

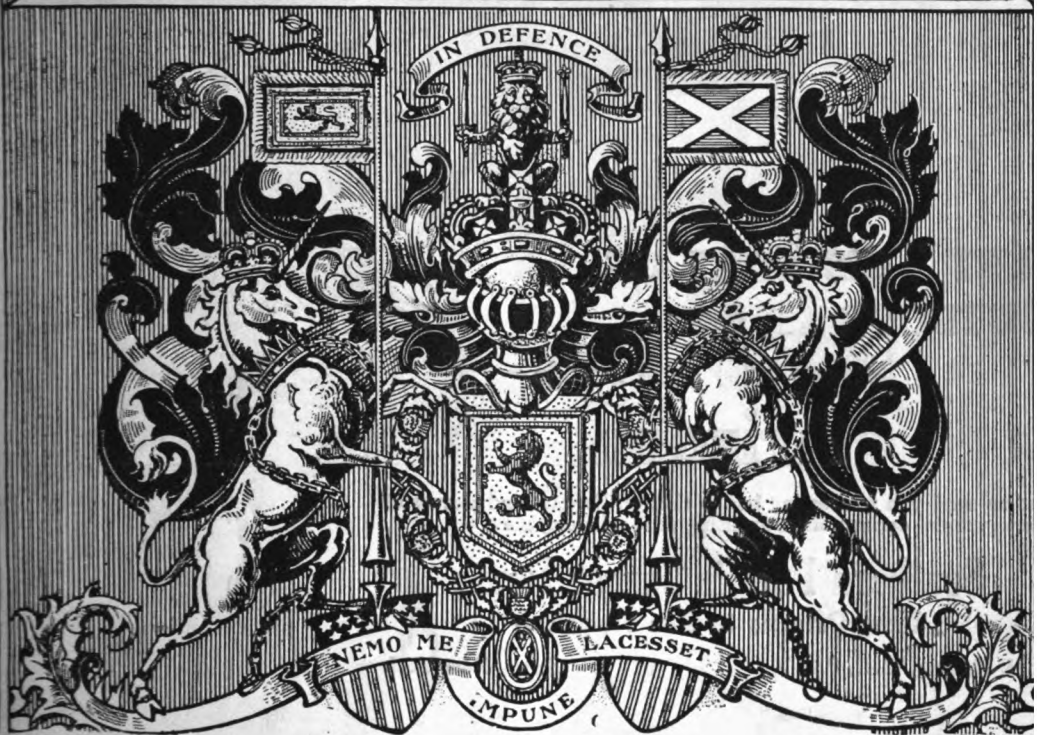
NEW YORK

APRIL 1912

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THE CALEDONIAN



CURRENT EVENTS

.....

SCOTSMEN AS EXPLORERS

.....

MY LADY OF AROS

.....

SCOTLAND AND HOME RULE

Discussed by Martin MacIntosh, Robert E. May
and Thomas Park

.....

SCOTTISH FAMILY MOTTOES

.....

CLAN MacDOUGALL

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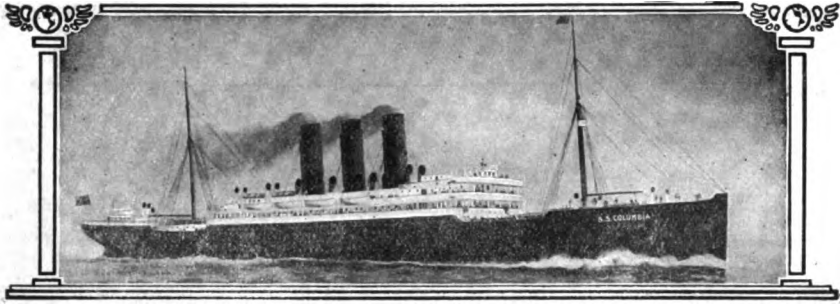
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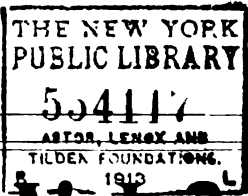
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

It has been remarked that the laws are here made by lawyers, and largely in the interests of lawyers. Whether this is the case or not, it is certain that members of the legal profession are represented, out of all proportion to their numbers, in the halls of legislation. In Congress out of a total of 391 members, there are 220 lawyers. In the Senate, out of a total of 91, there are 49 lawyers. In the British House of Commons, the proportionate number of lawyers is much smaller, being 151 out of a total of 663.

On March 14th, in Hillsville, Va., courthouse, a number of daring mountaineers comprising a number of the Allen family and their friends, shot to death the presiding judge, prosecuting attorney, sheriff and others. A few of the desperadoes have been captured, and a posse has been searching in the mountains for the others. The head of the Allen clan is said to be exemplary as a husband and father, and strange to relate, any one but an excise officer, or one suspected of being an informer would be as safe among them as he would be at his home. It is to be hoped that measures will be adopted to reconcile a brave, misguided, really honest people to social and economic conditions, which would result in their improvement, and the reign of law, not impulse and passion among them.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, it was announced on March 20th, has sent a check for \$1,000, as a wedding gift to Miss Mary H. Johnson, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Nashville, Tenn. Accompanying the check was an autograph letter from Mr. Carnegie complimenting Miss Johnson upon her devotion to the public service.

On March 16th, the cornerstone of the new Broadway Presbyterian Church, Broadway and 114th street, was laid with the ceremonies customary on such occasions. Rev. Dr. Merle Smith offered prayer; Dr. Alexander, moderator of the Presbytery, gave an address and was followed by Rev. Dr. Buchanan, the pastor who offered prayer and gave a brief history of the church. Representatives of the faculties of Columbia College and Union Theological Seminary were present. The music was furnished by the quartet of Dr. Buchanan's church and by vocalists from various seats of learning.

The third annual conference of alumni and ministers of Connecticut will be held

at the Yale Divinity School, on April 15th—18th, in connection with the Lyman Beecher lectures. The course will consist of seven lectures to be delivered by Rev. Dr. Jowett of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

The one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., will be celebrated on May 5th, 6th and 7th. Alumni and invited guests from various parts of the United States and Canada, and also from Europe, will be present on the occasion.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on Wednesday evening, March 20th, spoke for an hour and a half to 3,000 people in Carnegie Hall, New York, and at the close of the meeting in the big auditorium, he addressed an overflow meeting in the smaller auditorium. It was a masterly address. We quote the following abstracts from his speech. His subject was, "The Right of the People to Rule." "The great fundamental issue now before the Republican party and before our people can be stated briefly. It is, 'Are the American people fit to govern themselves, to rule themselves, to control themselves?' I believe they are. My opponents do not.

"In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken, and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

"God give us men. The time demands strong men, great hearts, true faith and willing hands; men whom the lust of office does not kill; men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; men who possess opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie; men who can stand before a demagogue and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking."

Samuel H. Wilson, a native of Scotland, and well known as a writer of hymns and as a business man died at his home in Brook-

lyn, N. Y., on the eighth of March. He was in business many years ago with A. T. Stewart and later with Arnold, Constable & Co., and subsequently founded the linen importing firm of S. H. Wilson. He is survived by a widow, four sons and a daughter. It has been claimed that he was related to the Duke of Roxburgh on his mother's side.

On March 11, a delegation of prominent women, favoring female suffrage, presented their cause for favorable consideration before the Senate Suffrage Committee at Washington. Prominent New York women also pleaded for their pet scheme before the legislature at Albany. Whatever the result of those efforts may be, the cause of female suffrage in this country is undoubtedly increasing in popular favor.

The series of alarming accidents happening recently on the best of the American railways are awakening the public anew to the dangers attending railroad travel in this country. On March 13 a section of the twentieth Century Limited was derailed and precipitated into the Hudson river near Poughkeepsie. The ice was sufficiently firm to bear the impact of the cars, had it been otherwise, an appalling loss of life might have ensued. The accident was admittedly caused by a broken rail. Mr. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, said recently that rails in use on his road for twenty years, made in Germany, were still in good condition. Why cannot equally good rails be made here, where the tariff permits their sale at home for \$28 a ton and for \$20 abroad, with freight charges defrayed by the manufacturers?

The committee appointed by the anthracite coal operators, to consider the demands made on behalf of 170,000 coal miners, refused, March 13, to accede to any of the demands made. The most objectionable of these to the committee were doubtless, an increase of 20 per cent. in the wages paid to miners, which it is claimed would amount annually to a total of \$20,000,000, and the recognition of the Unions, by the coal companies collecting union dues from the miners, and turning the money so collected into the union treasury. The majority of the coal miners are not members of the union and to agree to this demand would probably involve their going into the Union, or be forced to quit work. Anything more despotic and destructive of personal liberty is difficult to imagine.

Matters political at present, so far as the Presidential candidates are concerned, are in a chaotic state. Seemingly, President Taft is holding his own and, despite the strenuous efforts of Col. Roosevelt and his ardent supporters will probably receive the Republican nomination. Still a vigorous campaign is being fought by the Roosevelt

hosts and as apparently they are not deficient of funds, they are in a position to harass the Taft supporters and not possibly may insure the election of a Democratic President, unless concord is restored within the Republican ranks. On the Democratic side Governor Wilson, of New Jersey and Champ Clark seem to be in the lead, but conjectures at present as to the ultimate issue, would be useless.

Dr. Robert S. MacArthur of New York, President of the World's Baptist Alliance and former pastor of Calvary Baptist Church of New York, on March 3, announced his acceptance of the "acting pastorate" of the Baptist Tabernacle of Atlanta, Ga. Dr. MacArthur succeeds Dr. Len G. Broughton, who recently resigned to become pastor of Christ Church in London. Dr. MacArthur's duties as President of the Alliance prevented his acceptance of the full pastorate.

"Teaching the art of courtship is one of the most pressing demands of our public school," was a remark recently made by Rev. F. C. Bruner, a Methodist Episcopal pastor, in a sermon preached in Chicago. It is difficult to conceive why clergymen make such foolish, out of the way statements. Possibly the desire to attain a really undesirable notice through the press of the country is the ruling motive in prompting this too common ministerial extravagance of language.

The Men and Religion Forward Movement, which desires to revive Christianity both inside and outside this country's churches, held the first meetings of its campaign in New York recently at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and the Broadway Tabernacle.

Donald Mackay, a prominent Wall Street Broker, died suddenly early in March. The deceased was born in Port Chester, N. Y., 72 years ago. He had been a resident of Englewood, N. J., for many years and had been mayor of that town. Highly respected generally, he was greatly beloved in Englewood, and had presented to it a park and a library. Mr. MacKay was a respected member of the Presbyterian Church. He is survived by a widow, a son and two daughters.

Sir Donald and Lady Mann, of Toronto, were guests recently at the Plaza hotel, New York. Sir Donald and Sir William MacKenzie are the constructors and owners of the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway.

The peace treaties have been so changed by the Senate from their original form, that it is extremely doubtful that they will be ever presented to the countries interested. The disappointment over the emasculating of the treaties will be extreme in official circles in London and Paris and perhaps, even more so in Washington.

The plant of the Cherokee Advocate, the only newspaper the world has ever known published in the Indian tongue was sold recently as junk to J. S. Holden, editor of the Fort Gibson Post, as the highest bidder, the purchase price being \$151. While published it did much towards the spread of Christian civilization among the Indians of the Territory.

At a recent meeting of the Canadian Club, of New York, the members were addressed by John F. Wallace, the first engineer of the new Panama Canal. Mr. Wallace characterized the inaction of the United States in the matter of Columbia's claim for reparation for fomenting the Panama revolution and the seizure of the Canal Zone as "the blackest stain on this country's history."

Past Royal Deputy, O. S. C., James Hay of Richmond Hill, N. Y., has met with a sad bereavement in the death of his wife a few weeks ago. We extend to him our sincere sympathy, and also to Clansman Russell, of Clan MacDuff, New York city, whose wife died on Sunday, March 17th, after a long illness.

CANADIAN.

Statistics by Immigration officials at Ottawa, March 12, place the number of immigrants from the United States to Canada last year at 150,000. This is an increase of about 20,000 over the previous year's figures. The character of this class of immigrants was recently severely reflected upon in an address made by the Principal of Knox College (Presbyterian), Toronto. He had visited locations where the American immigrant farmers were settled in the Northwest and classed them generally, as a Sabbath breaking, irreligious lot, and morally, not a very desirable addition to the Canadian population.

The latest reports from Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean, and points on the Mackenzie river received at Dawson, Yukon Territory, state that Hubert Darrell, the explorer who went eastward in 1910 from Mackenzie, has been given up for lost. No word has come from the explorer since his departure. Should this be the case there will be another added to the list of intrepid explorers who have sacrificed their lives to advance the cause of science, or to gratify personal ambition and to satisfy public curiosity.

The annual Northward voyage of Newfoundland seal fishers started on March 14, when twenty-two steamers, carrying 4,400 men left. Two new steamers on their way from England took on their crews at St. Johns within a few days and followed the fleet.

William T. White, Minister of Finance, presented to the House of Commons, at Ot-

tawa, March 13, the annual financial statement of the country, estimating that the surplus on operating account for the fiscal year, which ended on March 31, would be \$39,000,000, the largest on record. During the first ten months of the present year Canada's foreign trade amounted to \$711,199,802, the volume having about doubled since 1900.

