, it is reported has been acquired for the Prince of Wales as a residence.

An unusually severe storm recently visited the west of Scotland and resulted in some loss of life and great damage to property. In Glasgow many chimneys were blown down and one man was killed by the falling material.

The resignation of the Hon. J. B. Balfour as leader of the Unionists in the House of Commons, and the selection of Bonar Law as his successor in the leadership, may have more significant importance than is generally attached to the circumstance. Bonar Law is a protectionist, or at least what is equivalent to that, an advocate of preferential trade between the various countries constituting the vast Imperial domain. Mr. Balfour is a free trader, and the change above noted indicates undoubtedly a change in the views of the majority of the Unionists.

Twelve Scotsmen have place in the present Ministry, and others, like Mr. Asquith and the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill, have Scots wives. Mr. H. J. Tennant, who has been appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office, is, of course, a brother of Mrs. Asquith and of Lord Glenconner, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, who is now Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of

Trade, is a Scot who began life as a journalist and was identified with the late Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Donald Maclean, who has succeeded to the post of Deputy Chairman of Committees, is of Scots descent, and member for Peebles and Selkirk.

A TRIBUTE TO BALFOUR.

Premier Asquith delivered a most important speech at the Guildhall banquet, London, on November 9th, devoted to Imperial and foreign affairs. He opened with a generous tribute to Mr. Balfour, expressing unfeigned and profound regret at the announcement of his resignation, acknowledging the irreparable loss which his withdrawal from constant interchange must involve to the daily life of Parliament. He hoped and believed that there were many chapters of Mr. Balfour's career still to be written by the pen of history. It would be long before there would be seen such a man in the forefront of politics—a personality invaluable to his friends, so formidable to his foes, so interesting and attractive to friends and foes alike—such a unique combination of gifts and powers as made Mr. Balfour by universal consent the most distinguished member of the greatest legislative assembly in the world.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid in his address on Wednesday, November 1st to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, on "The Scots in America and the Ulster Scot," paid a glowing tribute to the Scot in the United States, as a principal factor in the development of the country. He referred to leaders in commercial, educational, professional and philanthropic work, who have been an inspiration to others in every department of life. Mr. Reid's address was highly appreciated and humorously commented upon by Lord Rosebury who presided.

The Canadian Club Banquet.

The seventh annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York was held in the Grand Ball room of the Hotel Astor on Monday evening, November 13th, at 7:30. The attendance was large and the speakers were all men of reputation. The toasts and addresses were timely and of high order. The Canadian Club of New York deserves great credit for its excellent work in fostering kind relations between the United States and the Dominion.

The President Mr. Sharon Graham, presided, and acted as toastmaster, both in his address and presenting the speakers conveyed the impression that he was a most capable presiding officer.

Among the diners were Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Foster. W. F. Cockshutt, one of Premier Borden's warmest supporters in the new Canadian Parliament; Arthur S. Good-ve, William Peterson, Principal of McGill University; Sir William F. Smith, ex-Governor of Cyprus; Robert A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto; Major George Washington Stephens, Lieut. Col. Alexander P. Graham, William Loeb, Jr., William B. Ellison, C. P. Beaubrien, of Montreal; Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, W. Atlee Burpee, Daniel Sinclair and the Presidents of most of the Canadian societies in the larger cities of the east.

Mr. Andrew Carnegle and Mr. George E. Foster, of Ottawa, minister of Trade and Commerce were the two chief speakers.

"This dinner shows," said Mr. Graham, "that despite Champ Clark it is still pos-

sible for Americans and Canadians to meet together in friendship and a spirit of brotherhood in one of the great American cities."

Mr. Carnegie's subject was "The North American Continent, Where Peace Sits Enthroned a Model to the World." He began with a reference to a visit to Canada several years ago at the time when the great British battleship Dreadnought was launched. King Edward, he said, had pronounced it the greatest in the world.

"I venture to suggest," said Mr. Carnegie, "that King Edward made a mistake, for the most powerful vessel in the British Navy was a tiny craft flying the Union Jack with the Maple Leaf, the mate of a similar vessel flying the Stars and Stripes. For many decades these two tiny vessels have kept the peace and cemented the bonds between two branches of the English-speaking people, drawing them closer together and ready to help each other.

When this Republic was in the throes of civil war, Canada sent 40,000 of its young men to help us, and if ever invasion of Canada took place there would be, if necessary, 400,000 of your fellow-English-speaking men across the border ready to help their brothers of the North. The invaders might succeed in getting in, but they would make a very poor attempt at getting out."

The future, Mr. Carnegie went on to say, would look upon warships and the navies of the world "as aberrations of humanity and regard them as we do now ancient instruments of torture." Coming generations, he said, would regard the killing of man by man in battle as we now regard the eating of man by man, and he added that "both practices are equally brutal."

"I don't believe Mr. Taft or Mr. Asquith are yet ready to stop building these navies. I realize that every right England holds, every great right of justice, equality, and stern submission to righteous law that is hers was won in war."

Mr. Foster pointed out that Canada has a foreign trade of \$100 per capita, as compared with a trade of \$40 per capita enjoyed by the United States.

"You must admit that's going some," he said, and his hearers cheered.

"I saw a statement," he continued, "when we in Canada, after a vigorous campaign, had rejected the reciprocity pact, to the effect that Canada did not want to trade with the United States. That is not true. Canada has always wanted to trade with the United States."

He then referred to the treaty of reciprocity that once existed which after a ten-year trial was abrogated by the United States. He told of Canada's many efforts to re-establish those reciprocal trade relations between the two countries, referring to the tariff wall on the American side of the border.

Under the Dingley bill the tariff wall was high. It became higher under the McKinley

tariff, and in many ways still higher under the Payne-Aldrich act. Canada, he pointed out, is America's third best customer, and where we buy \$1 per capita from her, Canada takes \$40 per capita in trade from the United States. Canada, he said, had met us with an average tariff of about 25 per cent.



MR. MOFFATT.

TO THE ARTISTIC CREDIT OF GLASGOW

The success of the Graham Moffat's comedy, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in New York city, gives a significant impetus to the history of the Scotch National Theatre, which had its first beginnings in Glasgow. The Scotch Repertoire Company of the Royalty Theatre in Glasgow, which was first organized by Mr. Herbert Wairing, has made the artistic success of the Scotch players in this country, possible. A great deal has been said in favor of the play itself, and for this phase of "Bunty's" triumph in America, we must thank Mr. Graham Moffat, a Glasgow man, whose father was the author of a book which was used for years in the University of Glasgow, called "Moffat's Elocution."

No better description of the play can be given, than that which the author himself wrote shortly after his comedy was produced in London.

Writing about "Bunty" Mr. Graham Moffat says:

"At the foot of the Lintle Glen, just where it joins the Blane Valley on the West of Scotland, lies the cosy wee toon of Lintlehaugh. Its kirk stands apart, and the next

most important building in the place is the house which in 1860 was occupied by Tammas Biggar, provision merchant, elder and magistrate. He has been a widower for two years, but his daughter Bunty fills her mother's place to perfection; indeed, her spring cleanings are a marvel of organization, and her domestic economy is superb. Bunty is indeed a manager, but her energies have been confined to the humdrum domestic sphere till this eventful Sabbath, which proves as her brother Rab put it, "the liveliest Sunday they'd had for years."

"Bunty and Rab have sat that morning, as usual, reading, sermons and learning catechism according to parental orders. The window-blinds are down, for it is considered a sin to let 'n the air and sunshine on the Lord's Day. Rab tempts Bunty to look out and see the wee yella-yites trying their wings, and so Susie Simpson catches them breaking the Sabbath, and promptly informs Tammas. Susie is a guest in the house, having arrived the previous day.

Rab, a lad of seventeen, has long been yearning to get away from Lintiehaugh to see life in Glasgow, and now he mak's bold to tell his father that he refused to be held in any longer. Tammas sends Susie and Bunty from the room, but he does not intend to thrash his son, only to tell him the truth. Rab's brother, Jamie, had been an obedient lad at home, but in the city he had been led away and had taken one hundred and fifty pounds belonging to his employers, so that Tammas had been obliged to pay up to keep his elder son from prison. No other boy of his would be allowed to go the same bad road. Rab is sorry, and agrees to learn his shorter catechism, even though he cannot understand its long explanation, of 'what is effectual calling.'

"Susie Simpson, an old maid who, according to her nephew, Weelum Sprunt, had been 'trying for a man all her days,' and had 'never despair'd' has come to Lintiehaugh with a view to matrimony. She discovers that a certain Mr. Hislop had paid up the amount of a bond on his house to Tammas Biggar. As Tammas had never 'let on,' she suspects the elder and magistrate of appropriating her money. She puts it very cleverly to Tammas that when Bunty marries he will require a housekeeper; that an ordinary housekeeper would want a wage, whereas a wife would come cheaper. She herself wants a place as housekeeper (without a wage) unless she can get back the money invested in the bond. Tammas postpones the inevitable, on the plea that it is not the thing to discuss business matters on the Sabbath, but he afterwards confesses to Weelum Sprunt that his Aunt Susie has hooked him. So for some time Tammas wriggles with the hook up his gills. He is preparing, however, to submit to his fate when Eelen Dunlop and her dainty niece, Teenie arrives on the scene just as Tammas

is threatening to thrash his son Rab for whistling on the Sabbath.

"Eelen disturbs the elder's 'Sabbath calm with a vengeance, for this pleasant-looking elderly lady is the individual whom he deserted on the very wedding day thirty years before.

"Tammas was never a bad man, and when he left his bride-elect to weep, with her bridesmaids, and the best man shedding tears of sympathy, and a breakfast that cost a pound note, spread on the table, it was because he had no money and had waited to the last, hoping for a miracle. Tammas has therefore still a wee touch of sentiment for his old love, and, forgetting that the window is open and that a jealous woman may be listening, he confesses to Eelen that in order to pay up his ne'er-do-well son's disgraceful debt, he had to use 'siller that didna belong to him.' But Susie overhears the confession and will follow him to the kirk, to shame him before the congregation.

"Weelum Sprunt is a 'big soft lump' of a man, the very antithesis of Bunty, to whom he is engaged. He is a nephew of Susie Simpson, and believes he is in her will. His sober and sedate habits have raised him to be a Sunday School teacher at nineteen, and a superintendent at twenty-one, and now at twenty-nine he is an elder.

"At the Lintiehaugh kirk, owing to the narrowness of the porch and the gallery stair being outside, not to mention the size of the women's crinolines, the collection has to be taken in the open air. It was only to be expected that Weelum should be nervous and fidgety on his first day at the plate, but he managed 'no sae bad' except for such trifling mistakes as asking Miss Keeler, who 'hasna a relation' if they were 'all keeping well.' Before the eventful day is over, however, Weelum has begun to think himself 'a kind of Jonah.' Everything seems to go wrong. The minister doesn't turn up, and there may be no service. But Bunty arrives and takes 'steerin' hand.' Learning the state of affairs, she sends Weelum off to see 'what's keeping the minister,' and so finds herself 'that abomination, a woman at the plate.' The sly jassie cannot resist the temptations of trying 'how it feels to be an elder' and goes through the pantomime of receiving imaginary kirkgoers, much to the horror of a real attender in the person of Maggie Mercer the greatest gossip in the three parishes. Bunty can do more than watch a few coppers as well as any man, for the same brains that can organize a spring cleaning can manage a kirk or a market equally well.

"The minister, it appears, has a 'beelious attack', but Bunty sends for the assistant at Heathend. She removes the collection to the vestry. She utterly defeats Susie Simpson when that jealous old maid tries to shame Tammas before the congregation.

(Continued on Page 363.)



Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

The annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, was held on Thursday evening, November 2nd, at the Waldorf Astoria, a large number of members being present. The president, Hon. A. B. Hepburn, called the meeting to order, and after a short address, and a cordial welcome to the members, proceeded with the business of the meeting.

The secretary, Mr. William M. MacBean gave a very full report of the work of the society for the past year, and also read the report of Miss Dalzell, the almoner, showing that relief to the extent of \$9,173, to needy residents in the city; for temporary relief, \$1,029; relief to transients, \$1,116, and for funerals, transportation and loans, \$676, making a total of \$11,994.

The treasurer, Mr. David Morrison, reported that the regular fund had been increased to \$236,000 by the bequest of \$20,000 by the late Mr. John S. Kennedy.

The following members died during the year: Benjamin Graham, Charles B. 1.0gg, John MacAuslan, Colonel J. J. MacCook, R. Mather, Ernest W. Mun, A. L. Nowie, H. M. Richmond, Andrew G. Thomson and James H. Young. There are now 602 members.

At the recommendation of nominating committee, the following were elected for the ensuing year:

President, George A. Morrison, Jr.; vice-do., William Sloane, Prof. Alexander C. Humphreys; treasurer, David M. Morrison; secretary, William M. MacBean; managers,

James McGregor Smith, Walter Scott, Alexander MacIntosh and A. Kinnaird Tod; chaplains, Rev. Dr. Wylie, Rev. Dr. Alexander; physicians, Dr. W. Bensel, Dr. F. McKernon. The secretary reported that the first part of the new roster of the society would be issued to the members along with the annual report, and that the burial plot at Cypress Hills Cemetery would be greatly improved early next year. Afterwards the members enjoyed an hour of brotherly intercourse. The annual celebration of St. Andrew's Day will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Friday evening, December 1st.

THE 155TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the St. Andrew's Society was held in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York city, on Friday evening, December 1st. Over six hundred members and guests were present, and it was a memorable occasion. The hall was beautifully decorated with the Scottish, British and United States flags, the lion rampant being very prominent. The boxes in the gallery above were filled with beautiful women, who listened attentively to the speakers, and seemed to enjoy the evening as much as the diners.

The guests of the society, seated at the table of the President, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, were:

Mr. John Foord.
Dr. John H. Finley.
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.
Mr. Job E. Hedges.

General Frederick D. Grant, Commander of the Department of the East.

Rear-Admiral W. H. C. Leutze, Commandant of the Navy Yard, New York.

Hon. Courtenay Walter Bennett, C. I. E., British Consul General at New York.

Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D., Chaplain to St. Andrew's Society.

Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Chaplain to St. Andrew's Society.

Hon. Edward Lazansky, Secretary of the State of New York.

Hon. Alexander McGregor, representing the Scots Charitable Society of Boston, organized 1657.

Mr. Talbot Olyphant, President New York State Society of the Cincinnati, organized 1783.

Mr. H. W. J. Bucknall, representing the St. George's Society, organized 1786.

Mr. Howland Davis, President of the New England Society, organized 1805.

Mr. William M. Griffith, President of the St. David's Society, organized 1835.

Mr. James Gore King, representing the St. Nicholas Society, organized 1835.

Mr. Frederick S. Woodruff, representing the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, organized 1876.

Mr. Samuel Verplanck Hoffman, President of the Holland Society, organized 1885.

Mr. William G. McAdoo, President of the New York Southern Society, organized 1886.

Mr. Henry Gansevoort Sanford, representing the New York State Society of Colonial Wars, organized 1892.

Mr. F. Courtney, President of the British Schools and Universities Club, organized 1897.

Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, President of the Canadian Society, organized 1897.

Mr. F. Cunliffe Owen, representing the Pilgrims, organized 1902.

Mr. C. W. Riecks.

After all had done ample justice to an excellent dinner, while listening to a fine pipe program, by Pipers Walter Armstrong and Murdoch Mackenzie, President Hepburn, now presiding for the third time, gave a brief address of welcome, and an outline of the work of the society. He read greetings from a number of sister societies, and then in a happy manner responded to the toast "The Day an' a' Wha' Honour It." The other toasts were: "The Land o' Cakes," by Mr. John Foord; "The Land We Live In," by Dr. John H. Finley; "Scottish Literature, Its Origin and Influence," by Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D. Humorous remarks were made by Mr. Job E. Hedges. The program also included a number of favorite Scottish songs, which were well rendered, by our leading singers, and closed with "Auld Lang Syne."

The following is a list of the members and guests at the banquet: A. E. Ackerman, W. Scott Adler, George D. All, J. Gordon Allison, J. W. Alpin, P. C. Anderson, David Angus, James Angus, Robert A. Angus, William An-

gus, Lt. William E. Atlee, Charles Baird, John S. Baird, Lt. Col. Allan C. Bakewell, Herbert Barber, James Barber, Col. Wm. Barbour, Frank H. Barr, James Irving Barr, Dr. Fred Barrett, Dr. George Barrie, E. E. Bartlett, Homer L. Bartlett, Andrew Baxter, Andrew Baxter, Jr., Archibald G. Bennett, Dr. Charles D. Bennett, David P. Bennett, Dr. Walter Bensel, John H. Berresford, James Bertram, W. K. Bigelow, William A. Blrnie, Mortimer Bishop, Thomas J. Blain, Hon. James A. Blanchard, George Blumenthal, George M. Boardman, George T. Boggs, Dr. A. A. Boyer, Walter C. Booth, George S. Braid, John W. Braid, William E. Braid, Edward R. Brevoort, Richard L. Brewster, H. W. Brodie, Donald C. Brown, Horace Brown, Samuel T. Brown, W. K. Brown, William Murdoch Brown, D. P. Browne, Hon. M. Linn Bruce, Frank K. Bull, Dr. Wm. J. Burnett, W. A. Burns, W. S. Butler, John Callender, Walter Callender, Walter R. Callender, L. O. Cameron, Duncan T. Campbell, John D. Campbell, Lorne Lewis Campbell, Peter Campbell, Walter H. Capen, Charles F. Cartledge, Harry Chalmers, John W. Charlton, D. Scott Chisholm, Hugh J. Chisholm, Robert Christie, Robert E. Christie, John Claffin, George Clapperton, Charles M. Clark, Nelson S. Clark, Henry Clews, James C. Cocker, Charles Coffin, Frank W. Sonn, Paul Collidge, Andrew M. Cooper, William H. Corbitt, W. Grierson Cox, Hon. Alfred C. Coxe, William Crawford (1), William Crawford (2), F. Cunliffe-Owen, R. L. Cuthbert, Otis H. Cutler, William Darling, Duncan M. Davidson, John R. Davidson, J. Vipond Davies, Harry M. DeMott, Adam Dugwall, Alfred P. Dix, William G. Doig, James A. Donald, James M. Donald, John A. Donald, William Donald, L. S. Donaldson, Findlay S. Douglas, Dr. James Douglas, Theodore Douglas, William B. Dowd, E. A. Drake, William M. Ducker, H. L. Dudley, Hon. Charles H. Duell, William A. Duncan, W. Butler Duncan, William C. Duncan, John Dunlop, James W. Durbrow, Gilbert M. Edgett, Hon. W. H. Edwards, Samuel Elliott, John M. Emery, Henry D. Estabrook, Thomas Ewing, Jr., George E. Fahys, C. W. Felganspan, Dr. J. Fewsmith, John T. Fisher, David B. Fleming, George A. Fleming, Thomas R. Fleming, Andrew Fletcher, Peter Fletcher, James Forgie, Rev. Dr. W. H. Foulkes, Austen G. Fox, James J. Fox, Walter E. Frew, George W. Gair, Capt. Robert Gair, William Gammie, Adam McKay Ganson, W. R. Garrison, Frederick K. Gaston, George A. Gay, O. C. Gayley, John Geddes, Ernest Gérard, F. B. Gerrard, William Gibson, W. Frazer Gibson, William J. Gibson, Cass, Gilbert, James Gilmour, William Seton Gordon, John Graham, Alexander Grant, Dr. J. Prescott Grant, Ward B. Grant, John B. Gray, William Gray, William L. Griffin, Hon. John W. Griggs, W. Grove, James H. Crozier, Arthur J. Grymes, John C. Gulick, Dr. A. H. Gunn, Edwin Gunn, John Gunn, A. C. Hall, Alexander B. Halliday, Thomas B. Hamilton, James Hardie.

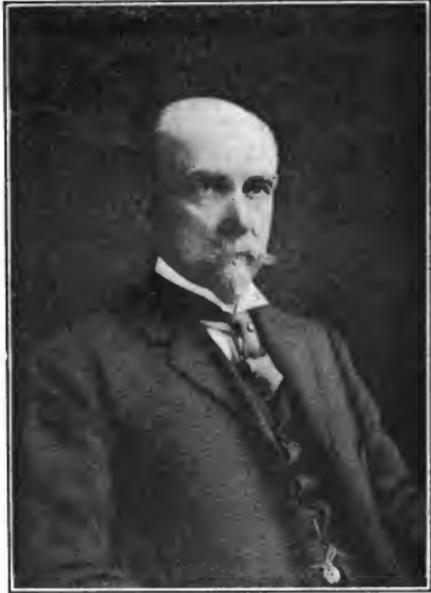
Some Prominent Members of St. Andrew's Society, New York.

ALONZO BARTON HEPBURN

It is with pleasure that we give the following sketch of the Hon. A. B. Hepburn, President of the St. Andrews Society of New York, who has filled the chair for the last two years with dignity and honor. Perhaps never before has this office been held by a man holding so many other responsible positions. He is President or Director of more than twenty large banking and business corporations; for instance, he is Chairman of the Directors of the Chase National Bank of New York, President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York; President of the New York Clearing House Association; President of the National Currency Association, etc. He is also Trustee of several philanthropic and educational institutions, and a member of numerous clubs and societies. Yet with all these honors resting upon him, Mr. Hepburn is a most genial and unassuming man, and prefers to take a modest position whenever he is allowed to do so.

Mr. Hepburn was born in Colton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., July 24th, 1846; son of Zina Earl and Beulah (Gray) Hepburn. The Hepburn family is of Scottish origin, and has been resident in America since early in the eighteenth century, when Peter Hepburn, a native of Abbeymilne, Scotland, came to this country, and settled in Stratford, Conn., where he died in 1742. From him and his wife, Sarah Hubbell, of Newton, Conn., the line of descent runs through their son, Joseph Hepburn, and his wife Eunice Burton of Stratford, Conn.

The Hon. A. B. Hepburn received his preparatory education at St. Lawrence Academy, Potsdam, N. Y., and at Valley Seminary, Fulton, N. Y., and in 1867 entered Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., from which institution he subsequently received the degrees of A. B. and LL. D. He afterwards became professor of mathematics in St. Lawrence Academy and principal of the Ogdensburg Educational



A. BARTON HEPBURN.

Institute. He was later admitted to the Bar, practicing law at Colton. Shortly after, has was appointed School Commissioner for the Second District of St. Lawrence County, resigning therefrom to take his seat in the New York Assembly, January, 1875, holding this office for five consecutive terms. During this period he served on the committee on railroads, insurance, judiciary, ways and means and other important committees, devoting his attention to commercial and financial interests, canals, railroads and insurance. As Chairman of the Insurance Committee he introduced and secured the passage of many important measures, among them being the law making life-insurance policies non-forfeitable after the payment of three annual premiums, and requiring the

insurance companies, upon application, to issue paid-up insurance to an amount which the surrender of the policy would purchase at regular rates. He was also Chairman of the Assembly's Special Railroad Investigation Committee (1879) known as the "Hepburn Committee", instituted at the instance of the New York Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and Transportation and other commercial bodies of the State, the outcome of which among other things, was the act creating the Board of Railroad Commissioners.

In 1880 he was appointed Superintendent of the State Banking Department by Governor Cornell, and administered the affairs of that office with very great credit to himself and advantage to the public, his designation as receiver to wind up the affairs of the Continental Life Insurance Co. of the City of New York coming as a direct result of the exceptional ability shown by his three years' service as Superintendent. Shortly afterward he was appointed National Bank Examiner for the then cities of New York and Brooklyn, and during this period again demonstrated his ability as a financier by his prompt and decisive action in the notorious Sixth National Bank and Lennox Hill Bank frauds, securing the conviction of the principal wrong-doers and obtaining restitution of the funds misappropriated. His appointment as Comptroller of the Currency by President Harrison followed, therefore, as a natural sequence. His incumbency of this office was marked by his characteristic, forceful attitude in relation to the issuance of credit currency by the National banks, his suggestions embracing a plan to avoid the use of Clearing House certificates and similar make-shifts, which at that period were resorted to in abnormal amounts.

Upon his retirement as Comptroller, Mr. Hepburn was selected as President of the Third National Bank of the City of New York, and so continued until its consolidation with the National City Bank in 1897, entering the reorganized institution as Vice President. He resigned therefrom to take charge of the Chase National Bank, of which he was President until February, 1911, when he was elected Chairman of the Board of Directors, which

position he now occupies. Under his management the Chase grew from its original capital of \$300,000 to \$5,000,000 capital, \$5,000,000 surplus, over \$3,000,000 undivided profits and over \$105,000,000 deposits, its present condition.

Mr. Hepburn has been Chairman of the Currency Commission of the American Bankers Association since its creation in 1906, and when the National Currency Association of the City of New York was organized (1910) under the Aldrich-Vreeland law, Mr. Hepburn was elected its President.

In 1907 Governor Hughes appointed him Chairman of a Special Commission to suggest changes in the State banking law; later the suggestions made were enacted into law and constitute the present banking law of to-day.

He is President of the New York Clearing House Association and is serving his second term as President of the Chamber of Commerce. Columbia University and Williams College in 1911 honored him with LL. D., and in 1906 he received D. C. L., from St. Lawrence University. His "History of Coinage and Currency" as well as his book on "Artificial Waterways and Commercial Developments," are standard works.

Mr. Hepburn is recognized throughout the United States and in fact in all the money centres of the world, as a leading authority on financial and economic questions, and his opinions are eagerly sought. His strong character, invincible will power, great mental acumen and thoroughly systematic business methods make him one of the prominent men of the time.

He married, first Harriet A. Fisher, of St. Albans, Vt., December 10, 1873. She died December 28, 1881, leaving issue Harold Barton (b. 1876; d. 1892) and Charles Fisher (b. 1878). His second marriage was to Emily L. Eaton, of Montpelier, Vt., July 14, 1887, the children being Beulah E. (b. 1890) and Cordelia S. (b. 1894).

Residences: City, No. 205 West 57th street; Country, Ridgefield, Conn.

GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON.

George Austin Morrison was the son of Alexander Morrison and Christian Lyall, and was born on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1832, at "Mondynes," Parish of Fordoun, Kincardineshire, Scotland.

He attended the parish school at Fordoun, and later the Aberdeen Grammar School, and at the age of sixteen was sent to Aberdeen to reside with his uncle, George Lyall, a merchant in that city.

Outside of business hours Mr. Morrison found time to cultivate his taste for mechanics and drawing, and constructed several small steam and electric engines, and made a number of line drawings and oil paintings of marked merit. He would undoubtedly have been a successful civil engineer, but it had been decided that he should be a merchant, so he was obliged to turn his energies in that direction.

In 1852 he entered a large wholesale house in London, and four years later accepted the management of one of the departments of the wholesale dry goods house of Cochran & Co., of New York, and reached the city on July 4th, 1856.

His advance was rapid and he soon was made European buyer, and was admitted to partnership in 1865. In 1869 he severed his connection with this firm and with John Herriman, another partner established the firm of Morrison, Herriman & Co., which had a successful business career of twenty years. Mr. Morrison in 1889 dissolved this firm, and retired from business. Since that time he has been connected with various banking, industrial and railway interests, as director or, in several cases, President. Among these are the American Cotton Oil Company, the Third National Bank, the Northern Pacific R. R., the N. K. Fairbank Co., of Chicago, the Atlas Portland Cement Co., and others. He has also served as trustee of the Greenwich Savings Bank and the New York Life Insurance Company.

He has been prominently identified with many social and educational organizations of New York. He is a life member of the New York Historical Society and the St. Andrew's Society; a Fellow of the National Academy of Design; a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Metropolitan Museum of Art, American Museum of Natural History, New York Botanical Garden,



GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON.

St. George's Society and others.

He was elected a member of the St. Andrew's Society in 1864; he has served as Manager, 1884-1889, as First Vice President 1889-1893, and as President, 1893-1895, and now in 1911 his mantle as President has fallen on his son George Austin, Jr. Mr. Morrison has always taken an active interest in the welfare of the Society, and is always present at the business and social gatherings. It was largely due to him, that the annual spring receptions were started, which have proved such enjoyable social occasions.

He is a good speaker, having a strong sense of humor and a dry method of delivery, which emphasizes the quaint sayings and the folk lore of the Scottish people, so dear to those children of Scotia who have made this country the land of their adoption.

Mr. Morrison was married in 1863 in New York city, to Miss Lucy Curie King, who died a few years ago. They had two sons, George Austin, Jr., and Charles King Morrison.



ALEXANDER WALKER.

ALEXANDER WALKER.

Alexander Walker was born in the Parish of Rafford, Morayshire, Scotland, on the 25th of June, 1852. His father, James Walker, was a farmer; his mother's maiden name was Helen Smith. He was educated at the Parish School of Rafford and served his apprenticeship as a stone cutter in the Town of Forres, and came to New York in 1871 following his trade as a journeyman stone cutter. He attended the evening High school for several sessions, and then became a contractor in the same line under the firm name of Gillie & Walker which continued for several years; then in the real estate and building line as Walker & Lawson for some time, and is now interested in real estate under the name of Alexander Walker.

His other business connections are not numerous but are important. He was one of the original organizers of The Colonial Bank in 1892, and its President since 1895, which institution is a marvel of success having seven branches, and the first bank in the City to take advantage of the law permitting State banks to have branches.

Mr. Walker belongs to a number of social and business organizations, among them the Chamber of Commerce, West End Association, Scottish Society, Vice President of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, one of the oldest societies in the City, also one of the managers of the Saint Andrew's Society. Mr. Walker has been twice married. His first wife, to whom he was married in New York City on December 6, 1878, was Miss Annie Cameron, of Nairn, Scotland, who bore him two children, Annie Henrietta Walker and Alexander Cameron Walker. Some years after her decease, on April 15, 1891, he was married in New York city to Miss Margaret Helen Farquharson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who bore him two children, James F. Walker and William F. Walker. He is very fond of his native country, which he visits with his family every second year, having been over there this past summer and motored through the principal parts of Scotland, also visited Holland.

He also takes quite an interest in the Caledonian Hospital, which institution he hopes to see with a large branch in each of the Boroughs.

The above brief sketch of Mr. Alexander Walker should be an inspiration to young men, as it shows what perseverance, honesty and tact can accomplish. Mr. Walker is one of several Scotsmen in New York, who have shown marked ability in business lines, and have risen to positions of trust in the financial world.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

An oak is not felled with one blow.
 Wrinkled purses make wrinkled faces.
 A bad wound heals; a bad name kills.
 When flatterers meet, Satan goes to dinner.
 Two ill meals make the third a glutton.
 Before you make a friend, eat a peck of salt with him.
 The cow knows not the value of her tail till she has lost it.
 An envious man waxes lean with the fatness of his neighbors.
 Better ride on an ass that carries me, than a horse that throws me.
 When a proud man hears another praised, he thinks himself injured.



GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JR.

GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JR.

On Thursday evening, November 2nd, Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr., was elected president of the St. Andrew's Society, of the State of New York. For the last two years he has served as vice-president, and for fifteen years previous, served the society most efficiently as secretary. His unanimous election to the highest office is a well deserved honor.

Mr. Morrison is a native of New York, of Scottish parentage, and is a graduate of Harvard University, having received the degree of Bachelor of Arts there in 1887. He also received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Columbia Law School

in 1889 and latterly graduated as Master of Arts in Columbia College.

He is a practical lawyer in this city, and has been a member of the St. Andrew's Society for over twenty-five years.

The year 1906 marked the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary (1756—1906) of the society, and Mr. Morrison, as secretary compiled a very comprehensive "History of the St. Andrew's Society," a book of about three hundred pages. It contains a historical sketch of the society, biographies of the presidents, the constitution, and lists of the officers and members; the list of the places of the banquets held during the one hundred and fifty years is of spec-

ial interest. This is a valuable work, which required a great deal of thought and research, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Morrison, who so willingly gave to it much valuable time.

Although born in America, Mr. Morrison is an authority on every Scottish subject. He is an expert athlete and golf player. In the Highland costume he is a fine type of the manly and athletic Highlander and is in himself an excellent proof that the descents of the Scots resident in America do not deteriorate from the rugged qualities of their forefathers. Intellectually, Mr. Morrison is a credit to the

race he represents. Socially, he is a most delightful companion, an accomplished musician and a capital story teller; and when the gathering is select and the bagpipes in tune, he can dance a reel in a way that for manly grace might be a lesson to some of our thumb-cracking champions. He makes it a rule never to appear at a Scottish gathering except in the Highland costume, and if gentlemen like Mr. Morrison would always appear in costume at these meetings, men of culture, men with the manners and instincts and education of gentlemen, it would add much to the credit of the Scottish race.

James the V and John Howieson.

James the V. was a monarch of many fancies, some of which were highly offensive to Angus, "Bell-the-Cat" and many other Chiefs. Among these fancies, it was James's humor to wander about the country disguised as a peasant, or, at best, a bonnet laird. Thus, coming one day alone to the bridge of Cramond, he was beset by a party of gypsies, who were for relieving him of the contents of his pockets. All men went armed in those days. So the King out with his sword, and running upon the steep and narrow bridge, managed to make good his defence for a while. Yet, numbers must have prevailed in the end; and it was all well for King James that a real husbandman, threshing corn in a barn hard by, heard the cries for succor uttered by the counterfeit. This man hurried up, flail in hand, and plied it to such good effect that the robbers decamped. Then the peasant took the King, in whom he beheld but one of his own class, into his house, brought him water and a towel to wash away the traces of the fray, and escorted him part of the way back to Edinburgh. As they walked, the King asked for the name of his deliverer.

"John Howieson is my name," was the reply "and I am just a bondsman on the farm o' Brochead, whilk belongs to the King o' Scots himself."

"Is there anything in the world you

would wish more than another for yourself?" asked the King.

"'Deed, if I was laird o' the bit o' land I labor as a bondsman I'd be the blythest man in braid Scotland. But what will your name an' callin' be, neebour?" enquired the peasant in his turn.

"Oh," replied the King, "I'm weel kent about the palace o' Holyrood as the gude-man O'Ballangeich' hae a small appointment in the palace, ye kin; and if ye hae a mind to see within, I'll be proud to show ye 'round on Sabbath nixtocum, and may be ye'll get a bit guerdon for the gude service ye have dune me this day."

"Faith! I'd like that fine," said John, and on the following Sunday presented himself at the palace gate to enquire for the gentleman O'Ballangeich. The King had arranged for his admission and received him dressed in the same rustic disguise as before. Having shown John around the palace, he asked him whether he would like to see the King. "Aye, that wad I," exclaimed John, "if nae offence be given or taken. But hoo' will I ken his grace among the nobility?"

"Oh you'll ken him fine, John," replied the King, for he'll be the only man covered among them a'." Then the King brought his guest to the great hall where were assembled many peers and officers of state, bravely attired in silk and velvet



KING JAMES V. AND HIS WIFE, MARY OF GUISE.

of many hues, passmeated with gold and silver lace. John had on the best clothes he had, but he felt abashed amid so great splendor, and tried in vain to distinguish the king.

"Wasna I having ye tell that ye wad ken his grace by his going covered" said James.

John took another look round the hall; then turned to his guide, saying: "God, man! it maun either be you or me that's King o' Scots, for there's nane ither here carryin' his bonnet." Then the secret came out, followed by the promised guerdon, which was no less than a grant to John Howieson and his descendants of the farm of Braehead, to be held of the crown forever, on condition that the owner should ever be ready to present a basin and ewer for the King to wash his hands withal, either at Holyrood house or when crossing the bridge o' Cramond.

"Accordingly," says Sir Walter Scott in the tales of a *Grandfather*, in the year

1822, when George IV, came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braedhead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.—Sir Herbert Maxwell.

OBITUARY.

Dr. William Muir, a widely known pharmacist, died on Friday, November 24, at his home, 356 First street, Brooklyn, in his sixty first year. He was born in Scotland and came with his parents to Brooklyn in his boyhood. He was employed as a clerk for many years in Brooklyn drug stores. Thirty years ago he started in business for himself. He retired fifteen years ago. He was the first Brooklyn man to receive the degree of doctor of pharmacy. He was one of the trustees of the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. Dr. Muir had been president of the Kings County Pharmaceutical Society and of the New York State Pharmaceutical Association and was a member of the American Pharmacy Association. He was a member of the Plymouth Church. One daughter survives him.

The Auld Kirkyard in Auld Scotland and New England.

BY ROBERT E. MAY.

Like the proverbial Scotsman, I was brought up on a literary diet of the Bible, the Shorter Catechism, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Harvey's Meditations Among the Tombs.

I do not recollect ever reading the last mentioned work, but I do remember the steel engraved frontispiece, representing Mr. Harvey presumably, sitting in an attitude of meditation, with one arm resting on a tombstone and hand on his forehead.

I cannot say that I have always taken pleasure in meditating among the tombs, and perhaps it is not right that I should say I have always delighted in wandering among the tombs, yet I have taken a little secret satisfaction in visiting cemeteries and Kirkyards wherever I happened to be.

This may possibly come down to me through my Scottish ancestry, who in common with every one else in those days, adjourned to the Kirkyard between the preachings, and meditated on the forenoon sermon until it was time for afternoon service to begin.

It may also be because in my boyhood days, when with my parents we attended the Auld Barony Kirk in Glasgow, we frequently wandered into the adjacent High Kirk graveyard, where repose the ashes of Glasgow's citizens for over a thousand years; or over the Bridge of Sighs, above what was then the rumbling Molendinar, to the nearby Necropolis.

There we would wander through ascending and descending paths, past Mausoleums and stately monuments erected to the memory of Glasgow's departed and mighty dead. In some unfrequented nook, we would sit while I munched an Abernethy biscuit or a sweet milk scone, and then back to church in the afternoon.

Even in my courting days, my sweetheart would frequently find our walks abroad directed to some Auld Kirkyard. I remember a favorite walk of mine was several miles further away from her home than I could get her to walk now. We

would go across Glasgow Green, past Polmadie, up through Hanging-shaw, and by the battlefield of Longside to the old Cathcart cemetery. None of my friends were buried there, so it was not for the purpose of popping the question that I took her to this place. You know the story of another Scotsman who brought his lass to the auld Kirkyard and told her: "Its a bonnie Kirkyard, and this is the brawest spot in it. See the fine view ye hae. My father lies there, my mither here, my granny and grandfather over there,—and here's whaur I'll lie. Wad ye no l'ke to be buried here tae?"

Before I was out of my teens, I traveled all over Scotland for a wholesale house, being the youngest traveler on the road in that line, and often when I could not get train connections for an hour or so, I have inquired my way to the Auld Kirkyard and spent my leisure deciphering the lettering on the oldest stones. I have traveled over nearly every square mile of Ayrshire, Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire and loitered through cemeteries in these counties, too numerous to mention individually, rich though many of them are in historical interest.

One of the Auld Kirkyards that stands out most prominently in my memory, apart from those around Glasgow, is that of Kincardine-on-Forth, one of the quaintest and most beautifully located of the many historic and interesting Kirkyards of old Scotia. Here rest many of the captains of ships which took part in the naval history of the sixteenth century, when Scotland possessed the largest navy of any country in the world.

Statisticians claim that the world is one vast cemetery. The present population of the world is about 1,600,000,000, and taking the age of the world at 6,000 years, 66,627,843,337 million people have lived on the earth since the beginning of time. To proceed into vulgar fractions, one rod of land should contain no more than ten

graves, therefore this whole earth must have been dug over 120 times to bury all the people who have ever lived. I have not figured all this out myself, because I found another statistician claimed that if the world was 6,000 years old and there was an average of three generations to a century that would make 180 generations. If the population of the earth is now 1,500,000,000, an average of ten square feet to every man, woman and child would mean 15,000 million square feet or a graveyard fifty-five miles long by ten miles wide. Multiply this by 180 for the generations who have lived on this earth during 6,000 years and the graveyards would be 1,800 miles long by fifty miles wide. In other words a cemetery containing 100,000 square miles would be sufficient for the entire human race to lie side by side.

This is getting too grave a subject for me to calculate much further, but according to this figuring, there would be ample room in the State of Texas to accommodate this graveyard, and enough space left over to bury all mankind for the next 6,000 years to come. I do not think I would care to be buried there, and I know I would not care to wander through it.

The cemetery of Pere La Chaise in Paris is the largest I have visited. It was opened in 1804, and is estimated to contain over one million bodies.

For a number of years my vacations have been spent in one of the loveliest spots and earliest settled in old Plymouth county, and many an hour have I spent in the old churchyard on the hill where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." The quotation is all right, and yet rude is not the word. Strict, stern, and severe though these old forefathers may have been, and doubtless were, but while at Stoke-Pogis they have been rude, we cannot imagine the early settlers of our quiet hamlet to have been so. We are aware the poet Gray does not necessarily mean the forefathers of his poem were rude in speech or manners, rather that they were unpolished and unlettered, yet we cannot picture our forefathers, I say our, because it was expected at one time that I should be laid away in this graveyard myself, and I would like to yet, when the accepted time comes, and I would not care to have some one 200 years from hence, no mat-

ter how much further they may have advanced in arts and science, look superciliously over my tombstone and say, "This is where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Therefore I never picture the inhabitants of these tombs and graves to be other in manner and behavior and gentleness, than the present inhabitants of the town and they represent the best type of manhood and womanhood to be found in Massachusetts.

We hear the expression, "country louts," and we know the country yokels, but they are not to be found in this part of the country. Here and there a Frenchman or Canuck may have crept in and taken possession of an abandoned farm; it is quite possible an Irishman may be a hired man somewhere, there may be a few English or Scottish people inhabiting some of the cottages round some of the numerous lakes or ponds, but the householders and farmers are natives, proud and solicitous of their family chart, very willing to claim English or Scottish descent, if it is only far enough back, say 1630 or 1640, and many of them are of redoubtable Mayflower ancestry, John Alden especially being the common forefather of many families.

In my wanderings through old cemeteries, I never feel flippant, and while I am interested in quaint epitaphs I am in no mood for looking for the humorous side. I look far back into other years and try to picture the lives of the inhabitants below, and the social and industrial conditions of the place at the time they were alive. I picture the vicissitudes they may have undergone and the triumphs they may have attained.

"They speak to us, these pilgrim fathers,
They speak to us from their graves."

You are all familiar with pictures of old country churches with square or pointed steeples or towers. The light comes streaming through the stained glass windows, showing the tombstones outside. The snow is gently falling and the villagers, always including a bent old man leaning on a walking stick, are coming through the churchyard either going to, or coming from church. My sketch-book is filled with drawings similar in character and tone.

I do not know why I should have this tendency so much developed, as I am not gloomy by nature, neither do I speak in sepulchral tones. I do not live in the spiritual world, am not even as spiritually minded as I should be, neither am I grave in manner or behavior. Rather am I like the old Scotsman, who addressing the minister after a burial, said: "Dae ye ken sir, it aye does me guid tae come tae a funeral? It mak's me think and I think great things." "Yes," said the minister, "what sweetly solemn thought comes to your mind, on an occasion like this?" "Weel," I'm aye glad it's no' me!"

This graveyard on the hill is not a garden cemetery, the soil is sandy, and there are few flowers even on the most recent graves. There are few trees and little shade, and the sun soon shrivels the newly-potted plants. There are no paths, and the sexton frequently finds bones in what he thought was virgin soil. There is nothing specially attractive about the location or surroundings, but in one corner there is a pine grove, restful and cool in the daytime, at night dark and eerie.

My favorite walk in the evening was to this pine grove where I would sit on the wall near the sexton's toolhouse, and enjoy, needless to say, a quiet smoke.

I was born and lived for years in a haunted house, my early companions were ghosts and mysterious noises, and I have no fear of the supernatural, but I was not always able to persuade my city visitors to accompany me; some of them would say they were not afraid, but they would enjoy their smoke better if we sat somewhere else.

When on a Sabbath evening there comes through the open windows of the square-built church across the way, with its squatty clock tower, the soft tones of the organ and the rays of light from the oil lamps, it requires no great gift of imagination, to carry one back across the centuries and across the seas, to some such scene in some of the midland English counties, where the original inhabitants of these graves may have been born, as the name of the township, Pembroke, signifies.

The first Englishmen to settle in this place were two brothers by the name of Barker, who journeyed from Plymouth

about the year 1628, along the coast and up the North River, diverging to one of its tributaries, landing about half a mile below the site of the present graveyard. They first erected a log cabin, which by 1632 gave place to a commodious house, built with stone foundations and imported brick from England. When trouble arose with the Indians, this house became the fort or the garrison house, and by this name it was known for over two centuries. The house itself has been demolished, but the cellar and part of the great brick chimney still remains, and a bricked underground passage can be traced, connecting the cellar with an adjacent brook, whereby the residents could obtain water when the house was besieged by hostile forces.

The Barkers and several other families in the town had private burial grounds on their own estates, and it is impossible to tell the date of the first interment in the cemetery on the hill. The old gravestones as in all other colonial cemeteries, are mostly imported Welsh slate, and hundreds of these have disintegrated and crumbled away to within an inch or two of the ground. The stones with the oldest dates are not all in one place, neither are they prominently displayed along the outer fence. It is said that in some of Borton's oldest burial grounds the stones have been removed from their original locations, and arranged in symmetrical rows around curved or along straight paths and those with the oldest dates were re-carved and placed facing out to the street.

You have to search for the oldest dated stones here, and you keep hunting always for an older one still. Some there are, dated 1670 and 1680, and others dating from 1710 and later are numerous.

Only one stone could I find bearing a distinctive Scottish name, "Simeon McFarlin, died April, 1821, aged eighty-three Miss Sarah McFarlin, his sister, died December, 1820, aged eighty-seven."

In the old Kirkyard of Arrochar away up at the head of Lochlong, the majority of the tombstones record the short life story of countless McFarlans, that district of Scotland being the home of the clan.

An old Mortality has visited the place at some time as several of the older stones

show traces of recutting, possibly by the descendants of those whose names were recorded. There are numerous Aldens, Cushings, Magouns, Standishs, Josselyns and Fords.

The female Christian names most frequently found are Abigail, Priscilla, Deborah, and Almira, while there are many which remind one of the days of Cromwell's roundheads, such as Faith, Hope, Comfort, Thankful, Experience, Ursula, Statira and Judith. Many of the men were named Asaph, Ephraim, Melzer, Elisha, Zebulon, Aaron, Achsah, Jabez and Abner. I have just space for a transcript of one tombstone:

The Enterr'd Remains of Mr. Jeremiah, Ye Son of Doctor J. Hale & Mrs. Elizabeth Hale his wife. He died ye 29th of Jan., 1776 in ye 17th year of his age, in the service of his Country. Opposing the Tyranny of Britain and Britain's Tyrant.

"No storied urn or animated bust" adorns this cemetery. The sentry on the Soldiers' Monument stands guard over the hill. Recorded on its panels are the names of those who marched away from this town during the years of the Civil War. Some were buried on distant battlefields, some sleep close by, and every year on Decoration Day, services are held here in commemoration of their brave deeds.

I have attended services held in memory of martyred covenanters, at Drumclog, Bothwell Brig, and in the old parish Kirkyard of Irvine, on the two hundredth anniversary of the date of execution of two martyrs whose remains are interred there, and it may be that services are held annually in some cemeteries and Kirkyards in Great Britain in honor of the departed brave, who lie within their walls; but I hope that at some date not far distant, one day of the year will be set apart throughout the British Empire, to honor and bring to remembrance the heroes who sleep in Kirkyard and cemeteries at home and beyond the seas, who gave their lives for king, queen, country, freedom and the right.

(Continued from Page 350.)

As Jeems Gibb, the minister's man, says to her 'she should have' been a lawyer,' but

there are 'few things she couldna be if men would let her.'

"Unfortunately, Bunty can only save her father by sacrificing herself and her lover. She tells the angry Susie that the money from the bond is in the house, and will be handed over the next day. Bunty and Weelum's wedding will have to be postponed, for the money to be paid to Susie is their 'wee nest egg.' To crown her sorrows, Rab has run off to Glasgow, and so there are several sad hearts as the congregation come out of the kirk, and the rain clouds creep along the Blane Hills.

"Tammass has gone after Rab with the dog-cart, and brought the lad home, wet and hungry. Bunty cannot get the men folk, out of their beds the next morning. It is her washing day, and she is always 'as cross as two sticks when she's washing.' Weelum, now returned to his joinering, is as cross as she is; he wants to be reconciled, however; Bunty is in no hurry, for an angry woman turns out a clean washing.

"Rab comes down to his porridge very late, and Tammass demands that at night after tea he shall come up the stairs and take his thrashing for whistling on the Sabbath. Rab is rebellious.

"'Take yer key and open yer shop yer-self.'

"Bunty backs up her brother. She too, throws down her keys and threatens to leave the house. Tammass is confident that she cannot leave, but his daughter is too clever for him. She promptly calls on Weelum, who is putting up a shelf in her back kitchen. If her father thrashes Rab, Weelum may arrange for their immediate marriage, even if it means that they must live in furnished lodgings for a while. Tammass gives in and agrees to let Rab off.

"Bunty should be at her washing, but there are other strings to be pulled this Monday morning. She cross-examines the unsuspecting Eelen Dunlop, and is able to report that she is an 'early riser, good washer, experienced cook, economical. She will do fine.'

'So Tammass proposes on the recommendation of his 'farseeing lassie that chooses her own steeple.'

Bunty's masterstroke is when she unravels the relationship of Weelum to his father's brother's wife's sister, and so discovers that her young man is entitled to most of his Aunt Susie's siller.

"Thus the tables are turned upon Miss Simpson, who gives up the money just received from Tammass, but tells Weelum in a parting shot that he will be the most henpecked man in Scotland.

"Weelum, however, don't mind that, if only Bunty will do the henpecking—he'll just glory in his shame."

GRAHAM MOFFAT.

Yule Tide.

BY D. GIBB MITCHELL.

(IN BRAID SCOTS.)

Lang shadows sklentit doon on hame an ha'. The sun bored his hinmaist rays thro' the mist that hung on the hill, an' spread his plaid o' the gloamin licht ower the plains o' the sacred land. The hush o' the burn rose to the clachan as it bickered by, like a hymn at the nichtfa' in praise o' the day that was gane.

The mire-mirk hung ower the warl'. The wuds were cauld an' bare. Ilka tree was rifled o' its galore. The girse was grey an' nither't. The bleatin yowes were heard on the far hillside as they scurried hame to the buchts for the nicht. The last echoes o' the bairns' mirth were floatin' awa' thro' the glacks o' the hills.

Ilka fire was bleezin bricht, an' the yule logs flung their sparks on the floor, an' the lum roared loud wi' the dancin' lowe.

The simmer's wark was by, the thrang o' the hairst was past. Ilka barn was packit weel. Natur's han' had been fu' an' scaifin. The guidman's heart was blythe an' merry. Nae want, nae care. The season had keptit its tryst wi' him, an' handit him doon meikle store.

It was like a nicht whan men wud wait on God an' thank Him for His gudeness, an' bide His blessin'. A nicht whan the e'e wud wander heavenwards an' steal a look ayont the blue into the Holie Place!

It was a nicht that touched the soul an' the heart o' man, an' swung him back into by-gane time whan Jehovah had trysted wi' his faithers. Memory trudged back the road o' promise, an' peered ahint the cruiks an' thraws, eident to trace the tramp-marks o' God's plan!

Unco strange were the sights he saw—the great Almichty comin' doon an' brood-in' ower an' haudin grip o' His ain folk. He saw a God wha's face was turned to the earth, wha's e'e was aye on man's richt an' wrang; a Being wha mixed i' the stramash o' man's doin's, an' grippit the threads o' human action an' warped them into His ain loom!

It was glorious to stan' an' listen to the

click o' the great Divine shuttle, an' hear the whir o' the sacred wheel, an' the whoop o' the threads as they cam thegither—a strange crimson streak twined an' twisted thro' a' the wob!

The road was land an' dreich, an' the skulls an' carcasses that lay on the way tell't o' mony a brulzie an' mony a hard fecht; the warslins o' man's wild heart ettlin the richt road to gang—tryin' to follow the track whaur Providence had let fa' His licht. Whiles a backward maich into the mirk, whan they tint their gait for the want o' a man that kent the way; an' forrit again, wi' a sang an' a gallop, whan the richt man spak Jehovah's will.

In their soul there was a national dream. Their herts lang'd for something they kenned-na what. Like stars that shot thro' the dark, great men had shot oot frae the lave o' the race, an' shouted the cry that was needit. Ilka ane that comes on to his day cairries forrit the cry an' a promise that maun come true.

A tear stole ower his e'e as he thoct o' the days gane by. "We've nae sang on oor tongue, nae joy in oor hert, nae gleam i' the e'e. Nae mirth, nae pleasure rings thro' the land." The tramp o' majestic hosts gaed by his sicht—the rise an' fa' o' by-gane glories—nations hurled to the foot o' the hill, an' driven to the grund, a' their nicht an' their pride dumfounder't an' cowed an' broken to bits!

The sough o' the wind cam to his ear as he wandered ower the lanely hills o' Judah, an' trudged by the dowie haughs o' Jordan. The wail o' grief struck his sad heart. "My country is dune. Its glory is vanished. There's nae God, nae prophet, nae priest, nae king. The auld harp lies by wi' its strings a' wizzent an' fustit. Nae peg stan's ticht in its place, the music is oot, and the tune is gane that Jehovah was wont to hear!"

The sun sent his hinmaist shadows across the land as he sank doon ower the broken hills, leavin' the auld warl' for aye.

The nicht was heavy wi' mystery! A solemn quateness brooded over a'. The efter-glow hung lang on the hills. It bathed their crests wi' gowden licht, an' ran ower their shouthers, an' trickled doon till it met the nicht i' the howes! The firmament was vast in its sea o' blue! The sky was shiverin' an' agitated. A star here an' there peepit thro' tim'rously to see if they'd hae leave to shine. The earth spoke back again wi' a kindly welcome, an' beckoned them doon thro' the faulds o' the nicht. The doon and sky seemed to speak together. The stars breathed tenderly on dewy hill an' fen, an' touched the lanely earth to soothe it to peace!

The wanderer awoke to the mood o' the nicht, and fund a strange mystery gaun atween heaven an' earth. Heaven was laigh doon, an' as near as cud whisper a secret till't. An' a list'nin' humour that lay ower the land gar'd him hearken along wi't to get the threid o' the passin' tryst!

He sat aneath a cedar tree an' hummed the sang o' the Captivity. He heard the tramp o' the passersby as they trudged the road at the fit o' the hill. A youthfu' maiden, sittin' on an ass, neiboured by man, gaed by, an' antered oot o' sicht along the road to Bethlehem. The folk thrang'd doon frae a' airts at the biddin' o' the han' that had haud o' the sceptre. An' the tribe o' David forgathered i' the little toun. The place, was asteer in ilka neuk an' corner. Ilka house an' hovel was made a restin' place. The first to come were best ser'd, an' the hinmaist took the warst farin'.

Joseph, an' Mary, on the ass, appear'd afore the inn an' socht a beild to pass the nicht. A stable was a' they cud get. The din o' the toun quaitened doon to rest frae it hammerin' sough, the eerie nicht cam ower the streets an' silence claimed the place!

There are nichts that hae hallowed memories twined about them—nichts that a body's mind traivels back to. This nicht was the maist uncommon o' a' the nichts that had gane. The han' o' Providence was fu' o' His biggest gift, an' this nicht He was to pass it ower to man!

Heaven was waitin' hushed an' still, an' ilka starnie that blinkit thro' the blue abune seemed to focus on the lit-

tle toun o' Bethlehem. The herds that were oot on the wold fendin' their flocks thocht the augurs were bodin, an' wondered, at the nicht-fa', what Jehovah had to divulge! Whiles they crackit about ancient days as they dandered on the hillsides. The faithers had visions frae the Almichty, and angels ca'd doon to this warl' langsyne. Had the angels bang'd oot o' sicht an' closed Heaven's curtains for aye? Had they striven wi' oor forbears an' left the earth to itself—ill-ta'en wi' its wrangs an' feckless wam'le?

Whie they mused like this, a bricht bruch o' licht was shinin' a' roond, an' a Divine figure drew near them. As the winds o' October shiver the ash leaf, they trim'l't at the voice o' the angel tongue: "Fear nocht. I'm bringin' ye gude news o' meikle gladness. It's for a'body. For e'en to you, an' a' mankind, is born this vera day in the toun o' Dauvid, a Saviour, whilk is Christ the Lord. An' this'll be an arles to you: ye'll find the bairnie row't in a barrie-coat, lyin' in a manger." An' as they gazed into the starry loft they heard soun's, like whispers frae afar, o' a heavenly host! An' the words that fell on their ears frae the far-aff melody soundit like "Glory, Peace, Earth, Guidwill, Man." The sky seemed to open up, an' the great hosts o' heaven fell thro' the rift, singin' the sang o' angels' guidwill, an' heraldin' the advent in the little toun—the sta' wi' the wee bairn that was born!

It was an umco sicht for man to see in a warl' like this: Heaven's glory comin' doon to the plains, an' a band o' angels laudin' i' the midst o' the glory! The shepherds cudna bide the grandeur o't. They w're fley't to meet the unkent warl' when it cam' i' the garb o' an angel host. 'But the dreid that first fleggit their herts was sune past. The music was sweet, an' the beauty sune wyled their herts back to guide faith. Their likin' grew strong as they listened an' heard the message o' joy: a Saviour was gi'en to the warl' frae God. "Glory to God in the heighest heights, on earth peace, guidwill to man."

The angels gaed awa' ahint the curtains o' the nicht, an' stole their ways back hame!

The shepherds were fu' o' glæfu' crack. They were brimmin' ower wi' happiness.

Their faces beamed i' the dark, as if the angels had left their glory wi' them. As they trampit across the fields they were proud at heart because God had lippen'd them wi' the news, an' trusted them as leal men!

They were aiblins God-fearin' wha' waitit for news like this. They thoct the time had come whan the bye-gane promises might be made guid. They kent the days were lang gane sin' God had sent His messengers to the warl', an' naethin' had been heard o' Him for hunners o' years. The hert o' their countrymen was wearied oot waitin' sair for the comin' o' Jehovah's word. Whaur had God gane frae His ain folk?

The alien han' held the sword ower their heid. Pain an' sorrow depressed them a'. Their herts wadna rise to the thoct o' their God. They hadna freedom to ca' Him their ain. The sangs o' Dauvid were nae mair heard, an' the soond o' the psalm was lost!