It has been reported that the Grain Growers' Association of Western Canada are strongly advocating a proposal for the secession of the four Western Provinces from Eastern Canada, and that already much organization work has been done. The movement is said to be a protest against the rejection of the reciprocity agreement with the United States. The report is given for what it is worth, which is but little. Some newspaper correspondent hard up for an item, probably magnified a mole hill into a mountain, so as to create a momentary sensation.

By a new act of the Ontario Provincial Legislature, the medical officers of the districts created under the act, will be paid \$2,500 per annum, and \$1,000 for expenses. Everything pertaining to hospitals will henceforth be placed under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Board of Health of Ontario.

The British Columbia Provincial elections were held on March 28th. The indications were that the McBride Government (Conservative) would be sustained with scarcely any opposition.

Joseph Choate, Jr., of New York, J. Pierpont Morgan's representative, arrived in Winnipeg, Man., March 18th, to take over the Winnipeg Electric Railway and its interests at a cost of \$30,000,000.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, recently presented to the Canadian people an oil painting of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, on behalf of the Parliament and people, will forward their thanks to the donor of the gift. The Duke of Kent was somewhat intimately associated with Canada many years ago, and resided for a while in Toronto.

The International Railway, a Government road, is to be double-tracked and dock facilities in Halifax are to be enlarged to accommodate the increased passenger traffic expected for the Government railroad.

While the Northwest and Canada generally were suffering from extreme cold, the Province of Alberta during most of the winter was enjoying warm genial weather.

BRITISH.

Thomas MacKenzie, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, was elected March 22 Prime Minister of New Zealand by 72 votes

to 9. Sir Joseph George Ward, the present Premier, will remain at his post until Mr. MacKenzie has definitely formed his Cabinet.

The British battleship Ajax was launched at Greenock, March 21st, in the presence of large crowds. She is a sister ship of the King George V and is the twenty-sixth Dreadnought in the British navy.

In New South Wales, which was long dominated by labor unions, the Government, after making many concessions to the unions, was finally forced to refuse to concede further excessive demands. The unions became recalcitrant and the Government ultimately brought them to accept its proposals by threatening to operate the mines and import laborers wholesale and protect them with a military force.

To a Scandinavian explorer, Captain Amundsen, must probably be awarded the honor of discovering the South Pole. So far no report has been received of Scott, the British explorer, who started about the same time as Amundsen, on the same quest. It is possible, though not probable, that Captain Scott discovered the pole even before his competitor, and that since then he has been engaged in scientific work, he intended to pursue in addition to his search for the South Pole. Sir Ernest Shackleton, it will be remembered, reached a point about 90 miles of the South Pole, and but for an unexpected mishap would have reached his goal.

The Rev. Murdo Mackenzie, minister of the Free North Church Inverness, after forty-seven years of devoted ministry asks for a colleague and successor, owing to ill health. Mr. MacKenzie has been for years one of the leading spirits of the Free Church. Two years ago he was a delegate to the Pan Presbyterian Alliance, which met in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Unfortunately, the old time clock on St. Giles' Tower, which has seen 200 years service, was recently broken by a careless workman having fallen through the case and damaged the mechanism so badly that the trustees do not consider the worn-out works worth repair—but hereafter the clock will occupy a prominent place in the Edinburgh Museum.

The city of Sydney, Australia, erected last year 6,503 buildings, at a cost of £3,650,000.

Sir Joseph Ward, prime minister of New Zealand, has announced his retirement in favor of a Liberal-Labor Government. The New Parliament is made up of 37 government followers, 37 Conservatives, 4 Laborites and Socialists and 2 Independents.

The inhabitants of Tasmania imported last year, £3,337,000 of goods—the exports

were £4,005,500 and the total trade revenue was £7,375,500.

Mr. Frederick Watson, son of Ian MacLaren, author of Bonnie Briar Bush, is following his father's footsteps. For some time past he has contributed to various English newspapers, and quite recently issued a volume "Little Incidents," which is his first book.

The centenary of Robert Browning will be celebrated in Westminster Abbey on May 7. Many literary Americans are expected to be present on the occasion.

James Keir Hardie, M. P., it is stated, when recently asked by the correspondent of a New York newspaper what action he thought the government would take in the coal strike, replied that he valued his opinion at ten guineas, which was he said, the sum paid to him by American papers for an expression of his views. The correspondent thought Mr. Hardie's opinion was not worth that amount and nothing came of the incident. If reported correctly, the action of the Radical member reflects no credit upon the distinguished body to which he belongs.

The Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, is to be married this month, and arrangements are being made to suitably celebrate the event throughout Sutherlandshire.

The members of the Edinburgh School Board are now undertaking a school building scheme, which is estimated will cost £180,000 when completed. The Scottish capital is noted now for the classic architecture of some of its school structures and doubtless the additions to be made to them will not detract from their character in this respect.

The strike of the coal miners resulting in the voluntary suspension of work of about 1,000,000 miners, and the enforced idleness of considerably more than a million employed in other industries, has had a paralyzing effect upon trade and all active spheres of human activity in the United Kingdom. Much suffering has resulted in consequence of the suspension of work owing to the lack of coal.

Hartley & Wolf, shipbuilders of Belfast, recently acquired the works of the London and Glasgow Engineering and Shipbuilding Company at Govan and Stobcross; those of Barclay, Currie & Co., Whitinch, and also those of John Shearen & Sons, at Eldershire.

Angus MacDonald, who died lately at Glenmoriston, and who had nearly attained the age of 100 years, was the grandson of one of the guards that kept watch to prevent a surprise, when Prince Charles Edward Stuart hid in a cave. The reward of £30,000

offered for the capture of the Prince, did not tempt this one and his other Highland protectors to betray the unfortunate prince.

At a recent meeting of Glasgow citizens, presided over by Lord Provost Stevenson, it was determined upon to erect a memorial to Lord Lester, the eminent surgeon, in that city.

A Mr. W. C. Mackenzie, in a lecture delivered a few weeks ago before the Gaelic Society of London, stated that the Cymric or Welsh was a pure Celtic language, but that the Gaelic had a considerable admixture of Tuetonic in it. Another surprising statement made by the speaker was that the Scots were Teutons, and on going to Ireland intermarried with native women and that in this way the Gaelic became large diluted with Tuetonic. Possibly Mr. Mackenzie was in a jocose mood, but if so, it was a sad attempt at being humorous. If serious in his assertion, the conclusion is forced upon one that his familiarity with either Gaelic or the Germanic languages is but slight. The Germans, however, derived something else besides this designation from the Celts, which is not surprising when we consider that Bavaria and other extensive portions of Germany were inhabited by Celtic people.

Methodists from all parts of Ireland united at Belfast, early in March, in a demonstration against Home Rule. Five meetings were held and the attendance in all was estimated at twelve thousand. The great majority of the Protestants of Ulster are bitterly opposed to Home Rule, and probably with adequate reasons for their opposition.

The suffragettes of London have been attempting to advance their cause by smashing windows in the fashionable shopping districts. The authorities, none too soon, have adopted drastic methods in dealing with militant suffragists, and numbers of their leaders have been arrested for conspiracy and sentenced to six months imprisonment with hard labor.

Under the auspices of the David Livingstone Commemoration Committee the great African explorer and missionary was suitably remembered at a celebration held in his honor on March 15, in Glasgow. Sir George Green presided on the occasion and an eulogy on Dr. Livingstone was given by Rev. J. G. Wakely, of London.

Old Greyfriars' Parish Church, Edinburgh, was founded in 1612. The old church is a famous one in the annals of Scotland, and it was within its walls that on the last day of February, 1638, the National Covenant was signed. In honor of the tercentenary of this event, the congregation desired to celebrate the occasion by erecting within the church a suitable memorial. For this purpose a Bazaar was held on Thursday, February 29th, which was a great success.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., FOREIGN POPULATION.

In Brooklyn only 22.98 per cent. of the population is of native parentage, according to figures given out on March 22nd, 1912, by the Federation of Churches, based on a special study of the censuses of 1900 and 1910.

Brooklyn has had since 1900 more than 48 per cent. of the Russian immigration of Greater New York and 34.6 per cent. of the Italian influx at this port. The Russian element in Brooklyn's foreign population is now the largest. It totals about one-sixth of the whole number of inhabitants.

Here are the official figures for Brooklyn's foreign population in 1910:

	Born Abroad.	Foreign Parents.
Irish	70,543	179,055
English	28,856	44,283
Scotch	7,913	12,946
Canadian	9,320	11,891
German	87,908	206,976
Scandinavian	35,243	53,369
French	2,646	4,269
Swiss	2,163	3,082
Russian	163,046	257,624
Italian	100,370	163,723
Austro-Hungarian ...	44,790	73,638
Romanian	7,809	7,809
Greek	1,017	1,153
Turkish	2,179	2,179
All others	7,248	—

Totals 571,071 1,270,742

The summaries as to the entire Brooklyn population are:

Foreign born	571,356
Native born of foreign parents....	663,583
Native born of native parents.....	375,548
Negroes	22,708
Chinese and Japs	1,156

Total 1,634,351

The greatest losses in nationalities, in the decade, due to the falling off of foreign parentage were: Irish, 41,366; German, 57,821; English, 13,258.

WILLIAM MILNE DONALD.

William Milne Donald, for a quarter of a century a member of the Stock Exchange, died Friday, March 8, at the age of 71, at his home at 8 Fourth street. New Brighton, S. I. He had been known in the financial quarter for thirty years, being at one time one of the governors of the Stock Exchange. He belonged to the brokerage firm of Donald, Gordon & Company, of 27 William street. He was assistant treasurer of the Stock Exchange Building Company's trustees and was a trustee of the Henderson Estate Company. With his parents Mr. Donald came to St. John's N. B., from Huntley, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1849. For several years he remained there, where his father was rector of St. Andrew's Church. Mr. Donald got his early banking training in the Bank of Montreal. He leaves two sons and two daughters.

Scotland Demands Home Rule

MARTIN MACINTOSH.

Gladstone in a debate on Home Rule said that some day the Unionists would have to deal with the question of Home Rule for Scotland, and the boldest of them would not look Scotland in the face with a denial when she made her final well considered and deliberate demand. Scotland now makes that demand and in the words of John Stewart Blackie. As an independent kingdom, inheriting its own historic traditions, using its own laws, boasting its own church, and marked by a distinctive type of character and culture, Scotland has a right to demand that her public business shall be conducted seriously on Scottish ground, in a Scottish atmosphere, and under Scottish influences, not hustled and slurred over hastily in an Imperial Parliament.

A Government Bill for Scottish Home Rule is now ready to be introduced with the expectation that it will be passed during this Parliament. The object of this Bill is to provide for the establishment of a legislative body in Scotland. This shall be called the Scots Parliament and will have the power to make laws relating exclusively to Scotland. A Lord High Commissioner appointed by the King shall exercise such powers as shall be conferred upon him by His Majesty but subject to the provisions of the Act. A committee termed the Scots Privy Council responsible to the Scots Parliament shall be appointed by the Lord High Commissioner. Duties of custom and excise shall be under the control of the Imperial Parliament but all other taxes shall be levied by the Scots Parliament.

Among the leaders of this movement for Home Rule are the well known names of the most prominent Scottish members of Parliament: the Right Honorable R. C. Munro Ferguson, Sir Henry Dalziel, W. H. Cowan, H. A. Watt, D. V. Pirie and Charles E. Price.

It is sometimes said that the Scottish members of Parliament are not active workers for Scottish interests, that it is due to their neglect that the country is in its present condition. But what can we expect? Not every competent Scotsman

can leave his business to reside in London, for a Commoner has received no salary, consequently what has been the result? The people have been forced to accept the regular politician. Again when a Scotsman does reside in London he is apt to get out of touch with the Scottish people. The local interests of Scotland are soon swallowed up in the affairs of the Empire—how to deal with the strike, the suffragette movement, anything, everything. Were the Scots Parliament in Scotland he must concentrate his attention on Scottish affairs alone. The members of Parliament who do work for Scotland have been censured because they did not get reforms through Parliament, but how can they, when they are outvoted or not allowed an opportunity for discussion? They have finally realized that the only way to get reforms is by means of a Scottish Parliament. For Scotland had her own Parliament before the Union of 1707. With but seventeen years of power it wrought marvels. Any benefits which she gained from the Union could easily have been obtained without its abolition. In fact those who were most instrumental in bringing about the Union wished to retain the Scottish Parliament, but England would not consent. Thus was Scotland in an advanced stage of legislation tied to a country which lagged far behind and which has been dragging her down to her own level. England was determined to get rid of a rival Parliament which by giving more rights to the people would cause her own people to demand more. Sir Archibald Allison, the historian said, in the three small volumes of the Scottish Acts of Parliament were to be found more of the spirit of real freedom, more beneficent legislation, greater liberty of the subject than in the thirty large volumes of all the efforts of English freedom from Magna Charta to the Reform Bill.

Let every Scotsman then stand by these men who are striving in this great cause. Will not Scots by birth and descent readers of "The Caledonian" see their way clear to take some interest in this movement?

Scotsmen as Explorers and Travellers

BY CHARLES W. THOMSON, M. A., F. E., I. S.