God's hosts had come doon ance mair. The lang drowsin' age was broken wi' a sang, an' Heaven itsel' cam' back to the warl' again!

The bonnie wee bairnie, wi' its blythe-some face, lay helpless in a stirkie's sta'. Strange hoo Heaven was pleased to put it there, an' no in a palace buskit an' braw! Nae man jaloused He wud come like this. Nane wud think to look for Him in sic a place. In this wafflin stable o' Bethlehem God's greatest gift lies i' the lowliest cradle—as if born by chance, thrown in upo' the warl' without a fore-plan—as if raivell't fate grappit His destiny, an' chance an' mishanter deceived Him! Nae blithemeat ready for Him; awa' frae hame, doon i' the cauld stable—comfortless; nae saft or cozie crib. nae coothie or kindly surroundin's—as if He wasna God's bairn ava!

The wind sougled thro' the rafters an' played wi' the strae in the byre. The stars glintit in thro' the riggin', an' blinkit at the bonnie wean, an' sang to themselves as they saw Him there—the canty wee cratur sae sweet! Strange that Heaven was concerned aboot this, that the angel hosts sang their joy aboot it! Strange that the universe was waitin' for't, an' the weirds o' the nicht soundit for't that the

langed-for Visitant had come! Strange that the herds wanderin' here seekin' the door whaur God had placed his Child in a neuk like this in a batter't auld biggin'—the Bairn o' Promise had come!

Inquirin' faces peer in at the door an' speir for the bairn they've come to see. A glance roun' the place is all they need. They ken they are richt, an' the shepherds stap quately in-by. They are blythe; but serious and eager wi' joy. They feel their erran is sacred. They had heard ower muckle an' seen ower muckle this nicht to be licht-hertit. Their need is the ee-sweet Bairn!

They bend their earnest forms oot-ower the bairme. They look for something mair than natur's common gift. They see a child that king or cotter might be proud o' but naething mair. A' thing is just what natur sud be like their ain wee toddlers at hame.

What does it mean? Is there naethin' mair to see? Can this be the end o' oor journey? Efter a', are we at the richt place? Is this what has broken the silences an' stirred up the weirds o' the nicht, an' sent a' the stars sic a dancin', and the reid lichts fa' on the hills, an' the glimmer o' the lift when the sun gaed doon? Is this what rave the heavens in twa, an' that a' the angels cam' doon aboot? Is this the substance o' the sang—the sang o' peace an' guidwill an' joy that sweepit the wolds o' Bethlehem? Is it here whaur a' the streams o' human desire were to meet? Is it here whaur a' tides o' the past flowed for? Was it for this that a' the human agony an' passion an' hope an' dreams were spent? Is this the crimson streak i' the wob o' God's weavin'? Hae the visions an' symbols o' the wild an' rugged past met aneath the shadow o' the stable sta' at Bethlehem?

The mystery is here: Natur's biggest ferlie—God's fu'est handfu—the world's michtiest blessin', Heaven's greatest sacrifice!

Whae'er cam' to see Him left their blessin' an' nane thoct Him wrang. Among the lave were wise men frae the East, wha' had been bamboozled by the strangeness o' the heavens. The sky was their hame. They prowled thro' the welk-

in an' pried into the ferlies. They kent ilka blink o' its omens an lippen'd to its forebodins. They redd their way by the licht o' a star, an' footit the unkent road in search o' its secret.

The warl's day was ready for the Bairn, an' noo He was i' the midst o' its whirl. It was the first time that perfect peace had come to bide on earth, an' gude gree was set at wark atween ae man an' anither!

Naething had come by chance: a'thing was fore-gane in the decrees. The stamp o' Heaven was i' the matter. It was planned up there outside the ken o' man, an' brocht to this day o' grace. Heaven was ower far awa' for man. Man couldna rax to God. The warl' seemed dreich an' cauld an' a lanely place without God. There was pity in Heaven as it lookit doon here an' saw hoo dreary, driftin', hapless was man's lot. God ettled to get nearer man than He had ever been, to look into his face wi' human een, to speak wi' a human tongue, to grip his han' wi' a human grip, an' be as near to us as we are to ane anither!

This is the way that God has ta'en to mak' frien's wi' man. He puts the Bairn's han' into man's luif an' says: "Quits: by-ganes are by-ganes, past bullyragin's are mendit, the gulfs are bridged owre by this han' o' guidwill!" This was God's way o' tellin' us hoo He likit us. We didna ken till noo that He had a faither's heart for His bairns doon here. We didna ken that He likit us sae weel, or lang'd sae sair to get us back to His ain fauld. It was only when He spared His son frae Heaven an' lippen't Him doon amang the sin, the sorrow, the poortith, the misery, the guilt, as the steer o' the warl', that we kent God's heart!

There was a new interestin' Heaven anent earth. It was aye doon here watchin' to see hoo the bairn wud get on, keepin' guard roun' Him, lest ony mishanter shud befa' Him. Heaven dreidit the scaith that man's wicked wyles micht work agin Him. The warl' afore had staned the prophets, an' blater't the men that spak for God!

A' this warl' was gran' an' sent back its glorie to God. It was fair without a flaw; an' the Almichty rejoiced in His ain bonnie wark. Man only was curs't, an' his

life was sad, an' his heart broken. Sin had marred the perfect pattern. An' what wad hae been God's greatest glorie, wasna fit for Him to look at! It was sorrowfu' to think that God cudna see His best creation. Man's sad an' sinfu' hert cuist a gloom ower a' the lave o' the Creator's wark. Earth's paradise was lost, its happiness was gane. Nae man till noo was to mak' it richt.

Man's bondage was turned back, the fate o' the battle was reversed. The glory o' God cam' back as He saw the Bairnie i' the mairg. He beheld man in his perfe'e state—His heighest creation redeemed frae the curse—made fit for His e'e to look on, an' love an' joy an' delicht in! Heaven was bigger the nicht than it had been afore. The sang o' peace an' guidwill was liltit ower again as the hosts lookit doon an' saw man's mirth an' joy begun this first Yule nicht, an' his waefu' hert brocht back to hae a likin'!

Then here's a han' to a' my friens wha hae spent this nicht wi' me. A chorus o' greetin's o' gude cheer rings in ilka hame, an' the blythe meet frae mony iarts: wi' a beamin' e'e, a brimmin hert, an' a giean han'.

We a' forgaither as frien's, an' we like the peace an' the joy an' the gudewill that mak's us brithers. It has ta'en lang to mak' the warl' better, but let us a' help it on by oor kindly ways. Put a blythe hert into the thrang o' the warl's affairs. Let by-ganes be by-ganes. Keep nae grudg. Set honesty on the open broo. Lat the love-fire burn i' the hallowed e'e, and the lips speak peace. Lat the hert's beat be true. An' may the han's touch be kind an' aye fu' o' blessin'.

The joy o' the first Yule-tide begude in Heaven: but on earth we can a' sing noo the sang that was sung langsyne by the angels:

"Glory to God in the heighest heights,
On earth peace! Guidwill to men."

Where the king is, there is the court.
An open countenance, but close thoughts.
Who is bad to his own is bad to himself.
A man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head.

The greatest clerks are not always the wisest men.

That which will not make a pot, may make a pot-lid.

WITH CHRIST IN THE SCHOOL OF
PRAYER.

(Continued.)

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

NINTH LESSON.

"Then saith He to His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into His harvest."--Matt. IX. 37-38.

The Lord frequently taught His disciples *that* they must pray and *how*; but seldom *what* to pray. This He left to their sense of need, and the leading of the spirit. But here we have one thing. He expressly enjoins them to remember: In view of the plenteous harvest and the need of reapers, they must cry to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers. Just as in the parable of the friend at midnight, He would have them understand that prayer is not to be selfish; so here it is the power through which blessing can come to others. The Father is Lord of the harvest; when we pray for the Holy Spirit, we must pray for Him to prepare and send forth laborers for the work.

Strange, is it not, that He should ask His disciples to pray for this? And could He not pray Himself? And would not one prayer of His avail more than a thousand of theirs? And God, the Lord of the harvest, did He not see the need? And would not He, in His own good time, send forth laborers without their prayer? Such questions lead us up to the deepest mysteries of prayer, and its power in the Kingdom of God. The answer to such questions will convince us that prayer is indeed a power, on which all the ingathering of the harvest and the coming of the Kingdom do in very truth depend.

Prayer is no form or show. The Lord Jesus was Himself the truth; everything He spake was the deepest truth. It was when "He saw the multitude, and was moved with compassion on them, because they were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd," that He called on the disciples to pray for laborers to be sent among them. He did so because He really believed that their prayer was needed and would help. The veil which so hides the invisible world from us was wonderfully transparent to the holy human soul of Jesus. He had looked long and deep and far into the hidden connection of cause and effect in the spirit world. He had marked in God's Word how, when God called men like Abraham and Moses, Joshua and Samuel and David, and given them authority over men in His name, He had at the same time given them authority and right to call in the powers of heaven to their aid as they needed them. He knew that as to these men of old, and to Himself for a time, here upon earth, the work of God had been entrusted, so it was now about to pass over into the

hands of His disciples. He knew that when this work should be given in charge to them, it would not be a mere matter of form or show, but that on them, and their being faithful or unfaithful, the success of the work would actually depend. As a single individual, within the limitations of a human body, and a human life, Jesus feels how little a short visit can accomplish among these wandering sheep He sees around Him, and He longs for help to have them properly cared for. And so He tells His disciples now to begin and pray, and, when they have taken over the work from Him on earth, to make this one of the chief petitions in their prayer: That the Lord of the harvest Himself would send forth laborers into His harvest. The God who entrusted them with the work, and made it to so large extent dependent on them, gives them authority to apply to Him for laborers to help, and makes the supply dependent on their prayer.

How little Christians really feel and mourn the need of laborers in the fields of the world so white to the harvest. And how little they believe that our labor-supply depends on prayer, that prayer will really provide "as many as he needeth." Not that the dearth of labor is not known or discussed. Not that efforts are not some times put forth to supply the want. But how little the burden of the sheep wandering without a shepherd is really borne in the faith that the Lord of the harvest *will*, in answer to prayer, send forth the laborers, and in the solemn conviction that without this prayer fields ready for reaping, will be left to perish. And yet it is so. So wonderful is the surrender of His work into the hands of His Church, so dependent has the Lord made Himself on them as His body, through whom alone His work can be done, so real is the power which the Lord gives His people to exercise in heaven and earth, that the number of the laborers and the extent of the harvest does actually depend upon their prayer.

Solemn thought! O why is it that we do not obey the injunction of the Master more heartily, and cry more earnestly for laborers? There are two reasons for this. The one is: We miss the compassion of Jesus, which gave rise to this request for prayer. When believers learn that to love their neighbors as themselves, that to live entirely for God's glory in their fellowmen, is the Father's first commandment to His redeemed ones, they will accept of, the perishing ones as the charge entrusted to them by their Lord. And, accepting them not only as a field of labor, but as the objects of living care and interest, it will not be long before compassion towards the hopelessly perishing will touch their heart, and the cry ascend with an earnestness till then unknown: Lord! send laborers. The other reason for the neglect of the command, the want of faith, will then make itself felt, but will be overcome as our pity pleads for help. We believe too little in the power of prayer to

bring about definite results. We do not live close enough to God, and are not enough entirely given up to His service and Kingdom, to be capable of the confidence that He will give it in answer to our prayer. O' let us pray for a life so one with Christ, that His compassion may stream into us, and His Spirit be able to assure us that our prayer avails.

Such prayer will ask and obtain a twofold blessing. There will first be the desire for the increase of men entirely given up to the service of God. It is a terrible blot upon the Church of Christ that there are times when actually men cannot be found for the service of the Master as ministers, missionaries, or teachers of God's Word. As God's children make this a matter of supplication for their own circle or church, it will be given. The Lord Jesus is now Lord of the harvest. He has been exalted to bestow gifts—the gifts of the Spirit. His chief gifts are men filled with the Spirit. But the supply and distribution of the gifts depend on the co-operation of Head and members. It is just prayer will lead to such co-operation; the believing suppliants will be stirred to find the men and the means for the work.

The other blessing to be asked will not be less. Every believer is a laborer; not one of God's children who has not been redeemed for service, and has not his work waiting. It must be our prayer that the Lord would so fill all His people with the spirit of devotion, that not one may be found standing idle in the vineyard. Wherever there is a complaint of want of helpers, or of fit helpers in God's work, prayer has the promise of a supply. There is no Sunday School or district visiting, no Bible reading or rescue work, where God is not ready and able to provide. It may take time and importunity, but the command of Christ to ask the Lord of the harvest is the pledge that the prayer will be heard: "I say unto you, he will arise and give him as many as he needeth."

Solemn, blessed thought! This power has been given us in prayer to provide in the need of the world, to secure the servants for God's work. The Lord of the harvest will hear. Christ, who called us so specially to pray thus, will support our prayers offered in His name and interest. Let us set apart time and give ourselves to this part of our intercessory work. It will lead us into the fellowship of that compassionate heart of His that led Him to call for our prayers. It will elevate us to the insight of our regal position, as those whose will counts for something with the great God in the advancement of His Kingdom. It will make us feel how really we are God's fellow-workers on earth, to whom a share in His work has in downright earnest been entrusted. It will make us partakers in the soul travail, but also in the soul satisfaction of Jesus, as we know how, in answer to our prayer, blessing has been given that otherwise would not have come.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Lord! Thou hast this day again given us another of Thy wondrous lessons to learn. We humbly ask Thee, O give us to see aright the spiritual realities of which Thou hast been speaking. There is the harvest which is so large, and perishing, as it waits for sleepy disciples to give the signal for laborers to come. Lord, teach us to look out upon it with a heart moved with compassion and pity. There are the laborers so few. Lord, show us how terrible the sin of the want of prayer and faith, of which this is the token. And there is the Lord of the harvest, so able and ready to send them forth. Lord, show us how He does indeed wait for the prayer to which He has bound His answer. And there are the disciples, to whom the commission to pray has been given: Lord, show us how Thou canst pour down Thy Spirit and breathe upon them, so that Thy compassion and the faith in Thy promise shall rouse them to unceasing, prevailing prayer.

O, our Lord! we cannot understand how Thou canst entrust such work and give such power to men so slothful and unfaithful. We thank Thee for all Thou art teaching to cry day and night for laborers to be sent forth. Lord, breathe Thine own Spirit on all Thy children, that they may learn to live for this one thing alone—the Kingdom and glory of their Lord—and become fully awake to the faith of what their prayer can accomplish. And let all our hearts in this, as in every petition, be filled with the assurance that prayer, offered in loving faith in the living God, will bring certain and abundant answer. Amen.

FAITH AND SIGHT—Essays on the Relations of Agnosticism to Theology, by William Peisore Merrill, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, one dollar.

In this book Dr. Merrill enters into a scholarly discussion of the "scientific function of Theology," and the historical relations of the two great types. The "Truth in Agnosticism," is an interesting chapter, as are also "The Turk of the Theologian of To-day," and "The True Theologians of To-day." The author is an independent thinker, and forcible in his presentation of this unusual subject.

THE FIERY CROSS.

"Arouse, arouse, why idly wait?
The Fiery Cross is at your gate.
Arise and answer to the call
That comes from Scotia's capital.
Awake, awake; arise, arise.
Nor deem your duty sacrifice."

"He spoke the word, he named the place,
Onward he urged his rapid race;
Still as he sped with wild-deer speed,
"The place! he cried, 'is Saughton Mead
In Caledonia's Capital.'"

Kinmont Willie.

"O have ye not heard of the false Sakelde,
O have ye not heard of the keen Lord
Scroope,

How they have taken bold Kinmont Willie
On Haribee to hang him oop?"

The story of this famous freebooter, William Armstrong of Kinmont, belongs to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Lord Scroope was Warden of the Western Marshes, and Mr. Sakelde of Corby Castle was his deputy.

Kinmont Willie was a descendant of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Golnockie, and his capture was a violation of the existing truce between Scroope and Buccleugh, the Keeper of Liddesdale. Elizabeth was indignant at Buccleugh's action in rescuing Willie, and as the Scots at that time were very anxious not to offend her, Buccleugh was sent to England and came before the Queen, who asked him how he dared to undertake such an adventure. "What is it," answered he, "that a man dare not do?"

"With ten thousand such men," said Elizabeth, turning to a lord-in-waiting, "our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe."

The ballad tells of the capture of Kinmont Willie and how the false Sakelde and his men treacherously seized him.

They bound his legs beneath his horse and tied his hands behind his back, and with five men on each side to guard him, brought him over Liddel ford and through Carlisle sands to Carlisle Castle.

When he arrived there, Willie addressed his captor in these words:

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free. Who will avow this deed or answer for it to bold Buccleugh?"

"Hold thy tongue, thou rank robber! Never a Scot shall set thee free! Ye shall take farewell of me before ye cross my castle gate," said Scroope.

"Fear ye not that, my lord," answers Willie, "for by the faith of my body, never did I yet lodge in a hostelry but that I paid my reckoning before I went."

Word was sent to Branksome Hall, to the Keeper of Liddesdale, that Lord Scroope had captured Kinmont Willie, whereupon the Keeper smote the table with his hand till the red wine sprang on high. "A curse on my head," he cried, "if I be not avenged of Lord Scroope. Is my helmet a widow's cap, or my lance a twig from a willow tree, or my fist a lady's lily white hand, that an English lord should appraise my so lightly? Have they taken Kinmont Willie in spite of the truce, and forgotten that bold Buccleugh is Keeper on the Scottish side? Have they taken Kinmont Willie so fearlessly, and forgotten that the bold Buccleugh can back a steed and wield a weapon? Were there but war between the lands, then would I slight Carlisle Castle though it were built of marble; I would set it on fire and drench it with

English blood. But since there is peace and not war, I'll set the Kinmont free yet never harm English lad or lass!"

So Buccleugh called forty bold Marchmen, all of his own name and kin, except one, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Laird of Stobs. They came spur on heel and armor on shoulder, with gloves of green and feathers of blue. Five and five came first, with hunting-horns and bugles; five and five more came with Buccleugh, like Warden's man arrayed for battle; five and five came like a gang of masons, carrying long ladders; and five and five came like broken men, and so they reached Woodhouselee.

When they had crossed to the English side, the first man they met was the false Sakelde.

"Where are ye going, ye keen hunters?" quoth Sakelde.

"We go to hunt an English stag that has trespassed on Scottish ground."

"Where are ye going, ye martial men?"

"We go to catch a rank robber that has broken faith with the bold Buccleugh."

"Where are ye going, ye mason lads, with all those long, high ladders?"

"We go to harry a corbie's nest not far from here."

"Where are ye going, ye broken men?" said the false Sakelde.

But Dickie of Dryhope, leader of the broken men, had never a word of learning, and answered nothing.

"Why trespass ye on the English side? Stand! ye raw-footed outlaws!"

Never a word yet said Dickie, but for answer ran his lance clean through the body of the false Sakelde.

On they went to Carlisle town, crossing the Eden at Staneshaw-bank, nor lost they horse or man, though the water was high in flood.

When they reached Staneshaw-bank, the wind was rising, and the Laird ordered them to leave their horses, for fear they should stamp and neigh. The wind blew loudly enough then, but when they came beneath the castle wall there was wind and rain and flying sleet. On they crept on their knees, and held their breath till they placed the ladders against the wall. Buccleugh himself mounted first, took the watchman by the throat, and flung him down upon the leads. "Thou hadst gone on the other side," said he, "had there not been peace between our lands!"

"Sound out the trumpets!" quoth he. "Let's wake up Lord Scroope!" Then loud blew the Warden's trumpet to the tune of "O Wha Dare Meddle Wi' Me?"

To work they went speedily, and cut a hole through the lead, gaining thus the castle hall.

Those inside thought that the castle had been taken by King James and all his men, yet it was only twenty Scots and ten that had put a thousand in such a stir. They hammered and banged at the bars until they

came to the inner prison, where lay Kinmont Willie.

"Do ye sleep or wake, Kinmont Willie, on the morn when ye shall die?"

"O, I sleep lightly and wake often; it's long, since sleep was frightened from me. Give my service to my wife and bairns, and all good fellows that enquire for me."

Red Rowan, the strongest man in Teviotdale, lifted him up. "Stay now, Red Rowan, till I take farewell of Lord Scroope." Farewell, farewell, my Lord Scroope," he cried. "I will pay ye for my lodging when first we meet on the Border."

With shout and cry, Red Rowan bore him on his shoulders down the long ladder, the irons clanking at every stride.

"Many a time," said Kinmont Willie, "have I ridden a horse both wild and unruly, but never have my legs bestrode a rougher beast than Red Rowan. Many a time have I pricked a horse over the furlows, but never since I backed a steed have I worn such cumbrous spurs."

Scarcely had they won the Staneshawbank, when all the bells in Carlisle were ringing, and Lord Scroope was after them with a thousand men on horse and foot. But—

"Buccleugh has turned to Eden water,

Even where it flows frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,

And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
'If ye like na my visit to merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope:

He stood as still as rock of stane,
He scarcely dared to turn his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

'He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,

Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

—From "Stories of the Scottish Border," by Mr. and Mrs. William Platt.

WELL MERITED SUCCESS.

The advertisement of Messrs. George Stout & Son, Brooklyn, in this issue will be perused with interest by the numerous readers of *The Caledonian*. Mr. Stout, for the long period of 31 years, has conducted a large business with great success. He believes in the "square deal" from which he has never departed. Mrs. Stout is a "host" in herself. She makes marmalade that is truly superlative and is peerless as a manufacturer of "Haggis", of which large shipments are made, every winter to Chicago, Detroit, Canton, Jersey City, Philadelphia etc.

MY LADY OF AROS.

(Continued)

CHAPTER XII.

THE TIRÉE MEN.

Fraser waked where he crouched in a niche of the Castle wall, to the crowing of cocks, distant and multitudinous in Aros township. Stiff, despite the heaped bracken over and under him, he shivered in the frosty air and looked eastward for the dawn. But no dawn was there; and he noted that the moon floated only an hour's space lower in heavens than when he settled to rest, yet what a potheer all the fowls in Aros were making. For suré there was something astir there.

He moved out from his shelter and advanced to that portion of the broken bastion looking toward the village. And then ere he had barely distinguished the shadows of boscaige around the mansion, he fell back again within the circle of the ruin and stole cautiously to his hiding. Two figures were climbing the Castle-mound about a dozen yards beneath him, and indistinctly he was aware of several other forms on the mossy flat below. He called to mind desperately that the moon was setting behind his chosen chamber of hiding and that the shadows of the broken wall would aid. And then, hardly had he pushed the bracken over the opening of his little nook—hardly was his hanger laid ready to his left hand, and his injured limb comfortably disposed, ere the newcomers appeared, sprawling over the broad wall of the fort.

He noted the bonnets of thrum, the leg bare between short breeks and stockings, the feet coverings of hairy hide, as peculiarities of dress unusual in Aros, and he guessed the men accordingly as out-dwellers. Yet their attire did not suggest Tirée men as he knew them. Who could they be? There were six in all at first, and they stood in a group gabbling uncouthly until a squat figure swung over the wall and joined them, signalling to a corner of the enclosure not ten paces from where Fraser lay. Here they crouched around a bundle of twigs that was soon alight, and the watcher breathed easily,

for it seemed that a bivouac and not a search was imminent. A brew of some kind was set in a pannikin hung from three cross-sticks, and as the blaze grew stronger, Fraser discovered the last arrival more clearly. In his huge cloak of many capes, which flapped like evil wings with every motion of the man, his tricorne with a plain cock, his stockings and buckled shoon, he passed for a person of quality compared with his company. These, however, made little ado regarding him, but chatted among themselves, whilst he covered dully alone. But at a turn of the wind he changed positions with one of the men at a sign, and although no word was spoken, there was deference enough shown by the coarser-def fellow as he gave up his sheltered seat.

This veering of the wind brought with it a stench well-nigh unbearable even to one familiar with the sick-bay of the *Theseus*; for now it whiffed across the encampment, and Fraser viewed with horror the hairy coverings of the clouted feet of these wild fellows. Yet he soon forgot the odor of the *cuarain* of the strangers, in the revelation of the face and figure of their leader now fairly seen in his post, curiously lit as he was by mingled lights of fire and moon. The flabby pale cheeks above a not unhandsome beard, the pouched eyelids—these combined with splay-footed gait and a something of a paunch to suggest the man of the desk rather than of the camp. And then the final touch in the way of identity was the presence of woollen plugs in the ears.

"Deaf Alan and his Sunivaig men," said Fraser. "But they seek eye for eye in easy fashion surely."

He tried to argue from their demeanor the purpose of their presence there. They feared no attack, for no watch was set, and their fire was unscreened. No search was made, so they could not suspect him near.

What was it then? Cattle-lifting in prospect or but a partial secrecy before their next move in the blood-hunt? It was only as they grew more voluble with the circling of spirit-horn and snuff-mull that the small Gaelic of which he was master served him finally to perceive that they had news of a deadly sickness in Aros and

elsewhere in the countryside; that they now fled the plague; and that for the present at least their quest was forsaken. Said one in Gaelic:

"It's an old word, 'When the herring are in the North, Red Murdo is in' the South,' but, please God, we'll get our fingers on their thrapples yet."

"Keep the fire lower, Neil, or we'll make a beacon for all the glens," said another, kicking out a root the first speaker had just placed on the blaze.

The gnarled mass of wood slid outwards, rolled against a stone supporting Neil's spirit-horn, laid temporarily ailt against it, and at once the vessel was prone, the greedy earth taking the draught. The cup's owner, little and brindled, was instantly at the throat of the other, but the assailed had gained his knees, and his black knife was ready. Sideways they fell, locked and struggling like fighting cats; the burnt earth had them one minute, the hot ashes the next, and at last the gipsy-pot and sticks went headlong over. Then the flabby-cheeked parson stood erect suddenly, his many wings of black cloak flapping; and if his hat was in the embers, yet he held a gillie, torn from each other, in either hand. He kept them apart for some seconds, spoke with something of clerical unction a low soothing word to either, and let them go. Then all sat down to the spirit-horn again. But once more ere dawn broke clear, the quarrellers were at each other's necks, and again the deaf minister plucked them apart as readily as if he but snapped a merrythought.

With the first scud of light in the east the encampment broke up; a rough strabout of meal was partaken of, and the isles men departed clattering down the stone-strewn slopes of the hill's western side. The watcher among the bracken saw them cross the knolls and hollows lying between them and the drove-track leading to the lochs of the west; saw them reach the level and break into a trot, a dot of a figure in a many-winged cloak, hirpling in the rear.

"Here then is my safety," said he. "For this plague has sent them back to Tìree on the run."

(To be continued.)

The Recollections of a Village Patriarch.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

(Continued.)

Some of the youngsters, also, formed what they called a Mechanics' Institution, and they also got a library, and met for instruction after work hours; and, I declare to ye, that even callants in a manner became so learned, that I often had great difficulty to keep my ground wi' them; and I have actually heard some of them have the impudence to tell the domine that taught them their letters, that he was utterly ignorant of all useful learning, and that he knew nothing of the properties of either chemistry or mechanics. When I was a youth also, I dinna ken if there was a person in the village, save the minister, kened what a newspaper was. Politics never were heard tell of until about the year 'seventy-five or 'eighty, but ever since then, they have been more and more discussed, until now they have divided the whole town into parties, and keep it in a state of perpetual ferment; and now there are not less than five newspapers come from London by the post every day, besides a score of weekly ones on the Saturday. Ye see, sir, that even in my time very great changes and improvements have taken place; and I am free to give it as my opinion, that society is more intellectual now than it was when I first kened it; and, upon the whole, I would say, that mankind, instead of degenerating, are improving. I recollect that even the street there, ye couldn't get across it in the winter season without lairng knee-deep in a dub; and now ye see it is all what they call macadamized and as firm, dry, and durable as a sheet of iron. In fact, sir, within the last forty years the improvements and changes in this village alone are past all belief—and the alterations in the place are nothing to what I have seen and heard of the ups and downs, and vicissitudes of its inhabitants."

The patriarch having finished his account of the village, thus proceeded with the history of the individuals after whom the stranger had inquired.

THE LAIRD.

Ye have asked me if auld Laird Cochrane be still living at the Ha', which, for three centuries, was the glory and pride of his ancestors. Listen, sir, and ye shall hear concerning him. He was born and brought up amongst us, and for many years he was a blessing to this part of the country. The good he did was incalculable. He was owner of two thousand acres of as excellent land as ye would have found on all the Borders; and I could have defed any man to hear a poor mouth made throughout the whole

length and breadth of his estate. His tenants were all happy, weel-to-do, and content. There wasna a murmur amongst them, nor amongst all his servants. He was a landlord among ten thousand. He was always devising some new scheme or improvement to give employment to the poor; and he would as soon have thought of taking away his own life as distressing a tenant. But the longest day has as end, and so had the goodness and benevolence of Laird Cochrane.

It will be eight-and-twenty years ago, just about this present time, that he took a sort of back-going in his health, and somebody got him advised to go to a place in the south that they call Tunbridge Wells—one of the places where people, that can afford annually to have fashionable complaints, go to drink mineral waters. He would then be about fifty-two years of age; and the distress of both auld and young in the village was very great at his departure. Men, women and children accompanied him a full mile from the porter's lodge, and when his carriage drove away, there was not one that didna say—"Heaven bless you!" On the Sabbath, also, our minister, Mr. Anderson, prayed for him very fervidly.

Well, we heard no more about the laird, nor how the waters agreed wi' his stomach, for the space of about two months, when, to our surprise, a rumor got abroad that he was on the eve of being married. Some folks laughed at the report, and made light of it; but I did no such thing, for I remembered the proverb, that—"An auld fool is the worst of all fools." But, to increase our astonishment, cartloads of furniture, and numbers of upholsterers, arrived from Edinburgh, and the housekeeper and butler received orders to have everything in readiness, in the best manner, for the reception of their new leddy! There was nothing else talked about in the village for a fortnight, and, I believe, nothing else dreamed about. A clap of thunder bursting out on a New year's morning, ushering in the year, and continuing for a day without intermission, could not have surprised us more. There were several widows and auld maids in the parish that the laird allowed so much a year to, and their dinner every Sunday and Wednesday, from the Ha' kitchen, and they, poor creatures, were in very great distress about the matter. They were principally auld or feckless people, and they were afraid that if their benefactor should stop his bounty, that they would be left to perish. Whether they judged by their own dispositions or not, it is not for me to say; but certain it is, that one and all of them

were afraid that his marrying a wife would put an end both to their annuities and the dinners which they received twice a week from his kitchen.

To be Continued.

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, LETTER.

The annual meeting of the Scottish St. Andrew's Society was held Thursday, November 2, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jas. MacNab; 1st vice president, Archibald Abbott; 2nd vice president, Robert Duncan; treasurer, Alex Liddle; secretary, Frank A. Anderson; chaplain, John Murray, warder, B. J. Abbott; physician, Dr. R. C. MacGregor; board of managers (five members), John R. Smith, William MacBeth, Alex Muir, Jas Smith, Graham Smith.

The installation takes place Thursday, December 7.

After the business session a short social hour was enjoyed. Brother Jas Strachan sang, "The Cottage where Burns was born" and "Our ain Harry Lauder." Brother Graham Smith rendered "Tobermory" and "Stop your tickling Jock."

Thursday, November 18, saw the gathering o' the clans, at a concert, supper and dance. The following program was carried out:

Remarks	Presient MacBeth.
Orchestra Selection	
Song	Brother MacCron.
Solo	Mrs. Shassow
Song	Mr. Arthur Russ
A wee bit o' Harry Lauder	Brother Graham Smith
Song	Brother Jas. Strachan
Solo	Mrs. Shassow
Solo	Miss Alice Milne

After the concert the party repaired to the dining room where a tempting repast awaited them after which dancing was enjoyed and it was not till the wee sma hours that the last brau Scot saw his ain fireside. The committee in charge was as follows: Jas. MacNab, chairman; Robert Duncan, Graham Smith, John Murray, Frank Anderson and President William MasBeth.

The committee in charge of our annual Burns' concert and ball, report the following talent secured for Mondav, January 22:

William L. Cochburn, Mrs. Flora McIvor Craig, Bobbie Wilson Scotch Comedian.

Shepherd—Brother James Shepherd passed awa November 21, at St. Mary's hospital, after undergoing a severe operation. Brother Shepherd was born in Scotland July 12, 1883, coming to this counvry five years ago. He was a loyal member of the society and was very well liked by all who knew him. The funeral services took place Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Hon. Chaplain Rev. J. Ambrose Dunkel, of the Warren avenue Presbyterian Church, officiating. The pallbearers were chosen from the society and the members attended in a body.

SCOTTISH BAZAAR.

The Women's Auxillary of the Caledonian Hoepital Society will hold a bazaar on December 11th, 12th and 13th at the Imperial, Fulton street near Borough Hall, Brooklyn. The hall will be beautifully decorated in true Scottish fashion. There is a great deal of friendly rivalry among the women in charge of the different stalls. The Scotch stall, in charge of Mrs. James Bruce, promises to be very attractive, as everything has been imported from Scotland, especially for the occasion. The Flora MacDonald Society, and the New York auxillary will have fascinating stalls, and in the tea-room dainty refreshments will be served. The ladies have worked very faithfully for this bazaar, and we hope it will be a great social and financial success.

ESTELLE NOBLE,
Chairman Press Committee.

Two of a trade seldom agree.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

Stars are not seen by sunshine.

Once an use, and ever a custom.

The rotten apple injures its companion.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

Every good scholar is not a good school-master.

Every man can tame a shrew, but he that hath her.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

The hypocrite pays tribute to God, that he may impose on men.

Though a good life may not silence calumny, it will disarm it.

THE NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The New York Scottish Society had a "smoker" on Monday evening, November 20th. A large number of the members were present, and spent a most enjoyable evening. The ex-president, Mr. John MacLean, entertained the company by giving a vivid description of his experience in the Soudan, when he was one of the relief party under Kitchener, that was sent to rescue the late General Gordon, at Khartoum.

On October 30th, this society held their annual Hallowe'en entertainment at their rooms, No. 9 East Fifty-ninth street, at which a very choice musical program was rendered. One of the most pleasing of the singers was Miss Dorothy Dunlop, of Waterbury, Conn., whose father served the society most efficiently as president a few years ago. It was a pleasure and surprise to many of the members to thus renew their acquaintance with "little Dorothy," the daughter of their esteemed president. She sang "The Auld Hoose" and "Cam' ye by Athol," with a great deal of expression, and received a hearty applause. Mr. J. Mc G. Brown sang.

"Ae Fond Kiss," after which the president, Mr. Sharpe, presented to Mr. Brown and Mr. MacLean past presidents' badges. Refreshments and a social time were enjoyed at the close of the program.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The Twenty-first annual Scottish concert of Clan Cameron, Philadelphia, was held on Friday evening, November 10th; Chief Ferns, presiding accompanied on the platform by Chief Wright of Clan Gordon and Royal Deputy, Hugh Johnson.

Among those present were Mr. Alexander, who instituted the Scottish gatherings and concerts in Atlantic City, with Chief elect Drummond, of Philadelphia Caledonian Club and other prominent members of Thistle Society and Tam O' Shanter Club.

I will omit mentioning names of the songs rendered by Harry McLane, who himself alone might tax your type supply. He must ha' put a glamor over us a', for we were aye asking for mair, and he kept us roaming in the gloaming long after Auld Mither Time had been calling to us it was long past the hour for the dancing. The concert opened with Miss Mary Oglivie, and she looked the prototype of the famed, fair Miss Oglivie; everything she sang was so sweet in expression and calm in its naturalness, it was a delightful pleasure to listen to her. Allan Connell gave some of his classics with that cleancut Scottish enunciation which no singer we ever heard can equal. Miss Isabel McKinnon and Master E. R. Cairns were the Juvenile dancers, both being warmly received and much appreciated, so was their piper accompanist, Mr. Donald McLennan. The dancing continued till the wee sma' hours; then they parted for home, all of them being able to say, "It was a braw bricht munlicht nicht, so they were a richt ye ken."

The committee who did yeomanly service to the clan, and with honor and credit to themselves were as follows: Chairman, Tanist Thomas Park; secretary, Past Chief George R. Stewart; treasurer, Past Chief, A. J. Morrison; Chief, Thomas Ferns; Past Chief, Alexander Murrison; Past Chief, Hugh Johnston; Past Chief, Donald Campbell; financial secretary, Malcolm Walker; treasurer, James Leslie; Sr. Henchman, Alex. Graham; Chaplain, James Shearer; Seneschal, William Lightbody; Sentinel, John McKinnon; Past Chief, Alexander Tulloch; with assistants, A. J. Morrison and John E. Dunlop.

PETER MILLER,
(per H. M.)

EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

ANNUAL ST. ANDREW'S DAY BANQUET, CLAN MACDONALD, YOUNGSTOWN.

On November 22d, Clan MacDonald held its annual St. Andrew's Day banquet. Dr. S. R. Fraser, Hon. Fred A. Hartenstein, Mayor-elect, and Robert Walker were the speakers.



WILSON BROTHERS.

Clansman Andrew Henderson and several others sang. The menu included haggis, oatmeal cakes, currant buns and all Scottish necessities.

On November 4th, Clan Grant, of Cleveland initiated two members and applications of nine others were proposed. Cleveland is the sixth city in the United States in population, and the leading city in Ohio, and is advancing at a wonderful rate.

Clan McKenzie, Akron, Ohio, initiated five members, November 12th. That's the way! Those Akron boys are hustlers. They will win one of those big prizes offered by the Royal Clan in 1912, for largest percentage of increase in membership.

It is certainly good news to hear that the boys I helped to get interested in the O. S. C. in Akron are strong to build up the order. Akron is the center of the rubber industry in the United States.

PARTY TO GO TO BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Mrs. James Pope and one or two of her children, Oliver B. Fraser, William S. Cook and John Nathaniel will sail December 16th from New York, on the Mauretania, for Liverpool, and by rail to Glasgow. Mr. Fraser goes to Golspie, in the Highlands, and Messrs. Cook and Nathaniel go to Cambuslang.

In the picture given above, Andrew Wilson, Chief of Clan McIntyre, Sharon, Pa., is shown seated, and James S. Wilson, his brother, whose death was noted in last issue, is standing. Both were natives of Paisley.

In all probability, Andrew Wilson will be secretary of his clan, beginning next year. Election of officers in all branches of the

Order of Scottish Clans will be held at the first meeting in December.

HUGH W. BEST.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

At the Boston Caledonian Club meeting held Tuesday, November 7th, further amendments proposed by Ex-chief James Grant were withdrawn and a proposal that after January 1st, 1912 no new members will be entitled to life membership after twenty years continuous payment of dues as at present provided in the constitution, caused so much discussion that the matter was postponed till the next regular meeting.

Preparations are now almost completed for the annual banquet of the Scots Charitable Society, which will be held at Young's Hotel, Monday evening, December 4th, under the presidency of James L. Pottinger.

The committee of arrangements for the Burns' celebration of the Caledonian Club, to be held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, January 25th, have engaged the following artists: William L. Cockburn, baritone; William Fullerton, tenor; Miss Flora Hardie, contralto; Miss Jean Sherburne, soprano, and Rolande Mustarde, violinist.

We wish the Halifax Scots every success in their endeavors to raise money to erect a monument to Robert Burns in the home of the Loyalists. We hope they will succeed so well that a memorial worthy of the poet and the city will, within a few years, grace one of their public squares or parks, and that they will have smoother sailing than has been the fate of other like enterprises.

Clan McKenzie, No. 2, O. S. C., again opened the Boston festival season Thursday evening, October 26th, by the most successful and largely attended gathering they have ever held. Chief F. S. Abercrombie inhaled every one of his workers with his own spirit of push-pull-and-work-yourself-as-well-as-the-otherfellow, and the results were shown.

"CLAN MCKENZIE IS THE CLAN THAT DID."

Every artist also did their best. Mary Oglvie sang beautifully, Mr. John E. Daniels made hosts of new friends by his original singing of Scottish ballads, and Harry McLean clinched the hold he already had on Boston people. He stands at the top of all the Lauder imitators, and does not require much to imitate Lauder either for he himself is original.

Professor George Bryce of the University of Manitoba, who is a member of the Royal Commission of Canada, appointed to inquire into industrial training and education throughout the world, was on a visit to Boston at the time and was invited to address the gathering, which he did in a very happy and witty manner. Dr. Bryce has since reported as follows:

"Our commission learned more in Boston about industrial education and training than in any other industrial center we have visited." "We went to Boston expecting to remain two or three days, but spent more than a week there, in which time we visited the principal technical schools and institutions."

Mr. Charles MacKinlay, of Leith, spent a few days in Boston this month and in company with his age t, W. W. Darling, met a few of Boston's prominent Scotsmen in Young's Hotel on the afternoon of November 23rd, where a very pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present.

Partly by the counsel of the lady members, the Burns' Memorial Association decided not to accept a large donation which it was found had come to them from a doubtful source. To make up the deficiency, the ladies decided to hold another fair, and after months of preparation, Mayor Fitzgerald at Tremont Temple on the afternoon of November 23rd, assisted by the president of the Association, William A. Riggs, and James L. Pottinger, president of the Scots' Charitable Society, opened the fair, the purpose of which he said was one of the most laudable desires, that of beautifying the City of Boston, by a monument to the world's most beloved poet.

The evening of November 23rd, was Boston Caledonian Club night, and the members attended in a body, accompanied by the club pipers and the band of the Highland Dress Association. Friday, November 24th, was Scots Charitable Society night, and Saturday, November 25th, Order of Scottish Clans night. The attendance was very large, each evening the hall and galleries being crowded and a good surplus is assured. One of the most interesting features occurred the opening night, when through the kindness of one of Massachusetts' most noted legal and political leaders the original copy of "Auld Lang Syne," was loaned for exhibition.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself

The biggest horses are not always the best travellers.

A nice wife and a back door often make a rich man poor.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are always well taught

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC RACE. By T. W. Rolleston. 64 full page illustrations. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50 net. Postage 25c.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Yet, the legendary literature of the Celtic race, the oldest non-classical literature of Europe, presented in this most interesting book, is certainly new, even to the vast majority of literary people. Here we have an outline of early Celtic history and collection of the great stories in their lore and literature, related in fascinating style. The history of the Celts during the time when they were the dominant power in mid-Europe, is carefully traced. Their place of origin, so far as it is known, was at the Danube, and they spread their dominion, both by conquest and by peaceful infiltration, over mid-Europe, Gaul, Spain and the British Islands. The author says that Europe owes much to the Celt. "His contribution to the culture of the Western World was a very notable one. In some four centuries—about A. D. 500 to 900—the British Isles were the refuge for learning and the source of literary and philosophic culture for half Europe."

The book is original in its matter and illustrations, and will be read with interest.

"CHOSEN DAYS IN SCOTLAND. By Josephine Helena Short. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price \$2.00 net.

This book contains interesting descriptions of tours through Scotland, based upon the writer's knowledge of the country, after a residence of twenty years. It is a most attractive book, with thirty-two full-page illustrations. The romantic scenery of the Island of Skye seems to have made a deeper impression upon her than any other place ever visited in her extensive travels on the Continent. The book is a most excellent guide for anyone contemplating a trip through Scotland.

"STORIES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

By Mr. and Mrs. William Platt. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price \$1.50 net.

The stories of the Scottish border are always of thrilling interest, and the writer of this book has shown skill in giving graphic descriptions of the freebooters of the Border. The book is of especial value, as it gives a great deal of historical information, in an interesting style.

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS. By James Terry White. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city. Price \$1.25.

This is an exquisite gift book for all occasions, commemorating anniversary days "from dawn to eventide of life." It is called, "A Book of Roses," and in its beautiful binding, which encloses pages of equal beau-

ty, it is a choice and delightfully personal message from friend to friend.

BEST ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS. Selected by Edward A. Bryant. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Price 75c.

This is a very careful and complete collection of the finest English and Scottish tales of the olden time, relating to the life of the common people, and full of the romance and tragedy of the past.

THE ALL SORTS OF STORIES BOOK. By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Company, New York.

This book, as its name shows, is a new kind of story book, containing tales of many different kinds, true, historical mythical and legendary, and includes stories of both ancient and modern times. The names of Andrew Lang and Mrs. Lang are in themselves a sufficient recommendation.



JAMES H. MURDOCH.

LAYS O' TH' HAMELAND. By James H. Murdoch, Glassport, Pa., American Printing Company, Pittsburg, Pa., publishers. Copyright, 1911. Price \$1.00.

The readers of "The Caledonian" have already had the pleasure of reading some of Mr. Murdoch's poems, and we are indebted to him for putting his rhymes into a convenient and attractive book-form.

There are one hundred and twenty "lays," treating upon a great variety of subjects, and showing the patriotism, kindly spirit and poetic nature of a born Scot. Mr. Murdoch is a lover of nature, his country and

his fellowmen, and possessing a vivid imagination, and a rare power of description, he has succeeded in giving us bright and original poems. We have only a few Scottish-American poets, and we believe this book will place Mr. Murdoch in the first rank. Some of his poems are truly inspiring and are full of wholesome moral teaching, of which the following is a good example:

CAULD, DREARY WINTER.

How waesome an' drear are th' days in December,

When ilka thing's covered wi' cauld, driftin' snaw;

Nae feathered choir singin';

Nae gentle flooers springin';

Wae's me! but th' summer is noo faur awa'!

Th' wee bird that sang frae th' spray in th' woodlan',

His nest, noo, is damp, in th' clift in th' tree,

His wild notes are broken;

He's swayin' an' rockin'

On th' snaw-covered lhm', wi' a pityin' e'e.

But hope in the breast is a fountain aye springin';

Kind summer will come wi' her flooers doon th' lane;

Auld Nature's jist sleepin';

In her bosom she's keepin'

Th' loves an' the joys that will cheer us again.

SCOTTISH GARDENS. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Being a representative selection of different types, old and new. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

This book is elegantly illustrated by thirty-two full-page color plates of representative gardens, carefully selected from each of the thirty-two counties in Scotland. Sir Herbert has presented here an unusual subject, but it is written in his usual masterly style. His skill is shown in introducing interesting stories relative to the history of the county whose gardens he describes. From both the artistic and literary standpoint, it is one of the most attractive works of the season.

PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES. By Amery H. Bradford. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Price \$1.00.

This book contains the last messages of Dr. Bradford to his people, and were issued from week to week during the closing months of his life. They include, "The Pastor's Creed," "The Way of the Cross," "What Is Salvation?" "Christ, the Interpreter," "The Holy Spirit," "The Everlasting Arms," and the book concludes with a prayer, which was answered at the end for him: "Watch over us during all our years on earth, and when we are called hence may

it be with the assurance that Thou wilt not leave us in that hour, but wilt Thyself receive us into our Father's House, which is eternal in the heavens."

CAMERON POST G. A. R. AND NEW YORK SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.

On Friday evening, November 3rd, an entertainment was given at the New Amsterdam Opera House, West Forty-fourth street, New York, under the auspices of the Cameron Post and the New York Scottish Highlanders. The entertainment consisted of a presentation by the "Louis Ross Musical and Comedy Company," of Boston, of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," based upon the return of Prince Charles in 1745, and his departure one year later. The plot is ingenious and carefully worked out, and one of the most pleasing features is the introduction of a large number of favorite Scottish songs. Among these we noted: "Wha'wadna' fecht for Charlie?" "Cam ye by Athol?" "Flora MacDonald's Lament," "Hail to the Chief," "Sound the Pibroch," "The Wee, Wee, German Lairdie," and "Will ye no come back again."

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During the recess between the acts, moving pictures were shown, which were enjoyed by the audience, especially the film representing the Highlanders at Van Cortlandt Park.

The New York Highlanders' Pipe Band gave a number of stirring selections, and the review of the Highlanders, commanded by Captain P. G. MacGregor, by Commander Lucius E. Wilson and the members of Cameron Post, was very thrilling. There are not many veterans left after a lapse of fifty years, but those who were present that night marched with a firm step and truly martial bearing.

The Highlanders are very popular in New York, and at this entertainment, as always, there was a full house.

Enough is as good as a feast.

Hungry men call the cook lazy.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.

Better lose a supper than gain a hundred physicians.

When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.

That is not always good in the maw that is sweet in the mouth.

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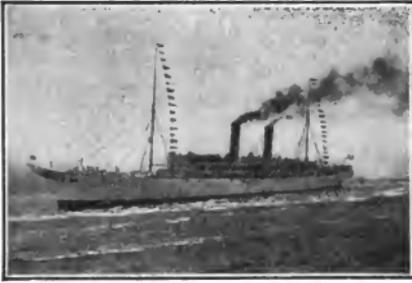
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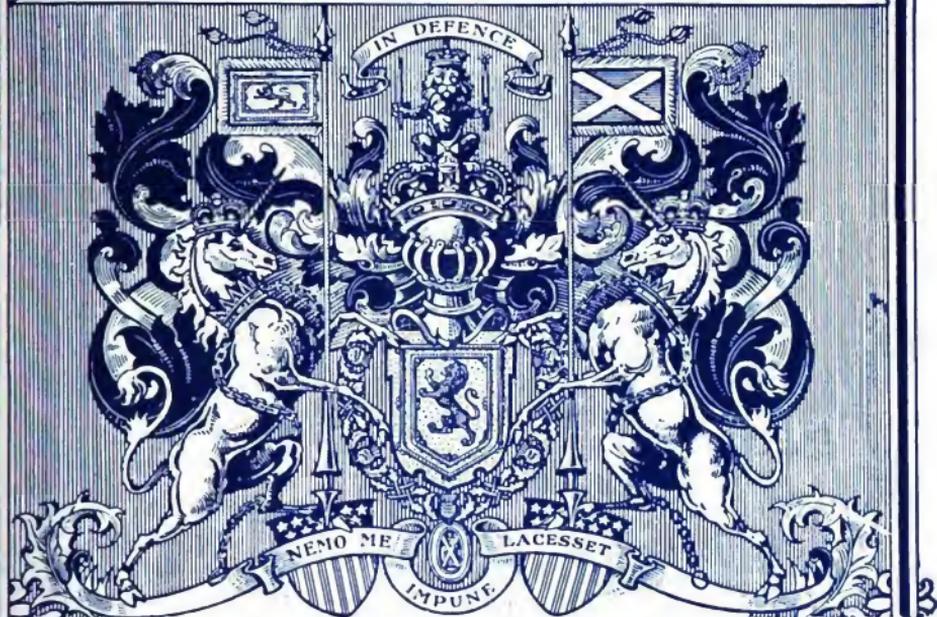
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Another declares: "It is the best magazine. I read many periodicals, but when 'The Caledonian' comes to my table, I lay everything aside, and read it with delight."

A subscriber says: "You publish the best paper on Scotland and all that pertains to its elevation, that I ever read, and a good many kinds of books, pamphlets and magazines have been read by an old Scotchman born in Kilmarnock in 1822."

The ex-Mayor of Scranton, Pa., writes: "Enclosed find two dollars, subscription in advance. I am pleased with the moral tone of 'The Caledonian.' It is well worth reading and I have no time to read trash."

Another says: "Everyone who reads the English language, should subscribe to 'The Caledonian,' for the good of his family."

Another friend writes: "Every Scotsman in America should support you in your good work."

"I am enclosing my check to pay for 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ years' numbers of the magazine, from April, 1901, to January, 1911."

A man of large business interests said the other day: "I believe every true Scotsman in America would become a subscriber if they knew the merits of the magazine; it is low-priced, and an ideal publication for the home."

Now my friend we are in this world for only a short time, and we want to do all the good we can. We need your cooperation in speaking a good word for "The Caledonian" among your friends, and by subscribing to it. Subscribe NOW, and we will send you our beautiful Scottish emblem scarf pin.

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Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient.

BY WALTER WALGROVE.

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are the food we eat and the

sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about seventy-five per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become one hundred per cent. inefficient through illness, send for a physician who attempts to rid us of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are ten to one that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about fifty per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is

competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are one hundred per cent. efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but *Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D.*, has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only Fifty Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West Sixty-fifth street, New York city, and mentioning that they have read this article in "*The Caledonian*."

Personally I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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Current Events.

The disquietude in the Republican ranks, needless to say, is not viewed with complacency by those who desire the election of a Republican President next year. In some of the States—Indiana and others—leaders of the party assert that President Taft cannot be nominated. Doubtless the President himself, and other prominent Republicans view with concern the discordant influences disturbing the harmony of the party, and will exhaust all available means to restore concord and remove a threatening danger. Meanwhile ex-President Roosevelt looms on the political horizon like the inscrutable Sphinx, giving no hint so far of what he intends to do. Of course, he is not a candidate for the Presidency, but it might not be difficult to convince him that he alone can lead the party to victory in 1912.

Dr. Wiley recently said that the trouble with the country was that the piano was supplanting the cook stove. Unfortunately, this is an evil which can scarcely be remedied by legislative enactments. Dr. Wiley has done noble service in saving us from adulterated foods and drinks, or, at least, he tried to do so. Bad as the cooking was before—food being necessary to exist—we would most certainly prefer badly cooked food to badly played music.

Mayor Gaynor's criticism of methods of teaching in New York public schools was amply justified by facts. Unfortunately the same adverse reflections would be applicable to the majority of schools elsewhere, as well. Too much is expected of the pupils, and a very superficial knowledge of a variety of subjects is gained, while even a rudimentary knowledge of essentials is not acquired.

In supporting the eight-hour day as applied to the Government service and the dollar a day pension for veterans, the Democrats have attempted to make themselves popular with Government employes and the old soldier contingent. This increase in pensions will add about \$75,000,000 a year to the enormous sum now paid to veterans by a Government which is expending more for such a purpose than is paid by all the countries of Europe combined. Heretofore Democrats were opposed to increase of pensions and advocated economy in conducting the Government. It is quite possible that in trying to please the old soldiers and Government employes the majority in Congress may have alienated a vastly greater number of the rank and file of the Democracy.

A plea for world peace, with the United States leading the movement, was made re-

cently by Dr. J. A. MacDonald, managing editor of the Toronto Globe, before life insurance presidents, at the Hotel Astor, New York.

President Taft announced that he would attend the John Wanamaker fiftieth anniversary at Philadelphia on December 30.

By the death of John Bigelow in New York, at the age of 95, a most admirable type of American citizen passed away. While not a genius, and not super-eminent in any of the various roles he essayed, he was distinguished in all. His versatile trend of mind peculiarly fitted him for meritorious service in widely different spheres of human activity. As a journalist, author and diplomat he won distinction, and throughout his long life retained the high character and demeanor of the best type of man and a gentleman.

The recent abrogation of the long standing treaty with Russia, by the Government of this country is not certain by any means, to remove the restrictions placed upon Jewish American citizens revisiting Russia. Doubtless a new treaty will take the place of the old but that, while more explicit in its terms, will not, it is certain, grant all that American Jews desire.

Many of the trust companies of New York voted 10 per cent. of their annual salaries to their employes as Christmas presents. The Central Trust Company of that city on 19th of December voted to give \$50,000 as such Christmas gifts, and the Chase National Bank will give everyone regardless of rank \$75 as a Christmas present.

The confession of the McNamara brothers of their dynamiting, murderous exploits, and the sentences imposed for their crimes, may have a deterrent effect upon criminally inclined leaders in labor union circles. The efforts of men prominent in such unions to dissociate themselves from murderous methods in protecting union labor, have not been very successful.

The display of rowdiness which broke up the peace meeting recently in Carnegie Hall, New York, was a disgraceful exhibition, which could have been stopped at its first manifestation, had the police felt disposed to do so. The disorder, led by an obscure German lawyer, supported by a clique of his countrymen and a number of Irish, was intended as a protest against the proposed treaties with Great Britain and France. Such an interference with the freedom of speech will not be permitted to pre-

vall either in New York, or elsewhere in this country.

The Rev. Dr. T. Calvin McClelland, who was obliged to give up his duties some time ago as pastor the Memorial Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, on account of failing eyesight, is now a law student in the New York University.

Rudyard Kipling is vice-president of a committee which will raise funds for a memorial to Nathaniel Hawthorne at his old home at Salem, Mass.

J. Ogden Armour, head of the beef-packing establishments in Chicago, said on the 15th of December, that the contracts of the indicted American packers with the British Army, estimated roughly, had amounted to between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 annually.

Mr. Armour said he had no idea whether other countries contemplated action similar to that taken by England.

"During the Boer war and on one or more other occasions," said Mr. Armour, "the contracts of the American packers with England amounted to more than \$20,000,000 annually."

The following Governors of States visited New York last month: Governor Oddle, of Nevada, Governor Carey of Wyoming, Governor Norris of Montana, Governor Burke of North Dakota, Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, Governor Hawley of Idaho, Governor Vessey of South Dakota and Governor West of Oregon.

They were welcomed to the city by Mayor Gaynor at the auditorium of the City College, and subsequently were treated to a dinner at the Union League Club, by Mr. Sleicher, editor of Leslie's weekly.

WILLIAM MITCHELL NORRIS.

William Mitchell Norris, a consulting chemist, of Princeton, N. J., died at his home there on Wednesday November 29th, after three days' illness. Pneumonia following a cold was the immediate cause of his death. Mr. Norris was an authority on leather manufacturing and was the author of several scientific articles on the treatment and curing of hides.

Mr. Norris was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, fifty-four years ago. He was graduated from Princeton College in the class of '77.

In 1886, Mr. Norris married Miss Helen G. Johnson, daughter of Edward Johnson, of Philadelphia. She and three sons—William M. Norris, Jr., Alfred E. and Henry M.—and one daughter, Mrs. Courtland N. Smith, survive him. Mr. Norris was a member of the Nassau Club, the Bayhead Yacht Club, and the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia.

REV. CHARLES J. YOUNG, D. D.

It is with sincere regret that we learn as we go to press of the sudden death of Dr. Young, pastor of the Church of the Puritans,

One Hundred and Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue, New York city, who died from heart disease Tuesday, December 19th, at two a. m. He was seventy-three years of age. He leaves a widow and four children. He was widely known in Presbyterian circles in New Jersey, and was pastor of the Memorial Church at Elberon for many years.

Dr. Young was a native of Scotland. The funeral was held in his church on Friday at eleven a. m., under the auspices of the Presbytery of New York, of which he was an esteemed member. Several clergymen took part in the service.

CANADIAN.

The Premier of Prince Edward Island, A. J. Mathison, has announced his ministry. The general election for the province will be held this month.

Calgary, the capital of the Province of Alberta, has been selected as the site of the western shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway. These shops will provide employment for 2,000 skilled mechanics.

Recently a disastrous fire destroyed the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's elevator plant at Owen Sound, Ont. A million bushels of grain stored in them was also destroyed.

Bishop Holmes, of Athabasca, who lately returned from a voyage down the great Mackenzie River, announces that he discovered an unknown tribe of 1,000 Eskimos living east of the Mackenzie and between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean. They still hunt with bows and arrows and use stone implements.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been invited to officiate at the opening of the New Saskatchewan Parliament buildings at Regina. It is expected the building will be completed early in January. It will be a most imposing structure, and will cost nearly \$1,500,000.

According to official figures recently made public at Ottawa, the imports from the United States into Canada in the fiscal year just ended increased to the extent of over \$61,000,000, while the gain in the trade with Great Britain was but \$2,250,000; with Germany, about \$3,000,000, and with France less than \$2,000,000. The imports from the United States, even without reciprocity, promise to keep on increasing unless, as is rumored, the Canadian Government increases duties on certain articles such as manufactured products. Canadian steel manufacturers have been complaining that they lose through the competition of American steel producers who, protected at home from foreign competition, sell their material abroad at much lower prices than they charge at home, and thereby ruin foreign manufacturers.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, who hails from Calgary, Alberta, is regarded as one of the most gifted violinists in the world. She

has given exhibitions of her skill in New York and elsewhere in the United States and delighted all with her wonderful command of the violin. Miss Parlow has made a profound impression wherever she has played, and is entitled to stand in the front rank as a violin artist.

BRITISH.

A movement has been started for the purpose of erecting a monument to Prof. Tait, who was long prominently associated with Edinburgh University.

During the eleven months of the year up to December, the Clyde shipbuilders produced at the various yards over 500,000 tons of shipping. For November, the tonnage launched was 45,000.

Andrew Bonar Law, the new leader of the Unionists in the House of Commons, stated lately that home rule would unsheath a sword in Ireland. Fairminded men, uninfluenced by prejudice, who are familiar with the conditions of public sentiment in that country, will generally agree that such a forecast is not without warrant. The Ulster Scots know too well that under the proposed "rule" they would have the minimum of good to expect, with a maximum of evil more than conjectural.

The House of Lords on December 15 finally passed the Lloyd George Insurance bill, which thereby becomes law. By its provisions more than 13,000,000 workers, male and female, will be insured a support in old age and during sickness and inability to work. A feature of the measure that does not please Socialists and many Radicals, also, is the provision that the insured will have to contribute six pence a week in order to secure the pensions. That the House of Lords and the Unionists allowed the bill to pass without much opposition was doubtless owing to the reflection unavoidable under the circumstances that the measure would not be popular with workers generally. Were the workers insured with no cost to themselves, the measure would be hailed with delight.

The Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife, and her daughters were rescued in a lifeboat from the stranded P. & O. steamer *Delhi*, recently, on the Moroccan coast. The eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, had a narrow escape from being drowned.

At Delhi recently, King George and Queen Mary were proclaimed Emperor and Empress of India with ceremonies of surpassing splendor and stateliness. During the imposing ceremonial the Emperor proclaimed that hereafter Delhi would be the capital city instead of Calcutta. Various reforms were promised, prisoners charged with minor offences were ordered liberated, and a large gift to Indian education given by the Emperor.

The War Office has informed the agents of one of the indicted meat packing concerns that, pending proceedings in the United

States courts against them, none of the concerns involved shall be invited to tender bids for supplies for the British army.

Preparations are now being made in Britain to celebrate the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent. A committee will now proceed to consider what actual shape the celebrations should take.

It is reported in London that Prince Arthur, son of the Duke of Connaught, will succeed Lord Hastings as Viceroy of India.

Dr. Robert Lester Poisson, the oldest physician in Scotland, died recently in Aberdeen at the advanced age of 91. He was a graduate of Aberdeen University and practiced his profession only in that city.

Sir Garson David, of Bombay, recently placed £53,000 at the disposal of the Government, to be used in commemorating the visit of the King and Queen to India.

The question of home rule for Scotland is a favorite topic with certain extremists of a radical type. The subject does not seem to have greatly interested the people of Scotland, outside of Glasgow, where a certain class favor the project. It is undeniable that Scottish affairs have been too much neglected in Parliament, probably owing to the modesty of the Scottish members in pressing their claims, in which respect they stand in marked contrast to the Irish members. The only way in which Scotland can conceivably have home rule, is by having it all round, i. e., Parliaments for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Scotland united with England, as a free and independent kingdom, and in this respect is widely different from Ireland.

Lloyd George's insurance scheme, designed to benefit the working classes principally, has not made them his enthusiastic admirers by the measure. Now, the doctors are after him, and declare they will not treat the poor under the provisions of the insurance measure. At a meeting held in London on the 19th of December, 2,000 physicians from all parts of the United Kingdom protested against it, and declared they would not render the service required of them by the insurance bill.

Archibald Sinclair, a subaltern of the Life Guards, will receive this month a million dollars from the estate of his mother, who was Mabel Sands, of New York. This, however, is not the only prospective benefit young Sinclair can look forward to, as at the death of his grandfather, Sir George Tollemache Sinclair, Bart, he will succeed to the title and vast estates in Scotland.

Recent floods in southern Wales, due to the River Avon bursting its banks, caused a loss probably amounting to \$1,000,000. A score of bridges over the river have been swept away and hundreds of homes submerged or swept from their foundations.



ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, The Universal Lover, Universally Beloved

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY.

All the world loves a lover, and Robert Burns is the lover paramount, that all the world loves. Lover of nature and of all created things, animate and inanimate.

Lover of country; of independence and liberty; lover of all man and womankind.

His heart was filled with love of God, and God-will or good-will to all his creation.

Nothing so lowly but his love could transfigure and immortalize. The beasts of the field, the flowers we trample beneath our feet, the bruised and broken pinioned ones of the air and of the earth, inspired him with pity and with love.

Even the very devil himself touched the heart of Burns with pity, and he prayed for his redemption,—

"Oh! wad ye tak' a thought and men'?"

I'm wae to think upon yon den—
E'en for your sake."

In his own being he had experienced the whole gamut of every love that ever filled or thrilled a human heart.

In his songs he struck every note of love, sweet, tender, sympathetic, passionate, fervid, sacred, sublime and divine, touching a responsive chord in every heart that ever loved or can love.

He sang not of his mistress's eyebrows, nor of stately dames and ladies of high degree, but of red-blooded, red-lipped lasses, blue-eyed with sun-kissed hair and rain-washed skin.

He sang of laughing, blushing Scottish nut-brown maids with the bloom of the heather on their cheeks, and the red blood flowing and glowing through their veins.

He sang of love's young dream, of sweet sixteen or seventeen, the love of a man for a maid, love with a worldly note of the flesh and the devil, and love with a spiritual touch, that love that lives beyond the stars. Love of his ideal, love of moral beauty, modesty and worth, love of home, of wife and bairns, of fireside joys, family ties and bosom friends. He sang of love light and careless, love defiant, love heart-broken mournful and despairing, and the

love, calm and deep, that lasts till we totter down the hill in the evening of life, and "sleep together at the foot" after years of everlasting love and affection.

Carlisle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet. Professor Henry Drummond in his essay, "The Greatest Thing in the World," defines the meaning of the word gentleman: "A gentle man—a man who does things gently with love," and he says, "because Burns loved everything, all things great and small that God had made, he had the passport whereby he could mingle with any society and enter courts and palaces from his little cottage near the banks of the Ayr."

The late Senator George F. Hoar in the oration delivered before the Burns Memorial Association said: "Burns brought to the world the best message ever brought since Bethlehem, of love and hope and reverence for God and man. Humanity the round world over, walks more erect for what Robert Burns said and sang."

The late Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, in an oration on Burns, delivered at Washington, D. C., in 1876, gives expression to the same idea: "To no man was ever such homage paid before, and I think I may safely say that the name of 'Robert Burns, Poet,' has been and is dearer to more hearts than any other, except alone that of Him who was born in a manger, toiled, suffered, and died that we might live. From whence came this wondrous power? How did he win this priceless gift of universal love? Nature with her rod, touched his heart, and pure, limpid streams of sympathy, of clarity, of purity, of wisdom, of mirth, and of satire, sprang forth, heart speaking to heart. This is why all men have given him an immortality, tender, loving and blessed."

Burns was a deeply religious man, but his whole soul boiled with passion at the Calvinistic idea of a God of wrath, of a church whose God was a vindictive tyrant, of a church whose whole idea of religion was fear of God.

"The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whp,
To haud the wretch in order—"

Burns never condemned religion; he never whispered a word of irreverence toward God, for his God was a God of love.



Every sane man knows that he himself has a touch of the saint, a touch of the devil, a love for the good and true, and a proneness to evil. 'Tis only the atheist or the insane that have never a doubt of God or the hereafter.

Evolution and the origin of species were unknown in Burns' time, still he claimed kinship as a fellow mortal and brother in misfortune with the lowest among the animal kingdom. He did not believe in the survival of the fittest; he believed in raising and helping the fallen, the weak and the unfortunate—

"A man's a man for a' that."

To Robert Burns, woman was created a little lower than the angels, and unlike man, who has been said to be getting lower ever since, womankind to him were still on the side of the angels.

Love is not blind, but those in love are inclined to strabismus or whatever it may be called which causes one to see things out of their true proportion.

Robert Burns had this strabismus only where womankind were concerned. He magnified their pin-points of beauty till they became great, large beauty spots. Their virtues became angelic traits, their pleasing mannerisms were of seraphic extraction. On someone remarking to him that they failed to see the beauty in a certain one of his heroines that they expected from his description, he replied: "Ah! you should see her with my eyes."

At his birth when the gossip or spae-wife keekit at his hand she said:

"I see by ilka score and line
This chap will dearly lo'e our kin'."



ALLOWAY KIRK.

When he grew to manhood he wrote:

"Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses."

In a letter to Allan Cunningham he wrote: "Love is the Alpha and Omega of Life," and as his heart was continually overflowing with catholic love, he has become the world's poet laureate of lovers.

"All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
That smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since this world's thorny ways,
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you."

In his fifteenth summer, his partner in the harvest field was a bonnie sweet sonesie lass, and to her he indited his first love song, "Handsome Nell." In his later years he said it was very puerile but, "to this day I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

"She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait,
Gars ony dress look weel."

At Kirkoswald, where he went to learn mensuration and geometry, pretty Peggy Thomson who lived next door to the school, overset his trigonometry, and in her honor he wrote the song composed in August, beginning—

"Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at
night,

To muse upon my charnier."

At the age of eighteen he writes that he was helping in the wooing of half the love affairs of Tarbolton; assisting the backward rural swains in the inditing of their love letters; putting a poetic touch to their labored compositions.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, speaking at the Burns centenary celebration at Boston, in 1859, tells how he has been helping the lovers ever since. "How many 'Bonnie Doons,' and 'John Anderson my Joes,' and 'Auld Lang Syne,' all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids."

"Montgomery's Peggy," was among the next inspirers of his muse, and to Allison Begbie when he was about twenty-two years of age, belongs the honor of being the heroine of some of his most popular lyrics, lofty and pure in their poetic inspiration, such as "The Lass o' Cessnock Banks," "Bonny Peggy Allison" and "Mary Morison."

"Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake would gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whose only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt not gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' Mary Morison."

Anne Rankin, the daughter of a farmer near Lochlea, was the heroine of the song, "The Rigs o' Barley." On more than one occasion in after life, Burns referred to the closing verse of this song as one of his happiest strokes of workmanship.

"I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly—
That happy nicht was worth them a'.
Among the rigs o' barley."

Nannie Fleming, daughter of a farmer in Tarbolton parish, next captivated the poet, not so much by the charm of her person as the melody of her voice. She was the heroine of that picture of rustic purity, "My Nannie, O."

"Her face is fair, her heart is true;
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

During the period Burns and his brother

Gilbert were trying to make a living from the farm at Mossiel, a bevy of fair maidens were immortalized in verse, not because the poet was in love with all of them; as witness the verses, "Young Peggy blooms the bonniest lass," sent to Miss Peggy Kennedy, the daughter of a Carrick laird, with a letter closing thus, "that the arrows of misfortune may never reach your heart—that the snares of villainy may never beset you in the road of life—that Innocence may hand you by the path of honor to the dwelling of peace, is the sincere wish of him who has the honor to be," &c.

Alas! the arrows of misfortune in a few short years pierced her heart, for the snares of villainy beset her, and peace only came to her when she died in 1795 of a broken heart. She had been engaged to a Captain McDowal, who in a few years jilted her and married another.

To obtain legitimacy for her child she brought an action into court, pleading a secret marriage; but she died before the suit had come to trial.

The ineffable pathos of her sufferings, so touched the sympathetic heart of the poet, that he voiced her woe in one of the most tender and touching pathetic lyrics ever written, the sad and haunting,

"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon."

How few who hear or sing the song know its history.

"And my fause lover stole my rose
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Miss Wilhemina Alexander, the sister of Claud Alexander, laird of Ballochmyle, never met nor spoke with the poet to her knowledge, but on one occasion while wandering through the Ballochmyle woods, Burns saw her and was so entranced with her beauty that he composed that song in which he again places woman on the highest pinnacle of Nature's workmanship. "The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle."

"Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does com-
pyle;
Ev'n there, her other works are folled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle."

It was while at Mossiel, Burns wrote the verse to "A Louse," in which the lines—

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"

also the "Address to a Mountain Daisy on turning one down with the plough," and to the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie," the field mouse.

It was at this period also he was fighting with bitter satirical rhymes, the puritanical Auld Licht ministers who were trying to discipline him. "The Epistle to a young friend," written at this time, takes rank with Shakespeare's "Advice to a Son," put in the mouth of Polonius. It is one of the world's masterpieces as a precept for the guidance of young men.

In one of his letters, Burns writes as follows: "No man can say in what degree any person beside himself can be with strict justice called wicked—how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance but from want of opportunity—how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion because the world does not know all."



The following lines in "The Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous," convey this same idea, not entirely consistent with good morality.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentlier sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Toilsome and wearisome were the days at Mossiel. Mother earth yielded a living only by hard labor. His principal pleasures were love-making and verse-

making. "When first I saw fair Jeanie's face," and "When first I came to Stewart Kyle," are the earliest effusions to Jean Armour. Her father's objection to Burns as her husband, caused bitter sorrow and distress to the poet, and when he was in the darkest depths of despair, and driven to the verge of insanity by the turn affairs had taken, there appeared to comfort him a girl who inspired his tenderest, purest and most exquisite love songs. Burns and his Highland Mary, take rank with Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Dean Swift and Stella.

Little is known of Mary or his love affair with her, outside of his poems. How often they met or how long they had known each other is unknown. The Bible which Burns gave her on the day they parted on the Banks' o' Ayr is in two volumes. In addition to the names Robert Burns and Mary Campbell, the first volume is inscribed in Burns' handwriting, "And ye shall not swear by My Name falsely, I am the Lord," and in the other, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath." Mary Campbell went to her home to prepare for the wedding, but in October of the same year, coming from Argyshire to Greenock, she was attacked by a fever and died.

"Wi mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
An' pledging aft, to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!"

To his dying day, her memory was ever present with him. It is idle to speculate what would have happened had Mary lived; enough that Burns loved her with a purity and intensity and constancy that lasted till his dying day. She was his rare and radiant departed shade—his lost Lenore.

After he had married Jean Armour and three years after he had received word of Mary Campbell's death, Mrs. Burns found him one evening out on the fields, stretched on a mass of straw with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon," and prevailed on him to come in. Immediately on entering the house, he called for his desk and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the

ease of one copying from memory, the sadly sublime verses "To Mary in Heaven."

The above is Mrs. Burns' own description of the episode; she suffered no pangs of jealousy, she understood and forgave her husband, why shouldn't we.

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast."

After the publication of the first edition of his poems at Kilmarnock it was Burns' intention to go to Jamaica to prepare a home for Jean Armour, but her father's opposition to their marriage and the urgent call for a second edition of his poems to be published at Edinburgh, changed all his plans and to Edinburgh he went, there to be feted and idolized by the great, the wealthy, and the mighty.

During his second visit to "Fair Edina, Scotia's darling seat," he was introduced to a lady, Mrs. Maclehoze, whose husband had deserted her, and who was living practically in poverty and obscurity, supported by one of her relatives, Lord Craig, a Judge of the Court of Session. Burns had been confined to the house by a broken knee, and a correspondence was carried on between them for some time without a meeting. She assumed the name Clarinda, he that of Sylvander, and in the published collection, her letters take precedence for the loftiness of their sentiment, her heart-felt love for the good and the best that was in him, and the strong restraint of her language. They finally had several meetings, and the episode resulted in such exquisite songs as "My Nannie's Awa."

"The snaw-drap an' primrose our woodlands adorn,
An' violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—an' Nannie's awa'."

Sir Walter Scott remarked of the Parting song to Clarinda, that the first four lines "contain the essence of a thousand love tales," and another writer eloquently adds that the lines "are in themselves a



complete romance—the alpha and the omega of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop."

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blndly,
Never met, or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Mrs. Macle hose sailed from Leith in February, 1791, to join her husband at Kingston in the West Indies. She arrived there in the April following, but found it impossible to live with her husband, and she sailed from there in June. She returned to Edinburgh but never saw Burns afterwards. She died October 2nd, 1841, having survived Burns forty-five years. In her diary under date 6th December 1831, she had written the following: "This day I can never forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh! may we meet in Heaven!"

In the month of May, 1788, Robert Burns married Jean Armour in the office of his friend and patron, Gavin Hamilton. He had previously bought the farm at Ellisland on the banks of the Nith, and leaving Jean at Mossgiel he preceded her there to prepare a home. While awaiting her arrival he wrote:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,



The lassie I lo'e best;
There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight,
Is ever wi' my Jean."

Although Bonnie Jean remained forever after, the one pure fountain of his muse, inspiring such songs as "My love's like a red, red rose," many flitting fancies still crossed his vision. He realized that in true, faithful, unchanging love, were to be found the highest and holiest happiness of life. Still he loved and wrote because he must. His various other heroines were only wandering planets, influencing but for the moment, while Jean Armour was the sphere around which his life revolved.

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublme
Of human life."

Let him afterward celebrate the charms of whomsoever he might, the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," "Fair Chloris" or "Gowden locked Anna" his noblest strain and most immortal lines were ever reserved for her whose fidelity, constancy and devotion, gave him the true pathos and sublime of human life.

In his last days his wife was also in a feeble state of health, and Burns' faithful attendant was Jessie Lewars, the daughter of a neighbor, who tended him with sisterly care.

The ruling passion of love song weaving, strong in death, was exemplified in the beautiful lyrics, the last finished offsprings of his muse, which he inscribed to this ministering angel, who watched over his bed while he lay dying. Mendelssohn

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Anstruther and Cellardyke.

Away back in the days of Robert III, Sir William Anstruther lived at Dreel Castle, with his only daughter, Margaret. "Fisher Willie" he is called, for he loved to spend his time on the Firth, a scourge to the pirates there, and if truth be told, a thorn in the side of the neighbors to whom he was not well disposed. The daughter, with golden hair and blue eyes, is the pride of the countryside. She is just home from a prolonged stay at the Court, where, though her fond father little knows it, her heart has been captured by the gay and debonair Patrick Home, the son of the Earl of Home. But there is trouble brewing here, for the two families have been bitter enemies since the days when a Home slew Sir William's grandfather in a fight on the Firth.

And now enters the villain of the piece. The Laird of Thirdpart, near by, their next neighbor, in fact, low in stature, a man of infamous reputation, cunning and deceitful, conceives a violent passion for the fair maiden Margaret, and riding up to Dreel Castle, formally asks her hand in marriage.

A stormy scene ensues between old Sir William and the suitor. What? Marry his daughter Margaret, the brightest ornament of the Royal Court, to a penniless Fife laird! Doubtless he thinks by that means to make himself "King of Anstruther Walk," but he has reckoned without his host! And Thirdpart, choking with rage, spluttering oaths and threats, goes down the castle stair and rides away. So ends the first act.

Act II. Scene I finds the Laird of Thirdpart in his own castle, gnawing his beard and turning over schemes for revenge in his mind. But Dreel Castle is a hard nut to crack. Yet stay,—what if he had Sir William here? A crafty smile creeps over his sinister features, and the plan unfolds itself. A few minutes later a messenger from Thirdpart bears a letter to Sir William, with a humble and obsequious apology for his presumption, which he now realizes, and which he can only excuse by the fact that the fair Margaret, whom he

shall ever adore, but whom he now renounces, had turned his brain. But it bodes ill to lose an old friend, so will Sir William accept this apology, and in token that all enmity is at an end between them, visit him next day at the Castle of Thirdpart, and bring the fair Margaret with him?

Margaret's lip curls with disdain, but bluff Sir William's anger has vanished. After all, the man is a neighbor and an old friend; he has made a manly and frank apology, so why not let bygones be bygones? As to Margaret's dread of the Castle of Thirdpart, he laughs it to scorn. The messenger carries back a hearty acceptance. But in the dead of night someone thunders at the castle gate. The surly warden parleys with him; tells him to wait till morning; but no, he has business with Sir William that will not brook delay. So the visitor is admitted—a beggar, ragged and torn, but tall and commanding in mein. "Sir William," he cries, "beware of Thirdpart! Invited there to-morrow, you go to your death!" He then tells how, having come to Thirdpart in the evening, the laird, under oaths of secrecy, had bribed him to murder the Earl of Anstruther next day. Once in possession of so deadly a secret, he had been secured in a strong room till the deed should be done; but that, with a rope which he carried (the old Earl's suspicions might have been aroused here) he had let himself out of the window and came to tell his tale.

"Aha!" cried Sir William; "plot for plot! If he plays me cunning, I shall play him cunning. He shall visit me to-morrow, but come you with him, that I may test if your tale is true."

The beggar went as he came, and climbing his rope, lay down in his locked chamber. In the morning the laird receives a courteous letter from Sir William. A passing indisposition prevents his coming to Thirdpart that day. Will he excuse the postponement of the visit, and that they may meet and renew their friendship just

the same, will he not come himself to Dreel Castle instead?

The laird is bitterly disappointed, but after all, his plan is but postponed for a day or two. The beggar is told to remain in the vicinity. A boat lies at Elii for his escape when his work is done. Shall he go to Dreel? Well, he may. Who knows but what an opportunity might arise even there? So followed by the beggar man, the Laird of Thirdpart sets out. But honest Sir William cannot long play a double part, and when Thirdpart climbs the stair, closely followed by his strange henchman, he finds the irate knight standing at the top, pole-axe in hand.

"Base villain!" he cries. "How darest thou pollute this castle with a smile when yesterday thou wouldst stabbed me to the heart!" Then, catching sight of the beggar man, "Look behind thee and confess thy gu't." The laird looked, turned pale and cried "Traitor!" and at that confirmation of his suspicions, Sir William heaved up the axe and sent it crashing through his brain.

But with the lifeless body lying on the stair, his anger fades, and he begins to wonder what is to happen next, for after all, the Laird of Thirdpart is a well known man, and, what is worse, has friends at court.

"The King!" he cries—"the King must be told; he alone can remedy this evil hap."

So ordering the beggar to be detained, and putting on his best and richest coat, in the pockets of which he stuffs all the title deeds of his castle and estates, in an hour's time he is off to the King's Court at Stirling. Arriving there, "A boon! A boon, your Majesty!" he cries.

"What, my burly Knight of Anstruther? Welcome! welcome! How does the fair Margaret? One word of her before aught else."

"My daughter is well, sire, but may it please thee to listen to the suit I have humbly to prefer?"

"Speak, Sir William Anstruther. It will be a hard asking which I will refuse to a tried servant like thee."

"I have, then, your Majesty, humbly to crave that I may live to wear this coat upon my back, and possess all that it contains."

The king and his courtiers, at this droll request, gave way to a burst of merriment, and the king cried: "Thou hast thy boon, and thy coat along with it, Sir William!"

But as the laughter died away, and it was seen that the worthy knight, though relieved, still looked grave, on the suggestion of a courtier, an explanation of his strange request was desired.

The king looked grave, too, as he heard the story, but he said "If the beggar can be produced to confirm your tale, my word shall stand."

And so, his errand safely accomplished, Sir William returns to Dreel.

"All is well, Meg!" he cries; "and I have now a debt to meet which must stand unpaid no longer. I owe this man my life," pointing to the beggar, evidently always on the spot at the right moment. "How thinkest thou he should be repaid?"

"He has the warmest gratitude of a daughter," said Margaret.

"By my honor!" cries her father, explosively, "are fathers so plenty, so little worth—so little esteemed, that a daughter can give but the frozen language of her mouth for such a noble act as this? No! Nothing less than thy hand in marriage shall be his reward!"

"Oh! Father, dearest father!" cries she, all in tears. "Alas! I love another."

"He shall be thy husband," shouts the irate parent, "though thou lovest a hundred. I swear it by my father's bones!" And the beggar, having risen and attempting to expostulate, in his exasperation he seizes hold of his tangled black locks. They come off in his hand, and there stands the handsome Patrick Home, who, disguised as a beggar, had come seeking to visit Margaret secretly in the castle Dreel, when chance led him to Thirdpart.

And so the old feud between the Homes and the Anstruthers is healed. The lovers are united, and the coat of arms of the Anstruthers to this day bears an arm with a pole-axe as its device.

STEWART DICK.

A poor man's debt makes a great noise.
A thousand probabilities will not make one truth.

A goose's quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

"BELL-THE-CAT."

LAUDER BRIDGE.

The ancient Royal Burgh of Lauder, a quaint little border town with hardly more than one street, is on the banks of the River Leader, on the high road between Edinburgh and Kelso. It stands very picturesquely among the bold hills and fine woods of Berwickshire, and the valley is called Lauderdale, extending to where the Leader joins the Tweed, just below Melrose. Peacefully beautiful is the spot, and yet it was once the scene of a harsh, grim tragedy.

It was in the reign of King James III of Scotland, who offended his subjects in two particulars.

First, to get wealth for himself, he mixed brass and lead with his silver money, and put it into circulation as pure silver; next he chose favorites from the common people and set these above the proud noblemen of Scotland.

This latter would not have been so bad a fault if the king had always chosen wisely, but, as often in such cases, he was led by flatterers rather than by worthy men.

In 1482 the king declared war against England, and, as in these warlike days the nobles were the leaders of the army, this brought the discontented lords together.

When the Scottish army reached Lauder in their southward march, the proud nobles met in Lauder church; all were angry with the king, yet each was afraid to make the first move. So Lord Gray told them a mocking fable.

"Do you remember," said he, "how all the mice got together and agreed that it would be a splendid thing if a bell were hung round the cat's neck, so that wherever she went she could be heard; the only difficulty was to find a mouse to bell the cat."

These warlike nobles did not like to be spoken of as if they were mice, and it roused them to deeper rage.

Then out spoke Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, the head of the younger branch of the Douglas family. "Trust me, I'll bell the cat!"

Thère was a knock at the door, Cochrane, the architect, whom the nobles said had been a mason, but was now the king's chief favorite, entered, dressed in black velvet, with a heavy chain of gold round his neck, a horn of gold tipped with precious stones, and all his attire of the costliest. Angus caught the chain in his hands and said, "A rope would suit that neck better!"

Then the nobles laid violent hands on all the king's lowborn favorites and hanged them by the bridge of Lauder, in front of the king's very eyes! Cochrane was proud and brave to the last. He said that as the king had made him an earl he should be hanged with a rope made of silk, little did the nobles care for his protests, the halter of a horse was in their opinion good enough for him.

From this time onward the headstrong Earl of Angus was known by the nickname of "Bell-the-Cat." It may be taken for granted that neither he nor the nobles who supported him would have dared to act so arrogantly and violently unless they felt quite sure that the king had not the power to punish them.

He returned sullenly to Edinburgh, more the captive of the nobles than their master.

A parliament appointed the Duke of Albany lieutenant-general of the kingdom, but he in turn soon lost favor, for he was suspected of too great a friendship for Edward IV., King of England, and fled for safety to France, giving James another chance to govern his kingdom for himself.

This weak and unhappy monarch, however, was not destined to have much peace. Before very long, another quarrel with his nobles led to their taking up arms with a view of deposing him and placing his son on the throne. The king and his nobles met in battle near Stirling, but, at the very beginning of the fight, James was thrown from his horse and stabbed by a soldier, whose name remained unknown. Thus died this weak but amiable and unfortunate king.—Tales of the Borders.

GHOSTS OF ST. ANDREW'S.

St. Andrew's, the old time centre of history and romance, is the very heart of ghostland. Not only the Thing like a Pig, which at certain times runs down a lane leading from the Priory to the sea, but ghosts in shapes less definite or more haunt her ancient precincts. There is the spirit that calls on certain nights of the year from the Bottle Dungeon of the Sea Tower. A husband lay there one night, awaiting death on the morrow. His wife, who had contrived to enter the castle to bid him farewell, was lowered for that purpose into the cell. The two exchanged clothes, and presently the husband was drawn up, and, under cover of night and the blinking eyes of his drunken jailor, he made his escape. But she was taken out next morning and executed in his stead.

Who is there who knows not of the coach that drives through the sleeping town? It makes for the West Sands, and halts just beyond the Swilcan burn. And there the drowned arise out of the sea, and mount within the coach, and are driven to the graveyard of the old monks at Hallow Hill. Those who have seen the face of the driver aver that it is swathed in a light fawn veil.

It is of the Cathedral that there is most to tell. In the Chapel of Blackfriars, on a November evening, a hooded figure has been seen pacing up and down. But none knew anything of it. At the Pends, a gateway within the Royal Arms above it, Wynram, the sub-prior, walks his fateful round forever. He stole Church lands, was a "fals, dissaitful, greedy, dissemlait snaik," and so met his doom.

Why is it that if a dog is shut in at night in the Tower of St. Rule that dog is found mad in the morning? And whose spectre is it which has been seen by night to look down upon the High Altar from St. Rule's Tower?

Not far from the Tower, each Christmas Eve, a woman casts herself over the cliffs by Kirk Hill. She utters the same cry as she falls headlong—always the names of two men. On one she calls for God's mercy, on the other for His judgment, and then she is seen no more for a twelve-month. One Christmas Eve, a lay brother

passed out of the Priory door, and stood in the frosty night, and had speech with the woman while the rest of the Priory were gone to service, for which the bell was tolling. In time he passed into the Cathedral, and an hour later the alarm was raised that he had stabbed the sub-prior on the steps of the High Altar. He was given short shrift, knocked on the head and thrown out to die. Now at night he looks down from the tower of St. Rule on the altar steps, the scene of his crime. And she who, that same night, leaped from the cliffs by the Kirk Hill, still calls down Heaven's judgment on the sub-prior who wronged her.

In the Castle there lingers the harried spirit of David Beatoun, cardinal, who himself was so strangely forwarned of his doom. One noon, as he paced his palace courtyard, telling his office and musing, there entered a man with a bloody cloth around his head, and his face ghastly drawn and white. "Lord Cardinal," said he, "you rode through Anster yestreen?" "Yes," came the reply. "Marked you a pair of ears nailed up there?" "Well?" "Those ears were mine," said the man, unwinding the cloth, and bidding the cardinal look upon his work. For this was one of a number of men condemned to have their ears "hackit," in an order from the Castle signed "D. Card. Betun." Sick at the sight, Beatoun took the fellow into a chamber and tended him with his own hands. But that night the man died. To Beatoun, who was with him at the end, he gave forgiveness, adding that, "what he could do for him he would, and that when his own hour was nigh, he should not lack warning."

The night before David Beatoun was slain, it is told that "someone was with him" in his chamber. Voices were heard in the room, his own pleading with another. There rang a terrible cry through the night, and as the barber-surgeon and an attendant hurried to the cardinal, Something brushed past them in the doorway. People averred it was Margaret Ogilvy, his leman, who was said to have been with Beatoun before James Melvin and the others broke in and slew him. The cardinal's own attendant knew that she was not it.—Scots Pictorial.



TEAM OF SCOTTISH CURLERS NOW VISITING CANADA.

Top Row—Andrew Mitchell, John Kewatson, James Hamilton, John F. Ross, James T. Ward, Alexander Aikenhead, T. B. Murray, W. Brewster Grant, R. Connell, James E. Bett, T. A. B. Sherriff, John McLeod, James Cameron, George Wolfe, Alexander Dougal.

Bottom Row—James Y. Keanir, J. Guthrie Kennedy, Colonel T. Robertson-Aikman, A. Davidson-Smith, James Telford, A. C. Riddall, Andrew Blair, Robert Allan.

Accepting the hearty invitation of the Canadian curlers to send out a team from Scotland to Canada, the secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, Mr. Davidson Smith, C. A., issued invitations asking for volunteers for the tour. Although on this occasion the members of the team will have to defray their own expenses, quite a large number of "knights of the broom" have showed themselves willing to visit the Dominion and, if possible, capture the Strathcona Cup. This is the second occasion on which a Scotch-Canadian team has been formed. Colonel Robertson-Aikman, of the Ross, Hamilton, team, has been elected captain of the team, and Mr. Andrew Blair, Aberfoyle, honorable secretary and treasurer. The following itinerary of the team has been agreed to: Halifax, St. John, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Sharbot Lake, Kingston, Sharbot Lake, Peterboro, Toronto, Hamilton, Galt, London, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul and Winnipeg. As the majority of the team have profited from their practice on the Crossmyloof rink, it is to be hoped

that they will give a good account of themselves in Canada. The team left on board the Allan liner *Ionian* at twelve noon on December 23d, from Glasgow.—N. Y. Herald.

Reassuring—Newed—"Did the grocer have the nerve to tell you these eggs were fresh?"

Mrs. Newed—"Yes, dear; I understood him to say they were right from the incubator."—Boston Transcript.

An "Appreciation."—A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father, informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelos."

"Oh, no," the young lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."—Catholic News.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.
(Continued.)

Chapter XII.

MORAG.

And the next instant he cursed himself for the most selfish of knaves, for a vision of danger from the pest to those in Aros flashed sudden on him. Drumfin? Morag? frozen he stood, and in reverie beheld the girl, tall and with the head of a queen, her eyes pity and love, her voice tender and beguiling, her arch smile that seemed the heavenliest on earth—beheld her become stricken and wan and sorrowful, her queenly head so lowly. Indeed, he was groaning aloud as he roused himself, and descended the mound on the Aros side.

More than half the distance to the township had been traversed in grey daybreak, when he stopped at a little pool in a stream near the oak wood's margin, and, reddening hastily at some passing thought, made a hasty toilet. It was awkward enough attempting the bathing his head and shoulders with one hand, yet even if his face had received attention from both, his frame of mind was such as to leave him dissatisfied with the outer man, and he recognized with another uneasy flush a new-born fastidiousness as to matters of personal appearance—a trait none too common among those accustomed to the rough life of the ship-surgeon.

He finished dressing, and as the daylight came fuller, he knelt beside the pool, and looked at the plain features gazing at him from its mirror of smooth water. Again he dreamt of that fair face so close to his in the moonlight only some hours gone, and instantly he saw clearly the meaning of his new solicitude for externals. Then hopelessness descended like a pall, and melancholy brought forgetfulness of his task in Aros. Poor, friendless, unhandsome and fugitive: what had he to give? His work? ambition boundless? Oh, yes, a hunger for his work, fierce as his ambition's appetite, to know surely and to help with certainty in this one thing in a dark world—the suffering of man. Soul and spirit, passion and sin, he would leave to other masters, but give him in this regard the hope of succour to

his fellows. To live no idle moment; to concentrate almost savagely his every power to this end; to hold in vigilant curb the sudden access of emotion, of sentiment, that on occasion surprised him out of himself, and left his ideal of unceasing toil at his art, fading and powerless—these were the thoughts he found rising in his mind.

He brooded thus for a little and then returned to earth. Abstractedly he smoothed back his wet hair, and attempted to tie his bag-ribbon with one hand, but failing, he left it undone, and turning to take a last look at the pool's mirror, was astonished to see reflected above his face the face of Morag MacLean.

"And, indeed, la! I thought you daft, sir," she said. "Nay, nay, do not rise. Give me the ribbon."

With many little tweaks and tugs unnecessarily vicious she bunched the chevelure, and tied the knot.

"There! I hope you'll not again attempt that task unaided. I'll warrant I'll hurt you more next time," she said. "See," she went on, holding up the basket she carried. "Soups and cordials for you. Why have you left your hiding, sir?"

He recounted the night's adventures.

"And there are the Sunivaig MacLeans for you!" she cried scornfully, "Is it so our branch of the clan would defer a judgement, do you think! To run from a sickness!"

Then she laughed high till her voice seemed part of the music of the waters spilling over rocky steps from the pool at their feet.

"But I forget that they do you a service in going, Mr. Fraser. And if I blame them for lack of smeddum, let me thank them for an unwitting kindness to a friend. Shall we return to Aros, sir?"

He took her basket and they came back to the Preacher's River. At the stepping stones, she said:

"Last night's alarm and your flight have made known who you are in some fashion to all our household, and I fear the Tیره men will soon get word of you. Yet not

from Aros folk, for I think you may trust them as fairly as you did Morag MacLean, and you may be thankful you have someone else to lean on besides that broken reed. 'Tis the MacPhails at Tigh-ban who are down with the pestilence newly come amongst us. Will it please you to see my father about it? But am I not the mindless one, and you foodless all this weary time. I'll call Belle."

She bade him good-bye in the hall, and ran lightly upstairs. He was at gaze moodily after her, his thoughts busy with the medley her brother's return must now make, when she wheeled swiftly and tripped down to him again, saying with the least hint of the rogue in her eye:

"And then, when your weightier affairs have been seen to, here's a wrist of mine and a bandage."

It was a man full of wrath at himself she left, for not till then had the careful draping of her camelot mantle recalled her injury to his mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fraser found that the laird's attitude to his cousin's death held less of fuss and fever than he anticipated.

"Poor Angus," said Aros gravely, as they sat together in the study whither he had taken the surgeon in order to thank him for his aid to his relative—"Poor Angus! And so it was he that was with you when the boat went down? A death in the cold Sound! Poor Angus! It was but a bare life for him, in any case. Only a second cousin, Mr. Fraser, but still our kin, you see—our kin. And a tacksman only, sir, but nearer Lachlan Mor in blood than ourselves, who count near enough to be a little proud of it. Sir, a glass of wine with you, and again my thanks!"

Over the claret he melted into a mood of half-confidences.

"There's a certain Mr. MacLean of Drumfin staying with us at present," he said. "You may remember meeting him, though somewhat at a disadvantage, on your first night in Aros." He chuckled melodiously. "It might be as well to say nothing to anyone of his being here, Mr. Fraser. You'll understand, it's a matter of a little fondness for a cockade devoid of color."

Fraser bowed, and the laird returned to

ruminating on his second cousin once more.

"Poor Angus, poor Angus! And then these Sunivaig folk," he said. "Heard you ever the like? 'Tis a pretty pass when neither Kirk here nor Sheriff in Inneraora can hold them from routing and roving."

"There's only the plague, to stop them, it seems. Sir, with this way of it in the Highlands, you'll have little love for your father's calf-country, I'm thinking."

Fraser protested himself as not displeased with his adventures so far, last night's lack of sleep was the worst of it, he vowed.

"As regards your safety now," said Aros. "I have gone over things with Drumfin: and he agrees with me that your best chance of the mainland is to keep clear of the beaten tracks—Grasspoint and the like."

"You think so?" said Fraser absently.

"And as for time—well, you're safe as long as this plague holds, for if I know the breed of these Sunivaig men, they'll never show face again till it lifts."

"Ah!" said Fraser brightening, "then in that case, sir, let me help fight the pest until your surgeon arrives."

Aros nodded; and the young man went on with a flushed cheek:

"Not that it's pity only for these sick folk that moves me, you'll understand. There's all that; but beyond it, there's a consideration of more selfish cast; for here as elsewhere I find myself full of hopes of a useful life, no idle moment in it; and here as elsewhere, little or no performance to justify the hopes, sir—nothing but wafts of sentiment, Heaven knows." He paused halting for a word, and still reddening.

"Ay, ay," said Aros chuckling and blinking "are you, too, hit? Man, I thought myself the only one in these parts in such a quandary. Ay, here am I, and at sixty years I'm just as I was at your age, Mr. Fraser, for 'tis my all I'd give—little enough—but 'tis my all I'd give to fill the shoes of a man of active life. And yet when it comes to the bit, it's a pipe and a verse of Horace I'm hankering after. Oh, man, if a body could but be one thing fairly!"

Fraser felt uncomfortable so to have stirred the old fellow with a tale that was

but a decoy. For in his mind's eye just then there was not a vision of sick men with himself arduous in their service; it held nothing, indeed, but the picture of a girl's face framed in a hood of pink sarsenet, and set against a background of dark yew; so he offered instant solace to a pricked conscience by proposing to set out for the afflicted township without delay.

"Do you so, sir," said Aros. "Do you so. . . . God!" he added regretfully, "but I envy you. Why didn't my father make me a leech, I wonder?"

They parted then, and instantly Fraser's anxiety to depart for the plague-spot was supplanted by a desire for surgical attendance on Morag's injured wrist. Therefore it was that he hung about the grounds of the house, awaiting the opportunity for an unobserved approach to the girl, when he might acquit himself of an apology he had been conning half the morning. But after two hours patient waiting he learnt his vigil useless, for the servant informed him that the lady had gone off on pony-back just after her return from her morning walk. A letter of some kind, the serving-maid said, had occasioned this hurried departure.

A little later in the day, Fraser set off to his appointed task at the stricken clachan. It was now the hour of the mid-day meal in the township, and the cotters, home from their patches of rough ground, came to the doorways to look after him. The arrival of the pestilence was exactly timed to the coming of this stranger; already the story from Tíree was gone abroad, and his identity half guessed, and for all his soft voice and winning ways, the old wives now held him for a Jonah.

But he swung on, unheeding their unfriendly looks, and at last reached a group of little houses set near the shore, two miles east of Aros. Here was Tigh-ban, where the sick men lay. The infected folk were chiefly fishers, touching, by reason of their work, at many mainland ports, and in this way carrying fever to their homes. Fraser halted at the first of the huts—a miserable rickety of pebbled walls and turf-en roof, and rattled at the osier hurdle that served for door. It was an old man, grizzled and bent, half-dotted and half-deaf, who opened to his knocking, and to

him the surgeon explained in his scant Gaelic that he was the doctor.

"The doctor?" whispered old Niall Ban. "But 'tis Murdo's hour; 'tis his hour, poor Murdo! 'Tis the good son he was to me; but there's been something following him for years."

He slithered indoors, and Fraser followed. He passed the cow and its follower, which had their home in the forepart of the chamber, and reached the untidy bed of the patient. The peat-smoke from the fire set mid-most of this part of the room obscured all things, but the light from the small window and the chimney opening was enough to show the nature of the illness at a glance. The open eyes steadily fixed in unconsciousness, the fingers plucking at the counterpane, the dusky mottling of the skin seen on the bared and twitching forearm; here was an ancient foe, as common as it was deadly, known to him of old in Sicilian lazaretto, and in not a few of His Britannic Majesty's frigates over half the world. It was jail-fever, the grisliest of the dragons his profession had to fight; and not without reason had the Sunivaig MacLeans shown heels to this enemy. It needed even some screwing-up of his own courage before he came close enough to do his work. But it was an instant's wavering only. He felt the sick man's pulse, and sat motionless for a little, estimating its strength; then, producing lint and scalpel, he proceeded to do phlebotomy without more ado.

He found seven men ill in the little clachan. In regard to air and light supply, the houses were as hopeless as any hospital on the orlop-deck. Hopeless, too, in the matter of attendance, for three cottages with a patient in each had but one woman for nurse amongst them all; in other four cases, it was father or son who waited on father or son, and all without heart or spirit. The rest of the little community had vanished; it was said that they had gone to the sheelings of last summer to await the passing the plague.

"It's away they are," whispered old Niall Ban. "They left Murdo. It's running they went. But their hour is following them."

(To be continued.)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Tenth Lesson.

(Continued).

What wilt thou? Prayer must be definite.

"And Jesus answered him and said What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Mark X: 51; Luke XVIII: 41.

The blind man had been crying out aloud, and that a great deal, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The cry had reached the ear of the Lord; He knew what he wanted, and was ready to grant it him. But ere He does it. He asks him: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" He wants to hear from his own lips, not only the general petition for mercy, but the distinct expression of what his desire was. Until he speaks it out, he is not healed.

There is now still many a suppliant to whom the Lord puts the same question, and who cannot, until it has been answered, get the aid he asks. Our prayers must not be a vague appeal to His mercy, an indefinite cry for blessing, but the distinct expression of definite need. Not that His loving heart does not understand our cry, or is not ready to hear. But He desires it for our own sakes. Such definite prayer teaches us to know our own needs better. It demands time, and thought, and self-scrutiny to find out what really is our greatest need. It searches us and puts us to the test as to whether our desires are honest and real, such as we are ready to persevere in. It leads us to judge whether our desires are according to God's Word, and whether we really believe that we shall receive the things we ask. It helps us to wait for the special answer, and to mark it when it comes.

And yet how much of our prayer is vague and pointless. Some cry for mercy, but take not the trouble to know what mercy must do for them. Others ask, perhaps, to be delivered from sin, but do not begin by bringing any sin by name from which the deliverance may be claimed. Still others pray for God's blessing on those around them for the outpouring of God's Spirit on their land or the world, and yet have no special field where they wait and expect to see the answer. To all the Lord says: And what is it now you really want and expect Me to do? Every Christian has but limited powers, and as he must have his own special field of labor in which he works, so with his prayers, too. Each believer has his own circle, his family, his friends, his neighbors. If he were to take one or more of these by name, he would find that this really brings him into the training school of faith, and leads to personal and pointed dealing with God. It is when in such distinct matters we have in faith claimed and received answers, that

our more general prayers will be believing and effectual.

We all know with what surprise the whole civilized world heard of the way in which trained troops were repulsed by the Transvaal Boers at Majuba. And to what did they owe their success? In the armies of Europe the soldier fires upon the enemy standing in large masses, and never thinks of seeking an aim for every bullet. In hunting game, the Boer had learned a different lesson; his practised eye knew to send every bullet on its special message, to seek and find its man. Such aiming must gain the day in the spiritual world, too. As long as in prayer we just pour out our hearts in a multitude of petitions, without taking time to see whether every petition is sent with the purpose and expectation of getting an answer, not many will reach the mark. But if, as in silence of soul we bow before the Lord, we were to ask such questions as these: What is now really my desire? Do I desire it in faith, expecting to receive? Am I now ready to place and leave it in the Father's bosom? Is it a settled thing between God and me that I am to have the answer? We should learn so to pray that God would see and we would know what we really expect.

It is for this, among other reasons, that the Lord warns us against the vain repetitions of the Gentiles, who think to be heard for their much praying. We often hear prayers of great earnestness and fervor, in which a multitude of petitions are poured forth, but to which the Saviour would undoubtedly answer, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" If I am in a strange land, in the interests of the business which my father owns, I would certainly write two different sorts of letters. There will be family letters giving expression to all the intercourse to which affection prompts; and there will be business letters, containing orders for what I need. And there may be letters in which both are found. The answers will correspond to the letters. To each sentence of the letters containing the family news, I do not expect a special answer. But for each order I send I am confident of an answer whether the desired article has been forwarded. In our dealings with God the business element must not be wanting. With our expression of need and sin, of love and faith and consecration, there must be the pointed statements of what we ask and expect to receive; it is in the answer that the Father loves to give us the token of His approval and acceptance.

But the word of the Master teaches us

more. He does not say, What dost thou *wish*? but, What dost thou *will*? One often wishes for a thing without willing it. I wish to have a certain article, but I find the price too high; I resolve not to take it; I *wish*, but do not *will* to have it. The sluggard wishes to be rich, but does not will it. Many a one wishes to be saved, but perishes because he does not will it. The will rules the whole heart and life; if I really will to have anything that is within my reach, I do not rest until I have it. And so, when Jesus says to us, "What wilt thou?" He asks whether it is indeed our purpose to have what we ask at any price, however great the sacrifice. Dost thou indeed so will to have it that, though He delay it long, thou dost not hold thy peace till He hear thee? Alas! how many prayers are wishes sent up for a year as matter of duty, while we rest content with the prayer without the answer.

But, it may be asked, is it not best to make our wishes known to God, and then to leave it to Him to decide what is best, without seeking to assert our will? By no means. This is the very essence of the prayer of faith, to which Jesus sought to train His disciples, that it does not only make known its desire and then leave the decision to God. That would be the prayer of submission, for cases in which we cannot know God's will. But the prayer of faith, finding God's will in some promise of the Word, pleads for that till it come. In Matthew (ix., 28), we read Jesus said to the blind man: "*Believe ye that I can do this?*" Here in Mark, He says: "*What wilt thou that I should do?*" In both cases He said that faith had saved them. And so He said to the Syrophenician woman, too: "Great is thy *faith*: be it unto thee even as thou *wilt*." Faith is nothing but the purpose of the will resting on God's word, and saying: I must have it. To believe truly is to will firmly.

But is not such a will at variance with our dependence on God and our submission to Him? By no means; it is much rather the true submission that honors God. It is only when the child has yielded his own will in entire surrender to the Father that he receives from the Father liberty and power to will what he would have. But when once the believer has accepted the will of God, as revealed through the Word and Spirit, as his will, too, then it is the will of God that His child should use this renewed will in His service. The will is the highest power in the soul; grace wants above everything to sanctify and restore this will, one of the chief traits of God's image, to full and free exercise. As a son, who only lives for his fathers interests, who seeks not his own, but his father's will is trusted by the father with his business, so God speaks to His child in all truth, "What wilt thou?" It is often spiritual sloth that under the appearance of humility, professes to have no will, because it fears the trouble of searching out the will of God, or when found, the struggle of claiming

it in faith. True humility is ever in company with strong faith, which only needs to know what is according to the will of God, and then boldly claims the fulfillment of the promise, "Ye shall ask *what ye will* and it shall be done unto you."

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Lord Jesus! teach me to pray with all my heart and strength, that there may be no doubt with Thee or with me as to what I have asked. May I so know what I desire that, even as my petitions are recorded in heaven, I can record them on earth, too, and note each answer as it comes. And may my faith in what Thy Word has promised be so clear that the Spirit may indeed work in me the liberty to will that it shall come. Lord! renew, strengthen sanctify wholly my will for the work of effectual prayer.

Blessed Saviour! I do beseech Thee to reveal to me the wonderful condescension Thou showest us, thus asking us to say what we will Thou shouldst do, and promising to do whatever we will. Son of God! I cannot understand it; I can only believe that Thou hast indeed redeemed us wholly for Thyself, and dost seek to make the will, as our noblest part. Thy most efficient servant, Lord! I do most unreservedly yield my will to Thee, as the power through which Thy Spirit is to rule my whole being. Let Him take possession of it, lead it into the truth of Thy promises, and make it so strong in prayer that I may ever hear Thy voice saying: "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Amen.

REDEEM THE TIME.

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;

If t' on wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time!

Shake off earth's sloth!

Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;

Set out with girdled loins upon the way.
Up! Linger not!

Fold not thine hands!

What! has the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?

On, pilgrim, on!

With His reward

He comes; He tarries not; His day is near;
When men least look for Him, He will be here.

Prepare for Him!

Let not the flood

Sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock;
Face calmly, solemnly the billow's shock.

Fear not the storm!

Withstand the foe!

Die daily, that forever thou mayest live;
Be faithful unto death! The Lord will give
The crown of life.

—Horatius Bonar.

DEATH OF DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Very Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, formerly minister of the High Church in Inverness, died at his residence in Edinburgh on Monday. For some time back, Dr MacLeod had been in indifferent health, but he bravely undertook all the duties which his position as leader of the General Assembly involved, until about a week ago. On Saturday he was seized with paralysis, and passed away on Monday in the 73rd year of his age.

Not only to Inverness and the Highlands, where he labored so faithfully and with so much success, but throughout Scotland and beyond her borders, the death of Dr. Norman MacLeod will cause profound feelings of regret. At the last General Assembly, the hopeful words he spoke of the future of a reunion of Scottish Presbyterianism had encouraged the thought that his great powers and influence would be a stimulus to the movement to bring about that desired consummation. And in that sense the loss which the Church of Scotland has sustained is one that will be felt by the sister churches as well.

Born in the manse of Morven, Argyllshire, in the year 1838, he was the son of Dr. John MacLeod, "the High Priest of Morven." His father, who belonged to the family of Swordale, in Skye, was one of the most notable men in the Highlands, powerful in body and in mind, a scholar and a preacher of prime excellence, one of the last of the great Gaelic scholars whose idiom was pure and undefiled by alien utterances. His mother was the daughter of Donald Maclean, of Bereray and Drimmin, by Jessie MacLeod, of the famous line of Berners, a family amongst the most devoted to the ancient Stewarts, sacrificing much for the sake of Charles II, enduring at Worcester fight wounds and death, and after it the slavery of the plantations of South Carolina.

The Swordale MacLeods went to Skye as armourers of the chiefs of the race, and are still spoken of in the island for their stalwart prowess. Their descendant, the late leader of the General Assembly, inherited their fearless honesty, the joy of a warrior's struggle in the fight of faith, and the leal devotion to any cause that had won his affection. Educated at home, in the quiet environment of the manse of Morven, the "Fuinary" of Gaelic song, remote, yet filled with the influence of scholarship and piety, his soul became possessed by the love of his native country and the Church of his fathers.

No better school could have nourished those early influences, which were to abide with undiminishing strength as the guiding forces of his life. The spell of them travelled with him out into the world, when, with his brother, John, who was only about twelve years old, he went to Glasgow College. There he made good use of his time, and in his twenty-second year was inducted to the Gaelic Church of Glasgow, in succession to his kinsman, Norman, known as "Caraid nan

Gaidheal"—the "Friend of the Gael." St. Columba's was in many ways unique, for it was the centre of the spiritual life of the Highlanders of that city, in a day when the influences of race and language bound the children of God together. It was a heavy charge, laborious, but possessing charm and interest that must have appealed with force to young MacLeod. Not a few streets and stairs, but all Glasgow was his parish. At his very first communion he had to prepare and instruct no less than one hundred and seventeen young communicants.—Northern Chronicle.

PAST ROYAL CHIEF WALTER SCOTT SPENDS A BUSY DAY ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

Friday, December 22nd, was the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, and he was the happy recipient of a flood of golden gifts and congratulatory messages from his many friends all over the country and in Europe. Among the remembrances was a handsome gold vase presented by a few business friends, beautifully engraved in Scottish design at the top, the figures of the year of his birth and each succeeding year up to and including 1911 inscribed in unique fashion on the remainder of its surface.

The overwhelming surprise of the occasion, however, came in the shape of a large and magnificent loving cup bearing on one side the following inscription: "To Mr. Walter Scott on his fiftieth birthday, with the affectionate regard of his business family in the New York house of Butler Brothers. December 22, 1911." On the other side was engraved the appropriate quotation from Burns, "The heart aye's the part aye that makes us right or wrang." The presentation was made by Mr. Charles E. Bryant, treasurer of the firm, with whom Mr. Scott has been associated for the past thirty-four years, and at the close of his fitting remarks Mr. Scott was visibly affected, the gift representing as it did the affection of 1034 people, and was able to respond only with extreme difficulty.

Later in the day he was tendered a very enjoyable luncheon at the Hotel Lafayette by a large number of business friends and associates, and in the evening he attended a large dinner at which were present friends of "Lang Syne" who were connected with his early life in New York, following which all witnessed the performance of "Little Boy Blue" which was particularly enjoyed on account of many of its scenes being laid in Scotland.

Nature seldom changes with the climate. Plough or not plough, you must pay your rent.

He who would catch fish, must not mind getting wet.

An ass in a lion's skin may be discerned without spectacles.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

The Two Hundred and Fifty-fourth St. Andrew's Day celebration of the Scots' Charitable Society was held Monday evening, December 4th, at Young's Hotel, with nearly two hundred present.

President James Pottinger's address was pleasing and attentively listened to, as he told in brief what the society had done during the past and previous years, and he raised his audience to a pitch of enthusiasm which never abated.

The speakers of the evening were, Prof. W. A. Neilson, of Harvard College; Dr. Machaurin, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Robert Lincoln O'Brien, editor of the Boston Herald.

Professor Neilson urged Scottish societies throughout the land to take up the study of historical research, and preserve the records before it had become too late. If what those of Scottish birth or blood had done to found, perpetuate and make grander and greater these United States.

Dr. Machaurin also spoke principally on the great history of the Scottish pioneers in this country and the cruel circumstances attending their exile from home and slavery as prisoners of war, during conventional and Cromwell times.

Editor O'Brien and the other speakers enlarged on the recent address delivered by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to Great Britain, before the Philosophic Institution of Edinburgh on the theme, "The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot."

Mr. W. L. Cockburn and Mr. Raymond Simonds provided part of the vocal portion of the program, the major part being provided by the members and guests who joined lustily in all the songs sung by the artists, and choruses played by the orchestra.

Telegrams and congratulatory messages from numerous St. Andrew's and Scottish societies throughout the United States and Canada, were read during the evening by the president. Seldom has a banquet of this grand old society been more enjoyable, a spirit of enthusiasm and good fellowship prevailing throughout. Every speaker seemed to outvie his predecessor, and the standard was raised high from the very first.

The fair at Tremont Temple promoted by the ladies of the Burns' Memorial Association for the benefit of the monument fund, closed Saturday evening, November 25th, with a brilliant and large assemblage present. All the prominent Boston Scotsmen with few exceptions, were present on Saturday evening, and Mr. Walter Scott of New York ran in for what he intended should be a few minutes during the interval be-

tween the ending of the Harvard and Yale game, and the time set for an early train to New York. The ladies captured him, found him a willing victim, and before he got away he had bought enough to fill a freight car or so. It seemed to the men whose pockets had already been depleted and were waiting a chance to pay their respects (all they had left), to Mr. Scott before he had to leave for his train. The fair closed with nearly every table sold out, and nearly every woman tired out. The success was beyond expectations, and congratulations are pouring in on them. The Caledonian club has invited every lady who worked on any of the tables to be its guest at the Burns' festival in Mechanics' Hall, January 25th.