As a sphere of travel and exploration which Scotsmen have in a peculiar degree made their own, Africa must first claim our attention, and we need not be surprised to find that one of the earliest of solitary Scottish adventurers turned his steps thither. William Lithgow (1582-1645) travelled throughout most of Europe, and thereafter visited Palestine, Egypt and the Barbary States. In the course of his wanderings he fell into the clutches of the Spanish Inquisition, and was imprisoned for a considerable period. He published an account of his travels under the name of *Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrinations*.

The first outstanding explorer of Africa, however, was James Bruce, born in Stirlingshire, in 1730. He arrived in Algiers in 1763 as British Consul, and in 1768 he started from Alexandria *via* Cairo for Gondar, the capital of the strange kingdom of Abyssinia. He explored the Bahr-el-Azrek (or Blue Nile) and returned to Egypt after three years' stay. In 1790 he published an account of his travels and of Abyssinian affairs in general.

The problem of the sources of the Nile seemed as far from solution in the middle of the nineteenth century as in the days of Herodotus; but it fell to the lot of the Englishman Speke and the Scotsman Grant to solve the mystery by their expedition of 1860-63. Colonel James A. Grant (1827-92), a native of Nairn, had already won distinction in the Indian Mutiny, and later he rendered valuable service in Abyssinia. The story of his work along with Speke was graphically told in his *Walk Across Africa*, published in 1864. The researches of Grant were soon afterwards amplified by the travels of Sir Samuel Baker, of London.

Leaving the Nile region, and directing our attention to the northwest of Africa, we are presented with a curious present-day example of the once common Scottish soldier of fortune, in the person of Sir Harry Maclean (b. 1848), who occupies the position of Kaid or commander-in-chief of the sultan's army in Morocco. Sir Harry is a scion of the Macleans of



SIR HARRY MACLEAN.

Drimnin, and son of Inspector-General Andrew Maclean. His dramatic seizure by Raisuli in the late summer of 1907, and his seven months' captivity until February, 1908, furnish eloquent testimony to the tremendous contrast in civilization still presented by the opposite shores of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Excepting Maclean, no European possesses a more intimate knowledge of native affairs and of the native mind in north-western Africa than the versatile Scottish politician, traveller and author, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham (b. 1852).

In the exploration and opening up of West Africa Scottish names are conspicuous. Foremost among these comes that of Mungo Park, who was born in 1771, near Selkirk. At the age of twenty-four, Park offered his services to the African Association, and in May, 1795, he arrived at Gambia, in West Africa, where he spent some months learning the Mandingo language. In December he started inland to-

wards the east, and in July of the following year, having in the meantime spent four months in captivity, he had the joy of being the first European to set eyes upon the Niger. After a total journey of 2000 miles he commenced to retrace his steps, and he reached his starting place in June, 1797. Returning to Scotland, he published his *Travels* in 1799, and set up as a surgeon at Peebles. At this time he was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott. By comparing notes with a fellow-Scot named Maxwell, who had made several voyages to the Congo, Park concluded that the Niger might possibly be found to merge in the Congo. In January, 1805, he left Britain on his second expedition, this time at the request of the British Government, which supplied £5000 for his task. Arriving at Gambia, he enlisted thirty-five soldiers from the British garrison, and his total party of forty-five included his brother-in-law Dr. Alex. Anderson, and George Scott, a draughtsman from Selkirk. They turned inland in April. The rainy season of June and July cut off his men one by one, and only seven reached the Niger's banks. When he arrived at Sansanding by canoe, only three white companions remained alive. In November he hoisted the British flag on a "schooner" made out of old canoes, and gallantly set sail down stream. He sent a native back to Gambia with his final dispatch to Lord Camden, the Colonial Secretary. It glowed with stout-hearted resolution: "My dear friends, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Scott, are both dead; but though all Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die on the Niger." After sailing a thousand miles on the broad bosom of the river, the little party (as was discovered some years later) approached the falls at Bussa. Here they were attacked by natives, and whether by the hand of the savages, or owing to the rocks and rapids, they perished, defending themselves to the last. In 1827, Park's second son lost his life in Africa while in search of definite news of his father.

The first European to cross the Sahara from the Mediterranean to the Niger region was Lieutenant Hugh Clapperton, of the Royal Navy (1788-1827), a native of



MUNGO PARK.

Annan. In 1821 he set out from Tripoli across the desert, and reached the Niger and Lake Chad, but owing to the hostility of the natives he had to return, reaching the north coast in safety after three years' absence. On a second expedition he started from Lagos, in December, 1825, and reached Bussa overland. Continuing to explore the district between the Niger and Lake Chad, he at last fell a victim to the climate, dying at Sokoto in April, 1827. The sole survivor of this expedition was his servant, a Cornishman named Richard Lander. In 1830, Lander, along with his brother, repeated Clapperton's journey to Bussa, and succeeded in sailing from this, the end of Park's pilgrimage, to the sea.

Major Alex. Gordon Laing, an Edinburgh man, had meanwhile explored the sources of the Niger, but on a second expedition, after crossing the Sahara from Tripoli, he was murdered near Timbuktu (1826).

One of the most enterprising of subsequent explorers was Macgregor Laird of Greenock (1808-61). During the years

1832-34 Laird conducted an expedition, the main object of which was to explore the Niger, from its mouth inland, from the point of view of trading possibilities. Of forty-eight whites who started on the journey only nine survived to the end, among the deaths being that of Richard Lander. In 1853 Laird fitted out an expedition with the help of £5000 from the Government. The ship used for the voyage was the *Pleiad*, a steamer built by the explorer's brother John Laird, ship-builder, and M. P. for Birkenhead. The commander of the expedition was Dr. William B. Baikie (1825-64), a native of Kirkwall, Orkney. After much valuable information had been gained, the company safely returned to Britain. In 1856, Laird entered into a contract with Government to place steamers on the Niger to develop a regular trade. Dr. Baikie went out with the first of these, and established various trading-stations. Thereafter he took up his abode at Lokoja, at the junction of the Benue with the Niger, being accredited as British Consul.

In 1886 the Royal Niger Company was formed, largely at the advice of Joseph Thomson. Thomson's clever dash up to Gandu and Sokoto in 1885 forestalled the Germans in seizing that part of the Niger banks. The supineness of the home Government, however, had allowed the French to annex the upper courses of the river, as well as the great entrepot of Timbuktu. The French were thus enabled to lay on western Africa as it were a gigantic hand whose palm was the Sahara, and whose fingers reached out by Tunis, Algeria, Senegambia, the Ivory Coast and Dahomey to the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Gulf of Guinea. The tightening of this hand means the practical extinction of British commerce in that vast region, while of the Niger we have retained only the 500 navigable miles from the sea to Bussa,—the stretch of the river which Park failed to reach!

In connection with the Gold Coast district, with its hinterland of Ashanti, a few Scottish names deserve mention. In January, 1824, on the death of Sir Charles M'Carthy, who was slain in a skirmish with the natives, Colonel Sutherland became governor, and by 1826, he had succeeded in restoring peace. From 1827

till 1843 the governor was Mr. George Maclean, an officer of the Royal African Colonial Corps. To Maclean's bravery, tact, and administrative ability is largely due the establishment of the Gold Coast Protectorate, with its coast-line of 150 miles. In 1843 the district became a Crown Colony, and Maclean was retained as Judicial Assessor until his death in 1847. He sternly suppressed the slave trade, and Miss Mary H. Kingsley declares that he was honored and beloved by the natives as no representative of Britain in West Africa has ever been since.

In the abolition of slave-raiding in West Africa, honorable mention is merited by Sir George Taubman Goldie (b. 1846), an able administrator, and president of the Royal Geographical Society, who comes of Tweedside lineage. His father was colonel of the Scots Guards. It is due to his tact and his sympathy with native ideas that Britain has retained so much of the Niger district in face of French and German competition. This soldier-statesman, who went to the Niger in 1877, set himself to unite the various isolated British adventurers who still carried on a precarious trade in that region. He secured for Britain some half million square miles of territory, and secured it, in Miss Kingsley's words, "freer from the stain of blood or treachery than any other region she has overseas beneath her flag."

In the Equatorial Lake Region we come upon the work of Joseph Thomson (1858-95), a native of Thornhill in Dumfriesshire. In 1878 he served as geologist to the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition to Lake Tanganyika, under Alexander Keith Johnston (son of the famous geographer-royal for Scotland, of the same name). On Johnston's death, Thomson took command. In 1883-84 he explored the district around Mount Kenia. In 1885 he was, as we have seen at Sokoto. His further travels included Southern Morocco and the district between Lakes Nyasa and Bangweolo. He wrote excellent accounts of his own travels and of those of Park.

The pioneer missionary to Uganda, in East Africa, was Alexander M. Mackay (1849-90), an Aberdeenshire man, whom H. M. Stanley calls, "the best missionary since Livingstone."

In the subsequent development of Ugan-

Ja and of Ibea (Imperial British East Africa) no reputations stand higher than those of Colonel Macdonald (b. 1862 in Aberdeenshire) as soldier, and of Sir William Mackinnon as political and commercial pioneer. Macdonald's work in Uganda included the suppression in 1897-98 of the mutiny of Sudanese troops, for which service he received the thanks of Government. So rapid was the march of British civilisation in this district that by 1900 the railway had brought the land of Mtesa and Mwanga into touch with the outer world.

(Macdonald, now Brigadier-General Sir James Ronald Leslie Macdonald, commanded the British military operations in Tibet in 1903-4, including the capture of Gyantse and the advance to Lhasa.)

To Sir William Mackinnon is primarily due the fact that "Ibea" is to-day a British possession. Sir William (who, as chairman of the British India Steam Navigation Company, stood in much the same relation to Indian and East African enterprise as Sir Donald Currie did to that of South Africa) received from the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1876 an offer of the whole of the latter's possessions on the East African mainland. At that time the British Government refused to accept the protectorate of this vast district at Mackinnon's invitation, and only after the Imperial British East African Company (founded by Mackinnon in 1888) had made plain the rough places of colonisation was Ibea definitely recognised as a British sphere. In the public gardens at Mombasa, the capital of Ibea, there now stands a statue of Sir William, and close by it, pass the trains on their way inland to Uganda,—the noisy witnesses to Mackinnon's completed work.

The greatest living British African explorer is Sir Harry H. Johnston (b. 1858), the son of a Dumfries man. He organised the British Protectorate of Southern Nigeria, and explored extensive tracts in the Congo district and in East Africa. In 1891, he was made Consul-General of British Central Africa, and in that capacity he fostered the development of civilisation in the Central Lake district, and exterminated the slave traffic.

In 1777, Captain Robert J. Gordon, a Scotsman in the service of the Dutch East India Company, had discovered the

Orange River at its junction with the Vaal, and had also explored the Orange for a distance of forty miles from its mouth. In 1812 a Scottish missionary named Campbell mapped the complete course of the Orange, and discovered the source of the Limpopo.

In 1819, the Government decided to settle 5000 British subjects in the east of Cape Colony in the district now known as Albany. The emigrants arrived in May, 1820. They included a large proportion of Scottish settlers, and the territory assigned to these was the upper valley of the Baboons' River, a tributary of the Great Fish River. This Scottish settlement is now included in the Bedford district of Cape Colony, and has proved one of the most prosperous ventures in South Africa.

"We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main:
we leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!
But may dishonor blight our fame,
And blast our household fires,
If we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!"

One of the earliest South African missionaries was Robert Moffat (1795-1883), a native of East Lothian, who arrived in South Africa in 1817, and settled beyond the frontier of Cape Colony, at Kuruman in Bechuanaland, from 1826 till 1870. His daughter Mary became in 1844 the wife of the greatest of all British missionaries, Dr. Livingstone. Along with Dr. Moffat, as pioneer missionaries to the Kaffirs, may be named W. R. Thomson, John Benne and John Ross.

David Livingstone, born at Blantyre in Lanarkshire, in March, 1813, was of West Highland lineage. At the age of ten he was sent to the cotton factory near his home, but by dint of almost superhuman perseverance he worked his way through Glasgow College, and at the age of twenty-seven had qualified himself for his life-work as a medical missionary, receiving the diploma of the Glasgow Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. In the same year he went to Africa at the behest of the London Missionary Society.

He established a mission two hundred miles farther north than Dr. Moffat's, but was frequently forced to remove owing



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

to the bigoted opposition of the Boers, who regarded him as a British spy. Three intrepid expeditions across the Kalahari desert resulted in the discovery first of Like Ngami, then of the Zambesi River.

During the years 1852—54 he travelled from Cape Town to the Zambesi and thence to Portuguese West Africa with an expedition consisting entirely of blacks, through land never before visited except by slavetraders. He brought back his men without the loss of a single life. In November, 1855, he started to trace the Zambesi to the sea. To the great cataract in the course of that river, a mile wide and 300 feet in height, he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. In May, 1856, he reached the east coast at Quilimane. In December he visited Britain, and was everywhere received as a hero. The proceeds of his book on *Missionary Travels* rendered him independent of the help of the London Missionary Society, and he now severed his connection with that body. In March, 1858, he again set out for Africa, commissioned by the Government to explore the Zambesi. His brother Charles this time accompanied him. In 1862 his wife was cut off by malarial fever, and buried at Shupanga on the south

bank of the Zambesi. Having explored the Shire River up to Lake Nyasa, and the river Rovuma, he was recalled by Earl Russell in 1864. Acting as his own captain and engineer, he successfully accomplished a voyage of forty-five days' duration to Bombay, in the hope of selling a steamer which had been built at his own expense and had cost him £6000.

Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of Bombay, who made his acquaintance at this time, wrote of him that he had "never met a man who fulfilled more completely his idea of a perfect Christian gentlemen." In July, 1864, he returned to Britain, and urged by voice and pen his three great objects in regard to Africa—the uprooting of the slave-trade, the introduction of Christianity, and the establishment of lawful commerce. Setting out again in 1865, he spent the next six years in constant travel, discovering Lakes Moero (Mweru), and Bangweolo (Bangweulu or Bemba), and exploring Lake Tanganyika on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society. He also reached the headquarters of the Congo, but did not know them to be such.

On 28th October, 1871, he met H. M. Stanley at Ujiji on the eastern shore of Tanganyika. The world had heard nothing of Livingstone for many a day, with the exception of vague rumours of his death, and Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, had sent Stanley to "find Livingstone." Now after eight months he had succeeded. In the four months which the two great men spent together, Stanley in vain urged Livingstone to return home to recruit his health. He failed in that object, but he himself became infected with the spirit which later was to lead him to do for the Congo what the Scotsman had done for the Zambesi; and he acquired an unbounded admiration for Livingstone himself. He wrote: "You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character and analyse it carefully, and I would challenge any man to find a fault in it." They parted at last, the younger man to return to civilisation, the elder to finish his career among the people to whom he had devoted his life-work.

Stanley's thirteen months in Africa had so altered him that his friends scarcely knew him, while Livingstone had given over thirty years of his life to the service

of the Dark Continent! His sixtieth birthday, 19th March, 1873, found him exploring Lake Bangweolo in canoes. On the morning of the 1st of May he was found dead in the attitude of prayer in the improvised hut erected by his "boys." His heart was buried where he died, at Chitambo's village in the Ilala country, and there a monument was erected to his memory in 1902. His faithful blacks embalmed his body and conveyed it by a nine months' march to the east coast, whence it was brought home to Britain and interred in Westminster Abbey.

Joseph Thomson thus summarises Livingstone's work: "Briefly it may be said that he travelled 29,000 miles, and opened up a million square miles of territory; and this he accomplished, not like some travellers at the head of hundreds of armed men, but patiently working his way onward, and when stopped in one direction, turning aside to take another."

In 1872, the Royal Geographical Society had commissioned Lieutenant V. L. Cameron (1844-94) to lead an expedition in search of Livingstone. In August, 1873, Cameron met Livingstone's followers carrying the body of the great missionary. Cameron now proceeded to survey and map Lake Tanganyika, and thereafter crossing the continent he reached Benguela in Portuguese West Africa by November, 1875.

"From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of
seas;

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is
Highland,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods
are grand;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land."

Before dealing with America, we may cite a few names from the roll of Scotsmen who have left their mark in the annals of Arctic and Antarctic exploration. First among these stands Admiral Sir John Ross (1777-1856), a native of Wigtownshire, who had served in the navy during the wars with France. In 1818 he explored Baffin Bay on behalf of the Admiralty. It was in this expedition that the famous Parry gained his first experience. In 1829 Ross explored Boothia, receiving knighthood four years later. His nephew, Sir James Clark Ross, also a native of Wig-

townshire (1800-62), accompanied Sir John on his Arctic voyages, and also sailed with Parry on other expeditions. In 1831, he established the position of the true magnetic pole. The voyage of the *Erebus* and *Terror* to the Antarctic seas in 1839, when Victoria Land was discovered, was under his command. He was knighted in 1843. Sir John Richardson (1787-1865), a native of Dumfries, served with Parry and Franklin, and took part in the subsequent expeditions in search of the latter. Dr. John Rae (1813-93) was an Orkney man, who became doctor to the Hudson Bay Company in 1833. During 1845-47 he conducted an Arctic expedition, and in 1848 was associated with Richardson in the search for Sir John Franklin. Later he undertook a voyage of discovery to King William's Land, and in 1854, he was the first to obtain from Eskimos authentic information as to Franklin's fate, thus earning unexpectedly the £10,000 offered by the Admiralty for news of the lost explorer. The further details as to Franklin's ill-fated expedition were subsequently established by M'Clintock. Rae also visited Greenland, and conducted surveys for overland and submarine telegraphs in North America. In the early part of the nineteenth century great tracts of the Arctic coasts of Canada were surveyed by the brothers Simpson from Ross-shire, two of whom held important positions in the Hudson Bay Company.

The most important scientific expedition ever dispatched from Britain was that of the *Challenger*, which performed a voyage of nearly 70,000 miles for the purpose of deep-sea investigations (1872-76). The scientific head of the expedition was Sir Charles Wyville Thomson (1830-82), a native of Linlithgow, who was knighted for his eminent services to marine zoology. Thomson held at different times the professorships of Botany at Aberdeen, of Natural History at Cork, of Geology at Belfast, and of Natural History at Edinburgh.

Among living British explorers none ranks higher than Captain W. S. Bruce, LL.D., a native of Edinburgh. Bruce was naturalist to the Dundee Antarctic Expedition of 1892, at which time he was only twenty-five years of age. From 1895 he had charge for two years of Ben Nevis Observatory, and later served as zoologist

to the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition. He acted as leader of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in 1902-4, which discovered Coats' Land and made a bathymetric survey of the South Atlantic and Weddell Sea. Bruce's vessel, the *Scotia*, of which Captain Thomas Robertson of Peterhead was first officer, was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson of *Thistle* fame, and was uncompromisingly Scottish in every respect. There is probably greater distinction in store for this gallant explorer in the years to come.

Among early explorers of the mainland of North America, a premier position belongs to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Inverness (1755-1820), who had gone to Canada as a furtrader. Starting from Lake Athabasca he traced the Slave River to the Great Slave Lake, and thence followed to the sea (in 1789) the great river which now bears his name. Three years later he succeeded in crossing the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, being the first European to cross North America from ocean to ocean. The district he thus entered became known as New Caledonia before it gained its present name of British Columbia, and the names of its rivers, Fraser, Simpson, and Thomson, bear witness to the nationality of its early settlers. The first of these rivers takes its name from Simon Fraser, who explored it in 1808.

In 1621, Sir William Alexander (1567-1640), afterwards Earl of Stirling, received from King James VI. a charter to colonise the land south of the St. Lawrence, which the French called Acadie, and to which the name New Scotland (Latinised into Nova Scotia) was now given. The object of the colony was to furnish an outlet under British rule for the energies of the roving spirits who were emigrating in large numbers from Scotland to Poland, Sweden, and Russia. By 1622 colonists began to go out, and in 1628 they repelled the attempts of the French to annex the land. James VI., and later Charles I., in order to encourage the colony, sold baronetcies of Nova Scotia. The title of baronet, together with a grant of 30,000 acres of land in the colony, was obtainable either by paying 6000 merks Scots, or by sending out six skilled workmen and paying their expenses for two years. In 1632 the



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

country was restored to the French by King Charles. After "see-sawing" between French and British rule, the colony became definitely British by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Many of the descendants of these early colonists are to be found to-day in Cape Breton Island. The same island received a large influx of Scots nearly two centuries later.

As a result of the depression in Britain owing to the Napoleonic wars, emigration was resorted to by large numbers of people, and it is calculated that in a few years no fewer than 25,000 Scottish peasants settled in Cape Breton Island alone. In 1804 Glengarry County, between the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence, was occupied by 800 evicted Highlanders.

The opening up of Manitoba as a home for white men dates from 1811-16, when the Honorable Thomas Douglas, Lord Selkirk, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, founded a colony of Highlanders. This "Selkirk Settlement" developed into the Red River Settlement, and its capital, Fort Garry, was the nucleus of Winnipeg.

Space will permit us only to mention a few of the explorers, travellers and pioneers, who have been prominent in the development of India, Australia and the Far East. Sir Alexander Burns, a native of Montrose (1805), travelled in Afghan dress through the northwestern part of India, as well as through Afghanistan and Persia.

In the roll of Australian explorers, we find the names of Augustus, Frank and Charles Gregory, who explored a large part of Queensland. John MacDouall Stuart, a native of Fifeshire, gained the reward of \$10,000 from the South Australian Government, as the first man to cross the continent from south to north. McKinlay and Landsborough explored much of the interior; the former discovered the Diamantina River, and the latter

crossed Australia from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne.

The two missionaries, James Chalmers of New Guinea, and John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides did valuable pioneer work in the islands where they labored.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has truly said, "Scotland has done more than her share in building up the fabric of the empire."

(Condensed from "Scotland's Work and Worth.")

A Scottish "Hall of Fame" for America

SCOTTISH HALL OF FAME FOR AMERICA.

We have received the following letter as a comment upon our article in March Caledonian "Scottish Hall of Fame in America," from Dr. MacCracken, Chancellor Emeritus of New York University:

University Heights, New York City,
March 7th, 1912.

The Caledonian:

One of your subscribers kindly sent me your March number, desiring me to send you the enclosed report of the Electors of the Hall of Fame.

It shows that of the four Americans of foreign nativity thus far chosen by the one hundred Electors of the Hall of Fame, one is of English blood (Williams); one of French blood (Agassiz); one pure Scotch (John Paul Jones); while the fourth, Alexander Hamilton, is Scotch on his father's side, but French on his mother's side.

Also the report shows others of Scottish birth and a larger company of Scotch descent, who are receiving support from the one hundred electors, who choose names each quinquennium—and will choose again in 1915.

Any Scottish names, which *The Caledonian* would support for the *American Hall of Fame*, it might well promote by well prepared articles, to be addressed by mail, to each of the one hundred electors, who as a well qualified and impartial tribunal, will undoubtedly consider conscientiously each nominee.

I may add that while a bronze tablet has been provided for each name, the Hall of Fame, as soon as the special edifice for Americans of foreign nativity shall have been built to receive these bronze tablets, will make an appeal for either a bronze statute, or bronze bust with pedestal, for each name inscribed.

Yours very truly,
HENRY MITCHELL MACCRACKEN.

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued).

He laughed softly and kicked light heels in air.

"And 'Toinette—the false 'Toinette? To think that of all three it is only she who comes back to me in midnight dreams. There's the irony—there's the smart, Norman, my dear."

A faint sound of voices, a foot knocking on the stones of the beach, roused him from his reverie, and he swept a handful of trinkets into either pocket of his coat, and lay still as the rock around, for he saw two men approaching the very point where he lay.

"Drumfin," he chuckled—"Drumfin—On his guard against the schooner. What luck, Norman!"

He scanned the other and recognized him also.

"Pennyfuaran returned?" he said. "Bravo, Morag! It seems your singed moth does not dread the fire."

The exile and his companion were almost over the youth before he stirred and looked up smiling. Drumfin frowned at sight of the pale sinister face gazing up from amid the rocks and seaweed, like some gnome from the earth's depths pushing out to the glad day.

His hand was even on his hanger, when Pennyfuran signed to him to desist, and hailed the apparition.

"Why, if it be not Norman himself!" he cried.

"And who is here but Pennyfuran," said Norman smiling again. He did not rise.

Drumfin's face cleared in part, but his brows were still a trifle drawn, as he gazed down on the delicate, mobile face, while Pennyfuran spoke a word of introduction.

"You will pardon me if I do not rise gentlemen," said Norman. "Indeed, you were well advised if you also seated yourselves here, so will you be less easily observed from the ship. I take it your errand is the same as mine, sir," he went on, addressing Drumfin.

"You watch her movements?"

"Why, yes," said the exile, sighing. "There's little else to do."

CHAPTER XIV.

Pennyfuaran seated himself, but Drumfin remained standing, an abstracted eye on Norman.

"I must have known you as a boy," he said at last. "But it is some other set of recollections that your face now stirs. Why, yes—at Avignon—Was there not a lady—?"

"The Prince's friend?" queried Norman.

"Why, yes—but—"

"Could it be de Talmond now?" hesitated the youth, a wary eye on the other.

Drumfin caught the look and grew suddenly wroth. It was plain he suspected this young man of an attempt to mislead.

"No," he broke out passionately, and there and then the mere sign of his anger seemed an incongruity with the man himself. Was it the memory of his Prince's follies that stirred him so strangely, or something in the smiling countenance of the youth at his feet? "No," he said. "Not Talmond, sir, nor Montbazon, nor Guemene. 'Twas la Baronne—la Baronne—?"

"De Bas—Ondule," said Norman, his face a trifle haggard now.

"Why, yes sir, the same."

"The cat! Have I not heard of her? But why should features so commonplace as mine recall her so beautiful? I never beheld the lady, and traitress to my Prince as she proved, had never a desire to see her."

"No?" said Drumfin. "And you never saw her? 'Tis strange your face recalls her then, for since her fall ten years ago, I have never spared her a thought."

"Strange, indeed," said Norman—"woundily strange! Yet though I was in Avignon at the season of her discovery, I knew nothing of her. I jalousie that it would be my face brought the time and place to mind, and so her ladyship of fond remembrance?"

"It may be," said the exile.

"I trust the accident is not prejudicial to your good opinion of the son of my father, sir? Drumfin and Aros were aye friends and on the right side."

The old Jacobite bowed again.