Mrs. Robert E. May, was chairwoman of the fair committee; Mrs. James M. Meikle, treasurer, and Miss E. L. Sontor, secretary. The chairwomen of the different tables were: Burns' Memorial table, Mrs. Alexander Sontor; candy table, Miss Jennie Bell; supper table, Mrs. George Spalding; grab table, Miss Anna W. Irving; tea table, Mrs. B. F. Mountain; flower table, Mrs. William A. Riggs; doll table, Miss Helen V. May; Boston Caledonian Club table, Mrs. George Scott; Women's Auxillary to the Scots' Charitable Society table, Mrs. Walter Lamb; Ladies' Auxillary to Clan Mackenzie, No. 2, table, Mrs. Thomas Bell.

Seldom has a meeting of the Boston Caledonian Club been so full of surprises as that held Tuesday evening, December 7th. Between thirty and forty new members were accepted and introduced, the last of the amendments to the constitution which had been under consideration for several meetings, was withdrawn as were the others, by its proposer; the black list was small and then when the time for nomination of officers for 1912 arrived, came the climax. The present chief, James A. Sinclair has served acceptably and well for one term. His business is such however, that to attend the duties properly, requires more time than he can spare and he decided not to seek re-election. It was fully expected and intended that there would be a fight this year by aspirants for every office, and plans had been laid that way. Robert E. May nominated Chief Sinclair to succeed himself and urged that he reconsider his objections. Speaker after speaker seconded the nomination, and although Mr. Sinclair was sincere in his effort to retire he was practically forced to accept a unanimous nomination. So it went all down the line—unanimous nominations for every office, and possibly no January election ballots neces-

sary. As an old Boston Scot said to one when he heard of this,—the millenium must be coming soon.

Clan McKenzie No. 2 led the pace for a long time during 1911, but Clan McGregor No. 5, has a Chief Alfred O. Black by name, who after studying his methods, thought he could go Chief Frank S. Abercrombie one better. He made it more than one better for at the first meeting in December 105 new

members were initiated at Quincey. Almost every clan in Greater Boston has benefited by the good work done by Clan Mackenzie, in seeking out likely young Scots and urging them to join some clan of the order.

Clan Ramsay of Roxbury had a crowded audience at Intercolonial Hall, December 14th, the chief attraction being the Scottish concert company in "Tam O'Shanter."

JAMES POTTINGER,
President of the Scots Charitable Society
of Boston.

Mr. James Pottinger, the president of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston, was born in the Shetland Islands, and came to Boston when a young man, in 1883.

He entered the grocery business, and after a few years became manager of the largest high class importing grocery establishment in the city. Mr. Pottinger had been with this firm for twenty years, when, owing to the death of the proprietor, the business was discontinued. He was immediately engaged as manager by another of the larger wholesale and retail grocery firms, and made such a success in building up and enlarging their trade that he was given an interest in the business.

His sterling worth and ability have long been recognized by the Scottish community of Boston, but he has been intensely unobtrusive, and could never be induced to hold any office. His work, however, on the Board of Government of the Scots Charitable Society was such that when the office of vice president sought the man, even though he tried to persuade others to take the place, he was forced into office, and made his work so effectually good that when he was nominated for president, in January of 1911, he was elected by acclamation.

The Scots Charitable Society of Boston was organized in 1657. It is the oldest charitable society in America, and is the third oldest corporation in the United States, Harvard University and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts being the only chartered societies which ante-date it. Under the presidency of Mr. Pottinger, the society has upheld its old traditional spirit, has broadened and enlarged its work.

He presides with dignity and forcefulness, but his judgments are fair and a spirit of harmony prevails at all their meetings. Mr. Pottinger will without doubt hold the office of president for another year.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHER.

At the Burns' Memorial Fair in Boston, last month, Robert E. May, clerk of the association, and a close student of Burns, read an interesting account of the original manuscript of "Auld Lang Syne," which is owned in Boston. This manuscript was owned for many years by William Pickering, the London publisher, and was finally bought by Henry Stevens, at an auction in London, in 1855, for a friend in New York State, whose descendant in Boston now owns it. In presenting it to the notice of the society, Mr. May said:

"You will remember that on December 17, 1788, the Poet Burns wrote a letter to his friend, Mrs. Dunlop, at the end of which is as follows:

"Is not the Scotch phrase, "Auld Lang Syne" exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet, as I suppose Mr. Kerr will save you the postage."

"Then follows the original version of the poem which I hold in my hand in Robert Burns' handwriting, and when I read it to you, you will notice that it differs materially from the version of the song as usually printed.

"In a letter dated September, 1793, Burns wrote to Mr. Thomson, and in the letter occurs the following:

"One song more and I am done. * * * Auld Lang Syne. The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

"Then follows the text of Auld Lang Syne as it is generally published to-day, but, as

I have stated, this text differs quite materially from that contained in the letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which I hold in my hand.

"The first and last pages of this letter to Mrs. Dunlop are missing, but there is no possibility of doubt as to the authenticity of the page I hold containing the first draft of Auld Lang Syne, and also one verse of the song, 'My Bonnie Mary,' in Robert Burns' handwriting.

"This manuscript was owned for many years by William Pickering, the London publisher, and it was bought by Mr. Stevens, a famous collector, at an auction in London, in 1855. Mr. Stevens, at that time, bought largely for the British Museum, Mr. John Carter Brown and Mr. Lenox, of New York; the books of Washington in the Bos-

ton Athenaeum and the sculptures of Nineveh now in the New York Historical Society and presented by Mr. Lenox, were purchased by Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens bought this manuscript for a friend in New York, whose descendant now owns it.

"A publication entitled 'Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop,' by William Wallace, and edited by Mr. R. B. Adam, explains in greater detail than I have time for, how this precious manuscript was obtained and there is also an article to the same effect in the Century Magazine for February, 1898.

"To show the difference between the two versions, I will read the version sent by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, and lastly the version contained in the letter to Mr. Thomson.

"As contained in letter to Mrs. Dunlop, December 17, 1788:

1.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
Let's hae a waught o'Malaga,
For auld lang syne.

Chorus,

For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne;
Let's hae a waught o'Malaga,
For auld lang syne. (sic)

2.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o'kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

3.

We twa have run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

4.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae morn'ng sun till dine;
Put seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

5.

And there's a han' my trusty fere,
And gie's a han' o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guidewilly waught,
For auld lang syne.

"As contained in letter to Mr. Thomson, September, 1793:

1.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'
Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o'lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

2.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

3.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

4.

And here's a hand, my trusty fere
And gie's a hand o'thine;
And we'll tak a right gude wille waught
For auld lang syne.

5.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o'kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

"I am certain that everyone here must feel deep gratification that this ancient and valuable document is now reposing in the City of Boston.

"The owner of this almost priceless manuscript, did not desire his name mentioned, but it has since developed that Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, for years the trusted leader of the Democratic party in Massachusetts, has this and one other letter of Robert Burns in his possession."

Thinking is very far from knowing.
Kindness will creep when it cannot run.
When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.
Kindness, like grain, increase by sowing.
Beware of enemies reconciled, and meat twice boiled.
Choler is a good common soldier, but a bad commander.
If you keep your tongue a prisoner, your body may go free.

THE BANNER OF THE STEWARTS.

In the Palace of History, the most interesting section of the recently closed Glasgow Exhibition, there was displayed the banner carried by the Stewarts of Appin in the '45. At the battle of Culloden, Dugald Stewart, the standard-bearer, was killed in the charge. After the Highlanders failed to break the second line, and the retreat began, some members of the clan took up the flag. The fire of the enemy was then directed against the color-bearer, and one after another was shot down, almost as fast as the color would be taken up, until in all 17 were killed under it. Donald Livingstone then turned back under fire to where it lay, and, snatching it up, carried it safely from the field. The flag was cumbersome to carry, and on that account discommoded the retreat of the bearer, caused him to lag behind, thus exposing him to the fire of the enemy. It is probable that when Donald saw this, in order to facilitate his retreat, he cut it from the staff. When a council of war was held by the Prince and chiefs after the battle, and Charles came to the conclusion to disband the army, the men of Appin were disbanded, and, after the Highland fashion, started home separately, each man to shift for himself. Donald took the banner, and on his journey home to Appin came suddenly upon an English officer who was fishing in one of the numerous hill burns. Thinking he had fallen into an ambuscade, Donald started to run, when the officer called upon him to halt, and at the same time struck at him with the fishing rod. The hook passed through Donald's nose; he drew his dirk, cut the line, and when he and the officer parted, tradition says, there was one less soldier in the army of King George. Donald was unable to get the hook out of his nose, until he reached Appin, where it was cut out. The flag was left in the possession of Alexander Stewart of Ballachulish, in whose family it has ever since remained. No less than 14 clan banners fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland and were burned at Edinburgh Cross by the hands of the common hangman.—Glasgow Weekly Herald.



MRS. ROBERT E. MAY.

Mrs. Robert E. May was the chairwoman of the recent very successful fair held at Tremont Temple, Boston, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 23, 24 and 25th by the ladies of the Burns Memorial Association for the benefit of the monument fund.

This is the third fair the ladies have held for this purpose, and now have raised in all by this means nearly \$5,000.

At the first fair held in 1907, Mrs. May was chairwoman of the Boston Caledonian Club table which realized the largest amount turned in by any table at that time. At the fair held in 1909 Mrs. May was the treasurer of the committee.

Although a member of many Scottish societies, Mrs. May has never heretofore, although often urged, allowed herself to be nominated for any office. She dislikes publicity and would not allow her picture to appear in the Boston papers in connection with the fair. We have heard so much about the praise bestowed upon her by the women serving on this committee and by visitors to the fair, for her geniality, her faculty of pouring oil on the troubled waters, her fair mindedness and extreme willingness to please and to work and to oblige, that we made up our mind to get her picture for the benefit of Caledonian readers.

BAGPIPES AT SEA.

Above the shouting of the gale,
The whipping sheet, the dashing spray,
I heard, with notes of joy and wall,
A piper play.
Along the dipping deck he trod,
The dusk about his shadowy form;
He seemed like some strange ancient god
Of song and storm.
He gave his dim seen pipes a skirl,
And war went down the darkling air;
Then came a sudden subtle swirl,
And love was there.



DR. ANGUS SINCLAIR,
President of St. Andrew's Society, Newark.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY NEWARK, N. J.

The St. Andrew's Society of Newark, on Thursday evening, December 7th, held its eighteenth annual banquet, in Achtelstetter's banquet room. There was a large attendance of members with their wives and friends, and the half-hour before dinner was spent in social intercourse in an adjoining room. This society is doing a noble work in giving relief to worthy, unfortunate Scots, in the large manufacturing centre to which thousands of Scots have recently been drawn. Our countrymen are as a rule very reluctant to accept assistance, but occasionally accidents and misfortune make it necessary for them to receive aid. The St. Andrew's Society of Newark, like the many other St. Andrew's societies throughout the country, has saved many Scotsmen from dependence upon public charity so that no unfortunate Scot need feel himself friendless in this great land.

At the president's table was seated the President, Dr. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Sinclair, James Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, David King, Mrs. King, Rev. John MacDowell, Rev. D. MacDougall, Rev. T. Aird Moffatt and Mr. Donnelly, city clerk, who represented Mayor Jacob Haussling.

After an excellent dinner, Dr. Sinclair, in his address of welcome, spoke of the work of the society giving some incidents of a humorous turn. Toasts to the President of the United States and to King George were responded to heartily. Mr. Donnelly responded to the toast, "The City of Newark," which has a population of 365,000. Rev. T. Aird Moffatt spoke enthusiastically on "Scottish Literature," referring particularly to Burns, Scott and Carlyle. Mr. Moffatt is

an eloquent speaker, and his address was greatly enjoyed. Mr. David King responded to "The Land We Left" and spoke of certain characteristics of Scottish life. Mr. James Kennedy was to have spoken on Scottish Humor, but on account of the lateness of the hour was obliged to leave. All the speeches were most excellent, and the musical part of the program was very fine. The soloists were Mrs. Theodore Staals, Mr. John B. Hamilton and Mrs. Angus Sinclair. Mrs. Sinclair sang "Logie of Buchan" with great power and sweetness. Piper Morrison played several stirring marches during the evening.

The banquet committee consisted of Edwin Hull, Henry Chapman, William M. Mackay, John Forbes and John Dunn, deserve the thanks of the society and guests.

The following are the officers for the coming year: Honary president, John M. Breingan; president, Angus Sinclair; vice president, Edwin Hull; secretary, John Campbell; treasurer, Thomas Earl; financial secretary, John C. Blair; chaplains, Rev. John McDowell and Rev. John Hutchinson.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Canadian Society of New York was held on the 6th of December at Delmonico's Hotel. President S. E. Humphreys presided and in addition to the speakers on the occasion the following were seated at the guests' table:

Right Rev. Frederick Courtney, Gen. Frederick D. Grant, Rear Admiral E. H. C. Leutze, William Renwick Riddell, Justice of the High Court of Ontario; R. Stanley Weir of Montreal, Supreme Court Justice John J. Delany, Darwin P. Kingsley, the Rev. Arthur H. Judge, A. Mitchell Innes, Councillor of the British Embassy; George Austin Morrison, jun., and Courtenay Walter Benett, the British Consul General in New York.

Premier Borden, of Canada said: "In the early days of our development and progress we imagined that we were almost completely dependent upon your markets; and when the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was denounced in 1866 a feeling of despair prevailed in some parts of our country. That feeling has long since passed away, and never will return. For 30 years and more we have followed certain national ideals and policies which we firmly intend to pursue and continue in the future. We reached the conclusion that the recent proposals were inconsistent with those ideals, and policies. Moreover, we entirely disbelieve in the framing of tariffs by diplomatic methods. That system has been tested between different States under the British flag, notably in South Africa, and the results have been far from satisfactory."

Ambassador Bryce said that he rejoiced to see how quickly the Duke of Connaught, the new Governor-General, and the Duchess of Connaught have endeared themselves to the hearts of the Canadian people. The

same principles, Mr. Bryce remarked, which had been worked out by the British people were now being applied in Canada and the United States under different forms, but always with the same spirit and in conformity with the same noble tradition."

Governor Dix of New York State declared that the decisions of Canada not to join in this country's reciprocity proposal was received by the people of the United States with some degree of disappointment, but without any trace of resentment.

Premier Borden is a fluent and eloquent speaker, but in the references he made to the defeat of the reciprocity project, he seemed to take it for granted that the people of the United States would be displeased with the Canadian rejection of the treaty. This, of course was not the case, and Canadian political leaders owe no apology to this country because Canadians did what they had a perfect right to do. There is no bone of contention between the two countries, and it is useless to be harping on it so often.

CANADIAN.

St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, deferred the annual celebration in honor of Scotland's Patron Saint, until December 14, to secure the presence at it, of the new Governor General, the Duke of Connaught and the Duchess. This celebration attended by royalty, Premier Borden and prominent people from various parts of the Dominion, was the most brilliant social function in the history of Montreal. It took the form of a supper and ball at which the royal party won great popular favor by a display of affability and interest in persons and proceedings. The Duke, Duchess and the Princess Patricia, their daughter, were received at the Windsor hall by the President of St. Andrew's Society, Sir Montager Allan, and Lady Allan and the members of the reception Committee. The Royal Highlanders in full uniform, formed a guard of honor during the evening.

SCOTTISH SONG SOCIETY.

The Scottish National Song Society, organized for the laudable purpose of preserving and fostering the songs of Scotland, has created much interest in the patriotic project since it came into existence. Recently the annual meeting of the Society was held in Edinburgh, and was presided over by Mr. Duncan Fraser. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was re-elected honorary president, and Sir Alexander MacKenzie honorary vice president.

Mr. Duncan Fraser was re-elected president for the ensuing year, and the following vice presidents—Mr. William Lindsay, Edinburgh; Mr. R. L. Reid, Glasgow, and Mr. Frank Sharp, Dundee. Mr. John Wilson, Glasgow, was re-elected honorary general secretary and treasurer.

It was agreed that the next national sangschaw will be held in Edinburgh, and that

for choral competition the following test pieces should be given—Senior choirs, "Broom o' the Cowdenknowes" and "Duncan Gray." For Junior choirs "Logie o' Buchan" and "Come O'er the Stream, Charlie."

It was decided that Miss Marjorie Kennedy should be entrusted with the tuition of Master Mason and Miss Ruby Thomson, two of the Edinburgh scholars of the society, and that other scholarships be continued at Dundee, Glasgow, Whitburn and Newmillns. The fact of these scholarships being so widely spread demonstrates the national character of the society's work.

SCOTTISH BAZAAR.

The Scottish Bazaar held at the Imperial, Brooklyn on the 11th, 12th and 13th of December, netted the Women's Auxillary of the Caledonian Hospital over \$2,000. This as the result of less than two months' work, for plans for a bazaar were not started until mid-October, is extremely gratifying to all who participated. Much credit is due the Flora MacDonald Society, whose stall was one of the largest and most popular at the bazaar, and to the Manhattan and Bronx branches of the Woman's Auxillary, which two weeks after its own concert in the Bronx presided over a fancy goods stall, at which every article sold was donated by either its own members or their friends. Other bodies of Scottish women, among them being the Lady Graham Hamilton and the Lady MacKenzie Circles, D. A. S., of Manhattan, and the Ladies Auxillary of Clan Scott, of Jamaica, also assisted with donations and their presence. Socially and artistically the bazaar was quite as great a success as it was financially. Every evening, men and women prominent in philanthropical and political life, were present. The bazaar was opened on Monday evening by Colonel Andrew D. Baird, who expressed in a brief address his gratification at the work already accomplished, and his hope and belief in the great future of the Caledonian Hospital. In conclusion he presented a check to help along the work to the President of the Women's Auxillary, Mrs. Homer L. Bartlett.

And now that the bazaar is over, the Auxillary has turned its attention to a euchre, bridge and dance to be given at the Pouch Gallery, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, February 8th. Already many handsome prizes have been secured, and the advance sale of tickets foretells, even at this early date, that the affair will be as great a success as any which has preceded it. Tickets are \$1.00 each, and may be secured upon order from Mrs. George P. Williamson, 112 Jerome street, Brooklyn. It is suggested that those desiring tickets send in their orders promptly, as the capacity of the Pouch is limited, and everything given by the Women's Auxillary of the Caledonian Hospital has proved in the past that anything under its auspices is a

great attraction.—Estelle Noble, Chairman Press Committee.

YONKERS CALEDONIANS ELECT NEW OFFICERS.

The Yonkers Caledonian club met Monday evening, December 18, and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Robert Golver, chief; James Carson, first chieftain; David Clark, second chieftain; John MacShane, third chieftain; James Forrest, fourth chieftain; George Duffis, fifth chieftain; Robert Tully, piper; Robert Hill, door keeper; Robert Drummond, trustee, three years; John Reid, William Malcolm, David Linton, John MacShane, David Brown, executive committee; George MacKenzie, H. H. Thomson, Robert MacCallough, finance committee; Andrew Poirie, George Arthur, property committee; James Arthur, H. H. Thomson and William Malcolm, auditing committee; John Carson and Alexander Morrison, standard bearers.

The club will hold open house on New Year's night, at the hall, 15 Warburton avenue, and will entertain the members and friends with music and dancing. The installation of the officers will occur on January 15, and as usual the ceremonies will be conducted by the chiefs of the New York Caledonian club. Invitations have been sent to all of the Caledonian clubs in the vicinity and to Clan Macgregor of Yonkers to attend on that night.

CLAN MACDUFF, NEW YORK.

A guid New Year tae one an' a',
And mony may ye see,
And during a' the years tae come
O' happy may ye be.

And may ye ne'er hae cause tae mourn,
Tae sigh, or shed a tear,
Tae care on a', baith great an' sma',
A hearty, guid New Year.

About one hundred and fifty attended the meeting of December 9th and disposed of the election of officers for 1912. Three new members were initiated at this session. Delegations from Clans Mackenzie and Graham were present, and three from their number acted as tellers during balloting.

Following composes the Board of Officers for the ensuing year: Chief, Arthur Fairweather; tanist, Peter Martin; past chief, Gavin Rae; chaplain, E. Cummins; recording secretary, Robert W. Watterson; financial secretary, Thomas Graham; senior henchman, James Stephen; junior henchman, William Youngson; seneschal, Douglas McLeod; warder, James Erskine; sentinel, Daniel Grant, Jr.; standard bearer, George Storn; piper, George Don; physician, Dr. James Law; trustees, Gavin Rae, John Bremner, Louis McCook, Matthew McShave was appointed literary correspondent.

Former Tanist MacDougall made an interesting contest for the chiefship and his running augurs well for a future election. Dr.

James Law, financial secretary; William Gray and treasurer Thomas Graham, were returned unopposed, while Tanist A. Garder, James Grant, Warder A. Peters, chaplain C. Cockburn and piper Arthur Ross, declined nomination. Mr. James Grant, who has faithfully served the Clan for fifteen years as secretary felt he could not act longer. Tickets for the annual entertainment of the emergency fund committee, to be held at Amsterdam Opera House on February 9, are in the hands of the committee. To relieve the sick, distressed and disabled clansmen, is the worthy object of this fund: so rally together, fellows, make this a huge success, and help realize the ambitions of its founders. GLESCA.

MRS. ANNIE NELSON LAW.

On Sunday, November 26th, Mrs. Law, wife of Dr. James Law, of New York, passed away after a few weeks' illness. This is the third death in the family. In October, 1910, Mrs. Law's father, Mr. Cameron, died, and last spring her mother passed away. Mrs. Law has for many years been active in charitable and philanthropic work; she was one of the leading members of Lady MacDuff Society, and has ably assisted her husband in his dispensary work. She was greatly respected and beloved. The funeral service was held at her late residence on Tuesday evening, conducted by Rev. D. MacDougall, of "The Caledonian," and was largely attended by her many friends.

THE SKYE ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK

This progressive association held an open meeting on December 2nd at the Lenox Casino. A large number of members and visiting friends were present. President, John MacLean, presided. The evening was pleasantly spent in singing speeches, happy music and Gaelic songs; a social time followed the program. At the meeting of December 9th the association initiated two pipers. On February 9th the society will hold its annual dinner at 55 West 35th street, in honor of Mr. John MacPherson, Glendale, Skye, a land agitator, who is in his 77th year.

DONALD CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

"Unseen Unseen."—"I have found just the party for you, Lord Duncan—a lady with a dowry of half a million."

"And when can I see this lady?"
"Just keep thinking of the dowry—don't ask to see her."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A burden which one chooses is not felt.
One story is good until another is told.
A good word is as soon said as an ill one.
A wise man may look like a fool in a fool's company.

Advice is thrown away where the case admits of no counsel.

Little Boy Blue.

Thursday, December 19th, was a braw night for the Scotchmen and "Little Boy Blue," at the Lyric Theatre. The various Scottish clans and societies of Greater New York, to the number of over a thousand attended the performance, and mightily did they enjoy the Scottish airs, the picturesque scenes and the brilliant costumes of their native heath.

The function was given under the auspices of the New York Caledonian Club and in addition to the members of that organization the party included the clans MacKenzie, MacDonald and MacLeod, together with the Celtic and Gaelic societies, and representatives of numerous other Scottish organizations. A distinctive feature was the Highland Guard of the Caledonian Society, who were dressed in kilts. Another added feature was the Scottish Highlanders' Band, consisting of twenty pieces. They marched to the Lyric Theatre in full Highland dress, playing the martial melodies of Bonnie Scotland. The theatre was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and at the beginning of the second act the Highlanders' Band marched upon the stage and lustily played a medley of vigorous Scottish airs. Several musical numbers suitable to the event were interpolated for the function and were sung by the members of the "Little Boy Blue" company.

The second act of "Little Boy Blue," which renders itself particularly suitable for such a social function, shows the gathering of the clans to the accompaniment of the march of the pipers in full Highland costume. A most picturesque scene, with color and movement everywhere. The final picture of an impressive series, which attracts every loyal Scot, represents a baronial castle in the Highlands, with the azure of the bluebell and the heather, and the misty hills in the background, and breathes the evanescent glow and imagery of Bonnie Scotland, with all her splendid memories and traditions.

Conductor Arthur Weld showed for the first time that he is a true Scot by appearing in the evening dress of Scotch kilts and directed the orchestra. There were special dancing numbers by members of the Caledonian Club, and the Scotch Band played the audience into the theatre, and played the farewell when the packed house wended its way into the lobby after one of the greatest Scotch nights in the history of New York.

The whole atmosphere of the joyous Lyric was permeated with the aroma of the thistle, moor and heather, and the vast audience cheered and applauded "Little Boy Blue," and the lilting music, and the pretty girls to the very echo. It was one of the most picturesque audiences ever seen in a New York theatre.

Eastern Ohio Letter.

Clan MacDonald, of Youngstown, Ohio, elected the following officers on December 5th: Chief, John W. Douglass; tanist, Erskine M. Maiden; chaplain, Alexander Finnie; recording secretary, A. R. Lichtbody; financial secretary, Alexander Irvine; treasurer, William Lightbody; senior henchman, Thomas Grant; junior henchman, Robert Milligan; seneschal, George Robertson; warder, Samuel Milligan; sentinel, Hubb Frame; trustee (for three year term) Gav-in Black; clan pipers, William L. S. Campbell and James Ritchie.

Clan MacKenzie, Akron, Ohio, elected the following officers at the first meeting in December: Chief, Alexander Guthrie; past chief, Charles F. Carson; tanist, Dr. J. S. Pattie; chaplain, Robert Grieve; recording secretary, T. C. Henderson (15 N. Broadway); financial secretary, Fred Glenn; treasurer, John Aitkenhead; senior henchman, John T. Ross; junior henchman, James Reed; seneschal, Archibald A. White; warder, Colin C. McBurney; sentinel, John C. Donald; trustees, James Glenn, Ivan L. Myers and William Greve, Sr.

Clan MacKenzie, Akron, Ohio, gave a successful dance and entertainment on December 29th, clearing a neat profit for their treasury. Piper James Ritchie, of Youngstown, furnished the bagpipe music, and the skirl of the pipes certainly inspired the membership to double their numbers before July 1st, 1912.

Clan MacIntyre, No. 202, Sharon, Pa., is booming their Burns anniversary concert, to be held January 23, 1912, in the Morgan Grand Opera House. The steel mills in Sharon are beginning to show more prosperity, and Clan MacIntyre therefore looks forward to a prosperous year.

Rev. R. G. Ramsey, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church was initiated into Clan MacIntyre, December 10th. After the initiation, songs were sung by Clansmen Scott and Archibald. Rev. Mr. Ramsay made a brief address which was well received. Mr. Ramsay will give the introductory address on Burns at the annual concert on January 23d.

There is room for new clans in Buffalo, N. Y.; Columbus, Ohio; Erie, Pa.; East Liverpool, Ohio; Canton, O.; Wellsville, O.; Toledo, O., and Saginaw, Mich. A little effort expended, and these cities would soon have clans as large as any in the O. S. C., and many other western cities could have branches of the order if the money was spent in those particular points.

Clan Grant, Cleveland, Ohio, will hold its annual Burns concert on January 19th, in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' auditorium. This building cost one million dollars or more, and represents the surplus funds of the trainmen invested in a good channel.

We regret to note that on account of ill health, Alexander Blackhall, Royal Deputy for Western Pennsylvania has forwarded his resignation, to John Hill, Chief of the Royal Clan, O. S. C. Brother Blackhall has worked in season and out for the success of the O. S. C., and has instituted many new clans in the Pittsburg district during his term of office.

HUGH W. BEST.

LETTER FRAE A SCOTCH POLISMAN
OF AKRON TO THE SECRETARY OF
CLAN MACDONALD, NO. 39, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

Akron, Ohio, 1911.

Maister Hugh W. Best, Youngstown, Ohio.
Dear Sir and Brither Scot:

Unco gled was I tae get a post caird frae ye, wi Maister James H. Murdoch's poem on the back o' it, concernin' the Order of Scottish Clans, an mair than gled tae ken ye hadna overlookit yer acquaintance O' a nicht in Akron, Muckle guid ye hae dune me by the sendin' o' it an' mony thanks tae ye till yere better payed for 't. Noo I wad fain be wi' ye at yer getherin, but seein' I'm ower auld tae be a votin' member I thocht it mebbe a guid plan tae bide awae an' lat the Clan vote on takin' in as an honor-ary member.

Ye see it's this wey, lang syne farrer than I can min' o't, in a wee cottar hoose I' the Clachan o' Finavon Parish o' Oathlan County o' Forfar, an auld wife cam' runnin' doon the road wi' howdy speed an' gat tae ma Mithers help juist sune enouch tae haud me frae fa'in oot O the cadgers creel a' by mysel', ae October mornin' in Auchteen hunner saxty twa.

Noo, as ye micht think I was cauld about it, I houpe ye'll hae mair enlightenment, Noo I'm at richt guid will, whaeveer I see onybody wha wad hae a richt tae seek tae jine, I'll juist tak a pleesure in tellin' them a' I ken about it an' am rale glad to hae a haund in the ploy. Noo for guldsake dinna lauch at ma screed an' lat me hae ane frae you when ye hae he'rt for't. Sae here's tae ye lang may yer lum reek an may Scots be brithers an' a' thegither as they och't tae be is the wish O'

Yours most respectfully,

JAMES EDWARD,
188 Ellwood Avenue,
Akron, Ohio.

Clan MacKenzie No. 209
Akron, Ohio.

Officers elected December 5th by Clan Grant, O. S. C., Cleveland, Ohio: Chief, James Y. Hart; Tanist, James Anderson; chaplain, Peter Luke; recording secretary, William R. Clink, 3411 Daisy avenue; financial secretary, J. E. Moodie; treasurer, Frances Crockett; senior henchman, Duncan McCorkindale; junior henchman, Robert Cameron, Jr.; seneschal, Robert Fraser; warder, D. MacDonald; sentinel, Wil-

liam Scott; trustees, Thomas Moodie, Thomas Scott and D. Lamond; standard bearers, Peter Grant and W. Henderson; pianist, William A. Hart; examiners, Dr. A. H. Castle and Dr. J. N. Fraser

ELECTION OF OFFICERS CLAN CAMERON, PITTSBURG, PA.

Chief, C. F. Wilkinson; tanist, Nell F. Forsyth; chaplain, Alex McLeod; recording secretary, James H. Fulton; financial secretary, Peter Duncan; treasurer, R. Binnie; senior henchman, Henry Lawrie; junior henchman, H. B. Anderson; seneschal, Hugh Young; warder, James W. Reed; sentinel, A. S. Foster; pipers, John Blackhall and George Gray; trustee, Charles Miller; physicians, Drs. J. O. Donaldson, J. M. Anderson and James Camp; standard bearer, David Anderson.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS CLAN MACPHERSON, ALLEGHANY, PA.

Chief, Andrew Carstairs; tanist, William T. Murray; chaplain, Andrew Taylor; recording secretary, Alex Fraser; financial secretary, James Thompson; treasurer, James King; senior henchman, Richard Dimes; junior henchman, William D. Will; seneschal, Stuart D. Will; warder, R. Duncan; sentinel, Donald Mackay; trustee, David Will.

KINEMACOLOR PICTURES.

For the last few weeks, the Kinemacolor Company has been displaying their wonderful motion pictures of rare beauty at Mendelssohn Hall, New York. Those who have had the privilege of spending an evening there will never forget the panorama of living objects passing before them. Kinemacolor is one of the greatest inventions of the century. The colors are not artificially applied, but are impressed upon the films at the time the pictures are taken, and are exactly true to life.

Never quit certainty for hope.
Lucky men need little counsel
Make hay while the sun shines.
One is not so soon healed as hurt.
Little boats must keep near shore.
Nature sets everything to sale for labor.
Neither give to all, nor contend with fools.
Overdoing is doing nothing to the purpose.
Love thy neighbor, but pull not down thine hedge.

Laboring to please a fool is a servile employment.

Nothing can be well done that is done out of season.

Nothing is more intolerable than proud ignorance.

No man is wise at all times, nor knowing in all things.

One true philosopher is worth a thousand linguists.

Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them with your purse open.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

Detroit, December 21, 1911.

To the Caledonian:

It is the custom of the Detroit Post, one of the most important subdivisions of the Grand Army of the Republic, to have a Scotch night, at which every thing is Scotch. Many of its members are Scotch, who did vallant service in the war of the rebellion, and whose Scotch blood showed its dourness on many critical occasion during that hard contested war.

The St. Andrew's Highlanders of Detroit were invited by Judge Felix A. Lemke, Commander of the Post, to celebrate the Scotch night, with the members of the Post as audience, with the request that the Highlanders appear in full Highland costume, and on November 27th, the Highlanders, accompanied by their Pipe Band, commanded by Richard Lindsay marched to the Hall of the Post where the members of the Post were assembled, who with tumultuous cheering received them as they entered the hall with pipes playing "The Campbells are Com'g."

After an address of welcome by Colonel O. A. Jaynes, who left an arm on a southern battle field, the meeting was turned over to the Highlanders.

Robert Schramm, Chief of the Highlanders, was weakened by illness so that he could not command that night, yet could not remain away, but was there, so much attached is he to the cause of which the Highlanders are the exponents.

Richard Lindsay presided, and in an appropriate manner thanked the Post for the privilege of being there to represent Scotland, before a body of men who had contributed to that great army which had fought for the liberty and unity of our country. The following participated in the exercises: Robert Rankin, sang The Battle of Stirling with an encore.

Albert McRobbie.....A Highland Dance
E. V. Richards.....Monologue
Bruce Cameron.....Sword Dance
Robert Rankin and Richard Lindsay, The Sword of Bunker Hill.

Norman Fraser.....Ocorino Solo
William Cameron.....A Song
Duncan McPhall.....Irish Jig
George Watson.....

We're a' John Tamson's Bairns
Thomas Leadbeater.....

The Highlandman's Toast
And all joined in Auld Lang Syne.

During the evening such refreshments were served that tickled the palate and cheered the hearts of all present, and as the Highlanders marched away the stirring strains of the pipes mingled with the lusty cheering of the Post, and the night became memorable.

St. Andrew's Society of Detroit held their annual election on November 6th, last, and elected the following officers.

John Henry, president; Robert Watson, first vice president; Peter Wilson, second vice president; David T. Rogers, recording secretary; George Watson, financial secretary; Alexander Watson, treasurer; Robert Gerrie, Richard Lindsay, Robert Schramm, trustees.

And on December 4, the installation of officers was had with a banquet and speeches and songs following in honor of St. Andrew's Night.

The following participated:

PROGRAM.

Toasts a' tae be mixed wi' sang and story
"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon"—
Company
Banquet.

Installation of Officers
By Past President W. R. Carnegie
Address ... Retiring President John Smith
Bagpipe Selection John Sinclair
Reading of Greetings from Sister Societies
Bard, Peter Grant
Toast—"The Year That's Awa' ".....
Past President Richard Lindsay
Song—"Hurrah for the Thistle"
Mrs. A. McRobbie

Toast—"Our City"
Mayor William B. Thompson
Song—"My Own United States"
William G. Gilmore
Toast—"The Land We Left and the
Land We Live In" Rev. D. I. Sutherland
Song—"A' There's a Wee Blt Lan' ".....
Mrs. W. F. Haystead

Song—"Bunker Hill"
Richard Lindsay and R. S. Rankin
Toast—"O'er the Border" Dr. Samson
Song—"Maple Leaf" D. R. Luckham
Toast—"St. Andrew's Day an' a' Wha
Honor It" Rev. Mac H. Wallace
Song—"We're a' John Tamson's Bairns
G. A. L. Watson

Toast—"The Scot Abroad"
Rev. James T. Black
Song—"I'm Lying on a Foreign Shore"
R. S. Rankin

Toast—"The Lassies"
John F. MacKenzie, D. D. S.
Song—"The Lass o' Ballochmyle".....

William Oliver
"Auld Lang Syne" Company
Miss Edith Gerrie, Accompanist

Our Hall was filled to its capacity and all were cheered by the Scotch dishes served, the speeches made, the pipes and songs. The occasion was notable in that, were it not that the Reverend gentlemen were on the program as Reverend, no one present would have suspected any present, as the jokes, repartee and sallies of wit indulged in by them, lily comported with the cloth, but perhaps this is the Americanized type, and no doubt they considered it was their day off, and of course they left their gowns at home.

However they convulsed their audience and it was a' Scotch, and that is a sufficient

voucher. It was a grand night and will be remembered.

We have been very busy preparing for our Burns Concert, January 23 next, and have engaged the following tried artists.

W. L. Cockburn, baritone, and Esther Hood, Soprano, both of Glasgow; Fred S. Hickey, monologue; Elsie Forbes, accompanist; Duncan McPhail and Bruce Cameron, for Pipe solos and dancing, together with

our entire Pipe Band consisting of twelve pieces, and St. Andrew's Highlanders in uniform will officiate upon the occasion. I trust you will excuse this long letter but the air is full of the aroma of the hills just now, and many things have to step aside to give place to the things Scotch.

Very truly yours,
RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

Otterbourne and Chevy Chase.

"It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When moor-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey."

The ballads of Otterbourne and Chevy Chase record the Scottish and English versions of a most stubborn border battle. Which ever of the two contains the greater amount of truth it is clear that the day was a bloody one, and that, moreover, it was fought on both sides with a chivalrous admiration for the powers of the other, which is characteristic of those strife-loving days. Sir Philip Sidney wrote of it: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

The ballad of Chevy Chase is of later date than its rival, and it contains certainly one misstatement of historical fact, since Hotspur outlived the fight at Chevy Chase (1388), and was slain some fifteen years later at the battle of Shrewsbury (1403).

The Scottish version of the battle of Otterbourne tells us that it was about the Lammas-tide or haymaking time of the year 1388, when the brave Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray made a foray into England, with a gay band of Gordons, Graemes, and Lindsays. He burned Tyndale and half of Bamfrough and Otterdale, and marching up to Newcastle, rode round about the castle crying, "Who is lord of this castle, and who is its lady?"

Then up spake proud Lord Percy, known as Hotspur, and said, "I am lord of this castle, and my wife is the gay lady of it."

"That pleases me well," answered Douglas, "yet ere I cross the Border hills, one of us shall die."

Then Percy took his long spear, shod with metal, and rode right furiously at the Douglas; but his lady, looking from the castle wall, grew pale as she saw her proud lord go down before the Scottish spear.

"Had we two been alone, with never an eye to see, I would have slain thee, but thy lance I will carry with me," said Douglas, and, to complete the disgrace, this lance bore attached to it the Percy pennon.

"Go then to Otterbourne," said Percy, "and wait there for me, and if I come not before the end of three days, call me a false knight."

"Otterbourne is a pleasant and a bonny place," answered Douglas; "but though the deer run wild among the hills and dales, and the birds fly wild from tree to tree, yet is there neither bread nor kale nor aught else to feed me and my men. Yet will I wait thee at Otterbourne to give thee welcome, and if thou come not in three days' time, false lord, will I call thee!"

"By the night of Our Lady, I will come," cried the proud Percy. "And I," answered Douglas, "plight thee my troth that I will meet thee there."

So Douglas and his men encamped at Otterbourne, and sent out their horses to pasture.

But before the peep of dawn, up spake a little page: "Waken ye, waken ye, my good lord; the Percy is upon us!" "Ye lie, ye lie," shouted Douglas; "yesterday, Percy had not men enough to fight us. But if thou lie not, the finest bower in Otterbourne shall be thy reward, and if what thou sayest prove false, thou shalt be hanged on the highest tree in Otterbourne. Yet I have dreamed a dreary dream. I dreamed that a dead man won a battle and that I was that dead man."

So Douglas belted on his good broadsword, and ran to the field, but forgot his helmet, and Percy and the Douglas fought with their swords together till the blood ran down like rain, and the Douglas fell, wounded on the brow.

Then he called to him his little foot-page and told him to run quickly, and bring to him his sister's son, Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My good nephew," said Douglas, "the death of one matters not; last night I dreamed a dreary dream, but yet I know the day is thine. My wound is deep; take thou the vanguard; bury me in the bracken high that grows on yonder lea, and let no man living know that a Scot lies there. And know that I am glad to die in battle, like my good forefathers, and not on a bed of sickness."

Montgomery lifted up his noble lord, while his eyes wept salt tears, and hid him in the bracken bush that his followers might not see, and before daylight the Scots slew many a gallant Englishman. The good Gordons steeped hose and shoes in the blood of the English; the Lindsays flew about like

fire till the battle was ended, and Percy and Montgomery fought till the blood ran down between them.

"Now, yield thee, yield thee, Percy," cried Sir Hugh, "or I vow I will lay thee low!"

"Since it must be so," quoth Earl Percy, "to whom shall I yield?"

"Thou shalt not yield to me or to any lord, but to the bracken bush that grows on yonder lea!"

"I will not yield to briar or bracken bush, but I would yield to Lord Douglas or to Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he were here."

Then Montgomery made himself known, and as soon as Percy knew that it was Montgomery, he struck the point of his sword into the ground, and Montgomery, who was a courteous knight, took him up by the hand.

This deed was done at Otterbourne at daybreak, where Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush, and Percy led captive into Scotland, and it is said that Hotspur, for his ransom, built for Montgomery the castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire.

But the English version of these stirring events can also claim to be heard: the ballad upon it is called Chevy Chase, which means the Chase on the Cheviots, and so popular was this ballad that its name was given to a boys' game, which is so called even to this day. It tells how the Percy, from his castle in Northumberland, vowed that within three days he would hunt on the mountains of Cheviot in spite of the doughty Douglas and his men, and that he would kill and carry away the fattest deer in Cheviot.

"By my faith," said Douglas, when he heard of the boast, "but I will hinder his hunting."

Percy left Bamborough Castle with a mighty company, no less than fifteen hundred bold archers chosen out of three shires.

The foray began on a Monday morning in the high Cheviot Hills, and many a child yet unborn was to rue the day.

The drivers went through the woods and raised the deer, and the bowmen shot them with their broad arrows. Then the wild deer rushed through the woods, only to be met and killed by the greyhounds, and before noontide a hundred fat deer lay dead. The bugles sounded. "A mort!" and on all sides Percy and his men assembled to see the cutting up of the venison.

Said Percy: "The Douglas promised to meet me here this day, yet right well did I know that he would fall." But a Northumberland squire saw the doughty Douglas coming with a mighty company, with spear and batter-axe and sword. Never were men harder of heart and hand seen in Christendom—two thousand spearmen born along the banks of the Tweed and Teviotdale. Then said Lord Percy: "Now leave off the cutting of the deer, and take good heed to your bows, for never had ye more need of them since ye were born."

Earl Douglas rode before his men, his armor glittering like a burning coal, and never was such a bold baron. "Tell me whose men ye are," said he, "and who gave ye leave to hunt in Cheviot without word asked of me?"

The Lord Percy answered, "We will not tell thee whose men we are, and we will hunt here in spite of thee. We have killed the fattest harts in Cheviot and will carry them away."

"By my troth," said Douglas, "one of us shall die this day. Yet it were great pity to kill all these guiltless men. Thou, Percy art a lord and land, and I am called an earl in my country, let our men stand by, and we will fight together."

"Now a curse on his crown, who says nay to that," cried Lord Percy. "By my troth, Douglas, thou shalt never see the day either in England, Scotland or France, when I fear to meet one, man to man."

Then spoke Richard Witherington, a squire of Northumberland: "Never shall this be told in England, to the shame of good King Harry the Fourth. I wot ye be two great lords, and I but a poor squire, yet would I never stand and look on while my captain fought. While I can wield a weapon, I will not fall, both heart and hand."

So the English with good heart bent their bows, and slew seven score spearmen with the first arrows they shot.

Earl Douglas stayed on the field, but that he was a good captain was truly seen, for he wrought great woe and mischief. He parted his host in three like a proud chieftain, and they came in on every side with their mighty spears, wounding the English archers and slaying many a brave man.

Then the English pulled out their brands, and it was a heavy sight to see the bright swords light on the helmets, striking through the rich mail, and the cloth of many folds under it, and laying many low.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met and fought with swords of Milan steel till the blood spurted like rain and hail from their helmets.

"Hold thee, Percy," said Douglas, "and I will bring thee to James, our Scottish king, where thou shalt have an earl's wages and free ransom, for thou art the manfullest man that ever yet I conquered fighting in the field."

"Nay, then," said Lord Percy. "I told thee before that never would I yield to any man or woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily from a mighty man, and struck Earl Douglas through the breast bone, and never more did he speak a word, but only this: "Fight, my merry men, while ye may—my life's days are done."

Then Percy leaned on his hand, and when he saw the Douglas die, he said, "Woe is me. I would have parted with my land for three years to have saved thy life, for a better man of heart and hand was not in all the north country."

But Sir Hugh Montgomery, a Scottish knight, when he saw the Douglas done to death, grasped a spear and rode through a hundred archers, never slackening his pace till he came to Lord Percy, whom he set upon, sending his mighty spear clean through his body, so that a man might see a long cloth-year and jore at the other side. There were no two better captains in Christendom than were that day slain.

When one of the Northumberland archers saw this, he drew an arrow to his bow and set upon Montgomery, until the swan feathers of his arrows were wet with his heart's blood.

Not one man gave way, but still they stood hewing at each other, while they were able.

This battle began in Cheviot, an hour before noon, nor was it half done at evening, but they fought on by moonlight though many had scarce the strength to stand. Of fifteen hundred English archers only fifty-three remained, and of two thousand Scottish spearmen only fifty-five remained, all the rest being slain in Cheviot.

With Lord Percy were slain, Sir John of Agerstone, Sir Roger the gentle Hartley, Sir William the bold Heron, Sir George the worthy Lovel, a renowned knight, and Sir Ralph the rich Rugby. Woe was it that Witherington was slain, for when both legs were hewn in two he kneeled and fought on his knees.

With brave Douglas were slain Sir Hugh Montgomery, and worthy Sir Davy Liddle, that was his sister's son; Sir Charles, a Murray who refused to flee, and Sir Hugh Maxwell. On the morrow they made biers of birch and grey hazel, and many widows bore weeping from the field the bodies of their dead husbands. Well may Teviotdale and Northumberland wail and moan for two such great captains.

Word came to James the Scottish king at Edinburgh, that the brave Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches, lay slain in Cheviot, and he wept and wrung his hands, and said, "Alas! Woe is me; there will never be such another captain in Scotland."

Word came also to London, to Harry the Fourth, that Lord Percy, Lieutenant of the Marches, lay slain in Cheviot. "God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry; "I have a hundred captains in England as good as he, yet I wager my life that his death shall be well avenged;" and this vow he kept, at the Battle of Homildon Hill, where he bent down six and thirty Scottish knights on one day.

But so real to the Borderers was their grief over their dead that the ballad ends with a quaint but heartfelt appeal to the Prince of Peace:

"Jesus Christ our ills abate,
And to His bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot;
God send us all good ending!"
("Stories of the Scottish Borders.")

JUST A MINUTE. THE MELTING POT.

BY CLARK MCADAMS.

I went to a Scottish banquet, and the men in kilts were there,
Bridging the width of ocean with many a Scottish air.
The old bagpipes were shrieking and wreezing at a tune,
And the bonnie heather bloomed again beside the river Doon.
They clamored for their haggis, and danced the Highland fling,
And in the end sang Auld Lang Syne, all standing in a ring;
But all that has subsided—what still reverberates
Is the cheer they gave when they got around to our own United States.

I feasted with the Germans, each fellow with his stein,
And every now and then we sang The Watch Upon the Rhine.
The pretty miss was fraulein, and the mam-makings was frau,
And the dinner was as foreign as every a body saw.
The Maennerchor was present, and the little German Band,
And the roof cracked every now and then for the dear old Fatherland;
But that was not a circumstance—what broke eight dozen plates
Was the cheer they gave when someone named our own United States.

I sat among the Irish. The harp was on the wall,
And fifty pounds of shamrock slips were hung around the hall.
We sighed for Lake Killarney and the beauty of the glynn,
And sang the songs of Ireland with a good old-fashioned din.
The lid was off for Erin, and many a lusty roar
Bent the walls when her orators got going on the floor;
And that, too, has subsided—but the air still palpitates
With the cheer they gave when they drank a toast to our own United States.

Our own United States, I find, is the daddy of them all,
And it always carries off the cake in any banquet hall.

The brand of liberty we serve suits everybody's taste,
And it isn't the European's fault if any goes to waste.
He can sit around the banquet board and praise the other side,
And one would think the sea, in fact, is not so very wide;
But that is only sentiment—he never demonstrates
What he can do until he yells for our own United States.

St. Andrew's dinner in St. Louis, Mo.

SCOTTISH FORE-NAMES.

Away back in the misty past, our savage ancestors, like the present day young barbarians of the schoolroom and barrack room, fastened on the peculiarities of each other and bestowed names descriptive of personalities or moral qualities that have come down to us through the ages.

War and the chase being the chief business of the early races, naturally those distinguished in either of these pursuits were known to their fellows by cognomens descriptive of their valour or success. As civilization progressed, qualities of mind took precedence of strength and courage, and, thus, some of the names that come to us from the Hebrew and Greek, denote moral qualities rather than physical.

At the head of all our Scottish fore-names that of our national patron saint is most significant and noble. What grander title could one wish than that conveyed in the meaning of Andrew. *Greek*—a man; a meaning that it shares with the *Teutonic* Charles. Alistar, Alick, Saunders and Sandy are all derived from Alexander, *Greek*, Helper of man. These have Celtic equivalents in Murdoch—protector; and Farquhar—manly. Other amiable qualities are denoted in Alan, *Anglo-Norman*—cheerful; Diarmid, *Celtic*—freeman; Conan, *Celtic*—wisdom; Hew, *Celtic*—mind; Mungo, *Celtic*—lovable; Angus, *Celtic*—excellent virtue; Robert, *Teutonic*—bright fame; Gilbert, *Teutonic*—bright pledge, and Ronald, the Highland form of Reginald, *Teutonic*—powerful judgment.

Of religious names we have many examples: The Hebrew John, and its *Celtic* equivalent, Ian—grace of the Lord, has for companions, Malise *Celtic*—Disciple of Jesus; Gilchrist, *Celtic*—servant of Jesus; Oswald, *Teutonic*—divine power; and Archibald, *Teutonic*—Holy Prince. James, the Greek form of the Hebrew Jacob, and its *Celtic* form, Hamish, remind us of the fraudulently procured blessing in its signification—supplanter.

That physical peculiarities gave rise to some forenames goes without saying. Abnormal swarthinness, either of hair or complexion, are responsible for Nigel, *Latin*; Duff and Don, *Celtic*—black; Dougal, *Celtic*—black stranger; Douglas, *Celtic*—dark gray; and Darcy, *Celtic*—dark. A little fairer is Duncan, *Celtic*—brown chief; Roy, *Celtic*—red; Boyd, *Celtic*—yellow; Fingal, *Celtic*—white stranger; and Banquo, *Celtic*—white. Kenneth, *Celtic*—comely; and Brian, *Celtic*—strong. The order of arrival in the family is denoted by Quentin, *Latin*—*fifth*. Occupations are responsible for only two fore-names, George, *Greek*—husbandman; and Sholto, *Celtic*—sower.

War and personal prowess are responsible for many. Fergus, *Celtic*—strong arm should aid; Barry, *Celtic*—a good marksman, to become and remain Diarmid, *Celtic*—a freeman; Donald, *Celtic*—proud chief; Lachlan, *Celtic*—warlike; Gavin, *Celtic*—hawk of bat-

tie; Cormack, *Celtic*—son of a chariot. Hector, a fore-name in great repute with the MacLeans and MacDonalds, is said to be derived variously from the *Greek*—defender; *Gaelic*—a horseman; and *Norsewegian*,—hawk of Thor. Ivor, *Teutonic*—Archer; Eaghnam, with its variants Evan and Ewan, *Celtic*; Oscar, *Celtic*; Walter *Teutonic*, and Mortimer, *Celtic*, are respectively—young warrior, bounding warrior, powerful warrior and sea warrior. Neil, *Celtic*—champion; Connal, *Celtic*—chief's conquest; Norman, *Teutonic*—Niord's man, Niord being the Scandinavian god of the sea; William, *Teutonic*—helmet of resolution; Roger *Teutonic*—spear of fame; Richard, *Teutonic*—stern king; and Roderick, *Teutonic*—famous king. Such are the meanings of a few Scottish fore-names.

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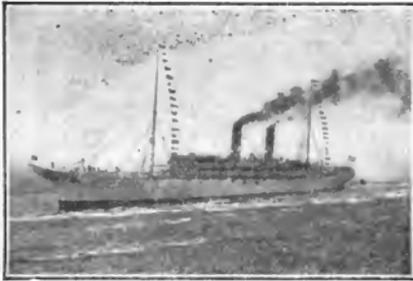
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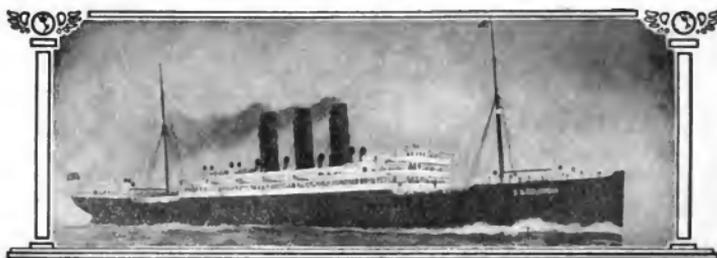
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, has been for some time past actively engaged in advancing his prospects as a Democratic Presidential candidate. At this date it is impossible to even reasonably conjecture as to his chance of receiving the nomination, when the National Democratic Convention meets in Baltimore. Meanwhile Colonel Roosevelt comes to the front as a Republican Presidential possibility. So far Colonel Roosevelt has given no hint of his mental attitude under the circumstances, which can scarcely be regarded otherwise than disconcerting by President Taft and his supporters.

The Equitable Life insurance building on Broadway, New York, was completely gutted by fire on January 9th. It was one of the show buildings of the city at the time of its erection twenty-five years ago, and was stated to have cost \$25,000,000. At the time of the burning the building contained over \$1,000,000,000 in cash and security, nearly all of which was preserved intact in the safes. An officer of the fire department and a number employed in the building lost their lives by the fire.

Professor John Grier Hilben has been elected President of Princeton University in succession to Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. The new president was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1887. The new President is a graduate of Princeton University, where he has occupied the chair of Logic for twenty-five years.

Cardinal Farley's arrival in New York, after having been appointed a prince of the Roman Catholic Church, was a vast demonstration of devoted loyalty and pride on the part of his co-religionists and also to a less extent by the public generally.

The strike of the workers in the cotton mills of Lawrence, Mass., lately developed into a riot and the militia had to be called upon to suppress the disorder. The rioting resulted in a number of deaths; serious injury to many and probably over 100 arrests.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who appeared lately in Washington, before the Shanley Committee, investigating the affairs of the U. S. Steel Corporation, for a man of his age displayed a remarkable clearness and acuteness of intellect. His testimony, however, was more interesting to the Committee, than helpful to them in their quest.

The Duke of Connaught, the Governor General of Canada, accompanied by the



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY THE

Duchess and the Princess Patricia, their daughter, visited New York on January 22, where they were the guests of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. The distinguished party were made the recipients of many courteous attentions during their brief stay, which was purely informal.

Supported by the national committee for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of peace among English speaking peoples, Assemblyman Colne, of New York state, is preparing for the introduction of a bill appropriating \$500,000 to defray the expenses of a commission to represent New York State in the peace celebration in 1914-'15.

Admiral Evans, one of the most popular officers of the navy, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., on January 3. The deceased admiral had a most distinguished career and his death caused national regret.

Since 1865 the Federal Government has disbursed for military pensions over \$4,142,000,000—more than the entire cost of the civil war. During the fiscal year ending June 30 last it paid out over \$157,000,000, and the pension payments for the present year will reach about the same total. To this it is now proposed by the Sherwood bill to add \$75,000,000 a year, according to Secretary Fisher's estimate. No government ever displayed so great a degree of liberality in the treatment of its retired soldiers, as the Government of this country has. The recent movement to add still more to the enormous amount paid annually for pensions, was clearly a political motive, rather than a desire to benefit the veterans.

Early last month, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the famous English novelist, died suddenly at the Hotel Astor, New York. The body was placed in a receiving vault to await instructions as to its final disposition from two daughters of Mr. Dickens, who live in Australia. The deceased had spent most of his life there and only arrived recently here where he was booked as a lecturer. He had not been very successful in his career and had not the ability his father possessed even as a lecturer, while his literary talent was a negligible quality.

The National Democratic Committee which met a few weeks ago in Washington, D. C., selected Baltimore as the place where the National Democratic Convention will be held, on June 25. New York, Chicago, and other cities made efforts to secure the Convention, but Baltimore's certified check for \$100,000 evidently turned the scale in favor of the Maryland City. This selection will probably suit southern Democrats while it will not please those in the West.

The Democratic members of Congress have placed themselves on record as being opposed to granting concessions to United States vessels passing through the Panama Canal, when it is completed. President Taft has expressed himself as favoring special privileges to American ships using the canal. This, it has been pointed out, would be in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Should this turn out to be the case, it was suggested that tolls on vessels sailing under the American flag might be remitted in the form of bonuses. This, of course, would be an ingenious method of circumventing the treaty, though it might be regarded as not strictly honorable. Either of the proposed concessions is open to another objection i. e. it extends the sphere of a protective tariff to trade on the canal and would enrich a few at the expense of the people of the United States generally.

The Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, former pastor of the Baptist Emanuel Church in Cambridge, Mass., self-confessed slayer of Avis Linnell, was sentenced on January 9th to die by the electric chair during the week of May 19. Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, who is said to be opposed to capital punishment will doubtless be asked to commute the sentence. If he does so the motive which doubtless prompted the confession will be successful. However a pseudo sentiment of sympathy may plead in behalf of the murderer of the unhappy deuded young woman, first betrayed and then poisoned. It is to be hoped the Governor will permit the law to take its course. It would be almost impossible in the annals of crime to find a parallel to the cold blooded atrocity of the luring to death of a confiding, amiable young woman by her lover and spiritual adviser.

New Mexico, recently admitted as a mem-

ber of the federation of States constituting the Union, had its first members of Congress George Curry, Republican, and H. B. Ferguson, Democrat, sworn in as members of the House on January 9th. The new state has been long seeking admission and was really entitled to it long before it was rather reluctantly granted.

Many wealthy men have fads—pet projects to relieve the monotony of adding to their millions. Mr. Carnegie's is education; J. P. Morgan's, art collections. Recently it was reported in Paris that he had purchased from Georges Hoentschee his collection of enamels and ivories for \$300,000. Such investments on art objects almost invariably prove successful owing to the increased value of the purchase.

CANADIAN.

Dr. L. D. Adams, Professor of pathology in McGill University, Montreal, has declined the offer made to him by Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. He has been long associated with McGill and prefers to maintain his present connection, despite tempting inducements.

The Rev. Dr. John S. Roper, a professor at the General Theological Seminary, New York, has been appointed Bishop of British Columbia.

Negotiations are in progress between the Imperial Government and the West Indian Government with the object of establishing reciprocal preference in trade between Canada and the West Indies.

John McNamara, the leader of the gang of robbers who stole \$375,000 in gold and currency from the branch of Montreal Bank in New Westminster, British Columbia, last September, was recently arrested in New York.

By a score of 161 to 136, Canadian curlers, on 16th of January, at Montreal won the Gordon International Curling Medal, eight local rinks defeating eight rinks from the United States. The visitors were successful in three of the eight games, while the local players proved victorious in five.

Colonel George M. Greene, a retired Lieutenant Colonel of the Mexican Army, who received the surrender of Maximilian at Quertaro, died recently in Mexico City. A Canadian by birth, he was successively an American and a Mexican citizen. His life was more than ordinarily, one of adventures and varied vicissitudes.

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, announced recently the organization of a Public Service Commission, to be vested with judicial, administrative, appellate and directory authority.

In the general elections for the Province of

Prince Edward Island, held early last month, the Conservative Government, headed by Premier Mathieson, made a clean sweep at the polls.

The annual report of the Royal Bank of Canada shows 1911 to have been the most successful year in its history. Total deposits at the end of the year amounted to \$88,294,808, and increase of \$16,215,201. Total assets are reported at \$110,528,512, an increase of more than \$18,000,000.

An order inviting the Canadian Pacific Railroad to extend its lines to Boston and worded in the same language as the order adopted last year asking the Grand Trunk system to come to this system was introduced in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, January 19th.

Eight curling clubs from the United States defeated eight Scottish clubs at Montreal, by a total of 112 to 104 skips. The matches were close and interesting. It must have been a surprise for the Scottish curlers to be defeated by American lovers of the Scottish sport.

It was recently announced that it was the intention of the Harriman railway system to build a direct line from Seattle to Vancouver, B. C.

The Kansas Utilities Commission recently granted permission to the Winnipeg, Salina & Gulf Railroad to issue \$29,997,000 in five per cent. gold bonds to build the new line at Salina.

BRITISH.

Mr. Colin S. Caird, a brother of the late Principal John S. Caird and Dr. Edward Caird, master of Balliol College, died at Greenock early last month, in his eighty-sixth year. The deceased was well known in business circles in Greenock.

The Rev. Murdoch McQueen, Minister of Kiltearn Free Church, Rosshire, prominent in the later history of the Free Church of Scotland, died recently at the age of sixty-five.

Dr. Oswald Dykes, whose recent death was greatly regretted, was about 25 years ago pastor of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London. Distinguished as a pulpit orator, he won distinction also as a College principal and professor. He was born in Port Glasgow, seventy-seven years ago.

It was reported recently in London that a wealthy Indian Jew has bequeathed \$400,000 to establish a college at Jerusalem. This, it is stated is likely to become the nucleus of a university endowment.

On the eighteenth of January, 50,000 women members of the Ulster Unionist Associations issued a manifesto to

their sisters in Great Britain, pleading with them to aid in defeating the Home Rule Bill. The Duchess of Abercorn presided at the meeting from which the appeal was issued, and in the course of her address said: "We will not have home rule, and if we are thrown out of our heritage we shall stand by our men folk, resisting to the uttermost the domination of a rebel Parliament in Dublin."

The coal miners of Great Britain by a ballot vote, officially announced on the 18th of January, was overwhelmingly in favor of a general strike. The figures were for a strike, 445,801; against a strike, 115,921.

The air in the underground transit roads in London is to be ozonized, which will tend to purify it and make it more wholesome than it is, especially during the rush hours.

William Waldorf Astor recently purchased the London Globe and is now the owner of three important London papers, the other two being the Pall Mall Gazette and the Observer. A Unionist in his sympathies, Mr. Astor's newspapers will support that party.

Volunteer Sergeant Ommundsen, of Edinburgh, the winner of the King's prize for shooting at Bisley, has invented a rifle sighting device which eliminates the necessity of finding the range.

During the severe storm which visited the British coast on 18th of January, one hundred lives were lost in shipwrecks and other accidents. The steamer Wistow Hall foundered on the Bulls of Buchan, off the coast of Aberdeenshire and fifty-three of the crew were drowned, only Captain Stoddart and three of the crew succeeded in reaching the shore.

Lord Rosebery in a recent speech made in Glasgow University said: "We have entered into liabilities not less binding because not written, which might lead us in to one of the great Armageddons which sometimes have ravaged Europe, and which would be greater than any was since the fall of Napoleon." While disclaiming any desire of creating unnecessary alarm Lord Rosebery declared the position to be one of extreme danger and that it was impossible for Britain to over-prepare.

Lord Lovat presided recently at the annual concert of Dundee Highland Society, and delivered a speech. In the course of it he referred to the success that Highlanders had achieved abroad. But the very result of that success, he remarked, undoubtedly decayed out of the Highlands a larger proportion of young men than they could afford to lose.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT—THE CALEDONIAN TOUR.

On various occasions, some of our friends and readers have suggested that we plan a trip to Scotland and England, and we are glad to announce that such a tour will be given next summer under the auspices of "The Caledonian." Sailing from New York on July 6th, on the S. S. "Columbia," of the Anchor Line, the CALEDONIAN TOUR will include the leading places of interest in Scotland and England, and a short trip on the Continent, visiting Amsterdam, The Hague, Brussels and Paris, and returning to New York on August 10th (44 days). The company will be limited in number and very select, and the tour of exceeding interest and first class in every respect, personally conducted by a gentleman of many years' experience. To facilitate matters, we have arranged with Raymond & Whitcomb to look after the business details. Booklets giving full particulars of itinerary and rates will be sent on application. For further information see our advertisement on another page.—Editor.

A statue of Andrew Carnegie is to be erected in Dunfermline in recognition of the Ironmaster's benefactions to his natal city. The exact form of the statue has not been decided upon, but the town councillors appeared to be in favor of a standing figure of Andrew Carnegie. The site proposed for the statue is Pittencrieff Glen, which, with the park, was purchased by Mr. Carnegie in 1902 for \$200,000 and presented to the city, together with an endowment of \$2,500,000 to be administered for the educational, social and moral benefit of the citizens.

Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently started for a holiday on the Continent, and the manner of his doing so was made the subject of gibes by some of the Conservative newspapers. It appears that the clever Welsh Radical is to travel incognito, a disguise reserved almost invariably for royal personages, or for some that are neither royal, nor reputable. John Burns, the Labor member of the Cabinet, previous to his elevation hated a dress suit and a silk hat worse than a bull hates a red rag. But £5,000 a year and a Cabinet position produced a change in the ideas of the farmer, with a radical and now he takes kindly to the dress he formerly loathed. Possibly Lloyd George and Mr. Burns are more envious of the rich and titled than they are concerned about the poor.

The prize of 250 guineas offered in Lon-

don by Mr. Melrose for the best novel has been won by Miss Miriam Alexander, who is of Scotch Irish origin. While she has written several short stories, the work which has won her the prize is her first long novel, and is called "The House of Lisronan."

The strike of employees of the Lancashire cotton mills which threw over 100,000 operatives and others out of employment recently, displays with emphasis the anomalous nature of the relation existing in the British Isles between employers and their workmen. Two men and a woman, who did not belong to a labor union, were employed in one of the cotton mills in Manchester. The three refused to join the Union, and then the latter insisted upon their discharge for such refusal. The mill proprietor would not discharge them and then the union officers declared a strike. Could anything be more unjust than this demand of the Unions. The union members, however, will be the greatest sufferers by the tyrannical attitude they have assumed.

The returns of the Board of Trade for 1911, issued lately show that imports were £680,559,175 and exports £454,282,460. The increase in imports, as compared with 1910, was £2,302,151; increase in exports was £23,897,688. These returns belie statements made that there would be a falling off in trade owing to various causes.

The battleship cruiser Ljon, accomplished a record speed of over 31 knots an hour during an eight hours' full power trial run in stormy weather, according to an official announcement made January 9th. The German armored cruiser Moltke was hitherto the holder of the speed record, having accomplished 29 knots during her trials. The speed of the British cruiser nearly approximating that of fast trains, must be nearly approaching the limit of possible rapid motion on water. Emulation between rival naval powers being the rule for some time past, the German or other naval authorities may be expected to try to exceed the latest speed record for war vessels.

The Unionist Council of Ulster issued recently a manifesto declaring that as soon as a Home Rule measure has been passed by the British Parliament a provisional government will be constituted in Ulster and that the most extreme measures will be resorted to for the defence of Ulster by the Loyalists. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the Ulster Protestants in their expressed opposition to Home Rule for Ireland and scarcely less of their avowed resolution to resist such a rule if imposed upon them. Home Rule however, has not yet become an accomplished fact. His prophetic venture in anticipating futurity, who declares that it never shall become a fact, not improbably may have his forecast verified by time.

Hon. Charles P. McClelland, President of the Burns Society of the City of New York.

It is not a matter of surprise that the members of the Burns Society of the City of New York consists largely of the most notable Scots in the city and vicinity, with an admixture of other nationalities, and all intense admirers of the transcendent genius of Robert Burns. Much of the marked success of the society has been owing to the good sense that the members have shown in their choice of officers.

Hon. Charles P. McClelland, president of the society, is a native of Wigtonshire, Scotland, and came to America at an early age. He studied law in the New York University and graduated LL. B., in 1882. He took a prominent part in the councils of the Democratic party, and was elected to the State Assembly in 1885, and 1886. He was appointed Special Deputy Collector of Customs of the Port of New York from 1886 to 1890, and was again elected to the State Assembly in 1891, in which year he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and also leader of the majority party in the Assembly. In 1892, after a stirring campaign, he was elected to the State Senate and served two years. Meanwhile his law practice had grown in importance and he retired to the practice of law. At the unanimous call of his party in 1902, he was again elected to the State Senate. In 1903, he was appointed by President Roosevelt as United States General Appraiser and the appointment was confirmed by the United States Senate, the position being a life term.

Mr. McClelland is still in the prime of life. He is an eloquent and ready debater, an accomplished and genial gentleman, and in spite of his many years' residence in America, he has never lost his delightful Scottish tongue. As a reader of Burns' poems, he has few equals. As a presiding officer, he has the happy faculty of drawing out the best that is in the meeting. As a writer in verse himself, he has the mastery of versification with a tender

gracefulness that ever looks back to the old land, which he visits as often as his arduous duties will permit. He has a fine home at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, and in spite of the good fortune that has come to him his native, manly modesty abides with him. He is a fine example of the expatriated Scot who cherishes the love of the old land, superadded to which is an intense admiration of the land in which he lives.—James Kennedy.

The 57th annual celebration held by the Boston Caledonian Club in commemoration of the birth of Robert Burns, was held at Mechanic's building, Thursday evening, January 25th. This is the largest hall in the city and each year it is becoming more and more crowded at these anniversaries. Many new features were introduced and the committee more warmly congratulated by Mayor Fitzgerald and many of the National, State and City celebrities, who were present, at the splendid manner in which the whole affair was conducted. The contributing artists were W. L. Cockburn, baritone; William Fullerton, tenor; Roland C. Mustarde, violinist and Miss Jean Sherburne, soprano; Miss Flora C. Hardie, contralto. The dancers were the Misses Irvine and the Misses MacLaughlin. Dunbar's orchestra and the Highland Dress Pipe band furnished the music. Over 5,000 people were estimated to be present.

PRAYER LIES AT THE FOUNDATION OF ALL SUCCESS.

Hear Mr. Spurgeon, the prince of preachers, on this line: "As for me, I beg a special interest in your prayers, that I may be sustained in the tremendous work to which I am called. A minister must be upheld by his people's prayers, or what can he do? When a diver is on the sea bottom he depends upon the pumps above, which send the air down. Pump away, brethren, while I am seeking the Lord's lost money among the timbers of this old wreck. I feel the fresh air coming at every stroke of your prayer-pump, but if you stop your supplication, I shall perish."—(Exchange.)

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

The king's cheese goes half way in parings.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN BRIEF.

Mary Queen of Scots was born in the Palace of Linlithgow, on October 8th, 1542; she was the only surviving daughter of James V and Mary of Lorraine, the daughter of the Duke of Guise. On her mother's side she was lineally descended from John Baliol; thus the rival houses of Bruce and Baliol were joined in Mary. Mary was the legal heir to the Scottish throne. Within seven days of her birth, her father died at Falkland Palace. On September 9, 1503, when only nine months old, she was crowned and proclaimed Queen of Scotland, at Stirling Castle.

In August, 1548, her mother decided to send her to France to avoid the interference of the Earl of Arran and Henry VIII.

In April, 1558, Mary, in her seventeenth year, married the Dauphin, the eldest son of Henry II and Catherine de Medici; thus she became Queen of France, and at the death of Mary Tudor, on November 17th of the same year, by order of Henry II, she was proclaimed in Paris, Queen of Scotland, England and Ireland, and she and the Dauphin assumed the English arms. The Queen Mother, after much opposition as regent, died at Edinburgh on June 11th, 1560, and another bereavement soon followed in the death of her husband, Francis II, in December, 1560. The relations between Mary and her mother-in-law, Catherine di Medici, being strained, Mary longed to return to Scotland. Queen Elizabeth was much opposed.



THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"I looked far back into other years, and lo, in bright array,
 I saw as in a dream, the forms of ages past away.
 It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
 And gardens with their broad, green walks, where soft the footstep falls
 And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
 And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast,
 No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim
 The tinkling of the silver bells, and the sisters' holy hymn.
 And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
 In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please.
 And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
 Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
 Calmly the happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
 And as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light."

HER MARRIAGE.

"The scene is changed.
 It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
 And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng.
 Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years,
 Strong in himself and children, stands the first among the peers.
 And next the Guises, who so well Fame's steepest heights assailed,
 And walked Ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fallen.
 And higher yet shall be their flight, stronger shall wax their might,
 For before them Montmorency's star must pale its waning light.
 There Louis Prince of Conde wears his all unconquered sword,
 With great Coligny by his side, each name a household word."

CALLEDONIAN

"And there walks she of Medici, the proud Italian line,
 The mother of a race of kings, the haughty Catherine.
 But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on Fortune's tide,
 Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride.
 The homage of a thousand hearts, the fond, deep love of one,
 The hopes that dance around her life, whose joys are but begun,
 They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
 And sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
 Ah! who shall blame if scarce that day through all its glorious hours,
 She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?"

MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

"The scene is changed.

It was a bark that slowly held its way,
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
 And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes,
 Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
 No marvel that the lady wept, there was no land on earth,
 She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth.
 'Twas the land where her dead husband slept, the land where she had known,
 The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne.
 No marvel that the lady wept, it was the land of France,
 The chosen home of Chivalry, and the garden of Romance.
 It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,
 The land where she had found for all her griefs amends.
 The past was bright like those dear hills, so far behind her bark,
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
 One gaze again, one long, last gaze: "Adieu, fair France to thee!"
 The breeze comes forth, she is alone on the unconscious sea"



QUEEN MARY AND JOHN KNOX.

In August, 1561, Mary landed safely at Leith and escaped being captured. Mary was a biased Catholic, much to the sorrow of John Knox and other Protestant

leaders. However, she received a most cordial welcome from the citizens of Edinburgh. She made James Stewart, her half-brother, Earl of Murray.

John Knox said, "One mass is more fearful to me than if 10,000 armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm—it is the most abominable idolatry that ever was used since the beginning of the world"—strong words, but Tyndale, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper and Cranmer spoke quite as strongly. For these words Knox was summoned before Queen Mary, who said, "Think you that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" The sharp answer came: "If princes, madam, exceed their bounds, and do against that for which they should be obeyed, it is no doubt that they may be resisted even by power."

Knox's interviews with Queen Mary were four. Knox's boldness of speech lost him for some time the friendship of Mary's brother, Lord James Stewart and William Maitland the Secretary of State.

In December, 1563, Knox was arraigned before the Privy Council on a charge of trea-

son for inciting his countrymen against the Queen's religion. "The members of the Council unanimously voted that he committed no offence against the Queen. If Mary's extreme views made her unpopular with the people, her general conduct and policy made matters worse." The English Ambassador wrote of Knox: "The voice of one man is able in an hour to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears." The historian Froude wrote: "I know nothing finer in Scottish history than the way in which the Commons of the Lowlands took their places by the side of Knox in the great convulsion which followed. If all others forsook him, they at least would never forsake him, while tongue remained to speak and hand remained to strike. Passing over knight and noble, he had touched the farmer, the peasant, the petty tradesman, and the artisan and turned the men of clay into men of steel."

On July 29th, 1565, Mary decided to marry her cousin, Henry Stewart Darnley, contrary to the wish of her brother, Murray, Knox and other leaders; but Mary was obstinate and adhered to her decision. Darnley proved to be a vicious fool; Mary, realizing her mistake, refused to have him proclaimed her consort, as King of Scotland. Darnley plotted the murder of David Rizzio, Mary's private secretary, and for the purpose entered into a conspiracy with Murray and his friends. Mary was to be imprisoned, and Darnley was to reign. He was a near relative to the

crowns of both countries, and in case of Mary's death he was legal heir. Morton, Lindsay and Ruthven, near relatives of Darnley, agreed to carry out the plot and dispose of Rizzio. One evening in March they invaded the Queen's room, where she sat at supper with a number of lady friends and Rizzio, and killed him in cold blood in the presence of Mary and her guests. This was one of the most shocking events in Scottish history. A few months after, her son, James VI, was born. The murderers fled to England. Elizabeth, who knew of the plot, helped them with money.



POLYTECHNIC PALACE & ARTHUR SEAT, EDINBURGH.



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

CALEDONIAN
HOLYROOD PALACE.

"It was an eve of raw and surely mood,
And in a turret chamber high in ancient Holyrood,
Sat Mary listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the uncertain state of men's uncertain minds;
For traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatalare.
They weaned her mind from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils,
They calmed the troubles of her soul, and soothed her into smiles.
But hark! the tramp of armed men, the Douglas battle-cry,
They come, they come, and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye;
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and words and tears are vain,
The ruffian's steel is in his heart, the faithful Rizzio's slain.
And Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell,
"Now for my father's arm!" she cried, "my woman's heart farewell!"



QUEEN MARY'S ABDICATION.

LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

"It was a lake with one small, lonely isle,
And there within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing the Queen, till she should stoop to sign,
The treacherous scrawl, that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords! My lords!" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder hill to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every wind that blows,
And reign once more, a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes."
A red spot burned upon her cheek, she reared her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words, she stood erect, a queen without a crown."

On February 10th, 1567, Darnley, when only in his twenty-first year, was strangled and murdered by blowing up with gunpowder the house in which he lay ill. Morton, Bothwell and probably Mary herself, were accomplices in his murder. On May 15, 1567, Queen Mary married Bothwell with Protestant rites. Rebellion broke out; Bothwell fled from Scotland and a few years later died in a Danish prison. Mary surrendered, and was taken a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, accused of the murder of Darnley; while there she was forced to sign a deed of abdication, and to nominate Murray as Regent for her little son, James. Murray, on January 22nd, 1570, when passing through Linlithgow, was murdered by one of his enemies, the Hamiltons.

Mary succeeded in escaping from Lochleven prison by the assistance of young

William Douglas, and within a few days found herself at the head of 6,000 men, ready to fight for her freedom against the Regent Murray. But through dissension among the leaders, her cause was lost and her army disbanded.

Her next step was an appeal to her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, for an interview and assistance. Her friends, who knew of the Queen of England's jealousy, and fear of Mary's right to her crown, were opposed to her going to England; but Mary carried out her plan, and on May 16th, set sail in a fishing boat, accompanied by sixteen trusted followers, and landed in the Harbor of Cumberland, after a few hours' sail. But, unfortunately, on the following day she found herself a prisoner by the order of Queen Elizabeth, in the Castle of Carlisle.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

"A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more.
She stayed her steed upon the hill, she saw them marching by,
She heard their shout, she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins, it roars and dies away,
And Mary's troops and courtiers now, and banners, where are they?
Scattered wide and flying far, defenseless and undone,
O, God, to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! Away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part,
But vain his speed for thou dost hear the arrow in thy heart."

The remainder of her life, which lasted for nineteen years, was spent in a succession of English prisons, as a captive of Queen Elizabeth, who had no jurisdiction over her, and dared not bring her to trial. Fotheringay was her last prison. A special commission was sent there to perform the farce of a mock trial, and they carried out their instructions by pronouncing her guilty and sentencing her to death. This sentence was confirmed, and Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded on Monday, February 6th, 1587.

The execution took place in the banqueting hall of the castle. The platform upon which the block stood was raised two and a half feet above the level of the floor. Mary sat on a chair whilst the death warrant was read over to her, and after concluding her devotion she arose and prepared herself for execution—and said:

"I forgive you and all the world with all my heart, for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles," as she knelt upon the cushion which had been laid beside the block. As the executioner laid her hands upon the block, she repeated, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The final blow was given—but only made a severe wound upon the head. Thrice the blow descended before her agony was ended. Thus died Mary Queen of Scots, in the forty-fifth year of her age.

After undergoing a crude form of embalment, the body was placed in a leaden coffin and some months after was laid at rest in Peterborough Cathedral, beside Catherine of Arrogan. On the accession of her son, James, to the throne of England the remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.—Editor.



EXECUTION OF QUEEN MARY.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"Beside the block a solemn headsman stood,
 And gleamed the broad-axe in his hand, that soon was dripped with blood.
 With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
 And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all.
 I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,
 I saw that grief had decked it out, an offering for the tomb,
 I knew those ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold,
 I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould,
 I knew those eyes, now dimmed with grief, that once so brightly shone,
 I knew that voice, though feeble now, once thrill with every tone.
 Even now I see her far away, in that quiet convent isle,
 I hear her chant her vesper hymn, and mark her holy smile.
 Again I see her bursting forth upon her bridal morn,
 A new star in the firmament, to grace and glory born.
 Alas! the change, she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
 And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block, alone.
 Her little dog is round her feet, the last of all the crowd,
 That sunned themselves beneath her smile, and round her foot-steps bowed.
 Her neck is bared, the blow is struck, her soul has passed away,
 The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay.
 Her dog is moaning piteously, and as it gurgles o'er
 Laps the warm blood that trickling falls, unheeded to the floor.
 The blood of beauty, wealth and power, heart's blood of Scotland's queen.
 Lapped by a dog! Go think of it, in silence and alone.
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne."

Note—The lines under the cuts were written by Bishop Bell, and kindly furnished to us by our representative, Mr. Robert Swinton, of Yonkers, N. Y., who committed them to memory many years ago.—Editor.



DISTINGUISHED SCOTS DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY.

SIR JOHN MAITLAND, Lord Privy Seal, Secretary of State and Lord Chancellor of Scotland. "A man of rare parts and of deep wit, learned, full of courage, and most faithful to King James. No man ever carried himself in his place more wisely, nor sustained it more courageously against his enemies. He feared God, doing good, and a lover of Christ's servants (James Melville), he was styled by Barghley—"The wisest man in Scotland"—1558-1595."

A notable speech delivered by Maitland in Regent Murray's first Parliament—"Note it, I pray you, as a singular testimony of God's favor, and a peculiar benefit granted only to the realm of Scotland, that the true religion has obtained a free course universally throughout the whole realm, and yet not a Scotsman's blood shed in the settling of the whole quarrel. With what nation in the earth has God dealt so mercifully? Consider Germany, Denmark, England, France, Flanders, or where you please. You shall find the lives of many thousands spent before they could purchase the tenth part of that liberty whereunto we have attained, as it were sleeping upon beds."

JAMES DOUGLAS, Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland. Accused of taking part in the murder of Darnley; executed in June, 1581, in spite of Elizabeth's wish to save him.

"New blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;

The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the stae,
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove thae sweets amang,
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strange."

—Burns.

"The Stuart dynasty was cradled in misfortune and extinguished in disgrace. From the accession of Robert II, the first of the Stuarts, till the miserable death of Prince Charles Edward, woe and tribulation had dogged their footsteps, and the unfortunate realm over which they reigned suffered severely because of the troubles that afflicted them. To reckon their sorrows is a mournful task, nor can one meditate upon the violent methods whereby they were compelled to leave this world without concluding that the words of the dramatist are full of truth when he says:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

After a life of turbulence, Robert II sank into his grave, leaving a divided family behind him. His successor, who assumed the name of Robert III, died of a broken heart. James I, after spending the greater portion of his life in prison, was slain by the dagger of an assassin. James II was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. James III fell the victim of a nameless murderer, after the disastrous field of Sauchie. James IV died on the field of Flodden, after leading his country to defeat and disgrace. James V expired, heart-broken, after the repulse of his army. His daughter, Mary, died on the scaffold. James VI though privileged to die in his bed, was haunted all his life by the dread of assassination. Charles I, the "Blessed Martyr" of the Prayer-book, also suffered decapitation. Charles spent the most of his years in flight or in exile. James VII abandoned the throne, which James VIII never occupied, and Prince Charlie, the brave heroic, and daring leader who might have built up the falling honors of his house, expired in a foreign country." (A. H. Millar)

The Anglo-Celtic Races.

The past may be forgotten, but it never dies. The elements which in the most remote times have entered into a nation's composition, endure through all its history, and help to mould that history, and to stamp the character and genius of the people.

The part played by the Celtic race as a formative influence in the history, the literature and the art of the people inhabiting the British Islands—a people which from the centre has spread its dominions over so vast an area of the earth's surface—has been unduly obscured in popular thought. For this the current use of the term "Anglo-Saxon" applied to the British people as a designation of race, is quite misleading. There is nothing to justify this singling out of the two Low-German tribes when we wish to indicate the race character of the British.

The true term for the population of the British Islands and for the typical and dominant part of the population of North America, is not Anglo-Saxon, but Anglo-Celtic. It is in this blend of Germanic and Celtic elements that the British people are unique—it is precisely this blend which gives to this people the fire, the *clan*, and in literature and art the sense of style, color and drama, which are not natural growths of Germanic soil—and the reverence for ancient law and custom, and the passion for personal freedom, which are more or less strange to the Romance nations of the south of Europe. It is well known to ethnologists that the Saxon did not by any means exterminate the Celtic or Celticized populations whom they found in possession of Great Britain.

The Celts had a large place in ancient history. In the chronicles of the classical nations for about 500 years previous to the Christian era, there are frequent references to a people associated with these nations, sometimes in peace, sometimes in war, and evidently occupying a position of great strength and influence in the Terra Incognita of Mid-Europe. This people is called by the Greeks the Celts, 500 B. C. Herodotus, half a century later, speaks of the Celts as dwelling beyond the pil-

lars of Hercules, i. e., in Spain—and also of the Danube as rising in their country. Aristotle knew that they dwelt "beyond Spain"—that they had captured Rome, and that they set great store by war-like power.

Hellanicus of Lesbos, an historian of the fifth century, B. C., describes the Celts as practicing justice and righteousness. Ephorus and Plato speak of their valour—of the sacking of Delphi, in the year 273, B. C.

Their attack on Rome and the sacking of that city by them about a century earlier, is one of the landmarks of ancient histories. Historians describe the Celts as being a tall, fair race, warlike and masterful, whose place of origin was somewhere about the sources of the Danube, and who spread their dominion both by conquest and by peaceful infiltration over Mid-Europe, Gaul, Spain and the British Islands.

The golden age of Celtdom in Continental Europe was in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. During this period the Celts waged three great and successful wars, which had no little influence on the course of South European history. About 500 B. C., they conquered Spain from the Carthaginians. A century later we find them engaged in the conquest of Northern Italy from the Etruscans. They settled in large numbers in the territory afterward known as Cisalpine Gaul. They left a great memorial in the chief of Latin poets, whose name, Virgil, appears to bear evidence of his Celtic ancestry.

Towards the end of the fourth century they overran Paunonia, conquering the Illyrians. These wars were undertaken in alliance with the Greeks, with whom the Celts were at this period on friendly terms. The third war was with Rome. The battle took place on July 18th, 390 B. C., at the River Allia, a few miles from Rome. The Celts turned the flank of the Roman army, and annihilated it in one tremendous charge. Three days later they were in Rome, and for nearly a year they remained masters of the city, or of its ruins, till a great fine had been exacted, and full

vengeance taken for the perfidy of Clusium. For nearly a century after the treaty thus concluded, there was peace between the Celts and the Romans, and the breaking of that peace when certain Celtic tribes allied themselves with their old enemy, the Etruscans, in the third Samnite war, was coincident with the breaking up of the Celtic Empire.

At the downfall of the Celtic Empire, some found their way into Northern Greece. Others renewed with worse fortune the old struggle with Rome, and perished in vast numbers at Sentinum (295 B. C.) and Lake Vadino (283 B. C.). One

detachment penetrated into Asia Minor and founded the Celtic State of Galatia, when, as Jerome attests, a Celtic dialect was still spoken in the fourth century A. D. Others enlisted as mercenary troops with Carthage. A tumultuous war of Celts against scattered German tribes, or against other Celts who represented other waves of emigration and conquest, went on all over Mid-Europe, Gaul and Britain. When this settled down, Gaul and the British Islands remained practically the sole relics of the Celtic Empire, the only countries still under Celtic law and leadership.—(Gleanings from Celtic History, by the Editor).

Auld Scotia's Sangs.

Auld Scotia's Sangs! Auld Scotia's Sangs! the strains o' youth and yore,
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er;
'Thouh mak' me wae, or mak' me wud—or changefu' as a child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the "native wood notes wild!"

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up, fresh and fair,
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune Traquair,
The Downie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's green and yellow woods in autumn's dawning day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller burnies shine,
The Lea Rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld Lang Syne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin Thorn that blossomed down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter love's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's day o' dule,
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth at Yule;
Now o'er young love's impassion'd strain our conscious heart will yearn,
And our blude fire at the call o' Bruce o' Bannockburn.

O! lovely in the lilt o' sang the Ettrick and the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld Scotia's lyric reed;
The Logan and the Lugar, too, but, hallow'd meikle mair,
The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Donn, the Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the plough—the shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milkin' pail, or by the ingle neuk,
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie lay!

Through warldly grief and wardling's guilt maun I like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my braist—the het tear scald my e'e;
But let me list the melodies o' Scotia's Sangs,
And I will a' forget my waes—will a's forgie my wrangs!

O' born o' feelings warmest depths—o' fancy's wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' monie lovely thochts, wi' monie lo'esome themes;
They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi' brighter shine
On far aff scenes, and far aff friends—and Auld Lang Syne.

Auld Scotia's sangs; Auld Scotia's Sangs! her "native wood notes wild."
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er,
Auld Scotia's Sangs—Auld Scotia's Sangs—the sangs o' youth and yore.

—John Imlah.

The Scottish Character.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES W. THOMSON.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

—Burns.

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?"

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."
—Pope.

Scottish history furnishes an inspiring record, worthy of the most loving study by the present generation of Scotsmen. Whether in such romantic episodes of warfare and deeds of knightly prowess as illumine the pages of Scott, or in the admirable consistency of purpose that welds into a unity the general trend of Scottish effort from the days of Alexander III. and Wallace, down through the Reformation, the Covenanting struggle, and the later efforts for political freedom and religious purity, the tale is one of entrancing interest.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" asks Hamlet when he sees the travelling actor work himself into a frenzy of passion over the imaginary wrongs of the Trojan queen, while he—the Prince of Denmark—fails to arouse himself to avenge his "dear father murdered." In a similar vein we may well ask,—What boots it to become engrossed in novels or dramas—good, mayhap, in themselves—but unworthy to take precedence over the records of the sufferings and struggles, the glorious victories and the no less honourable defeats, of our forefathers in the field of battle, on moors and in caves, in the council-chamber or on the scaffold, in the paths of industry or in the flights of scientific and philosophic ecstasy? "A dull and muddy-mettled rascal" truly is the Scot who can hear or read of the deeds of "Scotland's ancient heroes," or of her heroes in more modern times in war or peace, without a thrill of pride and gratitude,—without a bracing of his whole moral fibre. Well worthy is he of Scott's condemnation:

"The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Much in trouble, oft in conflict, the character of the Scottish nation came forth gradually but surely ennobled.

In the formation of national traits no small part was played by the somewhat churlish soil and by the changeable, austere, yet withal healthy climate of northern Britain. This is especially true of the Highlands, whose inhabitants are well described by Waller as:

"A race unconquer'd, by their clime made
bold,
The Caledonians, armed with want and cold."

If the land itself tended to bring out the manlier strain of character, the history of the nation emphasised and perpetuated that strain still more inevitably. In the desperate struggles for national existence, and later for religious and political freedom, the Scottish people was severely hammered on the anvil of adversity, and it has come out a very tough piece of metal, with excellent wearing qualities. In this regard it is the Lowlander who has been chiefly affected. Sir Archibald Geikie declares: "In the formation of the national character, and in the development of the material prosperity of the country, the dominant influence has undoubtedly been that of the Lowlands. This little strip of territory became the battlefield on which the struggle for liberty was fought and won. Its smallness of size kept its people within touch of each other from sea to sea, and engendered, or at least nurtured, that spirit of standing shoulder to shoulder which is one of the distinctive national traits. And thus, not alone by the contact of man with man, but by the very conditions of the topography, were fostered that ardour of resistance, that stubbornness of purpose, that faculty of self-help, that love of country, that loyalty of Scot to Scot, which through good and evil report have marked off the nation from other men."

As might be expected in a nation bred in such a country and with such a history, the outstanding feature of Scottish char-

acter is a rugged genuineness like that of the oak,—coarse and unrefined to outward touch, but solid and capable of great things. Or, again, the Scot is like his native thistle, forbidding to those who know him but slightly, not softly waving welcome to all who spy him from afar, but to those who can see within the rugged exterior he has an inner sanctuary of grace and lovableness, like the sweet kernel of the thistle itself.

Such, too, is Scotland in its mental atmosphere. Its people are severely intellectual to a degree explainable only by the lead given to the nation centuries ago in education and in an intellectual type of religion. They dearly love an argument, and the time-honored custom of "heckling" is a truly indigenous growth. But withal they are tolerant and good-natured towards opponents. Foreigners and religious dissentients find Scotland a comfortable home. Conversely, no man more quickly takes his proper level and settles down as a law-abiding citizen in an alien land than the Scot,—not that he weakly adopts the characteristics of his new neighbors, but that he possesses the self-detachment and the imaginative sympathy necessary towards assessing himself at his true value in his novel surroundings.

In commerce the Scot is honorable, if keen. If he drives a hard bargain, he holds to it when arranged. As for his proverbial caution or "canniness" in his dealings with others, it is usually based on the not unreasonable principle, "He that cheats me ance, shame fa' him: he that cheats me twice, shame fa' me!"

The Scots are traditionally a religious people. Religious ideas are, and to a greater degree were till recently, "familiar in their mouths as household words."

The homeliness of many of the phrases applied to the most sacred matters attests the reality of Scottish religious feeling. If in the bustle of modern life, a phrase like "He's faur ben," as applied to a saintly character, finds less common employment than of yore, such an expression, in the presence of death, as "She's won awa'" retains a wealth of spiritual meaning which renders accurate translation almost impossible. Being bare of all ceremony or formality, the Scottish religion leaves little play to emotionalism. This has re-

acted on the national manners and character. To be seen under the influence of emotion is, in Scotland, to be so far disgraced. Is there another country on earth where less "gush" or display is shown in the sacred relationships of the family? Yet it would be a dire mistake to attribute the seeming coolness to indifference. Nay, the emotions pent up through the reticence of years are often the main tie that binds the Scot to the auld folks by the ingle, and to auld Scotia itself, with a firmness that makes him one of the hardest of men to denationalise. The Scot loves his country and his kindred not from any mere shallow sentiment, but from a conviction of their true lovableness; and he is ready in general to render a reason for the faith that is in him. An American author, who, a few years ago, carefully studied the idiosyncrasies of the various kindred races within these isles, thus humorously, but with the substratum of truth that genuine humor always possesses, summed up his observations of the various types of patriotism: "If you abuse England to an Englishman, he growls. If you abuse Ireland to an Irishman, he knocks you down. If you abuse Scotland to a Scotsman, he *laughs*—so convinced is he that his country is the best."

As for the much-disputed question of the Scot's own appreciation of fun, we may well accept the very competent verdict of Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet): "In the matter of wit the Scot is an epicure, and only appreciates dainty food." He is not witty in the shallow sense. "The Scot is too natural to aim at being amusing, and it is just this simplicity, this naturalness, which disarms and overcomes you."

To glance at the reverse side of the shield, it must be frankly admitted that the average Scot is capable of improvement in the direction of developing a little more surface courtesy. Being able to fend for himself, he is apt to expect others, especially in the smaller matters of life, to do the same. He is consequently in many cases somewhat disobliging. Moreover, in the privacy of his home, among his own kith and kin around the hearth, he might profitably allow the chill crust of reserve to thaw, and grant an outlet of expression to some measure of that affection which he feels as truly as any man.

No better or more sympathetic analysis of Scottish life and characteristics has been given by any outsider than by J. A. Froude, who clearly recognizes that the Scottish character, while primarily one of grit, has not been without its kindlier side. "Among other good qualities," he says, "the Scots have been distinguished for humor,—not for venomous wit, but for kindly, genial humor, which half loves what it laughs at. I should say that the Scots had been an unusually happy people. Intelligent industry, the honest doing of daily work, with a sense that it must be done well; the necessities of life moderately provided for; and a sensible content with the situation of life in which men are born, this through the week, and at the end of it the Cottar's Saturday Night,—the homely family, gathered reverently and peacefully together, and irradiated with a sacred presence.—Happiness! such happiness as we human creatures are likely to know upon this world, will be found there, if anywhere."

He thus sums up the gist of the Scottish character: "There have rarely been seen in this world a set of people who have thought more about right and wrong, and the judgment about them of the upper powers. Long-headed, thrifty industry,—a sound hatred of waste, imprudence, idleness, extravagance,—the feet planted firmly upon the earth,—a conscientious sense that the worldly virtues are, nevertheless, very necessary virtues, that, without these, honesty for one thing is not possible, and that without honesty no other excellence, religious or moral, is worth anything at all,—that is the stuff of which Scotch life was made, and very good stuff it is."

Mr. Lloyd George, addressing a Welsh audience in London in December 1908, referred to the Scottish people as being "at the present moment the strongest race in the British Empire." "They had won," he continued, "the regard and the confidence of other kindred nationalities. The Scottish accent was almost as good as a testimonial."

In a similar strain, Professor Humpfrey of Cambridge has said: "I always feel—what I think is by many admitted—that the Scotch are the finest people on the earth's

surface: that the grandest combination of the physical, the mental, and the moral is produced here,—the sturdiest, halest bodies, with the largest brains, the strongest minds, and the best morals,—the qualities best calculated to thrive in every quarter of the globe."

The Scottish national character is a blend of many elements. Into it have entered the daring and resourcefulness, the romance and poetic imagination of the Borders, the stalwart courage and the fiery zeal of the Highlands, the industrial and commercial ability, the clear reasoning and logical intelligence of the Lowlands. Taken all in all, its influence in British affairs has been a power for good.

It is not without good reason that Scotland has been described as "the sinew of the British Empire." Macaulay declares that "in perseverance, in self-command, in forethought, in all the virtues which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed." But the sinewy, practical side of Scottish energy has been throughout guided by high principle, and it is just this unique combination of the glamour of romantic chivalry and lofty idealism with an eminently practical disposition and eminently practical capacity in her people, that has made Scotland of such value to the empire and to the world.

Not in wild bursts of contradictory impulses, not usually amid the ebb and flow of passion, but with a conscious aim and steady purpose, the genius of Scottish life has mapped out its plans, "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little," yet ever in the main forward in the direction of intelligent and well ordered freedom.

Modified as it inevitably has been by modern conditions, the Scottish character is still well worthy of preservation in its main features, and not only every true Scot, but every loyal subject of the empire, and every well-wisher of the human race, may well echo the prayer of George Adam Smith—

"God keep Scotland Scottish, and save us from any false or servile imitation of our neighbors."

S. W. & W.



MEETING OF ROBERT BURNS AND WALTER SCOTT.

Burns Celebrations

THE BURNS SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

The annual celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns by the members and friends of the Burns Society of New York City, is one of the leading events in the metropolis. The eloquent tributes to the genius of the poet are always of the highest and noblest. The vocal and instrumental music is of the brightest and best. The menu is Delmonico's choicest. The enthusiasm is unbounded. The conduct of the exercises is admirable. The speeches have the double merit of terseness and eloquence. In brief it is an annual glorification of Burns as the supreme lyric Poet of Humanity,—the High Priest of Song, the master singer of all time,—the intellectual equal of Shakespeare.

Martial blasts upon the bagpipes,—sweetly warbled melodies upon a solitary silver cornet,—stirring lilt from a select

orchestra, and the air is clarified into jubilant sweetness before the meeting begins. The spirit of Burns falls like a colossal shadow upon the glittering chandeliers and the marble halls take on a new glory. Under the magic spells of music, poetry, eloquence and song, the present melts into the past, and the murmur of Bonnie Doon seems singing its everlasting song among the gay green hills, and the ploughman-poet seems walking by its crystal banks as when "with heaven's own sunshine in his eye, he walked among the daisies!"

The officers, consisting of Hon. Charles P. McClelland, president; Dr. John J. MacPhee, vice president; Mr. William R. MacBean, treasurer, and Mr. James Kennedy, secretary, together with a committee consisting of Mr. John Reid and Mr. R. F. Munro, had prepared an excellent program which was greatly enjoyed. About one hundred and fifty members and guests sat down to dinner promptly at seven o'clock,

and when justice had been done to the good things, the health of the president of the United States and the king of Great Britain had been toasted, Mr. McClelland spoke with much feeling and power of Burns as a living power in social ethics and briefly and happily introduced the orators and vocalists. Hon. Andrew MacLean, editor of *The Brooklyn Citizen* spoke on "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." Mr. John Ford spoke on "Scotland and Its Literature," and Hon. S. Bronson Cooper on "The Land We Live In." It is enough to state that the three orators, like the three wise men of the East, brought pearls of great price with them, and presented them in a way that delighted the recipients. Mr. John Reid and Mr. George A. Fleming sang selections from Burns' songs amid great enthusiasm, and Pipe-major W. B. Armstrong furnished occasional blasts on the great Highland bagpipe in a masterly style.

The ex-President, Dr. Angus Sinclair, had a party of twenty-five present, including many of the leading railroad men.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY CONCERT.

The twenty fourth annual Burns celebration of the New York Scottish Society, was held in Carnegie Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, January 24. This concert by the New York Scottish Society is always considered one of the treats of the winter season by Scotch folks, of New York and vicinity. The gentlemen of the Library and Entertainment Committee, who have the affair in charge, always try for the best, and that they succeed is shown by the large audiences that attend this concert every year. Never in the history of the society was a more evenly balanced program presented for the entertainment of the members and the public, nor a more brilliant array of talent. Every one of the artists was a star.

The Choral Union of the New York Scottish Society, under the leadership of William D. Sharpe, opened the program with "There Was a Lad Born in Kyle," "Bonnie Wee Thing," and the "Battle of Stirling."

John Daniels, a member of the Boston Quintette, and a gentleman with a reputation that has gone far beyond New England sang "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," and "Of a' the Airts." He has a tenor voice of rare quality and expression and was heartily encored.

Mrs. Pearl Benedict Jones, contralto soloist in St. Bartholomew's Church, charmed the audience with her rendition of "John Anderson, My Jo," and "Ye Banks and Bries."

Miss Grace Kearns, soprano soloist in the same church, sang sweetly "Comin' Through the Rye" and "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." She has a voice of rare sweetness and flexibility and had to respond to an encore at each appearance.

Mr. A. Cameron Steele, formerly of the Savage Grand Opera Company sang "Scots Wha Hae" and the "Standard on the Braes o' Mar," so that "the Scotch bluid leaped" in the veins of the audience, and won him a warm place in their hearts. He has a voice of wonderful depth and power and he has the knack of choosing his selections to suit his voice.

The concert of 1912 has never been surpassed by any ever given by the New York Scottish Society, and that is saying a good deal.

The officers of the New York Scottish Society are as follows:

Hon. President, Andrew Carnegie, LL. D.; Hon. Vice President, A. M. Stewart, LL. D.; Hon. Chaplain, Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D.; President, William D. Sharpe; 1st Vice President, John D. Page; 2nd Vice President, S. G. Morrison; Treasurer, William Crawford; Secretary, Peter G. Jeffrey; Financial Secretary, Francis G. Dykes; Pipe Major, James Cooper.

Library and Entertainment Committee—Andrew Gillies, William Henry, Alex. Cuthbert, Frank Dykes, William Cuthbertson, A. C. MacNab.

Trustees—D. G. Morrison, Andrew Gillies, John McLean, John Duncan, Forest MacNee, Alexander Fraser.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB.

Burns' anniversary, Thursday evening, January 25th, was appropriately celebrated by the New York Caledonian Club at the Club House, 846 Seventh avenue, New York, by a concert, refreshments and a social time. Chief Taylor presided, and tendered a brief, but hearty welcome to the guests. Chieftain Archibald Gray sang "There was a Lad," most feelingly. The oration on Robert Burns was given by Ex-Chieftain Andrew Gillies in which he eloquently gave an exposition of the good traits of the poet. Miss Agnes McCawley sang "The Star of Robbie Burns," and Clansman A. MacDonald "Bonnie, Wee Thing." Miss Elizabeth Wallace delighted all by her recitations in Scotch dialect. The "Address to the Haggis" was given by Ex-Chief Charles G. Nicholson, after which the haggis was distributed among the guests in the crowded hall, and other refreshments followed. Altogether it was a most successful and enjoyable evening.

King George and Queen Mary arrived at Malta on January 24th, where they received a great welcome from the Mediterranean fleet and a squadron of French warships. They are due at Gibraltar on January 29th, and in London, February, 2nd.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA

The first lodge (Victoria) of the Daughters of Scotia was organized June, 1895, at New Haven, Conn. There are now forty-one lodges, with a membership of about twenty-eight hundred, and the prospect of growth during this year is very encouraging.

The object of this order is to bring together wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of clansmen, and women of Scottish descent; and to provide a Donation Fund, from which, on satisfactory evidence of the death of a member in good standing, a certain sum of money shall be paid to the proper beneficiary.

Beginning with this issue (February, 1912), of "The Caledonian," a department has been assigned to us by special arrangement with the editor.

To the officers and members of the subordinate lodges, I write just a line to greet you and to start the ball rolling in our new paper. I trust it will be a benefit to us all and that everyone will take advantage of the generosity of the editor of "The Caledonian," to fill our space each month with little newsy notes and items of interest to the Daughters of Scotia.

Subscription blanks for the magazine are now in the hands of the secretaries of the lodges of the order, for the use of the members, and I hope that the sisters will subscribe at once; as by this means we shall be able to reach each other in many ways, and interest and help the lodges which are so far away, that they sometimes feel forgotten.

We will try to have something of interest in the March "Caledonian," and I trust that every lodge will have a contribution in it, also. I am glad to report another new lodge, the "Purple Heather," No. 41, of Pittsfield, Mass., with twenty-four charter members.

Wishing each and every sister a Happy New Year,
Yours fraternally,

MARY MILLER,
Grand Secretary.

Torrington, Conn.

We extend a hearty welcome to the "Daughters of Scotia" as contributors to our columns, and shall be glad to do all we can to advance the interest of the order. It is a grand institution, of which every woman claiming Scottish blood should be proud of being a member.

All items from the lodges should reach us not later than the 20th of the month, for publication in the next month's issue.—Editor.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27, D. OF S., YONKERS, N. Y.

On Tuesday evening, January 2nd, the officers of this lodge were installed by the installing officer, Mrs. Christina Laird and staff, of Kearney, N. J. After the business a social time was enjoyed, and refreshments served. This lodge is in a flourishing condition; although not so long instituted as some of the others, we surpass them in many ways. There is always something doing for a good time. Be sure to come to Yonkers, and visit the MacGregors.

ELIZABETH MCGEE, C. D.

The newly installed officers are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth McGee; sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. M. Stevenson; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. M. Vandewende; Chaplain, Mrs. Jennie Orr; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Forrest; Financial Secretary, Mrs. A. Dennison; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Gray; Conductor, Miss L. Gibson; Inside Guard, Miss Tina Munro; Outside Guard, Mrs. A. McAree; Pianist, Miss M. Dennison; Trustee, Mrs. M. Robertson.

TORRINGTON, CONN.

The members of Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., of Torrington, Conn., held their installation exercises in Pythian Hall, Thursday evening, January 11th. The officers were installed by Miss Janet Duffes, of Bridgeport, Grand Deputy; assisted by Mrs. Mary Miller, as Grand Conductor, and Mrs. Jeanie Cameron as Grand Secretary. The officers are as follows: Mrs. Ida Calder, Chief Daughter; Mrs. Margaret Lawson, sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Bagrie, past Chief Daughter, Mrs. May Campbell, Chaplain; Mrs. Ada Hamilton, Secretary; Mrs. Agnes Currie, Financial Secretary; Mrs. Helen Cameron, Treasurer; Mrs. Christina Reid, Conductress; Mrs. Marion McFarlane, Inside Guard; Miss Jeanie Bagrie, Outside Guard; Mrs. Gertrude Arnot, Pianist; Mrs. Belle Graham, Trustee.

Addresses were delivered by Miss Duffes, Mrs. Miller, Daniel McDougall, past Royal

Deputy; William S. Lawson, chief of Clan Stewart, No. 143 O. S. C.; Mrs. Ida Calder, and Mrs. Margaret Bagrie. Miss Duffes in behalf of Lady Stewart Lodge, presented a past chief daughter's pin and jewel to the retiring P. C. D., also a small gift to Miss Jessie Reid, of Winsted, the retiring financial secretary. There was an entertainment consisting of vocal selections by Daniel Cameron Sr., John McDowell, James Arnot, William Reid, and Mrs. Mary Miller, and readings by Mrs. Helen Cameron. Refreshments were served.

MRS. JEANIE CAMERON.

FLORA McDONALD LODGE, NO. 18, PATTERSON, N. J.

January 12th, 1912.

Flora McDonald lodge, No. 18, D. of S., installed their officers for the year 1912 on Tuesday evening, January 9th, at Heptasophs Hall. Officers installed by Grand Deputy Mrs. Elizabeth Nicol and staff of Jersey City, were Chief Daughter Margaret Seadyke; Sub-Chief daughter, Mrs. Jeannie Shore; Chaplain, Mrs. Mary Kidd; Conductor, Mrs. Magdalene Gordon; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Reilly; Financial Secretary, Miss Edith Scott; recording Secretary, Mrs. Agnes Kidd; Inside Guard, Mrs. Lillian Chaplin; Outside Guard, Mrs. Annie Glass; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Nellie Hayden; Pianist, Miss Helen Strathearn; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Margaret Pebbles.

There were large delegations from all sister lodges in New Jersey. After the installation an entertainment was given and the Amusement Committee served refreshments. Remarks from visiting sisters were well received. The meeting was then closed with all wishing Flora McDonald lodge a very happy and prosperous New Year.

BONNIE DOON LODGE, NO. 10.

"Bonnie Doon" Lodge, No. 10, held their regular meeting in Iroquois Hall, 260 Washington street, Newark, N. J., on Thursday, January 11th.

The officers for 1912, installed by Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Barbara King were, Mrs. Janet Dunn, Chief Daughter; Mrs. Blanche Carnahan, Sub Chief Daughter, Miss Jeanie Crawford; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth McMillan; Chaplain, Mrs. Catherine Mitchell; Secretary, Mrs. Margaret Spence; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Christian Henderson; Conductor, Miss Janet Baxter; Inside Guard, Miss Elizabeth Pollock; Outside Guard, Mrs. Catherine Elder; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Mary Bantle. Refreshments were served, after which Grand Deputy Mrs. Barbara King, made a few well chosen and interesting remarks and presented to past Grand Deputy Mrs. Janet Hamilton a cut glass bowl and stand, as a small token of the good will and harmony that has existed between the lodge and their Deputy for the past

year. Mrs. Hamilton thanked the lodge and hoped the relations would be as pleasant and congenial with the present Deputy as it had been with her. The Chief Daughters of "Blue Bell," "White Heather," "Balmoral," "Flora McDonald," "Argyle" and "Braemar" Lodges gave pleasing remarks. A recitation by Miss Agnes Congan of Braemar Lodge was much appreciated, as were also songs by Mrs. Roberston and Mrs. Carnahan of "Bonnie Donn" and Mrs. Hamilton of "Blue Bell." A very pleasant meeting was brought to a close at 11:30 o'clock.

"Bonnie Doon" meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month, the membership at present is 247. Visitors from sister lodges are always welcome.

MRS. CATHERINE G. MITCHELL,

Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, D. S., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

On Friday evening, January 19th, the members of Victoria Lodge No. 1, D. of S., held their first meeting of the year in their new hall.

The meeting was an interesting one. The various reports were read and each one showed a goodly gain for the year just closed.

Grand Secretary, Mrs. Miller, as Grand Deputy, assisted by Grand Treasurer Miss Duffes and P. C. D. Mrs. Guest, of Bridgeport, installed the following officers: C. D. Mrs. McPherson; S. C. D., Mrs. Campbell; P. C. D., Mrs. Wildman; Chaplain, Mrs. Ruthven; Secretary, Mrs. Watson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. Bone; Conductor, Mrs. Bradley; I. G., Miss Greig; O. G., Mrs. Fulton; Trustee, Mrs. Gillespie; Pianist, Miss Bone.

After the installation of officers the Grand Deputy presented Mrs. Wildman with a gold P. C. D.'s pin, following which remarks were made by a number of the visitors present. There was a large delegation from Bridgeport and Meriden, Ansonia and Elizabeth, N. J., were well represented. Victoria enjoyed having so many visitors, for it brings out a deeper feeling of good fellowship and shows interest outside the home lodge.

JANE D. WILDMAN.

The Royal Deputies of the O. S. C. for New York and neighboring cities appointed for the year are: Chief Andrew Wallace, of Clan Mackenzie, and Chief Jackson, of Clan MacGregor, Yonkers. They have been very busy the past month installing the officers of the clans. They are excellent officers and highly respected by the clansmen.

We call especial attention of the readers of "The Caledonian" in New York and vicinity, to the novel entertainment which is to be given by Clan MacDuff for the benefit of the "Emergency Fund, on Friday evening, February 9th, at the Amsterdam Opera House, 334 West 44th street, New York.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

The Highland Dress Association held the first Scottish gathering of the year in Boston Odd Fellows' Hall was filled to overcrowding by the Highland and Lowland and American hosts who gathered there to help make the concert and ball the biggest success this association ever had. The concert was a most enjoyable one, but the crowded condition of the hall was such, that the artists were under a great disadvantage. Anna Paton Watson, Mary Ogilvie, Joe Alexander, and Will Brown (a new and clever comedian) were the soloists. President Thomas Bell occupied the chair, and the Highland Dress Band filled the hall with—sound.

At the annual election of officers for the Highland Dress Association there was a spirited competition and many ballots for the different positions. Thomas Bell will be president for another year.

The Boston Caledonian Club election night, might well have been a love-feast. There was a good attendance of members, but for the first time in its history so far as memory goes, there was not a contest for a single position. Every officer from Chief James A. Sinclair downward was re-elected without balloting. This does not mean that interest is lagging but that the club has a good set of officers, in whom they are well pleased.

Many attempts were made by well-meaning members during the past year to tinker with the constitution, but all efforts were successfully resisted. A committee however was appointed at this meeting consisting of James Grant, George Scott, William A. Riggs, John Speirs and Robert E. May to revise the constitution of the club.

Robert Morton, a life member and for years one of the hard workers, was found dead on the street on New Year's morning. He was taken to the City Hospital where death was stated to be due to natural causes. Several of the club members were not satisfied with the official report, but all inquiries so far have been thwarted by official indifference. Mr. Morton had a brother-in-law heard from in New York, but all efforts to locate him were futile, and as he had no other relatives in this country the Caledonian Club took charge of the remains and many of the members attended the funeral services which were held at Waterman's Chapel. Dr. James Todd of the Scot's Charitable Society officiating.

James A. Ramage, one of Boston's best known and most popular Scots, who has had for years full charge of the Singer Sewing

Machine Company's interests in New England, left Boston Monday evening, January 15th enroute for Bombay, India, where he will for a time direct the company's affairs in the Indian Empire. A dinner party was held in his honor at the Boston City Club, Friday, January 12th when a few of his Boston friends bade him bon-voyage, and assured him of their continued interest in his welfare, even though far across the seas.

The annual quarterly meeting and election of the Scots' Charitable society, took place at Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Thursday evening, January 18th. Rumors of unrest and variance with the nominating committee's selections were in the air, but the tact of President Pottinger, who was unanimously elected for another term, tided the meeting over difficulties, and the following officers were elected unanimously. For Vice-President, Alexander C. Nixon; Treasurer, David R. Craig; Secretary, John N. Jordan; Assistant Secretary, Stewart W. Millar; Chairman of Relief Board, Dr. James Todd.

The Burns' Memorial Association have settled their difficulties with Mr. Hugh Cairns out of court. Mr. Cairns brought action against the association nearly two years ago for \$10,000 for breach of contract. Later he tried to amend this and increase the amount \$25,000. His action for amendment was argued before a Judge and thrown out, and the association were prepared to defend the original action, but an offer of \$400.00 to settle rather than air differences in open court was accepted by Mr. Cairns' counsel, and the Association was granted freedom from all other claims.