"And indeed," went on Norman, "though it's myself that's saying it, still and on its truly nothing but mixing black and white to name that woman and myself in a breath, for my instincts are as loyal as my father's; and, young as I am—though it's myself that's speaking—I have done work for the cause." His voice lowered as in modesty while he concluded. "Indeed, sir, to tell you frankly, and in spite of Pennyfuaran's presence, I have Clancarty's confidence in the immediate business in hand."

Drumfin winced as if in pain.

"And," went on Norman, noting the start, "it's for no other reason I'm watching the schooner here. I trust, sir, this new-comer bodes no ill to us."

The old man shook his head. "I cannot tell," he answered. Yet he did not turn to look at this ship that threatened danger, for it seemed even as if he saw the greater peril close at hand, and he kept his steady eye on the youth crouched on the rock at his feet.

"She shows no bustle anyway," said Pennyfuaran. "'Tis the fog bank on the Sound has sent her in, I suppose."

"Agreed," said Norman. "A sailor's terror, this same fog. And yet it is nought to what I saw in Tیره but the other day—a mist of weeks, and thick enough for a knife to cut."

"In Tیره?" said Pennyfuaran. "Were you there? Then you know of cousin Angus and his trouble?"

"Why, yes," answered Norman. "You have it already, it seems. But, of course, I had forgotten," he said addressing Drumfin. "You were there at the time, sir, did I not hear?"

"Not quite," said Drumfin. "I happened to be away the day the man was stabbed."

"Poor Chisholm!" said Norman. "A decent body! Misguided though!"

"'Twas a Mr. Fraser who told us of it," said Pennyfuaran.

"Fraser!" cried Norman in affected surprise. "The trusty?"

"A spy, you mean? No," said the chieftain. "He is a surgeon from a ship of the King's Navy."

"The same—the same! Spy and surgeon, both! It was he who pushed on poor Angus in a quarrel personal—the

hound—so that he might rid himself of a rival in his traitor's trade, for Chisholm was also a trusty, it seems."

"Spy?" said Pennyfuaran. "Fraser?"

Norman chuckled. "Spy and surgeon," he said. "He has a traveling wardrobe, has Fraser. But tell me this, Pennyfuaran; is he in the Isle, this Fraser? For if he is, good-bye from me to Aros, let me tell you."

Pennyfuaran's cheeks flushed, and a hint of moisture came to his eyes. "He's still in Aros," he said quietly, as if restraining himself, "and in your father's house, Norman. He has a broken arm, you must know; and then he has some plague-stricken folk in hand. It's these that keep him waiting on, I believe."

"Cousin," said Norman gravely, "I am glad you've told me this. For neither you with your half and half ways, nor I, nor any white cockade is safe with him here. That schooner, believe me, is less dangerous, were she as full of Hanoverians as the horse outside the walls of Troy was of Greeks. Man, he'll stop at nothing, will Fraser."

Excited by the harangue, Pennyfuaran got to his feet, and Norman rising with him, stooped to take up his cloak. As he raised the heavy mantle, something fell from its folds, tinkled on the rocks, and then lay on a little pal of bladder-wrack, looking up appealingly at all of them—a miniature of a lady with dark hair unpowdered, with pouting lips, with steady, watchful eyes.

Drumfin gazed at it fixedly, while Norman, pale and dry-lipped, picked it up. For a moment he looked at it critically, head to one side, and then with a little forced laugh and a bright eye, handed it to the old Jacobite.

"A fair face—something magical in its attractiveness, I opine. I found it in an old curiosity shop of the Latin Quarter in Paris, I remember. I wondered then if it could be from life—I wonder yet. But from any view, a fair face, and something magical in it, I say."

It was a keen eye the old man turned on the speaker, but the youth did not redden; the actor in Norman had the upper hand now, and it was a strong hand. Not merely fear of discovery held him true to his art; it was vanity also of his proficiency

therein, and delight in the encounter, unsought as it had been. He was quite collected, and despite his desperate pass, an old-time air was humming all the while through his clear, shallow brain—the lament he had trolled in the morning as he came over Torlochan.

"A fair face and something magical," said Drumfin contemplatively, turning the miniature this way and that; "yet it were best never to have seen it in the flesh. Wondrous and beautiful, and yet she flung wide and far the ashes of death. It is the Barronne de Bas-Ondule, Mr. Norman, whom you say you have never seen."

His eyes were piercing now, but the youth was still smiling bravely back to them, when suddenly Pennyfuaran, to whom all this was a trifle bewildering, broke in:

"Leave Bas-Ondule for a moment, gentlemen, and look at the Witches' Bay, I beg of you. Yonder is your horse of Troy, Norman."

Down the sides of the black and salmon colored hull, little figures in red and white were slowly dropping into boats—the Hanoverian soldiery; and instantly the three men on the rock ran for the shelter of Glenaros woods. Once they were under the cover of the trees, Drumfin spoke to the others.

"Get back to Aros with all speed," he said. "I go north."

They parted in the wet thicket straightway, and the young men left him standing deep in thought, as they crashed through the undergrowth and disappeared. Then, once Norman McLean was out of sight, the exile bestirred himself; yet it was not to the north he set his face. He turned southwards from Aros, and, passing it far to the west, journeyed by the devious ways of the old and half-forgotten tracks that led to Moy, twenty miles away.

Norman and Pennyfuaran, intent on their own safety, beheld nothing of all this change of front, and pushing clear at last of the birches and dwarf oaks on the lower slopes of the hill, laid themselves, prone and panting on the wet heather, and looked down through the soft rain on Aros.

"See," said Norman, "yonder they go, the Sidier Roy, thick as swarming bees. Lord, it's your King's men have the best

of it, Kenneth MacKinnon. A roof over one's head most nights in the year is aye something."

"Roof or no roof," said the chieftain, "its me would be glad to change places with you, cousin. Since I met you to-day, I've done naught but groan at my lot and envy yours."

The other glanced sharply at him.

"Is it Morag?" he said.

"As usual, Norman, you've guessed the bigger half of the trouble. It is Morag, and it's—we'll say—my blood and name as well. Oh, king's man? Me?"

"Ay, you're only half Hanover, Kenneth, I can see that. But what puzzles me is, that whole hearted Hanover seems a likelier winner of the race, if all reports be true?"

"You mean just what, Norman?"

"I mean Fraser, cousin. Oh, I ken, I ken! for I hear tales as good as a news-letter. I mean Fraser man: courteous and attentive, he's ever about her, is he not? And you ken it, too, cousin mine."

Pennyfuaran flushed. "It's me has the heavy heart," he said weakly.

"He? A suitor to sister of mine?" cried Norman in a white heat of scorn. "Were it not for the highest of all interests at stake, I'd be at him with a knife this very hour, I say. I tell you, Kenneth, he's spy and worse than spy."

"God!" cried Pennyfuaran. "But for his broken arm, I'd challenge him."

"So?" said Norman, "yet is it fair to leave the girl unwarmed? For myself, I've but hinted it to her as yet. The task is delicate, you see; and one fears to hurt the little sister. But all the same it is cowardly not to tell; and it's clear to me now that I should have been more open with her."

There fell a silence for a little between them then, but at last Pennyfuaran rose to his feet, and extended his hand.

"I'll be going down now," he said. Then, as if repeating a lesson, he continued, "Yes, I'll be going down now."

Norman scanned his face narrowly, and nodded approval of the results of his scrutiny.

"Good luck!" he said, and standing high on the little rocky bluff, he watched in sober silence as the chieftain's kilted figure descended the hillside.

(To be continued.)

The Clan MacDougall

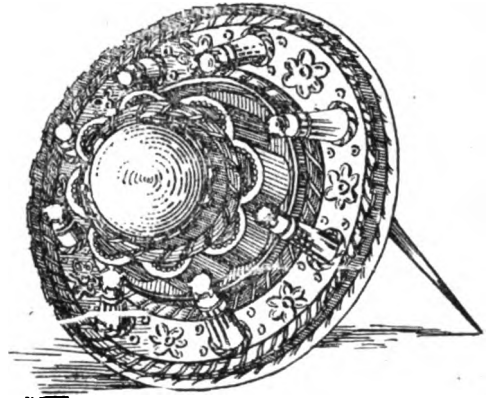
War Cry: "Buaidh no Bas" ("Victory or Death").

Clan Pipe Music: March—"Moladh Moraig" ("The Praise of Marion"). Salutes: "Failte Iain Cheir" ("John Cair's Salute") and "Failte Chloinn Dughaill" ("MacDougall's Salute").* Laments: "Cumha Iain Cheir" ("John Cair's Lament") and "Cumha Dubh Shomairle" ("Sad Lament for Samuel").

Badge: Fraoch dearg (Bell Heather); also Cyprus.

This clan is descended from Dugall, eldest son of Somerled (see Genealogy of Book of Lesan). Dugall's mother was Raghnaid, sister of Godfred of Man and the Isles. His father claimed the Kingdom of the Isles for him, circa 1156 (see Chronicles of Man). Dugall's son was Durcan of Argyll or Ergadia or Lorn. Duncan got from his father the cradle of the clan—Lorn—so later chronicles (Matthew Paris, 1260) records Duncan of Argyll in 1244 as one of Alexander II's men. He had also fiefs from Norway—likely in islands adjacent to Lorn. Duncan died about 1248. Duncan's son was King Ewin of Argyll, first mentioned by Matthew Paris (1248) as a gallant knight when he made allegiance to Norway for his island fiefs. King Ewin, head of the House of Somerled, acted a noble and patriotic part in 1263. He refused to join Haco, and resigned to him his island fiefs (see Haco Saga, also Robertson's Early Scottish Kings). King Ewin's son was Alexander de Ergadia or Alexander of Lora. He died in 1310. Alexander's son was John of Lorn, Bruce's obstinate opponent. On more than one occasion Bruce escaped with difficulty, and on another he was only able to extricate himself from the followers of Lorn by unclasping his mantle; and the brooch which is said to have been lost by him during the struggle, called the "Brooch of Lorn," is still preserved as a remarkable relic in the family of MacDougall of Dunolly. The place where the battle was fought is still called "Dail-rioh," or the King's Field.

When Bruce was firmly established on the throne of Scotland he directed his at-



BROOCH OF LORNE.

tention to his old enemies, the MacDougalls, with the result that John of Lorn was seized (1318) and imprisoned in Dumbarton, and afterwards in Lochleven, where he remained during the rest of Robert Bruce's reign. The death of that king seems to have procured for John of Lorn his liberty, with the restoration of not only all his possessions, but even a grant of the additional property of Glenlyon. He married a grand-daughter of Robert the Bruce.

John's son was John. He got Lorn back, as his grand-father had it, in 1346, and we read of "John of Lorn, Lord of Argyll," in 1354. John's daughter, Jonete, was his heir, and in 1388 she conveyed Lorn to Sir Robert Steward of Innermeath, and so we find "John Steward, Lord of Lorn," in 1394. In 1470 Walter Steward, Lord of Lorn exchanged Lorn and Lordship to Colin, first Earl of Argyll. In 1457 John Steuart, Lord of Lorn, granted to John MacAlan, called McCowle, (MacDougall or The MacDougall), and to John Keir, his son, twenty-nine merk lands of Kerraray, six merks of Dunolly, eight merks of Glenshulloch, ten merks of Gallanach, and Colygn, with office of bailie of his lands of Lorn (see Orig. Parochiales).

The descendants of John MacAlan held the lands of Dunolly undisturbed till 1715, when they were forfeited on account of the then chief, "Iain Cair" (Grey John) having with 200 of his clansmen, been present at Sheriffmuir. After this historic battle "Iain Cair" was for about ten years an exile in Ireland. The lands of Dunolly

were afterwards restored to "Iain Cair" (see Records of Argyll). He was the first of the House of Dunolly to be buried at Kilbride, near Oban, the family burial place prior to that time having been the Priory of Ardochattan. He died about the middle of the eighteenth century. When the clan assembled to convey the remains of their chief to Ardochattan, the day was so stormy that no boat could venture up Loch Etive, and, after consultation with the clan and the heir, it was agreed to bury the chief in Kilbride, which ever since has been the family place of burial.

"Iain Cair" was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was succeeded by his son Patrick, who was succeeded by his son John, afterwards Sir John MacDougall, K. C. B. When Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle in 1842, they were ferried across Loch Tay in a barge under the command of Admiral MacDougall, who wore the historic Brooch of Lorn, which Her Majesty examined most minutely. The Admiral died in 1864, and was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was a Captain in the army. Captain Alexander died in 1867, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles Allan MacDougall, Lieut-Colonel, who was born in 1831, and died in 1896, aged sixty-five years. He was the third son of Vice-Admiral Sir John MacDougall, K. C. B., of Dunolly, and entered the army in his youth. At the time of his retirement he was Lieut-Colonel of the Bengal Staff Corps. He was succeeded by his brother, Henry Robert MacDougall, Deputy Surgeon-General, Bombay Army, who was succeeded by his son, Alexander James MacDougall, Surgeon-Captain, R. A. M. C.

The MacDougalls of Dunolly had hereditary pipers up to about the time of Admiral Sir John, when his piper, Ronald MacDougall ("Raonull Mor") left for some reason or other. The hereditary pipers lived at Moleigh, near Oban, where they had a portion of land called "Croit a' Phio-baire," or the Piper's Croft. Ronald Mor, grandson of Ronald Ban was the last hereditary piper of the clan.

There is a Clan Society in Lorn, with branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

W. & A. K. JOHNSTON.

WITH CHRIST IN THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER.

BY ANDREW MURRAY
TWELFTH LESSON.

'Jesus, answering, said unto them Have faith in God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that what He saith cometh to pass; he shall have it. 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 22-24.

The promise of answer to prayer which formed our yesterday's lesson is one of the most wonderful in all Scripture. In how many hearts it has raised the question: How ever can I attain the faith that knows that it receives all it asks?

It is this question our Lord would answer to-day. Ere He gave that wonderful promise to His disciples He spoke another word, in which He points out where the faith in the answer to prayer takes its rise, and ever finds its strength. Have faith in God: this word precedes the other, Have faith in the promise of an answer to prayer. The power to believe a *promise* depends entirely, but only, on faith in the *promiser*. Trust in the person begets trust in his word. It is only where we live and associate with God in personal, loving intercourse, where God HIMSELF is all to us, where our whole being is continually opened up and exposed to the mighty influences that are at work where His Holy Presence is revealed, that the capacity will be developed for believing that He gives whatsoever we ask.

This connection between faith in God and faith in His promise will become clear to us if we think what faith really is. It is often compared to the hand or the mouth, by which we take and appropriate what is offered to us. But it is of importance that we should understand that faith is also the ear by which I hear what is promised, the eye by which I see what is offered me. On this the power to take depends. I must *hear* the person who gives me the promise: the very tone of his voice gives me courage to believe. I must *see* him: in the light of his eye and countenance all fear as to my right to take passes away. The value of the promise depends on the promiser; it is on my knowledge of what the promiser is that faith in the promise depends.

It is for this reason that Jesus ere He gives that wonderful prayer-promise, first says, "HAVE FAITH IN GOD." That is, let thine eye be open to the Living God, and gaze on Him, seeing Him who is invisible. It is through the eye that I yield myself to the influence of what is before me; I just allow it to enter, to exert its influence, to leave its impression upon my mind. So believing God is just looking to God and what He is, allowing Him to reveal His presence, giving Him time and yielding the whole being to take in the full impression of what He is as God, the soul opened up to receive

and rejoice in the overshadowing of His love. Yes, faith is the eye to which God shows what He is and does; through faith the light of His presence and the workings of His mighty power stream into the soul. As that which I see lives in me, so by faith God lives in me too.

And even so faith is also the ear through which the voice of God is always heard and intercourse with Him kept up. It is through the Holy Spirit the Father speaks to us; the Son is the Word, the substance of what God says; the Spirit is the living voice. This the child of God needs to lead and guide him; the secret voice from heaven must teach him, as it taught Jesus what to say and what to do. An ear opened towards God, that is, a believing heart waiting on Him, to hear what He says, will hear Him speak. The words of God will not only be the words of a Book, but, proceeding from the mouth of God, they will be spirit and truth, life and power. They will bring in deed and living experience what are otherwise only thoughts. Through this opened ear the soul carries under the influence of the life and power of God Himself. As the words I hear enter the mind and dwell and work there, so through faith God enters the heart, and dwells and works there.

When faith now is in full exercise as eye and ear as the faculty of the soul by which we see and hear God, then it will be able to exercise its full power as hand and mouth, by which we appropriate God and His blessings. The power of reception will depend entirely on the power of spiritual perception. For this reason Jesus said, ere He gave the promise that God would answer believing prayer: "HAVE FAITH IN GOD." Faith is simply surrender: I yield myself to the impression the tidings I hear make on me. By faith *I yield myself to the living God*. His glory and love fill my heart and have the mastery over my life. Faith is fellowship. I give myself up to the influence of the friend and become linked to Him by it, and it is when we enter with God Himself, in a faith that always sees and hears Him, that it becomes easy and natural to believe His promise as to prayer. Faith in the promise is the fruit of faith in the promiser: the prayer of faith is rooted in the life of faith. And in this way the faith that prays effectually is indeed a gift of God. Not as something that He bestows or infuses at once, but in a far deeper and truer sense, as the blessed disposition or habit of soul which is wrought and grows up in us in a life of intercourse with Him. Surely for one who knows his Father well, and lives in constant close intercourse with Him, it is a simple thing to believe the promise that He will do the will of His child who lives in union with Himself.

It is because very many of God's children do not understand this connection between the life of faith and the prayer of faith that their experience of the power of prayer is so

limited. When they desire earnestly to obtain an answer from God, they fix their whole heart upon the promise, and try their utmost to grasp that promise in faith. When they do not succeed, they are ready to give up hope; the promise is true, but it is beyond their power to take hold of it in faith. Listen to the lesson Jesus teaches us this day: HAVE FAITH IN GOD, the Living God: let faith look to God more than the thing promised; it is His love, His power, His living presence will waken and work the faith. A physician would say, to one asking for some means to get more strength in his arms and hands to seize and hold, that his whole constitution must be built up and strengthened. So the cure of a feeble faith is alone to be found in the invigoration of our whole spiritual life by intercourse with God. Learn to believe in God, to take hold of God, to let God take possession of thy life, and it will be easy to take hold of the promise. He that knows and trusts God finds it easy to trust the promise too.

Just note how distinctly this comes out in the saints of old. Every special exhibition of the power of faith was the fruit of a special revelation of God. See it in Abraham: "*And the Word of the Lord came unto Abram, saying, Fear not Abram, I am thy shield. And He brought him forth abroad, and said* * * * AND HE BELIEVED THE LORD." And later again: "*The Lord appeared unto him, and said unto him, I am God Almighty. And Abram fell on his face, and God talked with him, saying, As for me, behold my covenant is with thee.*" It was the revelation of God Himself that gave the promise its living power to enter the heart and work the faith. Because they knew God, these men of faith could not do anything but trust His promise. God's promise will be to us what God Himself is. It is the man who walks before the Lord and falls upon his face to listen while the living God speaks to him, who will really receive the promise. Though we have God's promises in the Bible, with full liberty to take them, the spiritual power is wanting, except as *God Himself speaks them to us. And He speaks to those who walk and live with Him*. Therefore, HAVE FAITH IN GOD; let faith be all eye and ear, the surrender to let God make His full impression, and reveal Himself fully in the soul. Count it one of the chief blessings of prayer to exercise faith in God, as the Living Mighty God, who waits to fulfil in us all the good pleasure of his will, and the work of faith with power. See in Him the God of Love whose delight it is to bless and impart Himself. In such worship of faith in God the power will speedily come to believe the promise too: "ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE ASK, BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE." Yes, see that thou dost in faith make God thine own; the promise will be thine too.

Precious lesson that Jesus has to teach us this day. We seek God's gifts: God wants to give us Himself first. We think of prayer as the power to draw down good gifts from heaven; Jesus as the means to draw ourselves up to God. We want to stand at the door and cry; Jesus would have us first enter in and realize that we are friends and children. Let us accept the teaching. Let every experience of the littleness of our faith in prayer urge us first to have and exercise more faith in the living God, and in such faith to yield ourselves to Him. A heart full of God has power for the prayer of faith. Faith in God begets faith in the promise, in the promise too of an answer to prayer.

Therefore, child of God, take time, take time to bow before *Him*, to wait on *Him*, to reveal *Himself*. Take time, and let thy soul in holy awe and worship exercise and express its faith in the Infinite One, and as He imparts Himself and takes possession of thee, the prayer of faith will crown thy faith in God.

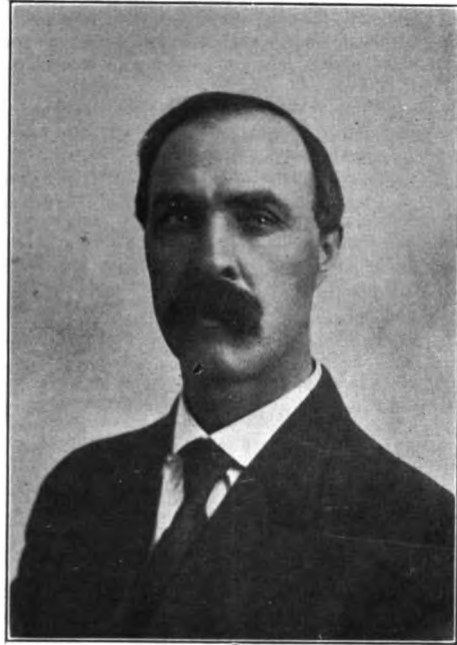
"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

O my God! I do believe in Thee. I believe in Thee as the Father, Infinite in Thy love and power. And as the Son, my Redeemer and my life. And as the Holy Spirit, Comforter and Guide and Strength. Three-One God, I have faith in Thee. I know and am sure that all that Thou art, Thou art to me, that all Thou hast promised Thou wilt perform.

Lord Jesus! Increase this faith. Teach me to take time, and wait and worship in the Holy Presence until my faith takes in all there is in my God for me. Let it see Him as the Fountain of all Life, working with Almighty Strength to accomplish His will on the world and in me. Let it see Him in His Love longing to meet and fulfil my desires. Let it so take possession of my heart and life that through faith God alone may dwell there. Lord Jesus, help me! With my whole heart would I believe in God. Let faith in God each moment fill me.

O my Blessed Savior! how can Thy Church glorify Thee, how can it fulfil that work of intercession through which Thy kingdom must come, unless our whole life be Faith in God. Blessed Lord! speak Thy Word, "HAVE FAITH IN GOD," into the depths of our souls. Amen.

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening after buffeting the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest. Do not pour into the bleeding wounds of their hearts the gall of bitter words, but rather the oils of gladness and consolation. Be fond of your homes. Be attached to your homes. Make them comfortable. Let peace and order and tranquility and temperance abound here.—Cardinal Gibbons.



JOHN A. SNEDDON.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JOHN A. SNEDDON.

(Delivered at Ogden City, Utah, January 25th, 1912.)

We have assembled here on this, the 153rd anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns with feelings of sympathy, pride and admiration for one of the poorest in purse, but the richest in intellectual glory of Scotland's sons. The land of the heath and the heather can boast of many illustrious men, and amongst the greatest is enrolled upon the scroll of fame the name of him who sung to us in our native tongue, and who is the idol of our veneration to-night.

Many years have passed away since the death of Burns, but his memory grows dearer to us as the years go by. We realize his true worth at last, and the world at large is reaching the conclusion that he was a genius of the highest order. He was one of those men sent by Providence to exalt and to benefit mankind, and the works which he left behind him show how well and nobly he performed his task. History teaches us that the men and women who have moved this world have sprung from that class of people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Burns' ancestors belonged to the toiling masses of mankind, and from them he inherited the disposition which characterized him in after life as a typical representative of the ancient Scot. In the course of my remarks this evening I shall dwell chiefly upon the greatness of our poet, and in his defense will ask each of you assembled here to analyze and scrutinize the workings of your own soul, and after careful investiga-

tion you will be generous in your thoughts and you will unite with me in drawing the mantle of sweet charity over the faults of Robert Burns.

Robert Louis Stevenson said: "Alas! I fear every man and woman of us is 'greatly dark' to all their neighbors, from the day of birth until death removes them, in their greatest virtues as well as in their saddest faults; and we, who have been trying to read the character of Burns, may take home the lesson and be gentle in our thoughts."

You students of Shakespeare and of Milton think not that these are the only fountains at which you can drink. For your inspirations of freedom, patriotism and sympathy and love of nature, you will often turn aside and drink at the fountain of Robert Burns.

On the 25th day of January, in the year 1759, in a lowly cottage about two miles from the town of Ayr, our poet saw for the first time the light of day. His parents at that time feeling keenly the hardships of poverty, Burns' prospects in early life seemed rather cloudy, but with his deep insight into the philosophy of life, he determined to make the best of his surroundings, probably realizing at an early period that—

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

In his sixth year, Robert was sent to school and probably remained there until the age of fourteen. He acquired a considerable proficiency in the studies taught at that time, and evinced an inclination for reading seldom seen at so early an age.

Many college bred individuals cannot put into practice ten per cent. of their acquired knowledge. The works of Burns are the best criterion of his mental power. By the reading and studying of his works we reach the conclusion that he was no ordinary man. The human family worships at the shrine of greatness, and Robert Burns to-night is receiving his deserved share of commendation and veneration all over the civilized world. Men at last are proud to do honor to him who in life was so much neglected and oppressed.

After leaving school we find him engaged in the humble though honorable occupation of a ploughman, which vocation he followed, with a few interruptions until the last. He was no ordinary ploughman in the field. His powers of observation on the lea rig were remarkable. Neither great nor small things escaped his notice. Those, large, dark, animated eyes beheld the smallest works of the universe. The vegetable and the animal kingdom received his earnest, thoughtful and sympathetic consideration, and the little mouse in him found a friend. The turning up of its little nest by the coulter made his manly countenance look sad. He knew that winter was coming on.

One must read his poem entitled "To a Mountain Daisy" to partially understand how closely he communed with nature. The daisy is now no longer a common flower. It has been raised to its proper place amongst the honored flowers of Scotland. Nothing could remain common that came under the spell of Burns. That "Wee Modest Crimson Tippet Flower" stands side by side with the Thistle and the Heather, and there will remain until time and memory shall be no more.