Adding the surplus of \$1,400 from the recent fair held by the ladies, and after refunding a subscription of \$1,000 given by the absconding boy broker, Robert E. Davie, the Association has now nearly \$14,600 in the monument fund, and plans will be formulated forthwith to go ahead with the monument by Sculptor Henry H. Kitson, which was selected at open competition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A writer in a Glasgow newspaper, ranks this statue with Calverly's at Albany, N. Y., as being the two most notable and artistic statues to Robert Burns throughout the world.

Walter Ballantyne was once again returned at the head of the poll, for the Boston City Council, Tuesday, January 9th. Mr. Ballantyne had the endorsement of the Municipal League and the Good Government Association and is elected for a three year term.

OUR PACIFIC COAST LETTER.

BY A. G. FINDLAY.

Wherever civilization and progress penetrate, whether in the United States or in any other country, you will usually find the hardy Scot, either in line with them, or a close second; in this respect the Far West and Pacific slope of our own country differ not. The Scot was there early, and has helped to build cities out of the wilderness and has grown with the country.

The coming of the Scot to any country means the early formation of one or more Scottish societies, so that in the larger cities we find the O. S. C., St. Andrew's Society, Caledonian Society, Thistle Club and other clubs. The first three mentioned are the leading societies, the others being formed usually for literary and social purposes.

The work of the societies on the Coast differs not from those of the East; they are ever ready to assist those in distress, to help up any who may be down, as well as to keep alive Scottish history, song and literature.

On our last Sir Walter Scott Memorial Day, Clan Fraser, of San Francisco, presented "The Lady of the Lake," in one of the leading theatres of that city. The production was well received, and is only a forerunner of other like productions they will present from time to time.

A few weeks ago, the Caledonian Society of Seattle presented "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Moore Theatre. This was given on two evenings and a matinee. The writer has been told that it was so good that some took in all three performances.

Clan McLean, of Portland, Ore., at the beginning of each winter season prepares a program which provides for an hour's entertainment after their business is over. The items presented are lectures on Scotland, the lives of prominent Scotsmen, and once in a while a musical evening. The value of these evenings can only be appreciated by those who have had an opportunity of attending one or more of them.

Perhaps no two cities in the United States were more in the eye of the public than San Francisco and Los Angeles during their last municipal elections; in both cases Scotchmen were elected as Mayors, San Francisco having as its executive



A. G. FINDLAY.

Seattle, Wash. Royal Taniist of O. S. C.

James Rolph, Jr., Past President of their St. Andrew's Society, and Los Angeles Mayor Alexander, a member of Clan Cameron, of that city.

To get an idea of the progress of the Scotch societies on the Coast, one has only to look at the magnificent new Scottish Hall, on Larkin street, San Francisco, rebuilt by the Scotchmen of that city after the fire.

Any Scotchman visiting any of the Coast cities, or from Salt Lake City west, whether he be a member of any society or not, should not fail to look up some of the local Scots. Their latch-string is always on the outside, and their hospitality can only be equaled by the Highland hospitality of our "Ain Countrie."

"Tho' far frae Thee, my native shore,
An' toss'd on life's tempestous ocean:
My heart, aye Scottish to the core,
Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.
An' while the wavin' heather grows,
An' onward flows the windin' river,
The toast be Scotland's bonnie Knowes,
Her mountains, rocks an' glens for ever."

—Alexander Hume.

OUR EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

James Tyrie sailed Saturday, January 13th, from New York, via Southampton, on the steamer Olympic. He will visit a brother in London and his mother in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire.

Individual clansmen of Youngstown, Ohio, presented Clan Piper James Ritchie, of Clan MacDonald, No. 39, with a complete Highland costume. "Jim," as he is familiarly called, looks like a braw Hielanman.

Royal Deputy Scott and a delegation of forty clansmen from Clan Grant, No. 17, Cleveland, Ohio, visited Clan MacKenzie, No. 209, Akron, O., on January 16th, when their officers were installed.

Rev. Dr. Hugh Black of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, is to lecture at the Trinity M. E. Church, March 29th, on a lecture course. Many local Scottish people have heard Dr. Black preach in Edinburgh, where for upwards of ten years he was associate pastor with Dr. White in Free St. George's. Many of the Scotch of Youngstown and surrounding towns, are looking forward to Dr. Black's coming.

Prof. James McIlroy, of McKeesport, Pa., was the piano accompanist for the series of Burns Concerts, given by the clans of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Mr. McIlroy is supervisor of music in his neck of the woods just out of Pittsburgh, and a better pianist for Scottish music cannot be found in the country. My auld freen James Slinger, of Lynn, Mass., left me a souvenir when singing for the local Burns concert on January 24th. It was an Edison phonograph record of "Duncan Gray" in his ain style. Mr. Slinger is a great favorite with the clans around here. His singing of "Cottage Where Burns Was Born," took the audience by storm.

Youngstown Scots regret to note the death of Robert Hunter, a native of Alrdrie, Scotland. Mr. Hunter returned last fall from a visit to his native town and narrated to the writer several incidents which happened on the boat.

Mr. Hunter was an operator among the coal mines of this district, in his earlier days, and was one of the organizers of the Youngstown Bridge Company, which later sold out to the Steel Trust.

Alexander Guthrie, Chief of Clan MacKenzie, No. 209, Akron O., was re-elected chief for the ensuing year by his clan. He is an "Aberdonian," a stone cutter by trade and proprietor of the Akron Monumental Works, and the father of an interesting family in the center of the rubber industry, Akron, O.

HUGH W. BEST.

The Caledonian Society, of Houston, Texas, celebrated Robert Burns' natal day, the 25th of January by a concert and ball, "The Caledonian" sends greetings to the Scots in Texas. Mr. J. D. Donaldson, former Chief of the Caledonian Society, has done some excellent work for us among his friends.



ALEXANDER GUTHRIE,
Chief of Clan Mackenzie, Akron, Ohio.

WHY SHE WOULDN'T WED HIM.

At a recent trial in Scotland an elderly spinster was called to the witness box to be examined.

"What is your age, madam?" inquired the counsel.

"Sir," answered the witness, "I am an unmarried woman and dinna think it right to ask that question."

The judge interposed and told her she should answer.

"Oh, weel, then," she said, reluctantly, "I am fifty."

"Not more than fifty?" questioned the counsel, sternly.

"Weel, dinna fash yersel," she replied "I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hope of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:

"Weel, sir, I wanna tell a lie. I hinna lost hope yet," scornfully adding, "but I wadna marry you, for I'm sick and tired o' your palaver already."—From Tit Bits.

CLAN MACKENZIE.

New York, January 15th, 1912.

Editor Caledonian,

Dear Sir:

Since the beginning of the year our Royal Deputy, Andrew Wallace has been busy installing the officers of the various clans of New York, but as some meet on the same night, the past Royal Deputy had to give a hand. The MacDonalds, were installed by Royal Deputy Andrew Wallace on the 6th, while the Grahams were installed on the same date by Past Royal Deputy James Hay, and the Past Royal Deputy installed the MacKenzies on the 10th; he also installed the Scotts on the 13th, while Royal Deputy Wallace installed the MacDuffs of Harlem, on the same date. There was a very peculiar coincidence happened at this installation; there were 13 of a delegation, it was the 13th of the month, and the chief was elected by 13 of a majority, and the weight of the Royal Deputy that installed him is 13 stones, so the MacDuffs ought to have luck this year. Clan MacKenzie began the year with the loss of a clansman, Brother Robert G. Campbell, who died on the Island of Bermuda on the 2nd. We have still 268 of a membership, with a few more coming in next meeting. Our new chief, John MacLean, is known throughout the Gaelic world. He is ex-president of the Celtic Society and can wear the Tartan with any of them.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN KIRK.

CLAN MACDUFF, NO. 81, NEW YORK.

Since last report there has only been one candidate initiated into our ranks, this at the last meeting of the old year, but there's a reason—apparently—the holidays of course are a good excuse for this falling off, as last meeting seems to prove, there being seven applications for membership, which speaks well for the New York.

"Hail to the Chief!"

Another year has passed into oblivion, and a few of us have entered into the fullness of new life and greater possibilities. Thus also, has Clan MacDuff taken another lease of life by installing its officers for the ensuing year on January 13th last. Many changes have occurred and ambition to excel in the various positions assumed is at fever heat. With harmony, health and hope, much can be done before next election rolls around again. Right royally did Royal Deputy Andrew Wallace and staff instal Clan MacDuff officers. Large delegations from Clans McKenzie and Graham were present.

Chief A. Fairweather suitably replied to the well merited ovation he received upon entering his third term as chief. Do you think Teddy can make it?

Deputy Chief Wallace spoke in flattering terms of Clan MacDuff's progress, but threatened to criticise the next time he had occasion to speak. Mr. Donald MacDougall, editor of The Caledonian, spoke in high

praise of the retiring officers, making special reference to the faithful and untiring devotion to duty of Recording Secretary James Grant, during the fifteen years he has held the office.

An entertainment and refreshments followed, at which Piper William Don, Dancers M. Mackenzie and James Hoey acquitted themselves admirably. Clansmen William Fullerton of Clan MacDonald, well known society entertainer, interpreted with much feeling, favorite Scottish lyrics. Clansmen P. Martin Douglas M. Leod, T. J. Graham, Mr. Lawson and others added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Don't forget the entertainment at Amsterdam Opera House, on Friday, February 9th. It is got up for your benefit.

GLESCA.

THE CELTIC SOCIETY, N. Y.

On January 12th, the Scottish Celtic Society of New York gave their annual concert at Lenox Casino, One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Lenox avenue. It proved a decided success. Stalwart Highlanders dressed in the garb of Old Gaul with their wives and sisters as they danced to the various Scotch airs, presented a picturesque sight long to be remembered.

Miss Norma MacLean was repeated honored when she sang the sweet Gaelic songs so dear to the heart of the Highlander. The grand march led by President and Mrs. John MacLean to the martial strains of the Pi-broch as played by Mr. Cooper, piper of the evening and ably conducted by Floor Manager Lambert and his assistant, Mr. Wright, completed the success of the occasion.

CALEDONIAN CLUB, YONKERS, N. Y.

The officers of this club, who were elected for the ensuing year, on December 18th, and whose names were given in the January *Caledonian* were duly installed on Monday evening, January 15th, by Chief Taylor and staff of the Caledonian Club, New York. Chief Robert Glover of the Yonkers Club was congratulated for the strong band of young men, who are his associate officers for the year 1912. Encouraging speeches and congratulations were given by Chief Taylor, ex-Chief Foulis, Chief Jackson of Clan MacGregor, and Rev. D. MacDougall, of *The Caledonian*. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cook and others entertained the assembly by songs and recitations. Refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed. We extend our sincere sympathy to ex-Chief Arthur, who was absent from this meeting on account of the recent death of his mother in Scotland.

As we are going to press, reports of Burns' Celebrations in all parts of the country come to us, but they are too late for publication in the February issue. "The Caledonian" acknowledges with appreciation these reports.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Eleventh Lesson.

(Continued).

"Therefore I say unto you, All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." Mark xi. 24.

What a proumise! so large, so Divine, that our little hearts cannot take it in, and in every possible way seek to limit it to what we think safe or probable; instead of allowing it in its quickening power and energy, just as He gave it, to enter in and to enlarge our hearts to the measure of what His love and power are really ready to do for us. Faith is very far from being a mere conviction of the truth of God's word, or a conclusion drawn from certain promises. It is the ear which has heard God say what He will do, the eye which has seen His doing it and, therefore, where there is true faith, it is impossible, but the answer must come. If we only see to it that we do the one thing that He asks of us as we pray: Believe that ye have received; He will see to it that He does the thing He has promised: "Ye shall have them." The key-note of Solomon's prayer (2 Chron. vi. 4), "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath with his hands fulfilled that which He spake with his mouth to my father David," is the key-note of all true prayer; the joyful adoration of a God whose hand always secures the fulfilment of what His mouth hath spoken. Let us in this spirit listen to the promise Jesus gives; each part of it has its Divine message.

"All things whatsoever." At this first word our human wisdom at once begins to doubt and ask: This surely cannot be literally true? But if it be not, why did the Master speak it, using the very strongest expression He could find: "All things whatsoever"? And it is not as if this were the only time He spoke thus; is it not He who also said, "If thou canst believe, ALL THINGS are possible to him that believeth;" "If ye have faith, NOTHING shall be impossible to you." Faith is so wholly the work of God's Spirit through His word in the prepared heart of the believing disciple, that it is impossible that the fulfilment should not come; faith is the pledge and the forerunner of the coming answer. Yes, "ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER" ye shall ask in prayer believing. ye receive." The tendency of human reason is to interpose here, and with certain qualifying clauses, "if expedient" "if according to God's will," to break the force of a statement which appears dangerous. O let us beware of dealing thus with the Master's words. His promise is most literally true. He wants His oft-repeated "ALL THINGS" to enter into our hearts, and reveal to us how mighty the power of faith is, how truly the Head calls the members to share with Him in His power, how wholly our Father places His power

at the disposal of the child that wholly trusts Him. In this "all things" faith is to have its food and strength; as we weaken it we weaken faith. The WHATSOEVER is unconditional; the only condition is what is implied in the believing. Ere we can believe we must find out and know what God's will is; believing is the exercise of a soul surrendered and given up to the influence of the Word and the Spirit; but when once we do believe nothing shall be impossible. God forbid that we should try and bring down His ALL THINGS to the level of what we think possible. Let us now simply take Christ's "WHATSOEVER" as the measure and the hope of our faith; it is a seed-word which, if taken just as He gives it, and kept in the heart will unfold itself and strike root, fill our life with its fulness and bring forth fruit abundantly.

"All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for." It is in prayer that these "all things," are to be brought to God to be asked and received of Him. The faith that receives them is the fruit of the prayer. In one aspect there must be faith before there can be prayer; in another the faith is the outcome and the growth of prayer. It is in the personal presence of the Savior in intercourse with Him, that faith rises to grasp what at first appeared too high. It is in prayer that we hold up our desire to the light of God's Holy Will, that our motives are tested, and proof given whether we ask indeed in the name of Jesus and only for the glory of God. It is in prayer that we wait for the leading of the Spirit to show us whether we are asking the right thing and in the right spirit. It is in prayer that we become conscious of our want of faith, that we are led on to say to the Father that we do believe, and that we prove the reality of our faith by the confidence with which we persevere. It is in prayer that Jesus teaches and inspires faith. He that waits to pray, or loses heart in prayer, because he does not yet feel the faith needed to get the answer, will never learn to believe. He who begins to pray and ask will find the Spirit of faith is given nowhere so surely as at the foot of the Throne.

"Believe that ye have received." It is clear that what we are to believe is, that we receive the very things we ask. The Savior does not hint that because the Father knows what is best He may give us something else. The very mountain faith bids depart is cast into the sea. There is a prayer in which, in everything, we make known our requests with prayer and supplication, and the reward is the sweet peace of God keeping heart and mind. This is the prayer of trust. It has

reference to things of which we cannot find out if God is going to give them. As children we make known our desires in the countless things of daily life, and leave it to the Father to give or not, as He thinks best. But the prayer of faith of which Jesus speaks is something different, something higher. When, whether in the greater interests of the Master's work, or in the lesser concerns of our daily life, the soul is led to see how there is nothing that so honors the Father as the faith that is assured that He will do what He has said in giving us whatsoever we ask for, and takes its stand on the promise as brought home by the Spirit, it may know most certainly that it does receive exactly what it asks. Just see how clearly the Lord sets this before us in verse 23: "Whosoever shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that *what he saith* cometh to pass, he shall have it." This is the blessing of the prayer of faith of which Jesus speaks.

"Believe that ye *have received*." This is the word of central importance, of which the meaning is too often misunderstood. Believe that you have received! now, while praying, the thing you ask for. It may only be later that you shall have it in personal experience, that you shall see what you believe; but now, without seeing, you are to believe that it has been given you of the Father in heaven. The receiving or accepting of an answer to prayer is just like the receiving or accepting of Jesus or of pardon, a spiritual thing, an act of faith apart from all feeling. When I come as a suppliant for pardon, I believe that Jesus in heaven is for me and so I receive or take Him. When I come as a suppliant for any special gift, which is according to God's word, I believe that what I ask is given me: I believe that I have it, I hold it in faith; I thank God that it is mine. "If we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions which we have asked of Him."

"*And ye shall have them*." That is, the gift which we first hold in faith as bestowed upon us in heaven, will also become ours in personal experience. But we have been heard and have received what we asked? There are cases in which such prayer will not be needful, in which the blessing is ready to break through at once, if we but hold fast our confidence, and prove our faith by praising for what we have received, in the face of our not yet having it in experience. There are other cases in which the faith that has received needs to be still further tried and strengthened in persevering prayer. God only knows when everything in and around us is fully ripe for the manifestation of the blessing that has been given to faith. Elijah knew for certain that rain would come; God had promised it; and yet he had to pray the seven times. And that prayer was no show or play; an intense spiritual reality in the

heart of him who lay pleading there, and in the heaven above where it had its effective work to do, it is "through faith and *patience* we inherit the promises." Faith says most confidently, I have received it. Patience perseveres in prayer until the gift bestowed in heaven is seen on earth. "believe that *ye have received*, and *ye shall have*." Between the *have received* in heaven, and the *shall have* of earth, believe; believing praise and prayer is the link.

And now, remember one thing more: It is Jesus who said this. As we see heaven thus opened to us, and the Father on the Throne offering to give us whatsoever we ask in faith, our hearts avel full of shame that we have so little availed ourselves of our privilege, and full of fear lest our feeble faith still fail to grasp what is so clearly placed within our reach. There is one thing must make us strong and full of hope: it is Jesus who has brought us this message from the Father. He Himself, when He was on earth, lived the life of faith and prayer. It was when the disciples expressed their surprise at what He done to the fig-tree, that He told them that the very same life He led could be theirs; that they could not only command the fig-tree, but the very mountain, and it must obey. And He is our life: all He was on earth He is in us now; and He teaches He really gives. He is Himself the Author and the Perfecter of our faith! He gives the spirit of faith; let us not be afraid that such faith is not meant for us. It is meant for every child of the Father; it is within reach of each one who will but be childlike, yielding himself to the Father's Will and Love, trusting the Father's Word and Power. Dear fellow Christian! let the thought that this word comes through Jesus, the Son, our Brother, give us courage, and let our answer be: Yea, Blessed Lord, we do believe Thy Word, we do believe that we receive.

"Lord Teach us to pray."

Blessed Lord! Thou didst come from the Father to show us all His Love, and all the treasures of blessing that Love is waiting to bestow. Lord! Thou hast this day again flung the gates so wide open, and given us such promises as to our liberty in prayer, that we must blush that out poor hearts have so little taken it in. It has been too large for us to believe.

Lord! we now look up to Thee to teach us to take and keep and use this precious word of Thine, "All things whatsoever ye ask believe that ye have received." Blessed Jesus! it is Thyself in whom our faith must be rooted if it is to grow strong. Thy work has freed us wholly from the power of sin, and opened the way to the Father; Thy Love is ever longing to bring us into the full fellowship of Thy glory and power; Thy Spirit is ever drawing us upward into a life of perfect faith and confidence.

The Scottish Flags.

BY JOHN A. STEWART.

The premier flag of Scotland is the Lion Rampant within a double tressure flory counterflory of fleurs de lis, and known to heralds as the Royal Banner of Scotland or the Banner of the King of Scots. It is also, though less correctly, styled the Royal Scottish Standard. A "standard," it may be explained, is a long tapered flag bearing badges and mottoes, while a flag showing the Arms or charges borne on the shield of the owner is called a "banner." Such a flag is the Royal Banner of Scotland, and it bears the Arms of the Sovereign of Scots.

According to the old writers, the lion has been carried on the armorial ensign of Scotland since the first founding of the monarchy by King Fergus I., who is reputed to have lived about 300 B. C. But the popular belief that William the Lion was the first to assume the lion as his personal cognizance is more reasonable. The lion does not appear on his seal, but it does on that of his son and successor, Alexander II., with what may be remains of the double tressure, a device which is clearly seen on the seals of Alexander III. (1249-1285). The double tressure is said, by the old writers, to have been conferred by Charlemagne when he entered into an alliance with Achaius, King of Scotland, and, "for the service of the Scots, the French King added to the Scottish lion the double tressure fleur de lisee to show that the former had defended the French lilies, and that, therefore, the latter would surround the lion and be a defence to him." Whatever the origin, there is no doubt that from the 13th century the Royal Banner of Scotland has remained unchanged in the form we know it to-day. In 1471, however, there was a strange attempt on the part of the Scottish Parliament to displace the tressure. An Act was passed in that year by which it was ordained "that in tyme to come thar sul be na double tressure about his (the King's) armys, but that he suld ber hale armys of the lyoun without ony mair." Needless to say, this Act was never carried into effect. The lion without the tressure is, indeed, the arms of

MacDuff, and is part of the achievement of the Duke of Fife.

As Baron Bradwardine observed, the lion rampant represents "the noble creature in its noblest posture," and Scots may well be proud of their royal arms. The early representations of the lion show the tail turned inward towards the animal's back and it is, perhaps, desirable to adhere to this ancient precedent. When shewn in full blazon, the claws, teeth and tongue of the lion are blue; this is in accordance with the heraldic custom that these parts of a beast of prey should be of a different tincture from the rest of the animal. Strictly speaking, the Scottish lion is as much the property of the King of Britain as it was of the King of Scotland, and as such no subject has a right to fly it. It is flown, however, very generally, and, unfortunately, not always in dignified circumstances. The lion was not the family coat-of-arms of the Kings of Scotland, but the Royal Arms used by them in their capacity as kings. The Bruces and the Stuarts had family arms of their own, which they relinquished on their accession to the throne. The idea, held by some, that the lion was used by all Scots, however humble, is simply grotesque. Fortunately, the authorities of the Scottish Exhibition, 1911, decided that the Royal Banner should be flown on one staff only, the appropriate one on the Palace of History, a building in the style of a Royal Scottish Palace.

The national flag of the people of Scotland is the blue banner with the white saltire cross of St. Andrew, and it is this flag which ought to be flown when it is desired to display a Scottish national flag. This noble flag, "the silver cross to Scotland dear," as Scott calls it in "The Vision of Don Roderick," is the true people's flag.

The old Scottish herald, Alexander Nesbit, who wrote an elaborate work on heraldry, first published in 1722, says of the St. Andrew's cross: "It has been anciently used by the Scots for their ensign, upon as well grounded a tradition for its appear-

ing in the air, as other nations have for their crosses coming down from heaven. Our historians are not wanting to tell us that Achaius, King of Scots, and Hungus, King of the Picts, having joined forces to oppose Athelstan, King of the Saxons, superior to them in force, they addressed themselves to God and their patron, St. Andrew; and as a token that they were heard, the white saltire cross upon which St. Andrew suffered martyrdom, appeared in the blue firmament! which so animated the Scots and Picts that they defeated the Saxons, and killed King Athelstan in East Lothian; which place to this day is known by the name of Athelstanford, corruptly pronounced Elshinford. After the victory, the two confederate kings, out of a sense of singular mercy, went in procession to the church of St. Andrew (where his arm was said to be kept as a relic), to thank God and his apostle for the victory; purposing that they and their successors should, in all time coming, use on their ensigns the cross of St. Andrew. How well the Picts performed, I know not, being overcome and expelled afterwards by the Scots; but it has been the constant practice of our kings to carry a white saltire cross on a blue banner."

The year of this legendary miracle would be about 987; and whether we ac-

cept the tradition or not, there is no doubt that the banner of St. Andrew has been venerated as the national flag of Scotland from a very early period. It was carried at Bannockburn, and in all the wars between the Scots and their "auld enemy of England"; also by the Scottish navy, which was at its greatest at about the time of James IV., when Scotland possessed in the "*Great Michael*" the "*Dreadnought*" of the age, and in her sea captains, Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo, and the brothers Barton, some of the greatest seamen of the time. The blue banner was carried by the Scottish soldiers down to 1707, and they fought under it in the wars in the low countries, and, indeed, all over Europe. As the cross of St. George is used extensively as a regimental color by English regiments of the British Army, it would be most appropriate for the Scottish regiments to carry the blue banner of St. Andrew. The Covenanters carried the blue banner and the Trades of Edinburgh had the celebrated "Blue Blanket." It is pleasing to observe that the Banner of St. Andrew was one of the distinctive flags of the Scottish National Exhibition; and it is essential that the old blue flag should be well to the fore, if the tendency to use the cross of St. George as a *British* flag (as in the case of the Royal Navy) is to be counteracted.—(Crosis Tara).

OUR LETTER FROM SAGINAW, MICH.

Monday evening, January 22, the Scottish St. Andrews Society held its annual Burns Concert and Ball at the Masonic Temple, an excellent program was successfully carried out and gave the society one of the finest concerts in its history.

Flora Melvor Craig with her gracious, manner and charming personality, together with her sweet, clear voice; won her way into the heart of the audience and encore after encore was demanded. In her duet with Mr. W. L. Cockburn, she showed great versatility.

W. L. Cockburn, of Boston, is undoubtedly the best Scottish baritone ever heard in this part of the country, seldom if ever, were "Scots Wha Hae," "Macgregor's Gathering," and "The March of the Cameron Men," sang with more expression and feeling, to a Saginaw audience. Mr. Cockburn possesses a strong, clear, powerful voice. Garbed in full dress, highland costume Mr. Cockburn made a splendid impression.

Perhaps the greatest hit of the concert was the duet "The Crooket Bawbee" which

Mrs. Craig and Mr. Cockburn sang with expression and unusual ability.

Mr. Robert Wilson is a humorist of no small talent, as one member said "like a brither to Jimmie Fax." We all hope to have Mr. Wilson with us again soon.

The five Highland dancers were each well received, five little girls and a boy, from our neighboring city of Flint.

Mrs. Sylvia Bitterman-Lash acted as accompanist for the singers and her work gave great satisfaction. Mrs. Craig, Mr. Cockburn and Mr. Wilson both spoke highly of her work.

The entire company and audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne" to honor the Scottish bard, whose birthday anniversary we so fittingly celebrated.

After the concert, dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock, many taking the occasion to renew old acquaintances and have a right guid clack in memory of other concerts, and past social events of the society.

FRANK A. ANDERSON,

Secretary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAKING OF THE NATION—SCOTLAND. By Robert S. Tait, Oxford, MacMillan & Company, New York, \$2.00 net.

Scotland is a warlike nation; for centuries it has been rent and torn to pieces by foes within and without. It has therefore furnished more material for historians and lecturers than any other country of its size in the world. A nation that has had no wars has no history, for wars make history, hence the lively interest that writers of weight have taken in Scotland in every age. Of recent years various phases of Scottish life and character have been keenly discussed by men of ripe scholarship, and wide research, such as Lang, Brown, Thomson and Maxwell, leaving but little for the most diligent gleaner. To write therefore, an unbiased history of Scotland and condense it as Dr. Tait has done, into 230 pages is an excellent piece of work.

The first two chapters of the book, "The Beginnings" and "Anglicization" which relate to the Roman Invasions, Norse Settlements and English overlordships, Queen Margaret's influence, Celtic Reaction, the Roman Church, Celtic Tongue, Feudal Lords and Scottish Burges, reveal careful study in sifting of material and a grasp of the situation. The chapter on "Consolidation," which treats of the prosperity of the reigns of the Alexanders and the cession of the Hebrides lacks fire and originality. The birthday of the Scottish nation began with the reign of Malcolm Canmore, A. D. 1054—1093, when he became king of a whole independent realm. The progress and development and the effect of the Norman conquest upon Scotland are well told. The wars of "Independence," the political unity of the nation, the patriotism of Wallace, the rise of Bruce, the Stewart dynasty, contributed greatly to the building of the kingdom.

"The reigns of the first two kings of the House of Stewart," says the author, "connect the struggle for independence with what is generally known as the period of the James, the two centuries during which Scotland as a free and independent kingdom followed its own destiny, created its internal organization and laid the foundations of a system, the influence of which can readily be traced to-day.

Robert II ruled for nineteen years (1371-1390) and his son for sixteen years (1390-1406) their reigns are memorable in tradition and legend. The thirty-five years of the two Roberts have a very large place in the record of the making of Scotland, and this is their highest importance in our story."

The reformation, the Lords of the Congregations, Protestantism, the union of the crowns, the Solemn League and Covenant—the struggle for civil and religious liberty, etc., were the causes presented by

Professor Tait, which eventually made Scotland what it is. The book is a book full of information. Written in fine style, with thirty-two illustrations rare and beautiful.

THE STORY OF THE BAGPIPE. By William H. Graham Flood, illustrated, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this interesting book shows from historical facts, that the pipe is the oldest of all musical instruments, and that the primitive form of a reed blown by the mouth, must date back to a very early period in the world's history.

In Genesis, fourth chapter and 21st verse we read that Jubal as the father of fiddler and pipers, the Hebrew 'ngab,' in the American Revised version, points out that the term "pipe" is more applicable than "organ"; thus on the threshold of the world's history, we find the allusion to pipe or bagpipe; also in Daniel 3:15 the word dulcimer is better translated as "bagpipe." And scholars have found on Chaldean sculptures the harp and pipes. It is therefore plain that the pipe is as ancient as the harp.

The author says—"The first form of wind instruments must be sought in the simple reed, and its origin is attributed to a prehistoric shepherd, who, when tending his sheep along the bank of a river, first discovered the musical capabilities of a bored reed. From the simple reed pipe blown at one end by the mouth, the flute was also evolved; thus the reed is the parent of the pipe and the flute."

"In the course of years, whether by accident or design, the advantage of two holes in the reed was discovered, and then the transition from two holes to four holes was obviously due to the disposition of the two fingers of either hand. The four hole reed or pipe was further developed by two additional holes played on with three fingers of either hand, and this six holed reed, with a long reed without holes, to which it was attached formed a flute with a drone-pipe known to the Egyptians.

"As centuries rolled by, the simple reed pipe was improved by the addition of a bladder, and was termed 'chorus.' Subsequently the skin of an animal was employed and a pipe introduced with a mouth piece. From this instrument the bagpipe was developed."

Egypt and Persia gave the lead to Greece and Rome, beating reeds having been discovered within the pipes found in Egyptian mummy caves.

Mr. Flood devotes chapters in describing how the bag-pipe was used, and became very popular, as a musical instrument.

The following are the principal chapters in the book—Chapter IV Ancient Irish Bagpipes. V Ancient Welsh pipes. VI Early English Bagpipes. VII. The Bagpipe in Scotland. VIII Ancient Scotch pipe melodies. IX The Scotch bag-pipes in the XVI

Century, and X Continental Bagpipes. In the remaining fourteen chapters of the book, he gives a story of the bagpipe, and its purpose among the Scotch, Irish, English, and Welsh, and tells how it inspired the armies in time of war, as well as on social occasions.

This intensely interesting book appeals to all lovers of the bagpipe.

"LAYS O' TH' HAMELAND."

By James Murdoch, Glassport, Pa.

Among the minor Scottish poets that have courted the muses within recent years either here or elsewhere, none, has struck a higher, purer note than James H. Murdoch, in his recently issued volume, "Lays O' Th' Hameland." The author does not attempt lofty themes and his appeal is to sentiments, which though they may be commonplace are more or less the experiences of the human race. In his preface, he states that his humble efforts have been always to please those people who are used to plain every-day simple life. His appeal is primarily to those, but in his efforts he has succeeded in striking sympathetic chords in all hearts responsive to the appeals of natural beauty, to the love of home, the calls of patriotism and to those other sentiments which beautify and idealize human life. Mr. Murdoch evidently views nature with the eye of a lover, and describes it with the fidelity of an artist and the fine enthusiasm and fancy of a poet. The simplicity of the language used in the compositions enhances the beauty of the thought, and he is at all times perfectly comprehensible and does not affect that obscurity so popular with some writers of verse at present.

Most of the poems are written in the Lowland dialect, of which the author has a complete command, though so long absent from the country he loves so well. Some of his compositions are exquisitely beautiful, but in a brief notice it is impossible to specialize at any length. The finest stanza of his "Tribute to the Thrush," will convey some idea of the beauty of the diction and the charm of the sentiment investing many of his poems:

"Sweet herald of the twilight hour,
Whose home is where the harebells hide,
Ayont the still in yonder bower,
Where lovers meet at eventide."

And this from "Shattered Hopes," a poem replete with pathetic beauty:

"I built me a house by the green hillside
And fair was the road to the winding river,
That onward swept with a graceful glide,
And murmuring sang where the aspens
quiver."

The "Song of the Mountain Torrent" is a splendid specimen of descriptive poetry. In this as in others the author writes as if all the sights and sounds of nature were indelibly stamped upon the tablets of his memory, and that he needs but think of them to reproduce all in mental perspective.

Many of the poems are largely personal and local in their interest, but even those are those specially of personal by others than those specially interested. The author is at his best when the theme is purely Scottish, but none of his poems lack merit whatever the subject may be. An optimist and reverent, he sees a light supernal irradiating the darkest night of sorrow.

NEIL MACDONALD.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

Detroit, December 21, 1911.

To the Caledonian:

It is the custom of the Detroit Post, one of the most important subdivisions of the Grand Army of the Republic, to have a Scotch night, at which every thing is Scotch. Many of its members are Scotch, who did vallant service in the war of the rebellion, and whose Scotch blood showed its dourness on many critical occasions during that hard contested war.

The St. Andrew's Highlanders of Detroit were invited by Judge Felix A. Lemke, Commander of the Post, to celebrate the Scotch night, with the members of the Post as audience, with the request that the Highlanders appear in full highland costume, and on November 27th, the Highlanders, accompanied by their Pipe Band, commanded by Richard Lindsay, marched to the hall of the Post where the members of the Post were assembled, who with tumultuous cheering received them as they entered the hall with pipes playing "The Campbells Are Coming."

After an address of welcome by Colonel O. A. Jaynes, who left an arm on a southern battle field, the meeting was turned over to the Highlanders.

Robert Schramm, chief of the Highlanders was weakened by illness so that he could not command that night, yet could not remain away, but was there, so much attached is he to the cause of which the Highlanders are the exponents.

Richard Lindsay presided, and in an appropriate manner thanked the Post for the privilege of being there to represent Scotland, before a body of men who had contributed to that great army which had fought for the liberty and unity of our country. The following participated in the exercises:

Robert Rankin sang, The Battle of Stirling, with an encore.

Albert McRobbie, a Highland dance.

E. V. Richards, a monologue.

Bruce Cameron, a sword dance.

Robert Rankin and Richard Lindsay, The Sword of Bunker Hill.

Norman Fraser, Ocorino Solo.

William Cameron, a song.

Duncan McPhail, Irish Jig.

George Watson, We're a' John Tamson's Bairns.

Thomas Leadbeater, The Highlandman's Toast.

And all joined in Auld Lang Syne.

The Scotland of Robert Louis Stevenson.

BY FREDERICK NIVEN.

Almost all the world is, in a sense, Stevenson's country, but there are places that are intimately his—such as the Calton Graveyard in Edinburgh, where, "in the hot fits of youth" R. L. S. "came to be unhappy." It was there that he pondered upon the memorials of the forgotten and dabbled in the majesty of Death, like Sir Thomas Brown considering Urns, with a sonorous melancholy—"Regiment after regiment, that had been the joy of mothers, had thrilled with the illusions of youth, and at last in the dim sick-room wrestled with the pangs of old mortality." It was thither that he sent Loudon Doud and his grandfather in "The Wrecker"—"I wanted ye to see the place."

THE LAW OF TRESPASS.

The "pool overhung by a rock" on the side of Pentland I have tried to find. A policeman saw me making a break from the high-road into the barrier of hedged demesnes that lie between the road and the hills. He called me back. I went back—and was quite frank with him. I explained what I was looking for; and though the policeman had never heard of Stevenson, he saw that I was genuinely interested in my pursuit. So he explained the Trespass Laws of Scotland, that I might know exactly where I stood, then smilingly turned his back, and I passed again through the hedge, to find myself, after some wandering among shrubberies, thrusting aside the last branches, and looking forth upon a secluded lawn.

The policeman had advised me to keep clear of the lawn, and here I was right upon it, and looking across it at a house, as if I was taking part in a story after the style of either "The Woman in White" or "The Two Magics." I retreated incontinently, and passed between more rhododendron bushes, and yews clipped like Pomeranian dogs; and at last came to the open hillside, up which I adventured. I found, in a precipitous stream there, several pools overhung by rocks where the young Stevenson may well have sat through a summer afternoon. All around was Stevenson country. Swanston roofs peeped from among the trees at the hill-end, and one of them sheltered "the roaring shepherd" of the "Memories and Portraits" essay.

In that house, that peeps up whitely, alone and high and secluded, Stevenson lived for some time; and thither came Saint Ives in his flight from Edinburgh Castle. I climbed to the summit of the steep end of Pentland, to find, away up there on the ridge, that the precipice at the top was inhabited by swallows. Southward the Pentlands rolled away in an intense green quiet under a blue haze to the Cauldstaneslap and beyond. The name of the Cauldstaneslap

(over which I walked another day from Eddeston, by West Linton to Balerno) is in "Weir of Hermiston," the name and also the atmosphere—though "Weir of Hermiston" suggests (as the Master meant it to do) not a specific place, but all the Scottish Border. And any Border man in exile—come he from Pentlands or Lammermuir, Yarrow, Tweedside, or Gray Galloway—must feel, as he reads, as if his spirit has flown home.

NEAR EDINBURGH.

Another little journey to Stevenson country, near Edinburgh, took me on the clattering, crawling cable-car downhill by Hanover Street, past Heriot Row, where, at Number 17, R. L. S. lived (across the street where Ayton of the Ballads lived), along Howard Place, where, at Number 8, R. L. S. was born. The old lamp is still "before the door," but no Leary now pauses "to light it, as he lights so many more." Electric lights now tower over all. Trinity is the car terminus—and in the vicinity of one of the homes (by the way) of Alexander Smith, whose "Dreamthorpe" has certain affinities with the essayist Stevenson. Thence—first on the left, second on the right, and straight on, is the direction. That takes one to a little harbor and an odor of gasworks. Passing eastward till the odor faded I found that between a battered paling on the one hand and a receding tide on the other I could walk to Cramond, and I did so, making up on a tramp who had been a soldier. We discussed many matters, chief of which was the question of women in offices. "A lady clerk," he informed me, "will never get on the tiddley like a man. It is the one thing in which she is better, but it goes a long way—not to go on the tiddley." He reminded me of Stevenson's "Keats—John Keats, sir" tramp, and clearly was, for himself, subject to going on the tiddley. But I enjoyed my walk with him greatly; and saw the islands lying in the frith, and remembered how in "Catriona" it says: "

a string of four small isles, Craigleith, The Lamb, Fidra, and Eyebrow, notable by their diversity of size and shape. Fidra is the most particular, being a strange grey islet of two humps, made the more conspicuous by a piece of ruin; and I mind that (as we drew closer to it) by some door or window of these ruins the sea peeped through like a man's eye."

THE HOUSE OF SHAWS.

From the Cramond Inn I wandered on to the Queensferry road, took a side turning, and found two pillars, with a closed wrought-iron gate between, standing at the end of an unused and grass-grown avenue, and wondered if it was here that Stevenson had suggested to him the gates of the House of Shaws. Then I returned to the



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Queensferry road, and, as we would say out West, hit it northwards till I came to the Forth (by the road that runs past Rosebery's estate), and saw the Hawes Inn and looked out on the Forth, and beheld the brig "Covenant" swinging at her anchor under the less real, if more apparent, straddling marvel of the high bridge in which man has shown himself the equal of the spider at the spider's own art.

On the very October day of this year when I stepped from the single-line train in Appin, over against Morven, a monument to the memory of James of the Glens had been completed; and "The Oban Times" that I carried had some letters to the editor headed, "The Appin Murder," in which the old story of Alan Breck and James of the Glens and Glenure was gone over again, and opinions given. But it was not James of the Glens I was after. I was looking for Alan Freck's wood—and I found it. A new road, good for motors, whirls along the shore; but the old road on which Colin Campbell of Glenure came from the Ferry of Ballychulish "seeking Aucharn," to find his death, still shows, scrambling along the hillside, grass covered, but more clear than many a Western trail. And the wood of Lettervere still clings to the hillside, showing silver stems of birches, and murmuring with the wind that comes up Loch Linnhe from the Atlantic, from beyond Errald (of the shipwreck) and the island of Mull (of the blind Catechist) up the loch to wave the branches on that quiet hillside. There is the hillside; there the hanging coppice; high up the glens break backward. It takes no great imagination to see Alan bob up and disappear, and bob up again, fishingrod in hand. One can almost hear the far, thin cheering of the pursuing redcoats.

IN AYRSHIRE.

A few days later I sat on the tiny little breakwater at the mouth of the River Irvine

in Ayrshire, and looked over to Turnberry Point, where the lighthouse wall shows white, and where once the beacon flamed to call the Bruce over from Arran—that raises its thirty miles of profile out of the firth westward. Beyond that point away down in the firth over against Ailsa Craig—upon the magnificent rock of which some folk, who to my mind are vandals, have a design, and would fain quarry away its grandeur with drills and dynamite as little critics would fain quarry away beloved reputations with tests to discover what they are *not*, and with blasts of grandiloquent comparison, and so make a noise in the world—away down there the lugger stood by to deposit the Master upon the beach at Ballantrae—"a tall, slender figure of a man habited in black."

And thinking of Stevenson again there, it struck me that I had never visited Pitlochry, nor Braemar, whence R. L. S. wrote to Edmund Goose: "If you had an uncle who CAL THREE... V.GZn qfD eA,r was a sea captain and went to the North Pole, you had better bring his outfit." But R.L.S. has not peopled the vicinity of Braemar with his creations as he has peopled Swanston, and the Calton Graveyard, Mull, Morven, Appin, and Ballantrae. His head, while he was there, was full of his puppets and their wardrobes—scratchingwigs, riding-coats, boat-cloaks (a word he loved), faced hats. He was not really in Aberdeen, but on some Treasure Island—T. P.'s Weekly.

"An Evening of British Song and Dance," arranged by Miss Margaret Crawford, was given at 618 East One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth street, New York, on Monday evening, January 29th. The interesting program consisted of "Merrie England," "Ould Ireland," "Bonnie Scotland," "Brave Little Wales," and "Young America." Miss Crawford and Mr. D. Scott Chisholm represented "Bonnie Scotland" and the other parts were well executed by other artists. It was a pleasing entertainment.

The Tabernacle Baptist Church, Atlanta, has called, on January 24th, Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, pastor emeritus of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, and now president of the World's Baptist Alliance. Dr. MacArthur is at Petersburg, Russia. The call was sent to him by cable.

Senator Robert M. La Follette the insurgent candidate, received a most hearty welcome from four thousand people in Carnegie Hall, January 22.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott was last week elected a director in the Broadway Trust Company, of New York, which has just absorbed the Savoy Trust Company.

Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient.

BY WALTER WALGROVE.

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit, and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible;

just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about seventy-five per cent., to drug ourselves, or after we have become one hundred per cent. inefficient through illness, send for a physician, who attempts to rid us of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you would probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system, is that no medicine can take effect, nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are ten to one that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but no matter how long it takes, while it is going on, the functions

are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about fifty per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon, and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains. It distributes them throughout the system, and weakens it so we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body, instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull, and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are one hundred per cent. efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Charles A. Tyrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only Fifty Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West Sixty-fifth street, New York city, and mentioning that they have read this article in "The Caledonian."

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible, should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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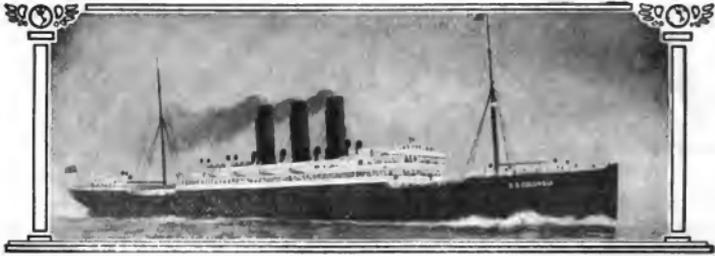
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

Part John Blommers, the well known Dutch portrait painter, came to New York on February 19th, from The Hague to paint a picture of Andrew Carnegie, to be hung in the hall of the Peace Building at The Hague. Mr. Blommers said the people of The Hague were paying for the picture by public subscription, as they thought highly of Mr. Carnegie.

An equal division of all the money in the United States, according to figures just issued by the Treasury Department, would give to each man, woman and child in the country, \$34.61. On February 1st there was \$3,624,572,121 in the United States. Of this \$338,302,481 represented the assets of the government and \$3,286,269,640 was in circulation.

A million dollars a month is the average of gifts to the Young Men's Christian Association in America, according to a statement submitted lately at a meeting of the secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York State.

President Taft sent to the Senate February 19th the name of Mahlon Pitney, Chancellor of New Jersey, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, vice Mr. Harlan, deceased. The appointment of Mr. Pitney to the Supreme Court would be generally commended.

Manager Robert Hugh Benson, Roman Catholic son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury, arrived in New York recently to preach in Lent in a Harlem church. Like Father Vaughan, an English Jesuit for some time in New York, the presence of Manager Benson in the city, may be also expected to result in a few more women of wealth being lured into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church by high toned seductive eloquence.

Fifty-four men, prominent in labor unions throughout the country, were recently arrested on the accusation of being accomplices of the McNamaras and McManigal in the dynamite outrages. The conspiracy apparently was wide spread and the government fully realizes its danger and character.

Mr. Bryan's periodical, the "Commoner," in a recent issue endorsed Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Meanwhile Henry Waterson, the veteran southern editor, has been pouring out the vials of his wrath upon his former friends, which does not augur well for Wilson's candidature in the south.

In the Republican political arena, President Taft appears to hold the lead, while Colonel Roosevelt is still a silent candidate.

Highway robberies, in the full glare of daylight and in crowded streets, have been spectacular attractions presented to the public gaze, with great frequency of late in the City of New York. The daring thieves effected their escape in automobiles. The police are baffled and the criminals also refuse to give themselves up.

The case of Brandt, a former valet of Mr. Schiff, a prominent New York banker, has caused great excitement in legal circles recently. Brandt it now appears was sentenced to prison for thirty years, for what turns out now to be a petty offence. Justice Gerard on February 21, sustained the writ of habeas corpus whereby the imprisoned valet was taken from Dannemora prison. It is generally thought that other reasons not mentioned, together with Mr. Schiff's wealth and evident desire to have Brandt practically imprisoned for life, influenced Judge Rosalsky in imposing the long term of imprisonment.

The system of tuition pursued in the schools of New York city is unfavorably commented upon by many. Some of the members of the Board of Education are opposed to what they call "fads" and "frills" in the public schools, and are bent upon introducing a change if possible. As it is now, clay modeling, folk-dances, languages, and other subjects are crowded upon the immature minds of the children, to the exclusion largely of grammar, spelling, arithmetic and geography. While a competent knowledge of the essentials of a public school course is not required, the pupils gain the merest smattering of the other subjects pressed upon their attention.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States relative to the adoption of the referendum and initiative in the state of Oregon is in no sense an indorsement of those political expedients, but merely a statement that the question submitted was outside the jurisdiction of the highest court of appeals. The veteran diplomat, Andrew D. White, has this to say regarding another innovation in the Progressive program of administrative reforms: "So far as I am aware no modern country has adopted the recall of judges as part of its administrative machinery and I must confess that even to think of it makes one dazed." Political and economic nostrums and expedients, which threaten the stability and authority of political and judicial institu-

tions, are safest when left with the theorist and dreamer. If the people are not competent to elect proper representatives and judges, they are not competent to have the power of the recall.

Forty khaki clad members of the Young Australian League arrived in Chicago recently, on a tour of the world. The boys, who marched to their hotel flying the flags of Great Britain and the United States, and headed by a band, are Australian schoolboys selected by vote in their home cities for the trip.

The Centennial of the birth of Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, was duly celebrated in New York. A largely attended dinner at Delmonico's marked the celebration on February 6th, when numerous eulogistic addresses were made, and an original tribute in verse composed by Mr. Markham, the poet, was read. The Dickens' poem was a very superior tribute to the genius of the novelist, and was well worthy of the distinction placed upon it. At the celebration held on the following evening in Carnegie Hall, Mr. William Watson read a poem composed for the occasion. Though not without merit the reflection was apt to arise—was it worth while to cross the Atlantic for the sole purpose of reading such a composition?

The Rev. George Gilbert, of Killingsworth, Conn., recently declared that every minister should read the Sunday morning paper before entering his pulpit. Seemingly all the fools are not dead, either in or out of the pulpit. Mr. Gilbert will probably get what he wants—many newspaper notices—owing to his statement. Sunday newspapers, fortunately, have not yet superseded the Bible in the church or the home.

A Legislative Food Inquiry is being conducted at No. 202 Franklin street, New York city. If the inquiry is carried far enough, it is asserted that it will show that at least \$100,000,000 of the \$100,000,000 which New York spends yearly for food goes into the pockets of middlemen, and that another \$100,000,000 is frittered away in excessive cost of retail distribution.

Lieutenant General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, who started the Boy Scout movement, was honored with a dinner recently at the Hotel Astor, New York. Several hundred Boy Scouts were at the hotel to welcome the distinguished officer. The toastmaster at the dinner was former Chief Forester Clifford Pinchot. The speakers were Sir Robert Baden-Powell, National Scout Chief Ernest Thompson-Seton, National Scout Commissioner Daniel C. Beard, and Dr. John H. Finley, President of the City College of New York, and originator of the scout movement among the blind boys.

The Success Magazine of New York was recently purchased by Lewis Leavitt,

an ink manufacturer, who has expressed his intention of making the magazine a high class monthly.

Charles Erlund arrived recently in New York from England, representing, he said, British capitalists, ready to invest \$20,000,000 in the operation of a steamship service between Seattle and the Panama Canal.

Mrs. Catherine Forrest Munro, widow of the late George Munro, the publisher, died recently at her home in New York. The deceased was born in Nova Scotia, as was also her husband.

Mr. James Noble Adam, at one time mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., and founder of the dry goods house of J. N. Adam & Company, died there on February 9th, after a short illness, aged 70 years. Mr. Adam was born in Peebles, Scotland, and had only recently returned from visiting his birthplace. For many years Mr. Adam had been prominent in the politics of the Democratic party.

The end of the long fight over the ratification of the general treaties of arbitration with Great Britain and France was foreshadowed by the action of the Senate in fixing March 5th as the date on which the final vote will be taken. The opinion is held by many that both treaties will be ratified without amendments.

CANADIAN.

The Canadian government is contemplating an increase of the subsidies paid to the companies operating transatlantic steamship services. The increase will insure the placing of six new ships on the Halifax-Liverpool route, making the distance in four and one half days.

Canada has expended more than \$100,000,000 to provide ship-canals from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes. It is a larger expenditure relative to population or resources than the United States will make at Panama. The costs of maintenance and improvements are relatively larger. Nevertheless, American vessels are allowed to go toll-free through these costly Canadian water-ways, and Canadians naturally feel aggrieved that their vessels using the Panama Canal when completed, will be discriminated against in favor of those flying the United States flag.

Vancouver, B. C., purposes to build a large dock system at an expense of \$20,000,000 in connection with it there will be many warehouses to accommodate the industries which will spring up.

The Canadian Government is building three cruisers to protect British Columbia fisheries. It has been stated in Parliament that Americans had poached 65,000,000 pounds of halibut last season.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company recently let a contract for a new elevator at Fort William to cost half a million

dollars, and having a storage capacity of 5,750,000 bushels.

It was reported lately that two million feet of lumber have been ordered from British Columbia lumber mills by an Australian lumber firm.

A syndicate of American and Canadian capitalists has just bought from the Brazilian government 9,000,000 acres of land in the State of Sao Paulo. On it they propose to raise cattle for beef to be shipped to Europe. Mr. Murdo Mackenzie of Colorado, is the president of the company.

An arrangement has been just effected whereby eleven ocean steamers will sail in connection with the Canadian Northern Railway. Five of these ships will belong to the Cunard Line. The Northern Railway, rapidly approaching completion, is practically owned and was constructed by two Canadians, who owe but little to advantageous circumstances in their securing distinction and wealth—these are Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann.

The Canadian Senate is largely composed of Liberals and the policy of the Conservatives now in power is not regarded by them with favor. Recently a committee of the Senate was appointed to inquire into losses sustained by farmers through the defeat of the reciprocity treaty.

The recent death of Sir James MacPherson Lemoine at his home, Spencer Grane, Quebec, was regretted by a wide circle of friends. The mother of Sir James was the daughter of a Highland officer, Captain Mac Pherson and his father was a descendant of the noble French family of Lemoine, identified with the early history of Canada and of the southern portion of the United States, while it was a French possession. Sir James was born in 1825 and was the author of several books on ornithology and history. He wrote equally well in both English and French.

John McRea, a native of Invernesshire, died recently in Greenville Province, Quebec, within a few days of having attained his 109th year. At the time of his death he was probably the oldest person in the Dominion.

Toronto City directory for 1912 gives the population of the city now as 400,000. With the exception of a number of cities in the Canadian Northwest, which have made such surprising rapid increase in population. Toronto's rate of increase is by far the largest of any city in Canada.

Preference in freight rates and the granting of rebates to United States vessels using the Panama Canal, have been the subjects of discussion in the House of Commons, Ottawa, recently. As no action has been taken by the government of the United States so far in the matter, Premier Borden

said that whatever might be the issue, the Imperial Government will be asked to look after Canada's interest in the matter.

One thousand packages of butter imported from New Zealand and shipped across the continent from Vancouver reached Montreal on February 15th. It will be sold at a lower price than Canadian butter, which is now sold at forty cents a pound. The antipodean butter is claimed to be as good as that of Canada.

BRITISH.

The Duke of Fife, who married the eldest daughter of the late King Edward, died at Assuan, Upper Egypt, on January 29, while on his way to attend the consecration of a cathedral at Khartum built as a memorial to General Gordon. He was on board the *Delhi*, with his wife and two daughters, when it was wrecked off the coast of Morocco, on December 13th. The exposure and fatigue consequent upon the shipwreck doubtless was the main cause of the Duke's lamented death while on the way of doing honor to the memory of another noble Scotsman.

The government on February 20th, intervened in the coal dispute which threatens to cause a stoppage of work in the mines throughout the United Kingdom involving not less than 800,000 miners. It is impossible to predict at present what the outcome of the trouble will be. It is not conceivable that the government will permit such action to be taken by the coal miners as would lead not only to a general stoppage of industry, but to suffering and loss to millions of people, that have nothing to do with the grievances fancied or real, of the miners. A government that has gone farther in fostering the interests of labor than any other ever did in the United Kingdom, is apparently not receiving the appreciation from those benefitted, it would naturally expect.

Belfast, which has recently been the storm centre for home rule agitation, now contributes about three-quarters of all the customs and excise revenue collected in Ireland.

The £6,000 required for the statue of Miss Florence Nightingale has been practically obtained by private subscription. It is anticipated that it will be placed opposite the Crimean memorial in Waterloo place, London.

Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Company, Elswick, have secured the contract for a suber-Dreadnaught for Chile. The vessel, which will be named the *Valparaiso*, will cost over £2,000,000.

Mr John Stewart Clark, of Dundas Castle, and his sister recently made a gift of £39,000 for the restoration of the ruined choir of Paisley Abbey as a memorial of their father and mother. This donation will facilitate the completion of the restoration scheme started twelve years ago.

The Pacific Cable Board it is stated, intends to lay another cable between Australia and New Zealand. The distance by the present route is 1,900 miles, but by the new route it will be 1,100 miles, and a three-minute service between Sydney and Auckland will be possible.

Ernest Terah Hooley, whose fabulous expenditure and reputed enormous wealth astonished Londoners a decade ago, was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in London on February 10th, for fraudulent dealings. His meteoric career was a marvel, and his downfall was marked by singularities which also made it unique.

A lineal descendant of James Hogg, the famous Ettrick Shepherd, died recently in Cardiff, Wales. He was Walter Hogg, B. A., and a member of the Glamorgan Education Committee. He was 83 years old at his death and was deeply versed in Scottish literature.

Mr. Joseph Martin, formerly prominent in Canadian politics, is now one of the leaders of the extreme Radicals of the House of Commons. With Bonar Law as leader of the Conservatives in the House, and other Canadians prominent as members, the Canadians are well to the fore in the British Parliament.

A case involving the old Scottish clan laws was decided in the Edinburgh Court of Sessions on February 5th, when the right of possession of Dunstaffnage Castle was awarded to its present occupant, Angus John Campbell, as against the claim of the Duke of Argyll.

Operations in connection with the construction of a railway from Cromarty to Dingwall are soon to be started. The scheme is to be carried through by Glasgow capitalists. The British Admiralty favors the projected railway.

The mine owners of Scotland lately expressed the opinion that a national coal strike is inevitable. Should it occur, which seems probable at present, it will affect about 800,000 men in England and Scotland engaged in mining coal.

It has been reported in London that Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for foreign affairs, who has been recently made a Knight of the Garter by the King, will succeed Mr. Asquith as Premier.

At the opening of the Parliamentary session on February 14th, Premier Asquith stated that the recent visit of the Secretary of War, Viscount Haldane, to Berlin, was made at the invitation of Germany. The object of the meeting was to consider methods for relieving the existing feeling of distrust disturbing the harmony of the two countries. The result of the meeting will probably be salutary. The surprising successes of the socialists in the last German election does not augur well for the increase of naval and military expenditures

in Germany, and may have been one of the principal reasons for the recent conference at Berlin.

The Arbitration League of England has issued a memorial protesting against the use of aerial vessels in war, pointing out that now is the time, if ever, the nations can agree to confine warfare to the earth. The memorial is certainly eminently proper and timely in view of the general agitation in favor of disarmament and universal peace.

A recent court ruling in London declares that the American Thread Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, is liable to an income tax in Great Britain on profits amounting to \$900,000.

King George and Queen Mary, on their arrival home from their important visit to their Indian empire, were welcomed with much enthusiasm by their loyal subjects. Their visit, doubtless to India will be followed by a warmer feeling of loyalty to the emperor and less disaffection than has existed there for some time past.

Lord Stanmore, an uncle of the Earl of Aberdeen Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died a short time ago at the age of 83, in London. He was the son of the first Earl of Aberdeen.

The British Miners' Federation has decided to appeal to the miners on the Continent of Europe to boycott all attempts to export coal to the United Kingdom, in the event of a national strike being declared. It is difficult to forestall so threatening a calamity, as the miners are determined to win regardless of consequences to the country or their countrymen.