Sir Walter Scott immortalized the Highlands, but it was Burns that added splendor and undying fame to the Lowlands of Scotland. His descriptions of the landscape have added a charm to our native land which few countries possess. His love for mankind was great, but his sympathy for suffering humanity was as unbounded as the heavens. In his honest, rugged breast there beat a generous heart, often impulsive in its nature, but ever free from the degrading vices of evil men. His soul could never stoop to injure a fellow mortal. Burns was a builder of mankind, not a destroyer. He fully realized the meaning of the words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and his "A man's a man for a' that" shows how well he understood what man should be, and his "Man Was Made to Mourn" shows a deep insight into the hearts and actions of men. He fully comprehended that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." He was often injudicious and gay, but in his melancholy moods he reveals to us the great intensity of his nature. It has been said indeed that wonderful as his poems are, they form inadequate proof of his powers or of that acuteness of observation and expression which he displayed on common topics in conversation. Be that as it may, his "Cotter's Saturday Night" is one of the masterpieces of the human soul. It has been read and studied in every country where the English tongue is spoken, and like Thomas Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," its power and splendor is to be found in its simplicity. The rustic joys, hopes, aspirations, and character in general of the Scottish people are there described, and the lofty thoughts contained therein reveal to us the soul of Burns.

The publication of his first works was received with eager admiration. "Old and young—high and low—learned and unlearned" were alike delighted with them, and he was persuaded to visit Edinburgh—the centre of education—and superintend the publication of the second edition. Many men of learning now desired his acquaintance. The saw in him a benefactor of the human race. Homage was paid to him by men of literature, rank and taste, and his appearance and behavior exceeded all expectations. No poet has sung the praises and true value of women so well as he. His songs breathe forth the charms and devotion of the female sex. The nightingale sings because it cannot help it, and so it can be said of Burns, and he

sung all the sweeter because he was kept in a darkened cage.

Emerson says: "Every man's, every boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chime of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind."

In passing along we must not forget his piece entitled "John Anderson, My Jo." A more ennobling picture of the sunrise, the noon-day and the sunset of domestic happiness cannot be described in words in the English language. Only a careful perusal of the poem reveals to us the secret of the little gem.

A few years ago, the American Navy commenced its memorable journey around the globe with the band playing "Auld Lang Syne." Bobbie's song of friendship and social glee filled the sailor's eyes with tears as the ocean divided him from his loved ones and native land.

One of his greatest desires was, as he said, that "He for poor old Scotland's sake, some useful plan or book could make or sing a sang at least." Read "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," which he wrote in the middle of a tempest while riding over Galloway Moor, and judge for yourselves how well he succeeded in his desires. As long as there is warm blood in the hearts of Scotchmen, it will move like a mountain torrent to the words and music of that war-song.

I am reminded of a little incident that happened during the Boer War. A detachment of British cavalry was riding along the veldt in Africa, and one of the troopers dismounted to pick up a yellow, faded book, and upon turning over the pages, found that it contained the songs of Burns. Those Scotchmen, thousands of miles away from their native land, were facing death with the songs of Burns on their lips and the substance of them burning in their souls.

His career was brought to an early close, for at the age of thirty-eight—not quite thirty-eight—the mortal remains of Burns were laid to rest. Death, as he said, "The poor man's dearest friend, the kindest and the best," ultimately silenced the weary, hungry soul. One contemplates and deplors the early close of the life of Burns. His works have spread from sea to sea, and yet they are only small fractions compared to what he would have written had he lived to a ripe old age. He had scarcely reached the age of manhood at his death. "But when a good man dies for years beyond our ken, the light he leaves behind him shines upon the paths of men."

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH CURLING TEAM TO CANADA.

January, 1912.

AIR—"The Highlandman's Toast."

West calls to East o'er the billowy ocean,
Canada's voice sounds in Auld Scotia's land,
"Here we are waiting to greet you as brothers,

Send us, we pray you, a stout curling band;
Halifax westward to Winnipeg yonder,
Longs for a sight of the boys 'cross the sea,
So don't be delaying, for every one's saying
When the curlers come out, what a brave
time there'll be."

Here's to the maple entwined with the
heather,
Emblems of nations no factions can sever,
And here's to the curlers both countries can
boast.

May their friendship ne'er fail! That's the
Scots curler's toast.

Scotland's response to the summons was instant,

"We'll be delighted to join you once more,
Nine years have passed since we saw the
Dominion,

Three years have gone since you honored
our shore;

Ties of true friendship and Empire fast bind
us,

Knit ever closer, to see them we're fain,
Our flag is the same, boys, so let's play the
game, boys.

And all join in singing this rousing refrain."

Here's to the maple, etc.

Thistle and heather, with maple commingled,
These be the emblems we curlers hold dear,
Thistle and heather! that's "Scotland forever,"

Canada's maple! you'll ne'er find its peer;
Whilst these are twined in a garland of
beauty,

Evil dissensions can ne'er cause us grief.
Curlers together! come, toast me "The
Heather!

The Thistle! Our King! and The Dear Maple
Leaf!"

Here's to the maple, etc.

ANDREW BLAIR,

October 1911.

Aberfoyle.

A STANDARD REMEDY.

For many years Roche's Embrocation (an external application), has been familiarly known as a standard remedy for Whooping Cough, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers to the card printed in another column. Both for its quick alleviation, and the speedy cure of this distressing disorder, it is without a rival.

With this remedy at command, no child should be allowed to suffer for weeks and months, as is so often the case.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA

VICTORIA LODGE, NO. 1, D. OF S., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Victoria Lodge held its regular meeting on Friday evening, March 15th, and although the night was very stormy, the attendance was good. The new officers are taking good hold of the work and the meeting was an interesting one. The final plans were made for the annual entertainment, which takes place on Wednesday evening, March 27th, in Warner Hall, at which time we should be pleased to see any sisters from our neighboring lodges. After the meeting closed, cake and coffee were served and a social time was enjoyed.

JANE D. WILDMAN,
(Corres.)

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, D. OF S., MERIDEN, CONN.

The regular meetings of the Marjory Bruce Lodge, No. 7, D. of S., were held March 5th and 19th. Two applications for membership were received. After the usual transaction of business a social time followed with whist and tea. First prize at whist was awarded to Sister Archie Fulton; second to Sister Jennie Kay, and consolation prize to Sister Jennie Young.

MRS. JEANIE FULTON,
Secretary.

LADY MACDONALD LODGE, NO. 23, ANSONIA, CONN.

Lady MacDonald Lodge held a very interesting meeting on Monday evening, March 11th. There were large delegations from Hawthorne Lodge, Bridgeport; from Victoria Lodge, New Haven, and from Meriden and Torrington. G. C. D. Mrs. Lisa Henderson, G. S. Mrs. Mary Miller, G. T. Miss Janett Duffess, P. G. C. D. Mrs. Mary Gillespie, P. G. Deputy, Mrs. Jeannie Cameron, and Grand Auditor, Mrs. Fulton, Meriden, were present.

An address was given by G. C. D. Mrs. Lisa Henderson, in which she reported that the order was never in such a flourishing condition, both financially and in membership. Short addresses were also delivered by G. S. Mrs. Mary Miller, G. T. Miss Duffess, P. G. C. D. Mrs. Mary Gillespie, Mrs. Wildman, Victoria Lodge; Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lawson, Torrington; Mrs. Fulton, Meriden; Mrs. Guest and several others from Hawthorne Lodge, Bridgeport. Music was furnished by Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Campbell, and C. D. of Hawthorne Lodge, Miss Margaret Bell, Mrs. Agnes Coles, Miss Lillie Brock, and Miss Margaret Malcolm; Mrs. Agnes Coles of Lady MacDonald, gave a cake walk. After the program, refreshments were served, consisting of scones, sandwiches, cake, coffee and tea.

It was a late hour when all left the hall, wishing the members of Lady MacDonald a prosperous year.

MRS. GEO. BEVAN,
Secretary.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO. 19, OF THE D. OF S.

Balmoral Lodge, No. 19, of the D. of S., held their regular meeting at Roche Hall, Kearny, N. J., on Tuesday evening, March 5th, with a good turn out of our members. Four applications were read for membership. We were favored with a visit from our Grand Deputy Chief Daughter, Sister J. Barclay; also visitors from sister lodges. Our Chief Daughter, Sister Laird, gave them a cordial welcome and hoped they would spend a pleasant evening with us. Our Grand Deputy gave us an interesting speech; also Sisters Collins and Crawford former deputies. Songs were enjoyed from Sisters M. Whitehill and M. Laird and recitation from Sister A. Murdock. Afterward refreshments were served and much enjoyed.

ELIZABETH G. YOUNG,
Secretary.

WHITE HEATHER LODGE, NO. 16, D. OF S., ELIZABETH, N. J.

Members of White Heather Lodge celebrated the ninth anniversary of the organization of the society Thursday, March 14th, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The evening was spent in an enjoyable way, a program of musical selections being given, and refreshments served.

One of the most pleasant features of the evening, was the presentation of a new lodge banner, a gift from our Junior Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jeanie Murray, who was given a hearty vote of thanks; also a hand embroidered center piece from our Chaplain, Sister Gibson, which was chanced off and netted the lodge a neat little sum.

White Heather Lodge organized nine years ago with a charter membership of thirty-five, and has rapidly increased, till we are past the one hundred mark; the lodge is in excellent condition, both financially and socially.

Clan Gordon, No. 69, O. S. C., and friends of White Heather, were their guests.

MRS. SARA COLLINS,
Secretary.

BRAEMAR LODGE, NO. 36, D. OF S., BAYONNE, N. J.

The Braemar Lodge held a Leap Year social on the evening of March 1st. About five hundred took part in the evening's pleasure, and a great many sisters from other

lodges attended and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. A very pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of an American flag to Braemar Lodge, by Sister Houston. Royal Deputy, J. M. Pentland, of O. S. C., being present, gave an interesting address on the history of the flag, after which he had the honor of handing it over to the ladies of Braemar Lodge. Chief Daughter Agnes Pryce on behalf of the lodge, expressed her thankfulness for same in a very pleasing manner. We wish to express our thanks to our sisters from other lodges who attended this entertainment and wish to see them at our regular meeting when a hearty welcome is assured.

MRS. WM. ANDERSON,

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25, D. OF S., HARRISON, N. J.

Since the last report of Argyle Lodge, two meetings have been held, Chief Daughter, Sister Mathers, presiding at both. Owing to the very cold night on February 27th, there was a small attendance. Our annual social was held on February 23rd, and proved to be a great success. At our meeting on March 12th, two new members were initiated, which is encouraging. There wasn't much business that evening, owing to the fact that we had invited the officers and members of Clan Campbell to spend the evening with us. Refreshments were served by the social committee and a delightful program was given.

MAGGIE ANDERSON,
Secretary.

BONNIE DOON LODGE, NO. 10, D. OF S., NEWARK, N. J.

Bonnie Doon Lodge, No. 10, held a short business meeting on February 22nd, after which an entertainment was held to celebrate their twelfth anniversary. Chief Daughter, Mrs. Janet Dunn, presided. Past Chief Daughters, Margaret Spense and Catherine Mitchell, escorted the chief, officers, and members of Clan Forbes, headed by Pipe Major Donald and Piper McAuley, into the hall, and presented them to the Chief Daughter, who in a few well chosen remarks welcomed them, and all visitors to spend a pleasant evening.

On the platform were Grand Deputy, Mrs. Barbara King; Chief John Dunn, Royal Treasurer David King and Colonel John Pentland, of the New Jersey Scottish Highlanders; it was indeed a pleasure and honor that so many clansmen turned out in Highland costume. Grand Deputy, Mrs. Barbara King and all on the platform gave very interesting speeches, which were appreciated by all. Songs were sung by Mrs. E. Robertson, Mrs. B. S. Carnhan, Miss M. Rae, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. C. Mitchell and Clansmen Murray and Robertson, after which refreshments were served and a social time followed till the wee' sma' hours.

A pleasant and successful evening was brought to a close by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The regular meeting was held March 14th with a large attendance. One member initiated and one received by transfer. Meetings are held the second and fourth Thursday of each month.

CATHERINE G. MITCHELL,
Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Thursday evening the 25th of January, Lady Gordon Lodge, 32, D. O. S., held their annual installation before a large audience.

There was a good attendance of Clan Gordon and friends, and after speeches were given by our newly installed C. D. Mrs. T. Wilson, and Chief McPherson of Clan Gordon, refreshments were served.

We had splendid talent on our concert program. Miss Mary Spence, Mrs. S. Miller and Mrs. William Plunkett sang a number of guld auld Scotch songs. Also Clansmen Wright, Plunkett and Shaw, which were much appreciated, and Clansman Alexander gave us some Scotch readings. Sister Lucy Black ably assisted at the piano.

The following officers were duly installed by Grand Deputy Mrs. Cathrine Blair, assisted by Mrs. Cathrine Hamilton, as Grand Conductor; Chief Daughter, Mrs. Isabelle Wilson; S. C. D., Mrs. Janet Russel, P. C. D., Mrs. Agnes Wright; Chaplain, Miss Jennie Girvan; Secretary, Mrs. Margaret Farquhar; Financial Secretary, Miss Helen Dickson; Treasurer, Mrs. Isabelle Shaw; Conductor, Mrs. Susannah Miller; Inside Guard, Mrs. Agnes Rodgers; Outside Guard, Miss Janet Gibb; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Cathrine Blair; Pianist, Miss Lucy W. Black.

MRS. MARGARET FARQUHAR,
Secretary.