Lord Lister, one of the most eminent physicians in the world, died in London on February 11th. He was justly celebrated as the discoverer of the method of antiseptic treatment in surgery, which has been an invaluable boon to the surgeon and to humanity.

DR. MACARTHUR, PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD'S BAPTIST ALLIANCE, RETURNS FROM RUSSIA.

In speaking in New York of the success that had attended his mission to Russia to gain certain concessions for the Baptists of that country, the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, president of the Baptist World's Alliance, among other statements said:

"People over here have no idea how sensitive Russia is with regard to America. It is like waving a red flag in front of a bull to talk in St. Petersburg about the Jews. I talked to many persons about the questions at issue. If I went, for an example, to a bank to present my letter of credit, I would get into conversation with the banker, and so learn his point of view.

"Russians are not slow to say that so long as Americans lynch negroes almost daily, so long as Americans shut out Chinese, Japanese, and certain Mohammedans, who are



DR. MACARTHUR.

Russian subjects, Americans ought not to criticise Russia without taking to themselves some blame for these acts. In so saying I am not justifying Russia, but I am pointing out inconsistencies in the conduct of Americans."

Dr. MacArthur declared that as far as he could see, there was no prospect of the Russians changing their attitude. They believe that there is a great deal to be said on their side and that the rupture of the commercial treaty does far more harm to Americans than Russians.

"Is the restriction on the Jews based on racial or religious grounds?" he was asked.

"On religious entirely," he replied: "So that a Jew who becomes a Christian escapes persecution."

Notwithstanding a certain degree of opposition, Dr. MacArthur successfully accomplished his mission. He received permission for the opening and dedication of a Baptist Church, and permission to buy in St. Petersburg, a site for a Baptist Bible School.

In England, Dr. MacArthur was at the dedication of a window in Westminster Abbey to John Bunyan, and as president of the World's Baptist Alliance, had a seat in the chancel and walked in the procession with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster. Dr. MacArthur was also the guest of the Hon. Lloyd George, the leading Liberal statesman.

ENGLISH FLAGS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

To the Editor of *The Navy*.

Sir: Permit me as a member of the Navy League, and a loyal Briton, to protest emphatically against the use of English flags in the Navy. By the First Article of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland, it is determined that the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew shall be used in all flags, both at sea and land; and to the first Union Flag was added the saltire of St. Patrick at the union with Ireland in 1801. Notwithstanding the plain terms of the great Treaty, it is the unconstitutional practice of the Navy to fly English flags, such as the Admiral's flag, the Commodore's broad pendant, the pendant red, the pendant white, the pendant blue, and the White Ensign, all being simply the old national flag of England (banner of St. George), in a variety of forms. In the case of the White Ensign a small Union is cantoned in the first quarter as a mere addition to the flag of England. All these flags are not only contrary to the Treaty of Union and grossly unconstitutional, but most insulting to the British Union, implying as they do that the part is greater than the whole. It is possible that these flags may please a few unthinking people who have not grasped the fact that the Navy is British—not English, and who are incapable of thinking Imperially. But what of the thousands of Britons at home and in the Dominions beyond the seas who regard these flags as disparaging the British Union, and misrepresentations of the constitution of the United Kingdom? In the name of fair play, why does not the British Navy fly British flags?

Surely, it would be a high distinction for the Royal Navy to fly the Union as its distinctive ensign, and a shorter or square Union as the Jack. It would be an easy matter to use the united crosses instead of the single cross in the three pendants. An Admiral of the Fleet uses the Union at present, and the other Admirals and Commodores could easily have special flags that would not be unconstitutional in character. The facts are uncontrovertible, and the sooner the naval flags are brought into harmony with the British Constitution the better for all concerned.

JOHN A. STEWART (Crois Tara).

Home Rule For Scotland.

BY MARTIN MACINTOSH.

A great Scottish Home Rule movement is now successfully started in Scotland. Scottish people are slow to move but once they determine to do a thing they will let nothing stand in their way. Great meetings are being held in many parts of the country.

The condition in the British Parliament is one of endless confusion both in finance and in legislation not only nationally but imperially. Recently over sixty millions were voted in one year without discussion.

Scottish affairs are neglected in the Imperial Parliament beyond belief. Within the past five years less than five days have been given to their administration. Would a Scottish Parliament allow the Deer Forest system which has driven the inhabitants from the Highlands whether they wish to go or not? This depopulation is not due to the poor soil. Denmark has a soil and a climate worse than that of Scotland, yet she is prosperous on agriculture alone. There is no decrease in her population. What is the cause of this? She has Home Rule and the government will not allow the owners to act as though the land was for their own benefit, while Scotland has alien rule, and her land is neglected and the poor treated as though they had nothing to do with it.

There is no other country in all the world where the education is managed from another country. Scotland formerly took the lead in educational matters, now she has lost it.

Members who have been sent to Parliament to look after Scottish affairs have seen matters passed upon with no opportunity to act. The population of Scotland being less than five millions as compared to the thirty-two millions in England can give her but little voice in Parliament.

Everything has been tried by both parties to make the present system a success. It is beyond the power of any government. Could the United States government, at Washington, deal with the affairs of the nation and do the work of all the legislatures at the same time. The Cabinet Ministers would be glad of devolution. Even prominent English Unionists wish it in order to preserve the Empire. The cause of Home Rule is now accepted as making for good government in each division and for

the unity of the whole Kingdom.

Home Rule is always a success, never a failure. Germany and Austria are striking examples of its effect. Canada and Australia could not be held without it.

When Gladstone brought forward the Irish Home Rule Bill a Scottish Home Rule Association was formed, of which the late Professor Blackie was Chairman. Their purpose was Home Rule for each division and an Imperial Parliament over all. This gave rise to the now well-known phrase, Home Rule All Round.

When the Union was formed in 1707 by the landed classes one reason was given that Scotland and England would not quarrel so much. It is now recognized that the best way to keep up the strife is to continue the union of Parliament. Could England only realize it, she would find that she would benefit greatly by Home Rule and possibly she is beginning to see that her Liberal members in Parliament simply wish to hold on to the Scottish representatives, because it adds to the strength of their party.

A great campaign for this year, all over Scotland, is being planned by the Scottish Committee, a society of Scottish M. P.'s, and others. This organization is not formed from any disloyalty to the government, but for the purpose of advocating self-government, Home Rule All Round and Imperial Rule Round All. The Society of Young Scots, which has now joined with the Scottish National Committee has moved and carried the following resolution: That they would say to Mr. Asquith's government in 1913, that unless they had a Scottish Home Rule bill that session, they were not going to guarantee them their support.

The Liberal government should present to the House of Commons a Resolution naming the powers to be given to Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales. In this way only, can the Imperial Parliament be made of any use.

The day has come when Scottish spirit has revived and the people are not going to be treated as if Scotland were an English province. The present time is again Scotland's hour of trial. She needs a Wallace or a Bruce to lead her in her fight for constitutional liberty.

Charles Dickens: An Appreciation.

BY R. MCKINLAY POWER, M. A.

It was my good fortune when a youngster,—although not then considered an especial good fortune, because imposed as a species of punishment,—to have attended the last public reading which Charles Dickens gave in the City of Glasgow, Scotland, during the winter prior to his death, and to-day the appearance of the genius who could with equal inspiration convulse humanity with laughter and deluge it with tears, as he stood upon the City Hall platform, is as fresh and vivid to my mind as if I had beheld him yesterday and not over forty years ago. Even now, me thinks, I still hear his voice as he reads to us of the travels of Little Nell with her poor grandfather, of her burial and its disclosure to her grandfather, and of the latter's death by the grave of his darling grandchild. From that time until the present, and probably in large measure by reason thereof I have been a lover of the man and an admirer of his works.

With William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens divided the honor of being called "the first novelist of the day," but he was as much the superior of the novelists who had preceded him 'as sunlight is to moonlight or as water is to wine.' "I think of these past writers," said a late distinguished editor of *Cornhill*, when lecturing to a London audience upon the Reverend Laurence Sterne, "and of the one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter, and the sweet, unsullied page, which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

Charles Dickens was born on February 7, 1812,—just one hundred years ago to-day—and he died on June 9, 1870. His early opportunities of scholastic education were few, but he overcame all his disadvantages, and eminently fulfilled his childhood resolve to be "a learned and ambitious man." After meandering through the dry and uninviting mysteries of a lawyer's office, at a comparatively early age he became a reporter, and for the development of literary tastes there are perhaps none who acquire a truer and more intimate knowledge of public characters and new books than those who report for the Lon-

don press. It was while attached to the staff of *The Morning Chronicle* that his essays entitled *Sketches by Boz* were published. This was in 1836, when he was twenty-four years old. These sketches—seven in number—comprise his first attempts at authorship, with the exception, as he tells us, "of certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries." Their titles are as suggestive and as unique as those of the essays of Charles Lamb, and are as miscellaneous as the contents of the pocket of Clemency Newcomb. Dealing with almost every phase of life and form of misery, from the fashionable Londoners sporting themselves on the sands of the Ramsgate to the helpless and hopeless convicts in the condemned pew in the Chapel of Newgate Prison, from the orators of St. Stephens to the orators of the dram-shop and the gin-palace, they outline characters whom we may meet on the streets of London and New York to-day.

The publication of the unrivalled *Pickwick Papers*, however, appearing in 1837, marks the commencement of his fame. *Nicholas Nickleby*, "aimed at the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon their wretched pupils by the cheap schoolmasters in Yorkshire,—and hitting its mark," and generally looked upon as the finest work from Dickens's pen; *Oliver Twist*, painting with a truthfulness that rivals the pencil of Defoe the lowest and vilest forms of London life; *The Old Curiosity Shop*, whose central figure, Little Nell Trent, is one of the most exquisite creations of modern fiction; *Barnaby Rudge*, a vivid picture of the Lord George Gordon riots and of the storming of Newgate, reading like an historical tale of Sir Walter Scott, and taking us back to the times when Sedan chairs were in vogue, and hansom cabs were unknown to London streets; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey & Son* and *David Copperfield*, the last named the story of a literary young man struggling up to fame, as the author himself had done, through the thorny toils of shorthand notes; *Bleak House*, founded on the miseries of a suit in chancery,—the

case of *Jarndyce versus Jarndyce*—which was reported by the newspapers to have been re-opened in London some years ago; *Hard Times*; *A Tale of Two Cities*;—London and Paris,—chronicling the fall of the Bastille and the first days of the French revolution, when so many fell before the "sharp female, newly born, and called La Guillotine"; *Great Expectations*, sketching the fortunes of a blacksmith's boy, and practically exemplifying the biblical saying that "contentment with godliness is great gain"; *Our Mutual Friend*, and *The Uncommercial Traveller*, a second edition, as it were, of the *Sketches by Boz*, followed in comparatively rapid succession until the unfinished *Edwin Drood* completed the list.

Every one of these novels was written for a specific purpose, and the key to the works of Charles Dickens is a knowledge of the social and political evils of the day. Dickens never wrote without a moral, and the shafts of his genius and satire were hurled against many social and other evils with telling effect. In *Hard Times* he ridiculed one phase of the unhappy marriage laws of England, and the book caused in England an extensive reformation of the factory laws. *A Tale of Two Cities* occasioned the abolition of the practice of charging admission fees to criminal trials, "for people then paid to see the play at the Old Bailey, just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam,—only the former entertainment was much the dearer," and *Bleak House* ridiculed and reformed many evils of the Court of Chancery. In fact, all of Dickens's novels are "truths severe in fairy fiction dressed." *Nicholas Nickleby* and *David Copperfield*, the latter being the author's favorite novel, ("of all my books I like this the best; like many fond parents I have in my heart a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield," he said), are generally accepted as the greatest works of Charles Dickens, but I early formed the opinion that *Great Expectations* was fully as fine as any, and that opinion I have never abandoned. The Agnes of *David Copperfield* is perhaps the most charming female character in the whole range of fiction. Dickens was a most versatile writer—a genius, as I have said, that could with equal inspiration convulse humanity with laughter and deluge it with tears,—and, as Jerrold said of Thomas Hood, "his various

pen touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears," or, as Hallam remarked of John Ford, the dramatist, Dickens has "the power over tears." In reflecting upon this power of Dickens I have always called to mind the figure which Pip employed with reference to Joe Gargery, the blacksmith of *Great Expectations*, and I ever think of Charles Dickens "like the steam hammer, that can crush a man, or pat an egg-shell, in his combination of strength with gentleness."

Every one of Dickens's characters is a study, to employ the artistic expression. On such a portrait he loves to lavish his highest skill. Choosing some character of the most unpromising outward appearance,—Smike, the starved, half-witted drudge of a Yorkshire school; Pinch, the awkward, shambling assistant of a rascally country architect; Ham, a rough, tar-splashed, weather-beaten fisherman of Yarmouth; Joe, the huge, stout blacksmith, whose dull brain can scarcely shape a thought clearly into words,—he makes us love them all for the truth, the honesty, the sweet, guileless, forgiving spirit that lives within the un-gainly frame. If Charles Dickens had done no more than create the Tom Pinch of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and the blacksmith Joe of *Great Expectations*, he deserves lasting gratitude and fame. Frequently I have heard it said that among Dickens's characters there is not one gentleman. "Gentleman" and "villain" in novels are often synonymous terms, but many of the characters of Charles Dickens are the noblest works of God, though clad in humble garb and devoid of polished speech. Where in the whole range of fiction is there a truer gentleman, though only a factory hand, than Stephen Blackpool, and where is there a nobler or a truer woman than the Rachael whom he loved, and even Sissy Jupe? Dickens portrays life in all its varied phases. Alternating "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," the various joys and sorrows of human existence are reflected in his pages—sometimes on the same page—as the lights and the shadows that dance upon the mountain side. To my thinking, at least, the works of Charles Dickens, disseminating, as they undoubtedly do, thoughts of kindness to the miserable and the poor, have done more good "than half

the homilies that have ever been written by half the divines that have ever lived." Then too he writes in plain, simple Saxon, and his writings present a splendid illustration of the power of that dialect for pathos and deep feeling. They may indeed want the classic and rounded periods of Thackeray, but the language of Charles Dickens reaches the heart and finds access to the soul.

As the commonest weed, the meanest reptile, has its own beauty and its own use in the grand scheme of creation, as some delicate blossom or tender leaf nestles in the nooks of every ruin, no matter how wildly or how long the storm may have beaten on its walls, or how entirely effaced by war or time the tracery of its stonework may have become, no man or woman ever falls so low, ever grows so ugly or repulsive, ever is so thoroughly ridiculous or stupid, as utterly to lose the

outlines of that Divine image in which the ancient parents of the race were created. And although we, with clay-dimmed eyes, cannot clearly see why a man is ugly or a tree distorted, we must not forget that the plainest face and the homeliest manner may cover a noble intellect and a heart beating with tenderest pity and love for humankind. Such I take to be the great moral of Charles Dickens's "sweet, unsullied page," and, if my interpretation be correct, far from his works becoming "obsolete," as a writer in *Forum* some years ago contended, they are, like those of Shakespeare, "not for an age but for all time," and, to quote Dickens's own words put into the mouth of Hiram Grewgious, the guardian of Rosa Bud, in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, such a contention is "untenable, unreasonable, inconclusive and preposterous."

New Rochelle, N. Y., February 7, 1912.

The Old Town of St. Andrews.

BY STEWART DICK.

The old town of St. Andrews occupies a niche of its own. It possesses that indefinable quality which belongs to so few cities and towns—which Edinburgh possesses, but which Kirkcaldy does not, the supreme quality of distinction.

And the reason is not far to seek. Though St. Andrew's Cathedral is now only a magnificent ruin, lifting its gaunt gable to the sky, and though the reforming Calvinists did their best to purge the place from all such taint, yet the old spirit which haunts the English Cathedral still lingers here. Just as in the English Cathedral cities, the church is the centre round which the town arose, so we find it in St. Andrews. The cathedral occupies a commanding site by the seashore. Below it nestles the little harbor. On the other side lies the town with three fine open streets, North street, Market street and South street, parallel to each other, and all converging on the cathedral. And though the real life of the cathedral has long ceased to exist, yet the stately and dignified aspect it stamped upon the town has been preserved by another

agency. For though the bishop-ric is destroyed, yet St. Andrew's University, the oldest in Scotland, and largely founded by these very bishops, by making the place a shrine of learning, has kept up its lofty tone and venerable associations.

To-day, the place has an academic calm. The wide, well proportioned streets with their quiet grey stone, or white-harled buildings, are full of dignity and repose. In such an atmosphere as this one's perspective changes. The fussy trivialities of modern life obtrude less, the eternal verities reassert themselves more strongly. For the pursuit of knowledge though broadening its path with years, and turning eagerly to the future, is yet based on the traditions of the past, and sanctified with the echoes of many centuries. And the spell of bygone ages lies over the grey walls of St. Andrews.

Its history begins in the misty regions of legendary lore. St. Regulus is said to have landed with his sacred relics in the fourth century, and by the end of the sixth a monastery had been erected there. The cathedral was founded in the year



OLD ST. ANDREWS.

1160, when it is supposed that the building, now in ruins, was begun, but a few yards to the southeast, within the precincts of the churchyard, stands a much older edifice, the tower and church of St. Regulus.

This square tower, rising in unbroken simplicity to the height of over a hundred feet, is one of the most interesting of ecclesiastical monuments in Scotland; for it is one of the few undoubted examples of pre-Norman work which we possess.

With the Norman Conquest the great church builders crossed over to England, and within the next hundred years, cathedrals, churches, and monasteries arose in every district, for a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over the land. Then, as now, the first preliminary towards building a new church was to pull down the old one, so it happens that buildings of the pre-Norman age are extremely rare. In England, too, the old Saxon churches were chiefly built of wood, which even if left unmolested would soon perish by natural decay. In Scotland, however, stone was more plentiful and was largely used even in these early days, and so it happens that we find there an interesting group of pre-Norman churches of which that of St. Rules, or St. Andrews, is one of the chief.

The tower is square, its surface quite plain until close to the top, where a belfry window appears on each of the four sides, divided by a pillar into two lights, each with a rounded top. It is noticeable that the round is not an arch built in the usual way, but is cut out of a single stone—the two large stones, side by side, forming the lintel of the window.

Below, the doorway of the little square church is formed by a properly built arch, somewhat in the Norman style, but much more lightly proportioned than the massive Norman work.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the date of the church and tower. Legend states that this is the original church of St. Rule, erected in the fourth century, but this theory is hardly tenable, and while some authorities would place the origin of the tower as early as the seventh century, the eleventh or even early in the twelfth century is now looked on as the probable date. Of course the fact that the work is pre-Norman does not necessarily mean that the church was built before the Norman conquest, for Scotland was a number of years behind England in architectural matters, the changes of style taking place in England not spreading north until considerably later. The perfection of the building too, and the approach to

Norman characteristics in the doorways, would lead one to suppose that it could not be of a very much earlier date than the first real Norman work in Scotland.

The cathedral, as we have seen, was founded in 1160, and the Norman work of the east end is supposed to have been begun at that time. In all probability, therefore, St. Regulus's tower and church date from a period not very far antecedent to this. The fact that it was allowed to stand, when the new cathedral was erected, practically on the same site, seems to show that it must have been a comparatively new building then.

The first thing that strikes one about the ruins of the cathedral itself, is the vastness of the scale on which it has been planned. In its full glory, St. Andrews must have rivalled the largest of the English cathedral churches; although now the ruins hardly show its greatest extent, for recent discoveries indicate that at one time they have projected some two or three bays farther to the west than the present west end. As you stand in the western gateway, looking up to the ruined east gable, the effect is impressive in the extreme, and imagination recoils from the effort of supplying the lofty pillars and sweep of vaulted roof which covered so wide a space. The Church took over a hundred years to build, and so, like most other cathedrals, is in itself a record of the varying architectural styles, from the Norman to the early Gothic, and thence to the decorated period. But it was not till 1318 when Bruce's victory at Bannockburn had finally consolidated the Scottish throne, that the cathedral, in the presence of the king and a vast assembly of nobility and clergy, was consecrated by Bishop William Lambertson. The king endowed it with a gift of a hundred marks yearly, "for the mighty victory vouchsafed to the Scots at Bannockburn, by St. Andrew, the guardian of the realm."

When it stood complete on its cliff, the lofty grey towers soaring into the air, dwarfing even those of St. Regulus, the university and the parish church, for St. Andrews is a city of grey towers, it must have formed the most glorious ecclesiastical building in the south of Scotland.

But now, little remains; the fabric, whether actually damaged or not by the reformers, soon fell into disrepair. Probably the lead was stolen from the roof, and once the wind and rain entered, it would soon play havoc with the interior. In 1869, the Town Council were authorized by Act of Parliament to use the stones of the Abbey in fortifying the town, and from that time till 1826 the building was treated as a quarry.

The churchyard contains some monuments of interest, among them the tombstone of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews. Though the author of many learned works, it is by his "Letters" that he is best known to modern readers, which occupy a high place in devotional litera-



SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

From a Photograph which reproduces a Painting now in New York.

ture,—written in language so melodious and so rich in its imagery that to rival it we must turn to the "Song of Solomon." In those stormy days, it was inevitable that such a man should come in conflict with the authorities. In his old age he was deprived of his chair in the university, and narrowly escaped martyrdom.

As he lay dying, he was cited to appear before Parliament to answer a charge of high treason, but, "he had a higher tribunal to appear before, where his judge was his friend." He died on the 29th of March, 1661. The inscription on his tomb reads:

"What tongue, what pen or skill of men
Can famous Rutherford commend,
His learning justly raised his fame,
True godliness adorned his name.
He did converse with things above.

Acquainted with Emanuels love.
Most orthodox he was and sound,
And many errors did confound
For Zion's King and Zion's Cause.

And Scotland's covenanted laws
Most constantly he did contend,
Until his time was at an end;
Then he won to the full fruition.
Of that which he had seen in vision."

Near by stands a little stone with the
touching inscription, which would have
pleased Samuel Rutherford:

In Memory of
Maggie Ann Johnstone,
Who died 18th May, 1879.
Aged one year and eight months.
Another lily gathered.

But to many the most interesting monu-
ments are those of the golfers, Allan Rob-
ertson, old Tom Morris, and young
"Tommy," his son.

The grave of the last has an elaborate
monument, with a sculptured figure of
the young golfer, about to play. The in-
scription reads:

In Memory of Tommy,
Son of Thomas Morris,
Who died 25th of December, 1875,
Aged twenty-four years.
Deeply regretted by numerous friends and
all golfers.
He three times in succession won the cham-
pion belt
And held it without rivalry and yet without
envy,
His many amiable qualities
Being not less acknowledged than his golf-
ing achievements.

This monument has been erected by con-
tributions from sixty golfing societies.

Below on the ground is a plain granite
slab with the inscription:

Tom Morris,
Born 16th of June, 1861,
Died May 24th, 1908.

In a corner of the churchyard by the wall
is a little building forming the Cathedral
Museum, built in 1908. Chief among the
relics are the fragments of a series of

splendidly carved Celtic crosses, which
must have belonged to the old Celtic
Church before the building of the cathed-
ral. They were saved to us by the van-
dalism of the cathedral builders, who de-
liberately broke them up and used them
in the walls as ordinary building material.

There is also a very curious monument
which has carved upon it the figures of a
man and his wife, clasping hands, much
in the position of two dancers. Under-
neath are the following lines:

Though in This
Tombe My Bones
Doe rotting Ly
Yet read My Name
For Christ-Ane
Bryde-am I, 1665.

The popular legend connected with the
stone was that the lady it commemorated
had fallen down dead while dancing with
her husband, on her wedding night. But
when the slab was removed in 1909 from
the churchyard, where its edges had been
half buried, a further line of lettering
round the edge was exposed, which puts
quite a different complexion on the mat-
ter, and shows, that a pun on the lady's
name, "Christiane Brydie," was intended.
The outside inscription read:

"Heir Iyeth a Christian Christiane Brydie
Spous to James Carstairs Baillie of St. An-
drews,
Deceased Anno MDCLV of Her Age XLVIII,
Having Lived With Her Beloved Husband
XXVI Years."

The town church still possesses two sil-
ver communion cups on which Christiane
Brydie's name appears, her husband who
died in 1671 having left 20 pounds Scots
to provide them.

Next in importance to the cathedral as
a relic of the past is the castle, standing
on a rocky headland a few hundred yards
to the west. First built by Bishop Roger
in the beginning of the thirteenth century,
until the Reformation it remained the
episcopal palace, a strange commentary
on the life of the times, that a fortress
should be the dwelling of the heads of the
church.

It was in this castle that Bishop Kennedy showed James II how to break the power of his nobles, by taking a bundle of arrows, separating them, and snapping them one by one.

Under the sea tower, in the heart of the rock where it juts into the sea, is a gruesome dungeon known as the "Bottle Dungeon," so called from its shape. In the floor of the lower room in the tower is a hole five feet in diameter—down it goes for nearly twelve feet; the neck of the bottle then widens out, to form a chamber nearly twenty-four feet in breadth. There is no light, no ventilation, no exit of any kind but the neck of the bottle; a prisoner there had no more chance of escape than a crab has in a creel.

In this loathsome cell George Wishart was confined before his martyrdom, and here, too, John Roger, a black friar, lay for years, till he was secretly murdered there, and his body thrown over the cliffs—a story being circulated that in impiously trying to fly, he had fallen and broken his neck. In the entrance tower were the rooms of Cardinal Beaton, and here he sat at his window to gloat over the dying agonies of Wishart—the window out of which, three months after, his own lifeless body was suspended by the arm and leg, to satisfy the rage of the mob. His body, too, made the acquaintance of the Bottle Dungeon, for there it lay for seven months in salt ere it received burial.

The University of St. Andrew's is the oldest in Scotland, dating from 1411, when it was founded by Bishop Wardlaw, its first chancellor. The colleges founded at later dates, St. Salvator's, or the Old College in 1450; St. Leonard's, 1512; and St. Mary's, or the New College in 1537.

From the links the most striking object in St. Andrew's is the fine college tower, the culminating example of the square towers with low spires which form the constructive feature of the Fifteenth churches. The Chapel of St. Salvator stands just below, built by Bishop Kennedy in the fifteenth century. In the middle of the eighteenth century the vaulted stone roof was demolished as unsafe, but the chapel is still a beautiful example of late Gothic architecture, and con-

tains the splendidly ornate tomb of its founder.

The town church of St. Andrew's is believed to have been founded by Bishop Turgot, Queen Margaret's confessor, early in the twelfth century. The present church was built in the fifteenth century, and after many vicissitudes has just been tastefully restored.

Here John Knox first preached in 1547; here in 1559 he preached his famous sermon on the purifying of the temple, and towards the end of his life, in 1571 and 1572, he again occupied its pulpit. James Melville, his contemporary, writes thus of his last appearances:

"He was verie weak. I saw him everie day of his doctrine go hulie and fear, with a furring of matriks about his neck, a staff in the an hand, and guid godlie Richard Ballanden, his servant, halding upe the other oxtter, from the Abbey to the Paroche Kirk; and by the said Richart and another servant, lifted upe to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his frist entrie; bot or he had done with his sermont he was so active and vigorous that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads and fly out of it!"

The pulpit now stands in the vestibule of St. Salvator's Chapel, to which it was removed during the extensive alterations of the church in the eighteenth century.

It was in the parish church that Archbishop Sharp preached his inaugural sermon in 1662, and after his murder in 1679 the gorgeous monument was erected which perpetuates his memory; a monument which for gaudy bad taste is only surpassed by the pulpit of Iona marble, alabaster and onyx recently put up in memory of Dr. Boyd.

One might write chapters on the beautiful old buildings of St. Andrews; the colleges, Queen Mary's house, the house of the Templars, in South street, just purchased by the University Court, and many others.

But we forget that, apart from religion and apart from learning, the town has long had another serious preoccupation, the game of golf. For to St. Andrews, the devotees of golf turn as to the shrine of

a saint. Here the high priests of the game preside over its mysteries; and from here they send forth their missionaries to spread the truth all over the globe.

So the town has another aspect; the cream of the fashionable world pours into it every summer, yet still manages to retain its dignity and its aloofness. It has its fashionable villas, its great hotels; everything is arranged for visitors on the best scale, yet it never degenerates into a northern Brighton.

Golf at St. Andrew's is not a frivolous pastime; it is a serious business. The Royal and Ancient Club House at the first tee is a sober, dignified edifice, strongly built of grey stone. It has all the austerity of a temple. The very caddies are old, grey-haired men who take their ease and smoke their pipes in a comfortable pavilion as they wait for an engagement. Once engaged, they follow the game with the gravity of a church service; the starter at the tee dispatching the couples conducts his business like a ritual.

Close by is old Tom Morris's shop, now alas! without the well known figure, and the ground is hallowed with memories of past golfers whose very names are mythical to the player of to-day. Giants of the prehistoric days when, not only was the rubber core undreamt of, but even the gutta was a thing of the future; when the ball was a leather case stuffed with feathers, tricky and uncertain in flight; when the brasseys had not yet displaced the long spoon; when iron clubs were used but sparingly, and approaches were played with the baffle.

The first of the great golfers to emerge from the obscurity of the past is Allan Robertson. His father and his grandfather were ball makers and professional golfers; so Allan was born to the trade. In the words of Tom Morris, his apprentice, he was "the cunningest bit body of a player that ever handled a club." Small in stature, he played very easily with light clubs. Absolutely imperturbable in temper, he handled his man as cunningly as the ball. He had names for all his favorite clubs. "The Doctor" was one favorite; "Sir David Baird," a gift from its namesake, the most famous amateur of his

day, was another; and the "Frying Pan" was the great lofting iron which laid so many of his approaches dead.

The change in clubs is almost as great as the change in balls. The first were heavy, clumsy things, but towards the middle of the century, a club maker, Hugh Philip, came to St. Andrews, who worked a revolution in their make. The difference between the Philip head and its predecessors was the difference between a cart-horse and a thoroughbred. In the Philip the superfluous wood is all fined away, giving a model of great excellence. "Old Philips" are greatly prized by the connoisseurs, but like old "Strads," are apt to be forgeries, for more makers than one used the Philip stamp.

Of late years, however, the long, slender head introduced by Philip has been discarded in favor of a short, compact head with a very small hitting surface, and the weight all in the centre. With a well hit ball, perhaps the difference would not be great, but it seems as if the modern bullet head minimizes the bad effect of a slightly toed or heeled ball. Iron clubs, too, are now made smaller, and the mashie, a happy compromise between the iron and the niblick, and a most effective weapon has been added.

But after all, it is the man, not the club, that makes the golfer. "Ay, ye'll hae lost your match?" old Philip used to ask, when complaints were made of a club, and human nature has not altered since then. As a maker of the old leather balls, Allan Robertson viewed the gutta with disfavor. The first time he was ever induced to try one, he deliberately topped it: "Ach, it winna flee ava'," he cried. "Flee!" cried his caddy, Bob Kirk, "nae ba' cud flee if it's toppit."

It was through the gutta ball that he and his old apprentice, Tom Morris, had the disagreement which led to their parting company. One day, Tom, playing with Mr. Campbell, of Saddell, ran short of balls, and Mr. Campbell gave him a gutta to try. As they came in, they met Allan, whom somebody told that Tom Morris was playing a grand game with one of the new balls. Later on there were "words," the result being that Tom set up business on his own account.



GOLF SCENE.

The making of the old leather ball had been a recognized industry since the days of James VI, who, in 1618, granted letters patent for the manufacture of golf balls in Scotland, to James Melville and William Berwick. The case was of cowhide, which was three parts sewn up, stuffed tightly with feathers, and then the sewing completed. The quantity of feathers required was an old "lum hat" full for each ball. The balls were not truly round, at the seams, especially when wet. A ball seldom lasted more than a round.

When first made, the guttas were smooth and flew in a very uncertain manner. It was discovered, however, that the more hacked a ball the better it flew, so some genius hit on the idea of giving the ball a preliminary hacking with a hammer. Later on, balls were marked in the mould, but up to some fifteen years ago, "hand-hammered" balls were still popular.

Together old Tom Morris and Allan Robertson played many matches, and were almost invincible, but a more famous player than either rose in the person of young Tom—"Tommy," as he was familiarly called by the golfing fraternity. His first matches were played when a mere boy, and when little over twenty he had won three times in succession the championship belt, which therefore passed into his possession. In his day he held the record of

St. Andrews course, with a score of 77. It is the subject of much speculation how the great golfers of those days would compare with the golfers of to-day. The conditions are so different. The greens are so much better kept now that there are many strokes easier; the whins have largely disappeared; the course itself is like a lawn. The balls, too fly much farther. As against this, holes have been lengthened, and hazards multiplied. Anyhow, it seems undoubted that young "Tommy" is the originator of the free and dashing style of play known as the "St. Andrew's swing," the model most admired of all, though successfully imitated by few.

Of old Tom, what can one say, except that for an ordinary man's lifetime he was part and parcel of St. Andrew's links. Always courteous, never ruffled, he was the presiding deity of the place.

• A good story is told of old Tom and F. G. Tait, in his younger and more erratic days, "Freddy" had driven a ball hard, but wild, which went right through a man's hat. The owner was naturally indignant, and after some argument the matter was squared for five shillings, when the youthful amateur rather ruefully went back to old Tom for sympathy. "Ah, Master Freddy," said he, "ye may be verra thankfu' that it's only a hat, an' no an oak coffin ye ha'e to pay for."



GEORGE AUSTIS MORRISON, JR.,
President of St. Andrew's Society.

St. Andrews Society of New York.

The President's Reception.

On Thursday evening, February 8th, a grand reception was given by George Austin Morrison, Jr., the newly elected Presi-

dent of the St. Andrew's Society of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It was one of the most delightful gatherings in the history of this distinguished soci-

ety. As the guests arrived, they received a most cordial welcome from Mr. Morrison, and spent an hour or more in delightful social intercourse. To the stirring music of Piper Walter Armstrong, Gordon Fraser and his assistants gave a remarkably fine exhibition of Scottish dancing, to the delight of all present.

Ex-President John Reid in a neat speech introduced Mr. Morrison as the new President. He remarked that this pleasant task usually fell to the lot of the senior ex-President, but this was an exceptional case, for George Austin Morrison was the senior ex-President, and he felt some delicacy about introducing his son. Mr. Reid called attention to the fact that this was the first time in the history of the society that a son of a former President was elected to the chief office. He spoke happily of the qualifications and fitness of Mr. Morrison as the presiding officer; a man who for a long time has been secretary, and closely associated with several presidents and boards of governors. He then proposed Mr. Morrison's health, and all present joined in the toast most heartily.

Mr. Morrison replied happily to the toasts and spoke of his reluctance in trying to fill the place that has been occupied by such men as Philip Livingston, William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, Hon. Robert R. Livingston, and, more recently, Robert Lenox, Robert Gordon, Andrew Carnegie and John S. Kennedy. He spoke especially of his joy in occupying the position that his father once held, and wittily said that he would not be able to fill his father's shoes (No. 11's), as he wore No. 9's. He told the story of the Perthshire jury, who brought in a verdict of "guilty," but expressed their doubt as to whether they had the right man.

Mr. Morrison stated his determination to follow the example of his illustrious predecessors. The speech of the President was most cordially received; he has the respect and confidence of the society, and great things are expected of him.

There are eight ex-Presidents now living. They are Messrs. Gordon, Morrison, Lyall, Reid, Carnegie, Butler Duncan,



GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, SR.,

Munro and Hepburn, and three of these have passed their eightieth year. We noticed that Mr. Morrison, Mr. Reid, Mr. Butler Duncan and Mr. Frater Munro were among the one hundred guests present at the reception. We also recall the following among the guests: Messrs. David Mitchell Morrison, Alexander King, Charles Morrison, Laurence Moore, Charles McDonald, John A. Donald, J. J. Matheson, Donald Brown, George MacDougall, William MacBean, Rev. Dr. Wylie, Dr. MacPhee, Dr. MacKernon, Dr. McIsaac, Dr. Angus Sinclair, Dr. A. M. Stewart, John C. Thomson, John MacNab, Andrew Patterson, J. D. Peterson, Thomas J. Blain, Mr. Taylor, William Angus, D. G. C. Sinclair, Donald Mitchell, Ewen MacIntyre, Jr., John Jardine, Alexander Walker, Mr. Sanderson, William Munro, Alexander MacIntosh, Macgregor Smith, George Thomas, J. Brown and Donald MacDougall.

A number of Scottish songs were given



EX-PRESIDENTS OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

by members of the society, Messrs. John Reid, Frater Munro, J. Brown and President Morrison. A sumptuous collation was served, and the time at the table was

pleasantly spent. At a late hour, led by John Reid, the members joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." We are glad to present portraits of some of the ex-Presidents.

BONNIE DOON LODGE NO. 10, D. O. S.,
NEWARK, N. J.

Bonnie Doon Lodge, No. 10, return thanks for copies of "The Caledonian" sent; also for your kindness in giving so much space to the D. of S., which we trust will be successful in every respect. This lodge initiated two members at last meeting. On Wash-

ington's Birthday the lodge will hold a short business meeting, after which they will entertain Clan Forbes, No. 52, and their friends to a social and dance.

CATHERINE G. MITCHELL,

Secretary.

February 20, 1912.

My Lady of Aros.

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

Chapter XIII.

(Continued.)

His head splitting with an ache the foul air of the dwellings intensified, Fraser stole out from the group of huts. He would seek a fresh breeze on the ben above Callachly, he thought, before returning to Aros, and accordingly he struck out across the bog to the hill-foot. As he ascended the heathery slope, he looked back on the sweep of the grey Sound, on whose waves the declining sun sent broad shafts of light from a watery looking sky. In the little patches of fields there was none at work; no shepherd's whistle on the hill; no drovers with their ruddy cattle dotting the roads; not a man at the spade; not a woman at the creel in the peat-cutting; only in the village street an occasional figure, solitary, strange. And but two days ago what a hive by contrast! All was eloquent of the terror of the plague.

Glowing with his exertions, and consciously taking deep draughts of the clean air, he was mounting still higher, when his eye caught sight of something moving down the hollow of the great glen that ran south from Callachly. The townships—Kilbeg, Rhoail and Gaodhail—smoked faintly from the grassy hollows where they lay hid in the floor of the glen, giving a sense of companionship in this trough among hills, lonely and awesome. Indeed, but for these spirals of thin reek, he would have felt some concern at the thought of a journey in these wilds achieved by a lady who, mounted on a little garron, now approached along the river's bank. The pony picked its way by the side of the Forsa, which wound in eerie curves through the green basin of the Strath, and unexpectedly heaped shingle banks here and there above the flat. On a far corrie of Ben Creagach, some hinds and a stag raised their heads to look at the horsewoman; and these, with himself and the approaching traveler, seemed for the moment the only living things in all this wilderness.

He had already guessed the lady as Morag, so, descending, and finding on a nearer view that his surmise was correct,

he hastened to meet her. The road ran here between a high gravel heap and the river's edge, and he halted at the beginning of the passage, since it was somewhat narrowed by the crumbling away of the bank of the stream. The girl had not observed him yet, and he noted that he had never seen her face so pale; pensive and brooding she came, her eyes downcast, her figure statue-like; it was a strange Morag. Her garron ambled along contentedly, but at last shied violently at sight of Fraser, and the lady looking up with a start, alighted instantly. Instantly also she swung her mount across the track effectually blocking the way, while she grasped her riding crop aggressively.

"You?" she cried.

"I intrude, it seems?" she said with something of a sneer. "Only an evening ramble I doubt not?"

"Yes, an evening ramble," he said coldly, "but since I offend—" He made as if to pass her.

"No, no," she cried in alarm, and by an adroit movement of her shaggy mount she blocked the narrow track even more securely. "Your escort to Aros, I beg of you."

She paused awkwardly enough, but did not move from her position of defending the road, while Fraser gazed at her in pained amazement. Then she flung back her head as in defiance and returned his look. But her face was very white, her lips quivering, and the next moment her eyes were tear-suffused, and her cheeks glowed hotly. She laid an appealing hand on his arm.

"Oh, be kind, sir, if only for my sake. Come back with me, come back with me!"

With eyes that brimmed and burned she searched his face, as who should say: What do you know? whilst he stood erect and pale, confounded by this passion of her prayer, these changes of her mood.

"Your servant, madam," he said, and turned with her.

Again her whole nature took a rainbow change, her face shone, while she smiled

on him from misty eyes. And now they went on in an ominous silence, the surgeon leading the garron with his uninjured hand. But if he had been astonished at this quick alternation of smiles and tears, he was to be yet further mystified by her sudden return to matters of fact when next she spoke.

"You have a little sister, Mr. Fraser?" she asked.

"In London, yes."

"Muriel, I think, you said?"

"Muriel, yes," he answered, charmed for the moment from his present cares, for in fancy he heard the childish voice at a ballad.

Morag smiled in reply to his brightening countenance.

"How old is the little sister now?"

"Why—eleven—no—twelve. Muriel Muriel!" He doated on the memories the name recalled. "'Tis two years since I saw her."

"Two years—a long time. But you will soon see her?"

He gave a quick glance at the fair face that seemed so ingenuous. "Ah, yes," he said; "soon. But first there is this plague to be quit of."

"Yet Doctor MacNab comes and the little sister waits. Fie, fie, what a lazy brother!" Where were her tears now? She laughed with a merriment that he told himself was divine.

"I fear the little sister would scarce approve if I left these poor sick folks because another comes to help in their healing," said he.

"Then you do not go even when Doctor MacNab comes?" she queried, suddenly halting, and there was something harsh and metallic in her voice.

He turned to find her changed again, the laughter had gone from her lips, and her eyes were once more a mingled dew and fire. And yet, even then, amidst all her bewilderment, one thought and one thought only was sweeping in on his heart and brain in fuller and fuller tides, possessing him wholly: a secret terror—a secret gladness—it caused him to shun her gaze. She saw his glance quaver and fail, and forthwith misinterpreted.

"I knew, I knew," she cried and flung an

arm aloft, as if to denounce him for the spy she thought him. "'Tis not the plague alone that holds you here: 'tis not alone your charity that binds you to the Isle?"

This was again a different Morag—different, indeed, from her of the moonlit heath of twenty hours ago. What had happened to poison so her every thought of him? asked Fraser of himself. There she stood, and on her features so fair, so tragic, loathing mingled with the triumph of her discovery.

"It is not these alone?" she repeated, pale and breathlessly eager.

"Not these alone, madam," he said simply. "There is another bond but it is not what you deem. I am no spy—Must I repeat it?—I am no spy."

Impatient in her unbelief, she stamped her foot.

"Is the bond that holds you aught that will bear the light of day?" she said.

Even as they were uttered he forgave the words. All his being cried out to him to enfold her in his arms and hush this shrill wrath in the murmur of protesting love. "So dear, so dear," he told himself. "So dear, so dear." And yet he held his peace. But the longing he suppressed from speech stole to his eyes at last, and as he raised them, calm and reverent to her face, she read the message he had not spoken and quailed before its intensity of appeal.

It was just at that moment that a noise of padding hoofs fell on their ears, and a little man wearing goggles and a broad-brimmed beaver, and mounted on such another shaggy pony as Morag's appeared round the end of a grassy mound. On his saddle in front of him he carried a wig with bob-curls, but at sight of the lady this was hastily donned, and, dismounting, he bowed as if in a minuet.

"Dear Doctor MacNab," cried Morag briskly, another change of manner appalling Fraser by its swift appearance, "and but newly from the Ross? What with broken bones and deadly plagues, are we not in a sad way, Mr. Fraser?" She indicated her companion's arm in the sling. "Mr. Fraser, a surgeon of the Navy. Doctor MacNab of Aros Isle." There was an attempt at gaiety in her tone, but she was none the less distraught as she turned aside

to an outcropping rock and mounted her garron.

The old surgeon bowed to the introduction, his whimsical little red nose in the air, whilst he turned droll eyes on Morag saying:

"And it's myself I should be healing, physician as I am. Never a visit to Aros House, but a new wound, madam." He put a hand to his breast and sighed. "Plague? A broken arm? What are these to a fractured heart, Mr. Fraser?"

Morag's laughter in reply was a trifle strained, and she showed a hint of red in either cheek as she went ahead of the men, and left them to follow discussing the pestilence.

In the midst of a harangue on the fever, the old surgeon broke off all at once. "What was it?" he said suddenly. "Now I remember! Miss Morag!" he called.

She waited till they came up.

"Oh, but I wanted to say that had I not known your brother was in Paris, I could have sworn it was he who passed me at Rhoail there, not an hour gone. A remarkable likeness, madam. Now who can it be?"

Morag's cheeks were now chalky-white again; but she was so far herself as to give a warning glance in Fraser's direction, and the old babbler held his peace instantly.

"Who, indeed, could it be?" she said. "Norman, as you know, cannot leave Paris with safety—But I keep you from your plague and its humors, I fear. I see Mr. Fraser still eager to discuss his treatment." And so she rode on, leaving Fraser more thoughtful than ever.

Dr. MacNab returned to the point at which he had broken off—a matter of a rabbit soup. To the old fellow the rabbit was anathema.

"A little nosing brat of a beast living in the bowels of the earth, sir. Phew! And indeed, Mr. Fraser, a possible cause of the pest, sir; yes, sir!

Regarding the need for a continuance of Fraser's attendance on the sick men the old surgeon was equally emphatic.

"Miss Morag questions the necessity of this," said Fraser.

"Then Miss Morag is kindlier in her thoughts of my ability than I am myself.

You must stay, Mr. Fraser, till we finish one way or another. You hear us Miss Morag," he called to the girl who was entering the porch of Aros House, just as he dismounted.

"I hear you, sir," she replied without turning her head. But Fraser saw the fair neck flush rosy as she spoke.

CHAPTER XIV.

NORMAN.

A young man with pale face and smiling blue eyes breasted the hill above Torlochan, singing as he came. The mountain winds raced to meet him, and he laughed boyishly as they tossed his heavy yellow locks this way and that; he sang the louder for all their buffetings. At times he leapt runnels that he might have stepped across with ease; and once he halted on an outcropping rock to turn in a pirouette upon it,—surely a high good humor this. But at last he broke into a soliloquy—always a sign of earnest with him, whatever his playtime mood might seem.

"Tis worth wetting one's feet for, Norman, my dear," said he. "This will be no paltry two hundred pounds, and a crown a day for life. 'What is it now?' old Grandpa Vaughan will ask. 'The Princes route in the new rising,' say I. And Gad, you're the match of us all,' he'll say. 'Pickle himself can't compare with you, sire. 'Tis you are the king of the fisher, la!'"

And so Norman MacLean came singing over the hills to Aros. Word had come from Ben Talla to Rhoail—where he had made his new hiding—of a strange vessel at anchor in the Witches' Bay, and he had instantly set out to reconnoitre. It might mean that the Fort William garrison had got wind of Drumfin; or it might be a move of some brother-spy, Bruce or Pickle himself—who would gladly forestall him of his prey and its price; so, smiling and singing, he came through morning mists on Torlochan Hill, and thence through Glenaros wood to Glenaros shore. He took post finally on a rocky point over against which the ruin of the older Castle Aros could be faintly glimpsed through the curtains of fog as a ghostly tower suspended in mid-air. In the shallow waters inshore where Aros River chased the outgoing tide, a shadowy schooner swung at anchor, and when the

mist had cleared from the coast, she showed as a peaceful-looking bark with a hull of black and salmon-color.

But if the fog-bank thinned landwards, it was a different story on the Sound. Dense and belted, the white vapors lay motionless in the curve of the Kyle, and it seemed plain that it was this impenetrable pall that had sent the vessel inshore for safety.

No sign of life was to be seen on her. But it was not the first adventure of the kind in which the youth on the beach had taken part, and he deemed a close approach inadvisable. He could wait. His eye caught a patch of grass encircled by the black rocks and he smiled approval of its proximity as if this had been his due, as if it had been spread by some elfin valet for him and him alone. Still humming an old time air, it was "MacIntosh's Lament," but he hummed it happily, no import of its profoundness of sadness seeming to touch him—he tossed his dark cloak over the green spot, stretched himself prone and lay perdu, raising his head now and again for a glance at the schooner. But after a little he tired of his task, and, finally, for lack of better sport took to tossing from hand to hand some trinkets from the pockets of his skirted coat; for all his pale cheek and clever eye, a child amid his toys.

Among the mass of rings and pendants and snuffboxes with portraits on their lids, were a few tiny miniatures: and latterly he discarded all the trumpery except these ivories, which he rattled like dice, or shuffled as they had been cards. There were three in all, and all were representations of women's faces—delicate ethereal limnings, where the tints of the cheeks and the eyelashes' faint shadows seemed those of life itself, or rather of some dainty fairy life, silent, smiling, and adream. The simper no longer dwelt on his lips, however, for although he still soothed the old lament softly, something of the dark and ancient lore of his race returned to his memory, as he beheld the persistent luck with which one of the miniatures ever turned uppermost. It held a woman's portrait, a face encircled with dark hair, a face, *mignonne*, alert, lips pouting the face, *mignonne*, alert, lips pouting, the

"Toinette," he said, addressing it—"ah, Toinette, if only you were here to share the honors of the game. But could I trust you, Tony? Would you play fair, my dear?"

He ceased for an instant in order to gaze quizzingly at the schooner; anon he toyed with the miniatures again, and deigned a glance at the other faces.

"The far too sensible Marguerite!" he said. "And Marie! Marie!—my little saint of the forests of Angers! Ah, Marie! all too good for poor Norman! What a world! what a world!"

(To be continued.)

OUR LETTER FROM PACIFIC COAST.

Burns Night in the far West is now a memory until next year. From every hand we hear favorable reports, whether the evening was spent in dancing, feasting, or listening to a first class concert in the leading theatre of the city.

The writer had the privilege of attending the concert and dances given by Clan Fraser, of San Francisco, and Clan MacDonald, in conjunction with the St. Andrews Society, of Oakland. Both were of a high character and the respective speeches on Burns were among the best ever listened to.

It might interest your readers to know how the Seattle Scots celebrate January 25th. For the past nine years the leading theatre in the city has been rented, and the finest talent that can be had engaged, together with the Pipers Band from Vancouver B. C., comprising twelve pipers and four drummers. The program is varied with a scene from Rob Roy or some other sketch, and all vocal pieces are Burns songs. A parade at mid-day through the principal streets, headed by the Pipe Band, is another of the features and even with a total expense of \$1,200 the societies make from \$400 to \$500.

"Am I my brother's keeper," is a question few care to answer; let me tell you how it was answered by the St. Andrew's Society, of Oakland, California.

A young married Scot employed in a local bank, had to send his wife away on account of her ill health. While she was gone she had a relapse, and the husband was wired for money; his own gone to pay expenses till next salary day, he took from the bank and sent it to the dear one suffering. Before it could be replaced the shortage was discovered, and the young man had to suffer the penalty inflicted by law. The St. Andrews Society heard of it, and at once took steps to secure his liberation; to-day he is paroled, has a position and a future before him. How nobly that answers the question, "Am I my Brother's Keeper."

A Scottish "Hall of Fame" for America

In the Whitsunday edition, 1908, "Scotia," printed an article from the able pen of Mr. A. Stoddard Walker, suggesting the erection on Calton Hill, Edinburgh, of a national monument commemorating the deeds of Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. We have not learned that his idea has taken any definite form, but at all events it has suggested to us that it would be a noble work for some of our enterprising Scotsmen to help carry out this idea in the United States.

During the three centuries of American history, Scotsmen have come to the front in all lines of noble endeavor, and there is plenty of material for a notable "Hall of Fame." A bust in bronze could be obtained for \$1,000 to \$2,000, and a collection of these in some public place in New York, as Central Park, would add great historical interest to the metropolis of the western world. We will not now attempt to give a list of Scottish Americans who would be worthy of such honor, but we shall be glad to receive suggestions of names and plans for a memorial of this kind, from the readers of "The Caledonian." We believe that a large majority of the hundreds of Scottish societies in the United States would consider it a privilege to contribute toward such a memorial for the *worthy dead*. This is evident from the enthusiasm shown in erecting Burns monuments in our larger cities.

The following is the "roll call of history" suggested by Mr. Walker, of Edinburgh:

Literature—John Barbour, Robert Henryson, William Dunbar, Walter Kennedy, Alexander Montgomerie, Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, George Buchanan, Fletcher of Saltoun, Tobias Smollett, Drummond of Hawthornden, Hamilton of Bangour, Thomas Campbell, Robert Fergusson, Tannahill, Cunningham, Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, John Gibson Lockhart, James Boswell, James Hogg, Blackwood, Lady Nairn, Mrs. Grant, Miss Ferrier, John Galt, D. M. Moir, Robert Chambers, MacPherson of Belleville, Duncan Ban MacIntyre, James Thomson, Thomas Carlyle, W. E. Aytoun, John Stuart Blackie, John Skelton, Alexander Smith, John Brown,

Mrs. Oliphant, George MacDonald, Robert Buchanan, David Gray, David Masson, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, "Flora Macleod."

Philosophy—David Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Reid, Thomas Brown, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir William Hamilton, Alexander Bain, Edward Caird.

Historians—John Major, Allison, Macaulay, Ruddiman, Robertson, Hill Burton, Fraser Tytler.

Science—James Watt, John Hunter, William Hunter, Cullen, Black, Goodsir, Hugh Miller, Brewster, Hutton, Playfair, Gregory, Munro, Simpson, Christison, Clerk Maxwell, Syme, Kelvin, Tait.

Art—George Jameson, Naesmith, Wilkie, Raeburn, Thomson of Duddingston, Duncan, David Scott, George Paul Chalmers, John Phillip Fraser, Wintour, Douglas, Watson Gordon, Arthur Melville.

Architects—Adam, Scott, the Milnes, Hamilton, Playfair.

Law—Duncan Forbes, Mansfield, Dundas, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Kames, Brougham, George Mackenzie, Henry Erskine, Inglis, Moncreiff.

The Services—Sir Andrew Barton, Wood of Largo, Montrose, Lochiel, Claverhouse, Richard Cameron, Abercrombie, Cochrane, Duncan, Strathnairn, Hope Grant, Cameron of Fassifearn, Colin Campbell, Lockhart, Kirkaldy of Grange, Marshal Keith.

The State—Wallace, Bruce, Bishop Kennedy, Alexander Henderson, St. Margaret, David I., Alexander III., James I., James VI., Maitland, Argyll, Mackenzie, Knox, Moray, Mar, Queensberry, Stair, Aberdeen, etc.

Explorers, etc.—Livingstone, Bruce, Grant, Mungo Park, Rae, Sir John Ross, Sir John Richardson, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Balfour of Tankerness, Joseph Thomson, Lithgow.

Divines—Melville, Chalmers, Norman Macleod, Guthrie, Tait, Samuel Rutherford, Renwick, Ebenezer Erskine.

Public Benefactors—Heriot, Donaldson, the Watsons, Stewart, Combe, Findlay, Sir William Forbes.

Consuls of Empire—Dalhousie, Napier, Fraser, John Malcolm, Elgin.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott has just added a very valuable literary document to his collection of autographed letters. It is in the shape of the original agreement for the sale of the copyrights in all of Sir Walter Scott's works, made by his son-in-law and biographer, J. G. Lockhart, to Robert Cadell, at Edinburgh, May 7, 1847. The agreement also contains an autograph letter written by Lockhart, and part of the consideration for the sale was the agreement on Cadell's part to pay Sir Walter Scott's debts, including a debt of 8,500 pounds upon Abbotsford.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA



MISS MARY MILLER.

MRS. MARY MILLER, GRAND SECRETARY, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Mrs. Miller was elected Grand Recording and Financial Secretary at Newark, N. J., in September, 1907, when Mrs. Henderson resigned the office after serving three years, so Mrs. Miller is now serving her fifth successive term. At that time there were only nineteen lodges with a membership of 1,100, now there are thirty-seven lodges, with nearly three thousand members, and the order is growing rapidly.

The Executive Board of the Grand Lodge take this opportunity to extend to Sister Christina Robinson, Past Grand Chief Daughter, and to Mr. Robinson and family, Kearny, N. J., their sincere sympathy in the loss of their daughter and sister. Sara was a particularly bright, happy lassie and will be sadly missed.

MARY MILLER, G Sec'y D. of S.



MISS JANET DUFFES.

MISS JANET DUFFES, TREASURER OF THE GRAND LODGE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Miss Duffes is a charter member of "Hawthorn Lodge," Bridgeport, Conn., which was instituted March 30th, 1898. She was elected to the office of Grand Treasurer at Meriden, Conn., in September, 1903, and held the same until September, 1909, when Mrs. Catherine G. Mitchell was elected. In September, 1910, she was again elected, at Hartford, and is still holding the office.

GRAND LODGE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA,
TORRINGTON, CONN.

Dear Sisters:

Our new constitutions are ready, six cents each; it is advisable for every lodge to secure a few copies, as there are a number of new amendments which I wish the officers, especially the desk officers would study; it would save them and me many a two cent stamp, and make this work lighter (I am no grumbler, mind) just a "word to the wise." There is another new lodge this month, Lady Macbeth, No. 42, Rockford, Ill. Good-bye till next month. I am in a hurry as usual.

MARY MILLER, G. Secretary.



MRS. MARGARET MacKENZIE.

Mrs. Margaret MacKenzie, known among the Daughters of Scotia as "Mother MacKenzie," was the first president of the auxiliary to Clan MacLeod, New Haven Conn. She was elected Chief Daughter of the first lodge organized, Victoria, No. 1, at New Haven, in June, 1895, when the lodge was opened to all women of Scottish descent; she instituted the Grand Lodge at New Haven in September, 1899, and was elected first Grand Chief Daughter.

At the annual convention held at New London, Conn., Mrs. MacKenzie received the honor of having her name placed first on the Charter, and at Hartford, the honor of wearing the sash and the regalia of the Grand Lodge, and to sit at the right hand of the Grand Chief Daughter-elect for life. At the 13th annual convention, held at Jersey City in September, 1911, she was made Grand Chalmwoman of the Grand Trustees for three years.

Mrs. MacKenzie also instituted "Hawthorn Lodge," No. 9, Bridgeport, Conn. She is an eloquent speaker, and an address is expected from her at every convention.

BRASMAR LODGE, NO. 36, D. O. S., BAY-
ONNE, N. J.

Grand Deputy Mrs. Catherine Mitchell installed the following officers for the year 1912: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Pryer;

Sub-Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret McKay; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jean Ogilvie; Chaplain, Mrs. Sarah Duff; Secretary, Mrs. Wilhelmina Anderson; Financial Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Campbell; Treasurer, Miss May Finlin; Conductor, Miss Nellie Campbell; Inside Guard, Miss Linda Duff; Outside Guard, Jeannie Hill; Planist, Miss Annabelle Ogilvie; Trustees, Mrs. Lilly Kisson (for three years), Mrs. Agnes Harper, Mrs. Jeanne Beattie.

Refreshments were served, after which a presentation was made to our Grand Deputy, Mrs. Catherine Mitchell in appreciation of the work she has done for the lodge.

Brasmar Lodge, No. 36, meets at Capitol Hall, 22d street and Broadway, Bayonne, on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. We are glad to have visitors from sister lodges, and a hearty welcome is assured all.

MRS. WILHELMINA ANDERSON,
Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, MERI-
DEN, CONN.

The Marjory Bruce Lodge, No. 7, D. of S., held their regular meeting February 7th. The meeting was an interesting one, and the reports for the year showed the lodge to be in a flourishing condition.

The officers for the year took their places for the first time and proved themselves capable of handling their work creditably. A march for the officers was introduced by Mrs. Archie Filton, which proved very interesting. Owing to the increased membership during the past year, the lodge voted to have two meetings a month, which we hope will be of great benefit to all members.

MRS. GEORGE FULTON,
Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE, NO.
26, D. O. S., NEW YORK.

The installation of officers for 1912 for the above lodge was held on Thursday, January 18th. The officers for the coming year were unanimously elected: Chief Daughter, Mrs. George Brown; Sub-Chief Daughter, Mrs. Alex. Stuart; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Robert Bruce; Financial Secretary, Miss C. Alexander; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. M. Davis; Treasurer, Miss Jean Ross; Planist, Miss Emily Brown; Outer Guard, Mrs. Beggs; Inner Guard, Miss M. Hughes; Conductor, Mrs. Charles Turnbull; Chaplain, Mrs. Jean Wingate; Trustee (three years), Mrs. Ed. Reid.

The evening was spent in song and mirth.

The officers and members of Lodge No. 26 wish the sisters of the Order of Daughters of Scotia a prosperous, harmonious and happy year.

MRS. EMILIE M. DAVIS,
Secretary.

February 8th, 1912.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO. 19, D. O. S.,
KEARNEY, N. J.

Balmoral Lodge, No. 19, held their regular meeting on February 6th, with a good attendance, considering the cold weather. They initiated one member and received one by transfer. Officers for 1912 are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Christina Laird; Sub-Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jeanie Reid; Past Chief Daughter, Miss Grace Stewart; Chaplain, Miss Margaret Howard; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth G. Young; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Nimmins; Treasurer, Mrs. Florence Ward; Conductor, Miss Jeanette Glen; Inner Guard, Mrs. Agnes Murdock; Outer Guard, Mrs. Thomasina Reid; Pianist, Mrs. Mary Cook; Trustees (for three years), Mrs. Louise Hutchison.

ELIZABETH G. YOUNG,
Secretary.

February 13th, 1912.

TORRINGTON, CONN.

Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., is well started on the new year, and all the new officers are getting into trim for the year's work. After each meeting, tea is served, and a social time is much enjoyed by all. The members are planning for the celebration of their tenth anniversary, which will be held this coming summer.

MRS. ADA HAMILTON,
Secretary.

February 6th, 1912.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27, D. O. S., YONKERS.

Since the last report, two meetings have been held of Helen MacGregor Lodge, No. 27, D. of S., our new Chief Daughter, Mrs. Magee, presiding at both. At the last meeting of January, our new staff of officers took their places, and new committees were appointed for the year.

Mrs. Magee, in the name of the lodge, presented Mrs. Vanderwende, our retiring Chief Daughter, with a Past Chief's pin. Mrs. Vanderwende replied suitably, thanking the officers and committees for the support they had given her during the past year.

There was a large attendance at the first meeting in February, in spite of the cold weather. It is very encouraging that so many of the older members turn out so regularly. One member was initiated. After the regular business, a social time was enjoyed. The hall (by accident) being at freez-

ing point, nothing could have been more acceptable than the hot cup of tea and cakes served by Mrs. Orr, Sr., Mrs. Howard and Mrs. McBride.

The Helen MacGregors meet on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway, and all sisters visiting us will be sure of a hearty welcome.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.
Yonkers, N. Y., February 12th, 1912.

HAWTHORN, NO. 9, D. OF S., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In making our debut in the columns of "The Caledonian," it may be well to introduce the officers of Hawthorn Lodge, No. 9, D. O. S., for the ensuing year: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jessie Prain; Sub-Chief Daughter, Mrs. Mary Guest; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Christina Bell; Chaplain, Mrs. Jean Arnott; Secretary, Mrs. Elsie Robertson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Johann Craighead; Treasurer, Miss E. Anderson; Conductor, Mrs. Cecelia Campbell; Inner Guard, Mrs. Isabella Hamilton; Outer Guard, Mrs. Jane Hay; Pianist, Miss M. Mansfield.

The membership of Hawthorn Lodge is now nearing the century mark, and we hope to be well over the hundred before the Grand Lodge Convention is held here in September.

In this connection there is intense interest being displayed, and a healthy rivalry exists among the members in the various ways of raising money to meet the expenses of entertaining the delegates to the convention.

There is a special committee appointed to carry out the arrangements, and no stone will be left unturned to keep the well known hospitality of Bridgeport well to the front.

JESSIE JAPP.

LADY McLEAN LODGE, NO. 34, D. O. S., PASSAIC, N. J.

The Lady McLean Lodge, No. 34, D. of S., held their first anniversary February 1st, and spent a most enjoyable evening. We had with us Grand Past Chief Daughter Mrs. Christina Robinson, also our Grand Deputy Chief Daughter, Mrs. Marjory Smith, and her husband, and a large delegation of clansmen from Clan McLean, No. 133, O. S. C. Sister Robinson made a few remarks in regard to the good work that has been done in Lady McLean since she instituted it one year ago, November 30th, 1910 (St. Andrew's Day). We had then thirty members on the roll; we now have a membership of seventy-three. After these remarks, Deputy Sister Smith entertained us with a song; also Sister Gadeka, Sister Fleming and others, Clansman Duncan McNeil kindly accompanying them on the piano. The Refreshment Committee then requested that we form a march to the banquet hall. After singing the Doxology, we all sat down and did ample justice to the bountiful spread that had been prepar-

ed for us. After supper, the floor was cleared for dancing, and was kept up to the wee sma' hours.

RENIE M. HOWARD,
Secretary.

February 17, 1912.

LADY DOUGLAS LODGE, NO. 37, D. O. S.,
GILLESPIE, ILL.

This lodge was organized on February 25, 1911, and will celebrate its first anniversary on Saturday, 24th inst., by giving a box social. We all anticipate this social will be like our previous socials, namely—a success.

Our membership now totals twenty-nine, including one social member, and indications point to a few more in the near future. Trusting all the members of the D. O. S. will appreciate the advantages to be realized by subscribing to "The Caledonian."

MRS. LENA TEMPLETON,
Secretary.

February 13th, 1912.

LADY MacDONALD LODGE, NO. 23, AN-
SONIA, CONN.

At a recent meeting of Lady MacDonald Lodge, No. 23, the following officers were installed by Grand Deputy, Mrs. Gordon of New Britain, assisted by Grand Conductor, Mrs. Robbe, also of New Britain, and Miss Joan Denholm; P. C. Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Coles; Chief Daughter, Miss Margaret Denholm; S. C. Daughter, Mrs. Thomas Brown; Treasurer, Mrs. James Graham; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Henry Ellis; Recording Secretary, Mrs. George Bevan; Conductor Mrs. James Brock; Chaplain, Miss Nellie Brock; Inside Guard, Miss Margaret Horne; Outside Guard, Teevan; Pianist, Miss Margaret Bell; Trustee, Mrs. Helen Martin.

Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Coles, was presented with a P. C. D. pin, for which she thanked the members in a few well chosen words.

Refreshments were served after the meeting and a social time followed. A recitation was given by Grand Deputy, Mrs. Gordon, entitled, "The Obstinate Music Box." There was an address by Grand Conductor, Mrs. Robbe; a solo by Miss Margaret Dunbar, and one by Miss Margaret Horne; a piano solo by Miss Margaret Bell; a cake walk by Mrs. Agnes Coles, and a solo by Mrs. James Brock.

MRS. GEORGE BEVAN,
Secretary.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25, D. OF S., HAR-
RISON, N. J.

Argyle Lodge held their regular meeting in Rentschler's Hall, Harrison, N. J., on Tuesday, January 23rd, 1912. We were favored with the presence of Grand Deputy, Sister Magdalen Gordon, and Grand Lodge Staff. The following officers were installed for the year 1912:

Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Mary Jones; Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jeanie Mathers; Sub-

chief Daughter, Mrs. Eliza Heggie; Chaplain, Mrs. Annie Smith; Secretary, Miss Maggie Anderson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Jessie Wright; Treasurer, Mrs. Marjory Smith; Conductor, Miss Bessie Davidson; Inside Guard, Miss Mary Jeffrey; Outside Guard, Mrs. Jeanie Pritchard; Pianist, Miss Maggie Jeffrey; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Elizabeth Harkness.

Refreshments were served, after which our Grand Deputy presented our former Deputy, Mrs. Eastwood, with a cut glass bowl as a token of esteem from the sisters. Our Past Chief Daughter, Sister Mary Jones, was presented with a cut glass water set, on her retiring from the Chief Daughter's chair. In accepting the present, Mrs. Jones in a few remarks assured the lodge of her appreciation. Other presentations were made to Chaplain, Miss Jeanie Davidson, Recording Secretary Miss Maggie Anderson, Financial Secretary Mrs. Jessie Wright, and Pianist Miss Maggie Jeffrey. The Recording Secretary and Financial Secretary were presented with past officers' pins in honor of their services for three years. In accepting the various presents, all the sisters suitably replied. A few songs were well rendered by the sisters. A large delegation from Clan Campbell added much to the enjoyment of the evening by solos, and a few well chosen remarks by Past Chief Jones.

The meeting held on February 13th, gave great encouragement to our new Chief Daughter, Sister Mathers, by the large turnout of members. Reports for 1911 were also encouraging, and showed the lodge in good standing. We are all looking forward to a successful year under our new officers.

MAGGIE ANDERSON,
Secretary.

LADY LESLIE LODGE NO. 17, WESTER-
LY, R. I.

The officers of Lady Leslie Lodge, No. 17, of Westerly, were installed on January 12th, 1912, by Grand Deputy, Mrs. Josephine Douglas, of New London, Conn, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of New London, as Grand Conductor. The new officers are as follows:

Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Bessie Reardon; Chief Daughter Mrs. Maud Larkin; Sub-chief Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Buchanan; Chaplain, Mrs. Jeanie Anderson; Conductor, Mrs. Elsie Dougherty; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Hoadley; Secretary, Mrs. Margaret Greenman; Financial Secretary, Miss Ruth Archie; Inside Guard, Mrs. Mary Love; Outside Guard, Miss Margaret Marr; Pianist Miss Ruth Archie.

MRS. MARGARET GREENMAN,
Secretary.

LADY ABERDEEN LODGE, NO. 12, NEW
LONDON, CONN.

The dual installation of the officers of Clan Cameron, No. 154, Order of Scottish Clans, and of Lady Aberdeen Lodge, No. 12, Daughters of Scotia, was held on January 26, 1912.

The officers of the clan were installed by Roy, Deputy James D. Rutherford, of New Britain, assisted by Royal Deputy Frank E. G. Douglas, of New London.

The officers of the lodge were installed by Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, of Farmington assisted by Mrs. Sarah Scott, of Hartford, and Grand Deputy for Lady Aberdeen Lodge.

The officers are as follows:

Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Vealie; Chief Daughter Mrs. Jennie Black; Sub-chief Daughter, Mrs. Neelie Farrell; Chaplain, Mrs. Jennie Rennie; Secretary, Mrs. Charlotte Johnson; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Christina Wilson; Treasurer, Mrs. Isabel Sheridan; Conductor, Mrs. Florence MacLaughlin; Inside Guardian, Miss Jean Kirk;

Outside Guardian, Miss Margaret Farrell; Trustees, Mrs. Christina Smith for three years; Mrs. Isabel Ballentyne for two years. Mrs. Josephine Douglas, retiring secretary, was presented with a handsome cut glass fern dish, and to Miss Mary Rankin, retiring treasurer, was given a cut glass bowl. Both these ladies have served the lodge in these offices for five years. Gold badges, testifying to their efficiency, were presented to Mrs. Robina Lamond, retiring financial secretary, and to Mrs. Margaret Vealle as Past Chief Daughter; an accordion was presented to Brother Alexander Ballentyne, who is a musician of ability. Refreshments were served, and dancing and singing were enjoyed until a late hour.

JOSEPHINE DOUGLAS.

Our Detroit Letter

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF DETROIT.

John Henry, President.

To the Caledonian:

On the eve of January 23rd, St. Andrew's Society gave their annual Burns Concert, and three thousand people packed the Light Guard Armory to listen to the finest Scotch singers now on the stage.

The Concert was to celebrate the 153rd anniversary of the birth of Scotland's immortal bard, Robert Burns. It linked together 1759 with 1912 and as the audience sat there prior to the commencement, gazing at the life size portrait of the gentle, lovable Burns, the Burns who by his boundless human nature, had soothed their aching hearts, or given them joy and contentment with their lot, they were in a fine receptive mood to absorb and be moved and swayed by the creations of his very human heart.

It does seem that Burns, his life and his songs, poems and prose, have done and are doing more to unify the human race in a brotherhood than any other influence now active in the world. For it is not alone the Scotch that are amenable to his influence, but all nations are bowing to, and absorbing the grand aroma of love and equality that now permeates the world's atmosphere.

The evidence shows that while the nucleus of those who formulate and prepare these celebrations, be Scotch, yet the audiences comprise all nations, and they would not permit themselves to be deprived of participation in them, and they laugh and weep as they are swayed by the words of the man who sang as no other man sang, and they claim him as theirs as much as ours.

Oh, how much Burns has done for Scotland and the world. An orchestra of 30

pieces discoursed music while the audience were being seated. The overture by the orchestra called "Edinburgh" admonished the audience that the affair was Scotch, which was followed by selections by our full Pipe Band of 12 pipers and three drummers, and it did seem well demonstrated that not alone the Scotch love the pipes but that others have a warm place in their hearts for the Pibroch, as was evidenced by the demonstration and by the many recalls.

Duncan McPhail danced the Highland Fling, and an Irish Jig, and Bruce Cameron gave Ghillie Callum and Sailor's Hornpipe, and both delighted the audience and responded to an encore.

Mr. W. L. Cockburn, the Scottish Baritone appeared for the first time before a Detroit audience, in "Scots Wha Hae," "Green Grows the Rashes O," "Corn Rigs are Bonnie," and as encores gave "McGregor's Gathering," "Willie's Gaen tae," and "Melvill Castie." The audience were delighted and received him royally. His voice is one of unusual power.

Mr. Ford S. Hickey as monologue gave "The Wadden O' Lachie McGraw" and "With His Little Cane and Satchel," but the audience would not let him go, and he had to just continue, till time was called.

Mr. James Cassie, opened with his violin and gave "A Scotch Rhapsody," and "The Auld Tunes," and it did seem that he and his instrument were charmed. Nothing sweeter ever came from an instrument. The audience simply would not let him go and he played on, and the wonder was that so much of sweetness could emanate from a simple violin.

Miss Esther Hood, the Prima Donna of the evening, first gave, "The Star o' Robbie Burns" followed by "Scotland Yet," and "The Lea-rig." The charm of her voice,

simply enraptured her great audience. While she is classed as a soprano voice, yet it is more. It has a quality added that holds and holds the listener, and the listener refuses to give her up, and she had to continue, and gave as encores "In Oor Kail Yaird," "A Hundred Pipers," "I'm Glad ma Heart's Ma Ain," "My Ain Folk," and by special request, "Come Back to Erin," and I venture to say it was never sung so smoothly before. And oh, how happy Miss Hood should be to have the power to hold so vast an audience by the art and sweetness of her voice. Expressions of appreciation and delight were heard all through the audience. "How sweet," "how sweet." This being her first appearance with us she will be long remembered, and many said, "come back again."

Miss Elsie Forbes, Pianist, accompanied all the songs, and the piano under her educated touch gave sympathetic support to their voices.

And that vast audience sang "Auld Lang Syne," after which St. Andrew's Highlanders commanded by their Chief, Robert Schram, gave an exhibition drill, which was a fitting close to the Scotch concert.

Supper served and then the dance began, and continued until the "We Sma' Oors," and one more anniversary of our beloved Burns was closed.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

The first knowledge of the coming of this Club was derived from the January Caledonian, and the Curling Club of Detroit sought it, and the Scotch interests here set about to prepare a fitting reception for their visiting countrymen. A committee was appointed, Alexander Watson, chairman, for the occasion. Our City Hall was decorated in a most beautiful and becoming manner with Scotland's insignia, and our populace gathered to admire the unusual decorations. Prominent among them were the Scotch Banner and the Rampant Lion, The Thistle, and The Cross of St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland.

At 1:30 p. m. February 2, St. Andrew's Highlanders commanded by their Chief, Robert Schram, accompanied by their full Pipe Band, left their Hall and marched to the Union Depot to receive the Royal Caledonians, on their arrival by the C. P. R. They were received by the Highlanders and as they marched between our lines, surprise was evident on every face. To find Highlanders in Detroit was evidently not counted on by the visitors. The Highlanders escorted them to our City Hall, to pay their respects to our Mayor, Hon. William E. Thompson, who made an address of warm welcome, pleasing not alone the visitors but the Scotch of Detroit. That our Chief Magistrate should so cordially receive our visiting countrymen delighted them. The Highlanders then escorted our visitors to our



RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

Hall, where refreshments were served. John Henry, president of St. Andrew's Society, presided. Addresses of welcome were made by William Carnegie on behalf of St. Andrew's Society, and Ronald S. Kellie, on behalf of St. Andrew's Highlanders, who extended to them a Highland welcome; also by Allan Frazer on behalf of our Board of Commerce. Dr. E. B. Smith, was down for an address but the lateness of the hour prevented. Colonel T. Robertson Aikman for the Caledonians replied in a most fitting and appreciative speech. We called on Mr. Andrew Blair of the Caledonians to give us a composition of his own entitled "Song of the Scottish Curling Team to Canada," but he was not in good voice, and we had to forego the pleasure, but he left us copies of his song, and we will sing it as we remember him, the bright, genial gentleman of Aberfoyle. William P. Oliver, first tenor, Thomas D. Leadbetter, second tenor, Robert S. Rankin, first bass, and William Cameron, second bass, sang "The Highlandman's Toast," and a composition by Robert Rankin, in which the names of our visitors were mentioned to the air of "Say Au Revoir But Not Good-bye," all of which delighted and

surprised our visitors, and each asked for a copy of the unique composition. In closing, all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and there were many signs of deep emotion.

The Highlanders then conducted the visitors to the Hotel Cadillac, where, as guests of the local curlers they had supper. During the remainder of their stay they contested with the Detroit team, also teams from Grand Rapids, Mich.; Windsor, Sarnia and Chatham, Ont. And at the end when they departed on their northwest trip, the pleasure each obtained from the other was manifest in the firm grip of the hand, and look of the eye, for our visitors found Scotland in Detroit. And the memory of their coming will be ever green.

Yours truly,

RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

Detroit, February 17th, 1912.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

In accepting the position of Philadelphia correspondent of "The Caledonian," I wish to express my regret at the cause which has necessitated the retirement of my worthy predecessor, Mr. Peter Miller. Mr. Miller's bright, informative criticisms and comments were always welcomed and enjoyed by the Philadelphia readers of the magazine, and I can only express the hope, which I am sure will be echoed by all his friends, that his sickness will not cause more than a temporary absence from his former labors.

On January 25th, the Tam o' Shanter Club kept up their annual custom of honoring the immortal memory of Burns with a banquet. The event, as usual, was a treat hugely enjoyed by all present. The silent toast of "Burns," was responded to by Byron A. Miller, Esq., one of Philadelphia's rising young lawyers, and he did full justice to the subject in an eloquent and able address. The other speakers were Mr. Thomas Park, on "America"; Mr. George R. Stewart on "The Lassies," and Mr. Alex. Morrison, the energetic secretary of the club, on "Scotland." The musical talent was exceptionally good, and every item was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The "Tammies," as they are popularly called, are adepts at entertaining, and their annual Burns banquet is one of the jolliest events of the season.

The first round of the carpet bowl competition for the silver cup kindly donated by Dr. Robert L. Gray, was played on January 31st, between Clan Cameron, No. 64, and Clan Gordon, No. 190, on Clan Cameron's floor. The final result showed that the gay Gordons had come out victorious by a score of 65 to 57 points. The next and final round will be played on February 29th, on the Gordons' floor, and while at the present writing the Gordons have a decided advantage, the Camerons are by no means disheartened, and if they are defeated will go down with their banners flying.

The Royal Clan Convention Committee are making big preparations for raising funds

to suitably entertain the delegates and friends on their visit to our city in August of next year. As a start, they have decided to hold a picnic and games at Washington Park, 26th street and Allegheny avenue, Philadelphia, on Saturday, June 22nd. At these games the committee has decided to continue the competition which was inaugurated last year between Clan Cameron and Clan Gordon, and will offer a suitable trophy for the clan winning the majority of three contests, consisting of a football game, a tug-of-war contest and a relay race. These contests last year created a good deal of excitement, and healthy rivalry, and the decision to continue them is a wise one. Clan Cameron has very generously decided to abandon all public functions until after the convention, leaving the field clear to the Convention Committee, and while Clan Gordon has not yet come to any decision on this matter, they will no doubt take such action as will not interfere in any way with the convention arrangements. The officers of the Convention Committee are as follows: Chairman, Thomas Park, of Clan Cameron; vice chairman, James Wright, of Clan Gordon; treasurer, Hugh Johnston, of Clan Cameron, and secretary, Robert Fordyce, of Clan Gordon.

I understand that Mr. Hugh Johnston, the Royal Deputy for Philadelphia, of the Order of Scottish Clans, is making good progress with the new clan which he is forming in the Frankford district, and by next issue I hope to be able to report that the clan has been firmly established as a work-lug organization.

On Friday the 16th last, I had the sad duty of attending the funeral of Mr. Hugh Tullock, who for many years has been one of the best known Scotsmen of Philadelphia, and who has during his life time been prominently and actively identified with nearly every Scottish organization in the city. In addition to his other affiliations, Mr. Tullock was a Past Chief of the Caledonian Club; Past President of the Scots Thistle Society, a member of the Tam o' Shanter Club, and an Honorary member of Clan Cameron, No. 64, O. S. C. There was a large gathering of representative Scotsmen at the funeral, and the officers of Clan Cameron conducted services at the grave. So far as Scotch circles are concerned, Mr. Tullock is fortunate in leaving behind him in the person of his son, Mr. Alan Tullock, a worthy descendant to perpetuate the family name in the various societies with which he was connected.

The Caledonian Club held their 52nd annual concert and ball on Friday evening, February 16th. As usual, there was a large audience and the huge Turrgemeinde Hall, where the function was held was crowded to the doors. The artists were up to the club's usual high standard, and the comic Mr. John G. Anderson, was about the funniest individual we have seen hereabouts for some time.

THOMAS PARK.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

In common with other large centres and as becomes a literary community, Boston had many Dickens' centenary gatherings during the month. The newspapers and magazines devoted column after column, describing the man, the author, his mannerisms, his style, his characteristics and characters, his works in general, and their continued world-wide popularity.

Regardless of it all, the man in the street, or the woman in the car, did not enthuse. There has been no abnormal increase in the number of inquiries at the various public library branches, for Dickens' works, no bookseller prepared for, nor expected a large increase in the sale of his novels, and none of them reported being sold out.

During the two or three weeks the newspapers were daily reporting on the forthcoming Dickens centenary and numerous committees were being formed on paper I was curious as to the titles of the books in the hands of the suburbanites and city people in the cars, but not once did I discover any signs of a Dickens revival. None of the Dickens' meetings were crowded gatherings. I attended one of the first of these at Tremont Temple, and where the promoters expected thousands, there were not as many hundreds present.

Enthusiasm for a popular or once popular author cannot be manufactured.

Nevertheless, I want to record myself as a Dickens enthusiast.

I have not yet read every one of his books. I do not wish to become blasé. I am not like the man who knows it all.

I know there are pleasures still to come to me, I know that life still holds something good for me. I know that there are still some characters in fiction for me to fall in love with, to weep with, to laugh at or with, as the case may be, and I treasure the titles of these as yet unread novels, and roll them under my tongue in anticipation of the pleasure in store for me. If I am very good I may allow myself to read one soon.

With the Waverley Novels, it is different.

I have read Sir. Walter Scott's novels, poems, and histories, every one of them. As with Dickens, some of them have been read and reread.

I do not wish for wealth, I do not look forward to and long for material prosperity.

My wish is, that some day I may have leisure enough to begin at the dedicatory letter, dated at Abbotsford, 1st January 1829. "To the King's Most Gracious Majesty" read through the "Advertisement to the edition of 1829," the general preface, the appendix to the general preface, the introduction to Waverley, and so on through every preface, introduction and note of the whole series.

I think I skipped a lot of them during my previous readings, and I feel guilty, I want to read them now.

There died at Glasgow on the 7th day of January, in the eighty-second year of his age, Robert Agnew for forty years an elder in the old Barony Kirk.

He was the oldest communicant of this venerable church body.

For two centuries prior to the year 1800, the Barony congregation worshipped in the Lalg Kirk beneath the High Kirk, and it was during service there in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, Rob Roy met Francis Osbaldistone as described in Sir Walter Scott's romance of that name. The Rev. James Burns, the father of Sir George Burns the founder of the Cunard line, became minister of the Barony Kirk in 1773, and continued so for sixty-nine years. The Rev. William Black who was appointed assistant and successor in 1828, was often asked, are you wearying for Dr. Burns' death, "no," he would reply, "I am only wearying for his living."

Dr. Black died in 1851 and was succeeded by the beloved Norman MacLeod, and with great pride, I am able to say that I was baptised in the old Barony Kirk by that great hearted minister, Dr. Norman MacLeod.

My mother and my maternal uncle, Robert Agnew, 'sat under' the ministrations of these three great giants of the Auld Kirk, and that of Dr. Marshall Lang who proved a worthy successor to Dr. Norman.

Longevity seems to be a characteristic of this church and its sons and daughters, because I remember in the year 1887 hearing Sir George Burns the father of Lord Inverclyde, then in his ninety-second year deliver at the laying of the memorial stone of the new church, an address in the open air, that was heard distinctly by several thousands.

"But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all, elate and stroug;
Its master chords
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood."

More numerous, more enthusiastic, and more largely attended than ever before, seems to be the universal verdict for the Burns' anniversary celebrations held throughout the United States and Canada during the week of January 25th, 1912. Among other menu cards and programs sent me from different sections of the country, I would especially commend those of the Caledonian society of Colorado Springs, and the Albany Burns Club, of Albany, N. Y. Supreme Court Justice Alden Chester, president of the Albany Burns Club was a proud man when on the evening before he pinned the badge of honorary membership on An-

drew Carnegie at the University Club dinner, but he was a prouder man when he presided over such a brilliant gathering at the Albany Club, to pay tribute to the memory of the greatest love poet of the world.

Colorado Springs boasts of one of the finest hotels in the country, "The Antiers," and the Caledonian Society boasts that one of the greatest affairs ever held there, was, when on the evening of January 24th, two hundred fifty gentlemen sat down to a Burns Supper consisting among other things of talk an' herrin' haggis, etc. James T. Muir is chief and P. D. Campbell secretary of this society of nearly one hundred members, which is Caledonian Club and Scots' Charitable Society combined.

Secretary James J. Bryden of the Burns Memorial movement in Halifax, N. S., informs me that although active work on raising subscriptions has not yet begun, over two thousand dollars are already in hand.

One of the Boston Sunday papers had a full page illustrated article recently on the Boston Curling Club. It stated that the club had sixty-five members and that their new curling rink at the Boston Arena, cost them exactly \$38,000. "This" it said, "is true sport," for there are no admission fees for spectators, and no returns for the money expended, except enjoyment, good health and good cheer for the members and their friends."

John McGaw is president and many visiting clubs from Canada and the United States, come, see, and are conquered by the Boston organization.

James Maitland, the oldest member of the Scots' Charitable society, initiated in 1863, and a member of Clan MacKintosh of Cambridge, Mass., died January 24th, and was buried from his late home on Sunday the 28th. Large delegations from both societies attended the services.

Nearly four hundred fifty members of the Boston Caledonian Club attended the installation exercises at Deacon Halls, Tuesday evening, February 6th. Robert E. May was chairman and toastmaster, and among other speakers were Royal Secretary Peter Kerr, and Ex-chief John McIsaac who thirty years before, in the year 1882 was installed chief. Chief James A. Sinclair was enthusiastically cheered as he told of the progress the club had made during the year 1911 and every one of the officers were praised for the good work done. During the evening a telegram was read from Honorary Member Walter Scott of New York, in which he congratulated the club on their board of officers and wisdom in re-electing every one of them. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," was the spontaneous reply to the Honorary Member's greeting. An especially good vocal and instrumental program added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

The British Charitable Society's annual charity ball which took place at the Hotel Somerset, Tuesday evening, February 13th,

has now become recognized as the leading society event in British circles in Boston. Governor Foss and Lady, the British Consul and leading officials of the State, graced the affair by their presence and the pageant was well arranged and admirably conducted. Representatives from all branches of the military service, the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, in full regimentals added color and romance to the gathering, which was far too large for the accommodations provided. Nearly every British society in Boston was represented and a good-sized surplus for charity should be the result.

Members of the Board of Government of the Scots' Charitable Society, headed by President Pottinger, marched in body, Washington's Birthday, to greet Governor Foss at the annual reception at the State House.

Ex-president Louis H. Ross expects to have plans perfected soon for a ballad concert at Tremont Temple which will eclipse all his previous ventures. Patrons of Mr. Ross' concerts have never had cause to feel dissatisfied with the talent provided.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the S. C. S. are co-operating with the senior society in arranging for a concert and dance to be held at Paul Revere Hall, Wednesday evening, March 27th.

Skye Association's Annual Dinner

About one hundred and fifty natives of the Island of Skye and their friends met at the Cafe Moretti, on Thirty-fifth street, on February 7th, and enjoyed their first annual dinner. Mr. John McLean, president of the Skye Association, of New York, acted as chairman and very capably performed the duties devolving upon him. The Rev. Donald MacDougall, editor of the Caledonian, invoked the divine blessing in Gaelic, and then a very choice supper was partaken. The menu card, which was printed with names attached to the various articles of food specified, was probably unique, at least on this side of the Atlantic. After a very excellent repast had been enjoyed, Mr. McLean spoke briefly in laudation of the natives of Skye, making special reference to John Macpherson, the "Glendale Martyr." He was followed by Dr. MacDougall, who gave due credit to the Skye men for their achievements in various spheres of human activity. Mr. Andrew Wallace followed in a humorous tribute to the natives of the misty island, and made a special plea in behalf of the Order of Scottish Clans.

An interesting short address was also made by Kenneth MacIvor, and a Mr. McLeod, bard of the association, read an original poem. The latter part of the evening was devoted to music and singing, Mrs. Mather singing with fine effect Gaelic and English songs. Songs were also sung by Miss Norma McLean and Mr. Ross. Among other pipers present were Walter Arm-

strong, to whose inspiring strains a braw young Highlander, John MacCaskill, danced the Highland Fling and Sword Dance with exceptional grace and skill.

CLAN MacDUFF, NEW YORK.

This enterprising clan with a membership of four hundred, is always devising a new plan to help needy. On Friday evening, February 9th, the clan held a most successful entertainment for the benefit of the emergency fund.

The large hall was crowded and the concert was pleasing, the bagpipes were ever in evidence and the ball following, gave the younger people a most enjoyable recreation. The committee of arrangements deserve great credit, and it is hoped they have reached the desired amount for the emergency fund—fifteen hundred dollars. Those serving on the committee were, John R. Bremner, chairman; James Grant, secretary; Daniel MacLean, treasurer; Arthur Fairweather, Dr. James Law, Alexander Pirie, William Baxter, John MacDougall.

OUR EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

George Muir, of Andover, Ohio, an enthusiastic Scotch farmer, has sold his farm there and moved across the border into Pennsylvania, at Espyville.

Mr. Muir kens how to improve a farm, and sell it at a good figure. He is a "farm doctor."

Rev. Dr. McInnes Neilson, of Pittsburg, gave an address on "Burns," before the Tourists' Club, of Girard, Ohio, on the afternoon of January 27th, which was very much appreciated. In the evening, under the auspices of the First Presbyterian Church Men's Club, of Girard, he gave an address, "The Value of a Target."

Preceding the address, he sang several Scottish songs and told Scottish stories. The writer had the pleasure of hearing him, and as an entertainer, he is par excellence. He is a native of Airdrie, Scotland.

Andrew Wilson, chief of Clan MacIntyre, Sharon, Pa., has taken a position as captain of the fire department at South Sharon.

The Clan MacDonald Male Quartette who sang so well at the St. Andrew's Day banquet at Youngstown, filled an engagement at Vandergrift, Pa., January 26th, under the auspices of the Burns Club.

James McNicol, an expert Scottish dancer, also took part.

The quartet sang "The Weddin' O' Shon MacLean," "A man's a man for a' that," and "Scots wha hae," as well as "Annie Laurie."

Harry Archibald sang comic songs. David Scott rendered "Afton Water," in fine style. As a closing song, the quartette sang, "Whie brewed a peck o' mant," each putting the action into the song.

It is rumored that the quartette will give a concert under the auspices of Clan MacDonald, No. 39, Youngstown, Ohio, soon. They are open for engagements.

George Archibald, who visited local relatives here, has returned to Motherwell, Scotland, to join his family. He sailed Wednesday, February 21st, on a Cunard Liner to Southampton.

There is an abundance of clansmen running for office in Youngstown this spring. Andrew Henderson for County Prosecuting Attorney; Isaac M. Hogg for County Auditor; John D. Hodge for County Commissioner; W. W. Brownlee for County Commissioner; W. S. Douglass for County Commissioner; Hugh Swaney for County Clerk; Dr. J. S. Cross for County Coroner. Messrs. Hogg, Hodge, Swaney and Cross are candidates for re-nomination for second term.

Prof. Charles F. Carson, Past Chief of Clan Mac Kenzie, Akron, Ohio, is teaching a class of youngsters the art of Scotch dancing, and is meeting with success.

ANNUAL BANQUET THISTLE CLUB, YOUNGSTOWN.

The Thistle Reading Circle ladies held their annual banquet on Thursday evening, February 15th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McPhee, the husbands of the members being guests. Mr. Thomas Thompson in the absence of Robert Walker acted as toastmaster.

Mrs. Angus McPhee gave a reading on the "Thistle." Erskine Maiden and others responded with quotations. Mrs. Robert Walker sang. Alexander Fennie in a neat speech, expressed his appreciation of the good things served by the ladies and offered his support to anything Scottish.

Angus McPhee gave several dialect stories, which were humorous in the extreme. Mrs. Thomas Thompson gave a clever Scottish reading. The banquet was an enjoyable affair throughout. The hall was decorated with red cupids and hearts. About forty people were in attendance.

Rev. Hugh Black is expected to deliver an address in Youngstown on March 29th, in Trinity M. E. Church. Many local Scots are planning to hear him. There are quite a number here who have heard him preach in Free St. George's, Edinburgh.

HUGH W. BEST.

NOTES.

On Tuesday, February 6, the dwelling house of Mrs. Alexa MacAulay, College street, Chester, S. C., was nearly totally burned. The house and the furniture was partly insured.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie is a member and a pew holder in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York

The Recollections of a Village Patriarch.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

(Continued.)

Truth hath always a fast bottom. I didna suppose that there was a great deal the matter wi' the laird when he went to Tunbridge Wells—like many others, he wasna weel from having owre little to do. But he had not been there many days when his fancy was attracted by a dashing young leddy of four or five-and-twenty, the daughter of a gentleman who was a dignitary in the church, but who lived up to and rather beyond his income, so that when he should die, his gay family, of whom he had four daughters, would be left penniless. The name of the laird's intended was Jemima, and she certainly was a pretty woman, and what ye would call a handsome one; but there was a haughtiness about her looks, and a boldness in her carriage, that were far from being becoming in a woman. Her looks and carriage, however, were not her worst fault. She had been taken to the Wells be her mamma, as she termed her mother, for the express purpose of being exhibited—much after the same manner as cattle are exhibited at a fair—to see whether any bachelor or widower would make proposals. Our good laird was smitten, sighed, was accepted, and sealed the marriage contract.

The marriage took place immediately, but he didna arrive at the Ha' wi' his young wife till the following June. When they did arrive, her father, the divine, was wi' them, and within a week there was a complete overturning of the whole establishment, from head to foot. They came in two speck-and-span-new carriages, shining like the sun wi' silver ornaments. They brought also a leddy's maid wi' them that wore her veils, and her frills, and her fal-de-rais; and the housekeeper declared, that for the first eight days she didna ken her mistress from the maid; for Miss Imitated Madam, and both took such airs upon themselves, that the auld body was confounded, and courtied to both without distinction for fear of making a mistake. They also brought a man servant wi' them that couldna speak a word like a Christian, nor utter a word but in some heathenish foreign tongue. Within a week the auld servants were driven about from the right hand to the left, and from the left to the right. The incomers ordered them to do this and to do that wi' as much insolence and authority as if he had been a laird and she a lady.

But in a short time the leddy discovered that all the auld domestics, from the housekeeper and butter down to the scullion wench, some of whom had been in the house for twenty years, were little better than a den of thieves; and at the Martinmas term a new race of servants took possession of

the Ha'. But this was not the only change which her young leddyship and her father brought about in a few weeks. Her nerves could not stand the smell of vegetables which arose from the kitchen when the broth was cooling for the widows and their families, the auld maidens, and other helpless persons in the village and neighborhood on the Sundays and Wednesdays, and she gave orders that the nuisance should be discontinued. Thus, sir, for the sake of the gentility and delicacy of her ladyship's organ of smelling, forty stomachs were left twice a week to yearn with hunger. At that time the labouring men on the estate had seven shillings a week, with liberty to keep a cow to graze in the plantations; and those that dwelt by the river side kept ducks and geese, all of which were great helps to them. But her leddyship had an aversion to horned cattle. She never saw them, she said, but she dreamed of them, and to dream of them was to dream of an enemy! The laird endeavored to laugh her out of such silly notions, and appealed to her father, the dignitary and divine to prove that belief in dreams was absurd. His reverence agreed that it was ridiculous to place faith in dreams, but he hinted that there were occasions when the wishes of a wife, though a little extravagant, and perhaps absurd, ought to be complied with; and he also stated that he himself had seen the cattle in question rubbing against the young trees and nibbling the tender twigs; besides, there were walks through the plantations, and as there might be running cattle amongst them, he certainly thought with his daughter, that the grazing in the woods ought to be discontinued. His authority was decisive. Next day the steward was commanded to issue an order that every cotter upon the estate must either sell his cow, or pay for its grass to a farmer.

This was a sad blow to the poor hedgers and ditchers, and those that work with the spade. There was mourning that day in many a cottage—it was equal to taking a m'ral day off every family. But the change that was taking place in their condition did not end there. The divine, like another great and immortal member of the sacred profession—the illustrious Jaley—was fond of angling; but there the resemblance between them stopped. I have said that he was fond of angling; but he was short-sighted, and one of the worst fishers that ever cracked off a hook, or raised a splash in the water. Once, when he might have preached on the text, that he "had toiled all day and caught nothing," he was fishing on the river, about a mile above where we now

are, when he perceived the geese and ducks of a cottager swimming and diving their heads in the stream. It immediately occurred to the wise man that his want of success arose from the geese and ducks destroying all the fish; and he forthwith prevailed upon his son-in-law to order his tenants to part with their poultry. This was another sair blow to the poor cottagers, and was the cause of their bairns gaun bare-legged in winter and hungry in summer. The gardens, the avenues, the lodge, everything about the place was altered. But to crown all, the lease of three or four of the laird's tenants was out at the following Martinmas, and their rents were doubled. Every person marvelled at the change in the conduct and character of the laird. Some thought he had gone out of his wits and others that he was possessed by the Evil One; but the greater part thought, like me, that he was a silly, hen-pecked man.

A few months after her leddyship arrived, she gave birth to a son and heir, and there were great rejoicings about the Ha' on the occasion, but very little upon the estate; for already it had become a place that every one saw it would be desirable to leave as soon as possible. As the young birkie grew up, he soon gave evidence of being a sad 'scapegrace. Never a day passed but we heard of his being in some ploy or other; and his worthy mother said that it showed a spirit becoming his station in life. Before he had reached man's estate he was considered to be a great proficient in horse-racing, cock-fighting, fox-hunting, gambling, and other gentlemanly amusements; but as to learning, though he had been both at school and college, I dinna suppose that there is a trade's lad connected wi' the Mechanics' Institution here that he was fit to haud the candle to. His grandfather, the divine, sometimes lectured him about the little attention which he paid to his learning, but the young hopeful answered, that—"There was no necessity for a gentleman, who was heir to five or six thousand a year, and whose father was seventy years of age, boring over books."

They generally resided in London, and were never about the Ha', save during a month or two in the shooting season. We heard, however, that they had fine carryings on in the great city; that they kept up a perpetual course of routes, parties and assemblies; that the estate was deeply mortgaged; and the laird, from the course of dissipation into which he had been dragged, had sunk into premature dotage. It was even reported that Johnny Grippy, the miser, had advanced several thousand pounds upon the estate at a very exorbitant interest.

At length their course of extravagance, like a long tether, came to an end. Creditors grew numerous and clamorous; they would have their money, and nothing but

their money would satisfy them. The infatuated auld laird sought refuge in the Abbey at Holyrood; and his son went on racing about and gambling as formerly, borrowing money from John Grippy when down here, and from Jews when in London, and giving them promises and securities that would make the estate disappear, when it came into his possession, like snow in summer. Her leddyship came down to the Ha', and, to my certain knowledge, was refused credit for twenty shillings in a shop in the village here, which was then kept by a son of one of the cotters that she and her father had caused to part wi' their kye and their poultry. This was what the young man called—"seeing day about wi' her leddyship."

The auld laird hadna been twelve months in the Abbey, when, finding himself utterly deserted by his wife and son, he sank into despondency, and died in misery, rueing, I will make free to say, that ever he had set his foot in Taubridge Wells. His young successor, in gratitude to his mother for her over-indulgence, and the example she had set him, turned her from the Ha' on his taking possession of it, and left her to seek refuge in the house of her father the divine; and we never heard of her in this part of the country again. The career and end of the young laird I will state to ye, as I notice the histories of the Muinster and Ne'er-do-weel Tam. And now for that of

THE MINISTER.

A more excellent, worthy, and sincere man than Mr. Anderson never entered a pulpit, or preached words of hope and consolation to sinners. He was not a flowery orator, or a fashionable preacher; but he was plain, simple, nervous, earnest. His homeliness and anxious sincerity rivetted the attention of the most thoughtless; and, as a poet says—

"They who come to scoff, remained to pray."

I remember when he was first placed amongst us as minister of the parish, he was a mere youngster, but as primitive in his manners as if he had just come from the plough instead of a college. His father was a farm steward upon the estate of the then member for the county; and the patronage being in the crown—as it is called—it was through the interest of the members that he got the kirk. About twelve months after he was placed he took a wife, and his marriage gave great satisfaction to the whole congregation, at least to the poor and middle classes, who, of course, were the great majority. And the reason why his marriage gave such satisfaction was, that his wife was the daughter of a poor hind, that he had taken a liking to, when he was but a laddie and her a lassie; and he had promised her when they came from the harvest field together (for while he was at the college he always wrought in the harvest time), that, if he lived, and was spared to be a minister, she should be his

wife. I am sorry to say that such promises are owre often neglected by young people, when either the one of the other of them happens to get their head up in the world. But our minister thereby showed that his heart was actuated by right principles, and that he preferred happiness to every mercenary consideration. It showed that he was desirous of domestic comfort, and not ambitious of worldly aggrandisement. She was a bonny, quiet, discreet creature; and, if she hadna what ye may call the manners of a leddy, yet her modesty and good nature lent an air of politeness to everything she did. Her constant desire to please far more than counterbalanced for her want of being what is called well-bred; and if she had not gentility, she had what is of more importance in a preacher's wife—a pious mind, a cheerful and charitable disposition, and a meek spirit; and whatever she was ignorant of, there was one thing she was acquainted with—she

Knew her Bible true.

But, after their marriage, he took great pains in instructing her in various branches of learning; and in that she made great proficiency, I am qualified to give evidence—for, when I have been present at the dinners after the sacrament occasions, I have heard her dispute w^t the ministers upon points of divinity, history, and other matters, and maintain her ground very manfully, if I may say it.

I believe that a happier couple were not to be found in Great Britain. She bore unto him fourteen children, but of these, all, save two, a boy and a girl, died in infancy; and, in giving birth to the last, the mother perished. It was on a Sunday that she died; and I remember that, on the following Sabbath, her widowed husband entered the pulpit to preach her funeral sermon. His text was—"Why should we mourn as those who have no hope?" He proceeded with his discourse, but every few minutes he paused, he sobbed—the big tears ran down his cheeks, and all the congregation wept with him. At last he quoted the words—"In the morning I preached to the people, and in the evening my wife died!" His heart filled—the tears gushed from his eyes—he could say no more—he sank down on the seat, and covered his face with his hands. Two of the elders went up to the pulpit, and led him to the manse; and the precentor of his own accord giving out a psalm, the congregation sang it and dispersed.

I have mentioned to ye his two surviving bairns—the name of the laddie was Edward, and the lassie, Esther. Edward was several years older than his sister; and from his youth upwards, he was a bold, sprightly fearless callant. Often have I observed him playing the part of a captain, and drilling the laddies of the village into squares and lines, like a little army; and

as often have I heard him say that he would be nothing but a sodger. His father (as every Christian ought to do) regarded war as a great wickedness, and as an abomination that disgraced the earth; he, therefore, was grieved to see the military bent of his son's inclination, and did everything in his power to break him from it. He believed, and correctly too, that Edward had too much pride to enter the army as a common soldier, where he would be little better than a slave, and have to lift his hat to every puppy that wore an equelette on his shoulder or a sash round his waist. The minister, therefore, was resolved that he would not advance the money to buy his son a commission.

Here I must notice Johnny Grippy, who had never been kenne'd to perform a generous action in the whole course of his existence. He was a man that, if he had parted w^t a bawbee, to save a fellow-creature from starvation, wadna, through vexation, have slept again for a week. If any body had pleaded poverty to him he would have asked them—"What right they had to be poor?" It would have been more difficult for him to answer—"What right he had to be rich?" Johnny never forgave Mr. Anderson for prohibiting him from being made an elder; and in his own quiet, but cruel way, he said he would see that he got satisfaction, to the last plack, for the insult. Now, what do ye think the miser did? He absolutely offered young Maister Edward money to buy an ensign's commission, at the moderate interest of ten per cent., and on the understanding, that he would gie him four years' credit for the interest, and that he wadna request the principal until he was made a captain. This proposal was made for the sole and individual purpose of grieving and afflicting Mr. Anderson, and of being revenged on him. The silly laddie, dazzled w^t the bright sword and the gold-laced coat of an officer, and thinking it a grand thing to be a soldier—fancying himself a general, a hero, a conqueror in a hundred fights—swallowed the temptation, took the offered money on the conditions agreed to; and through the assistance of a college acquaintance, the son of a member of Parliament, purchased a commission in a foot-regiment. All this was done without his father's knowledge, and when John Grippy witnessed the good man's tears as he parted with his son, his cold heart rejoiced that his revenge had been so far successful, and for once he regretted not having parted with his money without a sure bond being made doubly sure.

In a very few weeks after Edward Anderson joined his regiment, he accompanied it abroad; and twelve months had not passed, when the public papers contained an account of his having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the field, on account of his bravery.

But, listen, sir, to what follows.—It was on our fast-day that the news arrived concerning a great victory in the Indies. We were all interested in the tidings, and the more particularly as we knew that our minister's son was at the battle. His father and his sister were in a state of great anxiety concerning him, for whether he was dead or living they could not tell. The weather was remarkably fine, and as a great preacher was to serve some of the tables, and preach during the afternoon's service, the kirk was crowded almost to suffocation, and it was found necessary to perform the ordinances in the open air. A green plot in front of the manse was chosen for the occasion, and which was capable of accommodating two or three thousand people. It was a grand sight to see such a multitude sitting on the green sward, singing the praises of their Maker, wi' the great heavens aboon them for a canopy; its very glory and immensely rendering them incapable of appreciating its unspeakable magnificence, and rendering as less than the dust in the balance the temples of men's hands. It reminded me of the days of the Covenant, when the pulpit was a mountain side, and its covering a cloud. Mr. Anderson was a man whose very existence seemed linked wi' affection for his family. He had had great affliction in it, and every death seemed to transfer the love that he had borne for the dead in a stronger degree towards those that were left. His soul was built up in them. All the congregation observed that he was greatly agitated various times during his discourse. It was evident to all that apprehensions for the fate of his son were forcing themselves upon his thoughts.

The postman at that time brought the letters from the next town every day about one o'clock. Mr. Anderson was serving the first table, and his face was towards the manse, when the postman, approaching the door, waved his hand towards Miss Esther, who sat near it, as much as to say that he had a letter from her brother. The father's voice faltered through agitation and anxiety, as he saw the letter in the postman's hand, and abruptly concluding his exhortation, he sat down trembling, while his eyes remained as if fixed upon the letter. I, myself, observed as the postman passed me wi' it in his hand, that it was sealed wi' black. I regarded it as a fatal omen, and I at first looked towards the minister to see whether he had observed it; but I believe that his eyes were so blinded wi' tears that he could not perceive it; and I then turned round towards Miss Esther, who I observed hastening to take the letter in her hand. At the sight of the black seal she almost fainted upon the ground; and I saw the poor thing shaking as a leaf that quivers in the wind. But when, wi' a hurried and trembling hand, she had broken the seal, she hadna read three lines until the letter dropped upon

the ground, and, clasping her hands together, wi' a wild, heartpiercing scream, that sounded wildly through the worship of the people, she exclaimed—"My brother!—my brother!" and fell wi' her face upon the ground. The spectators raised her in their arms. Her father's heart could hold no longer. He rushed through the multitude—he snatched up the fatal letter. It bore the post-mark of Bengal, but it was not the handwriting of his son. He, too, seemed to read but a line, when he smote his hand upon his forehead, and exclaimed in agony—"My son! my son!—my poor Edward!"

His gallant boy was one of those who were slain and buried upon the field; and the letter, which was from his colonel, recorded his courage, his virtues, and his death! All the people rose, and sorrow and sympathy seemed on every countenance save one—and that was the face of the auld miser and hypocrite, Johnny Grippy. The body seemed actually to glut, wi' a malicious delight, over the misery and affliction of which he, in a measure, had been the cause; and, though he did try to screw his mouth into a form of pity or compassion, and squeezed his een together to make them water, I more than once observed the twittering streak of satisfaction and delight pass ower his cheeks, just as ye have seen the shadow of a swift cloud pass ower a field of waving grain. I hated the auld miser for his very looks and his attempted hypocrisy; and, forgive me for saying so, but I believe, if at that moment it had been in my power to have annihilated him, I would have done it. The man who does the work of iniquity openly or through error, I would pray for; but he that does it beneath the mask of virtue or religion, I would exterminate.

It was many weeks before Mr. Anderson was able to resume his place in the pulpit again; and his daughter, also, took the death of her brother greatly to heart. The whole parish sought to condole wi' them, not even excepting young Laird Cochrane of the Ha', who had not then come to the estate. I firmly believe, sir, that he was a predestinated villain from his cradle, for he showed symptoms of the most disgusting depravity more early than ever I addle did. The aulder he grew, when he was in the country, he went the more about the manse, and Esther was nearly about his own age. She a lassie that I would call the very perfection of loveliness—simple, artless, confiding, but not without a sprinkling o' woman's vanity. There was a laddie, the son of Thomas Elliot, or Ne'er-do-weel Tam, as he was commonly called, that was very fond of her; he was a fine, deserving callant, and all the town thought that she was fond of him. But the young laird put himself forward as his rival, and the one was rich and the other poor. The laird of the Ha' sent daily presents of geese, turkeys, and all sorts of game in their season, to the manse;

and he also presented rings, trinkets and other fine things to Esther; while the other, who was considered a sort of poet in the neighbourhood, could only say, as a song that I hear them singing now-a-days, says—

"My heart and lute are all my store,
And these I bring to thee."

The laird was also an adept in flattery, in its most cunningly devised forms. Now sir, it is amazing what an effect the use of such means will ultimately produce on the best regulated minds. They are like the constant dropping that weareth away a stone. Though unconscious of it herself, Esther, who was but a young thing, began to listen with more patience to the addresses of the heir of the Ha'; and she occasionally exhibited something like dryness and petulance in the presence of poor Alexander Elliot—for such was his name. At the very first shadow of change upon her countenance, his spirit became bitter with jealousy, and he rashly charged her w' deserting him for the sake of the young laird and the estate to which he was heir. This was a tearing asunder of the silken cords that for years had held their hearts together. He was proud, and so was she—they became distrustful of each other, and at length they quarrelled and parted never to meet again. I have heard it said, that it was partly to be revenged on Alexander that Esther gave an ear to the addresses of the laird; but that is a subject on which I offer no opinion. All that I know is, that Alexander enlisted, and went out to join his regiment in the West Indies. The laird followed Esther like her shadow; and every one, save myself, said that there would be a marriage between them. Even her worthy father seemed to dream in the golden delusion; and, I am sorry to say, he was in no small degree the cause of finally breaking off the intimacy between her and Alexander Elliot. She was, as I have informed ye, a sensitive,

confiding lassie; and the laird, who had a honied tongue, succeeded not only, in the long run, in gaining her affections, but in making her to believe in his very looks; for being incapable of falsehood herself, she did not suspect it in others, and least of all in those who had obtained a place in her heart.

The young villain went so far as, in her presence, to ask her father's consent to their marriage; and the auld laird being then dead, the minister agreed. It was not long after this that the scapegrace went to London and Esther began to droop like a flower nipped w' a frost. Half a dozen times in the day her father found her in tears, and he endeavoured to comfort and to cheer her; but his efforts were unavailing. It pained his heart, which had already been sorely chastened by affliction, to behold the youngling and last of his flock pining away before him. The young laird neither returned nor wrote, and he suspected not the cause of his daughter's grief. The first hint he got of it was from his elders assembled in Session. The old man in agony fell back—he gasped, he smote his breast, and tore his grey hairs. In his agony he cried that his Maker had forsaken him! The elders sought to condole w' him, but it was in vain; he was carried to the manse, and he never preached more. His heart was broken; and, before a month passed, the thread of life snapped also.

W' the weight of her own shame and sorrow, and her father's death, poor Esther became dementit. About nine weeks after her father's funeral she gave birth to a stillborn child; and it was a happy thing, that the infant and its mother were buried at the same time, in the same grave.

Such, sir, is all that is necessary for me to inform ye concerning our late worthy minister; and, of the young laird, ye shall hear more presently in the history of "Ne'er Do Weel Tam."

(To be continued.)

Stamford, Conn., Burns Celebration.

The Scots of Stamford, Conn., celebrated Burns' Anniversary, on January 25th, with songs and appropriate speeches. The president, John Brown presided. In his remarks of welcome he said "This is a night which to the real and true leal Scot is the blythest night o' a' the year. It has a national flavor of its own for it's dedicated to the honor of our national poet, Robert Burns. Just one hundred fifty-three years ago tonight the Januar' wind blew hansel' in on Robin." Mayor Rowell, whose mother was Scotch, spoke feelingly of the poet and his countrymen. Mr. Rev. C. H. Priddy spoke eloquently of the genius and passion of Burns.—It was one of the most successful celebrations in the history of the society.

The committee of arrangements comprised John M. Brown, chairman; John Robertson, secretary; Alexander Mitchell, treasurer; Alexander Geddes, Allan Lawson, John Grant, Craig Stewart, William Duncan, Charles N. Allen, John Hay and Robert Small. The floor committee were: John Robertson, chairman; William McDonald, Robert Hay, James Wilson, William Watt and Dr. D. R. MacLean.

Rev. Dr. William Newton Clarke, died at the age of seventy-one years. Dr. Clarke was a professor of Theology in Colgate University, N. Y. He was the author of several excellent books. His "Outline of Christian Theology" ranks high.

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This club celebrated in true Scottish style the anniversary of Robert Burns, Scotland's gifted plowman bard. The program was worthy of such an occasion. The address of welcome was given by Bro. M. McB. Thomson, and the Cheplain, Bro. J. B. Cummock, said the grace.

After the first course, which was sheep-head broth, the haggis was introduced, the pipe band and drums playing it into the hall. This was a signal for great applause.

Mr. W. Halliday gave the address "To a Haggis," after which the chairman cut it with a knife carried by the secretary.

After the supper came the concert program, which consisted of the old songs played to the old tunes of Scotland. The hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels made the anniversary a glorious night, and one long to be remembered by the Scots of this city.

The Hon. W. H. King, Utah's leading orator, responded to the toast, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." He gave a short sketch of his own ancestry, telling of how he claimed Scotland and all things Scottish, and ended with one of the best orations on Burns that has ever been heard in Utah.

The toast, "Our Adopted Country," was responded to by Judge A. McMaster, who also delivered a grand address to the Scotch people in Utah.

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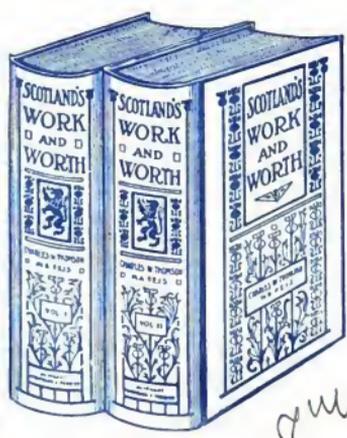
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