HEATHER HILL LODGE, NO. 30, D. OF S., HOMESTEAD, PA.

This lodge was instituted by P. G. C. D. Sister Robinson in April, 1910, and has now a membership of 45, and is doing good work.

Wednesday, evening, January 10th, in Dixon's Hall, Grand Chief Daughter Henderson, of Connecticut, installed the new officers of the Daughters of Scotia, as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Robert Brockie; Sub Chief Daughter, Miss Louise Campbell; secretary, Miss Margaret Stanton; treasurer, Miss Margaret Clarke; financial secretary, Mrs. Richards; conductor, Mrs. Pearson; chaplain, Mrs. Davidson; inside guard, Mrs. A. Brockie; outside guard, Miss Jessie Sinclair.

The retiring Chief Daughter, Mrs. William Forbes, of Lincoln Place, is entitled to a rousing, hearty vote of thanks for her arduous but successful efforts in behalf of this society. With nothing to start from, she has landed the Daughters of Scotia in a leading place among the ladies' societies of Homestead.

A cup of tea and a song followed. In a nice speech the Chief Daughter, Mrs. Brockie, presented to the Grand Chief Daughter a beautiful cut glass fern dish. Mrs. Matthews and Miss Clarke recited and Mrs. John Patterson performed on the piano.

We were all glad to have Sister Henderson with us, and we hope to profit by her example and advice. We wish her success and happiness.

LOUISE CAMPBELL,
Sub Chief Daughter.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27, D. OF S., YONKERS, N. Y.

We have had quite a busy time since our last report, in the Helen Macgregor Lodge. At our meeting held February 20th, our Grand Deputy, Mrs. Christina Laird, installed two of our officers, who were absent at the installation. One member was balloted for and three applications received. We had the honor of a visit from Clansman Swinton, who received a hearty welcome. He advocated that every member should subscribe to "The Caledonian," then entertained us "in his pawky way" to songs and piano selections, which were greatly appreciated. Refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed.

Our Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa Henderson, paid an official visit at our meeting March 5th. Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. Delegates from several lodges were present. After tea, neat little speeches were made by quite a few of the ladies. A leap year party was arranged to take place at our next meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway, March 19th.

At three o'clock the same afternoon, the quarterly meeting of the past chiefs and chief daughters of New York State was

held, Mrs. Sinclair, presiding. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. McBride, of Helen Macgregor Lodge; secretary, Mrs. Bonnington, of Marjorie Bruce, New Rochelle; treasurer, Mrs. Brown, of Lady Hamilton Graham, Tremont. Supper was served.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

MARJORIE BRUCE LODGE, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

On January 6th, 1912, the Marjorie Bruce Lodge, of New Rochelle, N. Y., entered on its second year in the work of the D. of S., Grand Deputy Mary Guest conducting the installation ceremonies.

In the course of the evening our Chief Daughter, Sister Bonnington, presented one of the members with a gold D. O. S. badge, as a reward for bringing in the largest number of members for the past year. During her address she pointed out how the lodge had increased its membership 100 per cent., and asked the sisters to continue their efforts and thereby keep the order in this flourishing condition. Although a new lodge, we are well ahead in progressiveness and the amusement committee at present is making arrangements for their annual entertainment to be held sometime in April. We therefore take this opportunity of asking the members of the various lodges to give us their attendance on that evening.

The Marjorie Bruce Lodge meets the first Thursday of every month in Metropolitan Hall, North avenue, New Rochelle, and a cordial invitation is extended to all sisters to visit us there.

CHRISTINA D. BISSET,
Recording Secretary.

Secretaries of Lodges are reminded that our forms close on the 22d of the month.

ECONOMY IN COOKING

The U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has issued a bulletin on the "Economical Use of Meat in the Home," from which we give a few extracts and recipes this month, and will give others later:

VALUE OF MEAT AS FOOD.

Considering the fact that meat forms such an important part of the diet and the further fact that the price of meat, as of other foods, has advanced in recent years, it is natural for housekeepers to seek more economical methods of preparing meat for the table, and to turn their thoughts toward the less expensive cuts and ask what economy is involved in their use, how they may be prepared, and whether the less expensive dishes are as nutritious and as thoroughly and easily digested as the costlier ones.

METHODS OF EXTENDING THE FLAVOR OF MEAT.

Common household methods of extending the meat flavor through a considerable quan-

tity of material which would otherwise be lacking in distinctive taste are to serve the meat with dumplings, generally in the dish with it, to combine the meat with crusts, as in meat pies or meat rolls, or to serve the meat on toast and biscuits. Borders of rice, hominy, or mashed potatoes are examples of the same principles applied in different ways. By serving some preparation of flour, rice, hominy, or other food rich in starch with the meat we get a dish which in itself approaches nearer to the balanced ration than meat alone and one in which the meat flavor is extended through a large amount of the material.

MEAT AND TOMATO PIE.

This dish presents an excellent way of using up small quantities of either cold beef or cold mutton. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice them; if canned, drain off the liquid. Place a layer of tomato in a baking

dish, then a layer of sliced meat, and over the two dredge flour, pepper, and salt; repeat until the dish is nearly full, then put in an extra layer of tomato and cover the whole with a layer of pastry or of bread or cracker crumbs. When the quantity of meat is small, it may be "helped out" by boiled potatoes or other suitable vegetables. A few oysters or mushrooms improve the flavor, especially when beef is used. The pie will need to be baked from half an hour to an hour according to its size and the heat of the oven.

MEAT TURNOVERS.

Almost any kind of chopped meat may be used in these, and if the quantity on hand is small may be mixed with potato or cooked rice. This filling should be seasoned to taste with salt and pepper, onion, or whatever is relished, and laid on pieces of short biscuit dough rolled thin and cut into circles about the size of an ordinary saucer. The edges of the dough should be moistened with white of egg, the dough then folded over the meat, and its edges pinched closely together. If desired, the tops of the turnovers may be brushed over with yolk of egg before they are placed in the oven. About half an hour's baking in a hot oven is required. Serving with a brown sauce increases the flavor and moistens the crust.

MEAT WITH EGGS.

Occasionally eggs are combined with meat, making very nutritious dishes. Whether this is an economy or not of course depends on the comparative cost of eggs and meat.

In general, it may be said that eggs are cheaper food than meat when a dozen costs less than one and a half pounds of meat, for a dozen eggs weighs about one and a half pounds and the proportions of protein and fat which they contain are not far different from the proportions of these nutrients in the average cut of meat. When eggs are thirty cents a dozen they compare favorably with round of beef at twenty cents a pound.

(To be continued)

A GREAT SCOTCH NIGHT.

The Committee of Past Chiefs of Clan MacDonald, No. 33, will have as one evening's entertainment in the celebration of the clan's silver anniversary, the entire Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn. The date is April 22, when the romantic opera, "Little Boy Blue," will be presented, which has been playing in New York for over five months, and this is their first appearance after leaving the Lyric Theatre.

There will be many special Scotch features introduced during the evening.

"I am a Scot and I carena wha kens it,
Right prood o' the honour am I,
An proud o' the worthy auld mither,
Wha's kinship I'll never deny,
The land of the loch an' the brae,
I love it, I'll love it for ever,
I am a Scot frae the tap to the tae."

—Allan Reid.

LEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA.

The members of Clan Stewart, No. 140, O. S. C., Lead, South Dakota, had a very enjoyable evening, the occasion being the 153d anniversary of Robert Burns. The concert was held in the Assembly Hall, Lead, which was packed to the doors with a very appreciative audience, for a western city, away up in the Black Hills of South Dakota. But the Scottish race are all over the globe, and on this occasion every Scotchman, wife and bairn, were there. The program was all Scottish. Just before the doors were opened for the entertainment, our two pipers, Gregor Stewart and Andrew Thompson, paraded Main street in full Highland costume, playing their pipes, and as the music wafted on the breeze, it brought to many a one who heard it memories of Home, far across the sea, "where the thistles wave and the gowans spring."

One disappointment we had was on account of our Royal Deputy, Gregor Cruickshank, not being present; he was called to Portland, Oregon, on the receipt of a telegram, announcing the death of his only surviving brother, Duncan. The news came as a great surprise to the clansmen, as Duncan Cruickshank was the first piper that Clan Stewart had, and the services he rendered the clan will never be forgotten. His sudden and unexpected death is regretted by



EDWIN CRUICKSHANK.

all, and we sympathize with our Royal Deputy in his sorrow.

The opening remarks by the chairman, G.

H. Higgle, were brief and to the point. In finishing his address he said that the name of Robert Burns will shine on and on, just as long as the Scottish tongue is spoken. A selection on the pipes followed, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. McIntyre sang "MacGregor's Gathering" in fine style. Mrs. Brackett in "Whistle an' I'll Come tae Ye, Ma Lad," was at her best. There were some lads who would have liked to have whistled, but were tae bashful. The Sword Dance by the Misses Lizzie Stewart and Gladys Taylor took the whole audience by surprise, they danced "that neat and clean." Miss Lappin and Mr. McIntyre sang the "Crooket Baw-bee" to great satisfaction. Our Chief Kennedy gave an exhibition of Indian club swinging business, which easily ranks him second to none. He certainly was at his best, and won large applause.

Mr. James Miller gave us a violin solo, "Highland Wreaths." Mr. Miller has the faculty of making his violin talk, sing and dance, and it was no wonder that he was encored again and again.

Rev. Mr. Hayes' address, "Burns the Poet," was a most masterful address; in fact, it was one of the best ever given at a Burns gathering, and he deserves much credit for his knowledge of the poet. "Tobermory," as sung by Mr. McIntyre made the audience think Harry Lauder had stepped on the stage. Edwin Cruickshank in the Highland Fling and the Sailor's Hornpipe was encored to the limit. He certainly is there, and the clan would not know what to do without him.

Mr. Adam Wilkie sang "Of a' the Airs the Wind Can Blaw," and he sang it well, because we believe his heart is in the West. The Scottish reading by Mrs. Simpson was well rendered, and very amusing. "Auld Lang Syne," by the clansmen and audience, finished a most enjoyable 153d anniversary concert of Robert Burns. Mrs. T. J. Grier presided at the piano, and the members of Clan Stewart, No. 140, sing her praises for the kind and generous way that Mrs. Grier helped to make the concert a grand success.

CERES, FIFE.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

For six years the Commodore's body has lain in a hallway at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, awaiting action by Congress to provide for the erection of the chapel designed as a fitting tomb!

Under a stairway, back in the hall,
Waiting to hear his country's call,
Coffin'd in lead—a bundle of bones—
Lies what is left of the Great Paul Jones!

Found in its tomb by the merest chance,
Borne with acclaim from the land of
France,

Brought with the pride of a nation's guest
To sleep forever in splendid rest!

Here in the school where his trade is
taught,

Where the lads learn how a battle's
fought,
And how a hero's reward is paid
In promises broken ere the're made!

First to the air he tossed the stars,
The glorious flag with crimson bars—
Who steer'd the Ranger across the sea,
Beating the British to make us free.

Deep in his debt is this selfish land
Which pays the bill with a grudging hand;
So bear him back to the rough North Sea
Where the chalk cliffs rise against the lea.

Red are the waves where the Richard
sank
Deep on the edge of the Dogger Bank;
Here is a grave made ready to hand,
Better and braver than one on land.

A couple of shot, a canvas shroud,
A little thunder of cannon loud:
The thing is over; secure in fame,
He needs no stone to mark his name!

Lucky the captains who heard the hail
And went to the depths in fight or gale,
Never neglected back in a hall,
Awaiting in vain their country's call!

DON C. SEITZ.

CALEDONIAN CLUB.

The New York Caledonian Club held its concert and 55th annual ball, on Tuesday evening, March 26th, at Lexington Avenue Opera House. It was one of the largest and most attractive gatherings of the season.

The following talented artists took part in the program:

Mrs. Jean Sherburne, Soprano; Miss Barbara Foster, Contralto; Mr. J. P. Tumilty, Tenor; Mr. W. Wilson, Comedian; Mr. Lester Frank, Accompanist.

The Scottish Glee Singers' Double Quartet (Mr. William Miller, Conductor), first appearance in New York.

Gordon Fraser Troupe of International Dancers. Gordon Fraser is holder of the all-round Dancing Championship of America, won at the Brooklyn Post Office games, 1909, also twice winner (1908-1909) of the Eastern States championship held at the games of the Scottish-Gaelic Society of New York.

The famous New York Scottish Highlanders' Pipe and Drum Band played selections during the evening.

A review of the Highland Guard of the New York Caledonian Club, by Chief James W. Taylor, took place at the close of the concert.

Mrs. Sherburne was the favorite of the evening, and her clear, strong voice was enjoyed by all. She plays her own accompaniments, and is able to furnish a complete concert alone.

CLAN MACDONALD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
March 11, 1912.

Editor The Caledonian: The last meeting of this Clan was made the occasion of presenting the enclosed set of resolutions to our Past Royal Chief Walter Scott on the occasion of his 50th anniversary. Although the date is long past, it was only on account of pressure of business by Mr. Scott that the presentation was not made sooner. Past Chief Haldane made an able address in making the presentation and Past Royal Chief Scott suitably replied

Fraternally yours,
R. MacCULLOCH, Secretary.

Testimonial to
WALTER SCOTT, ESQUIRE,
on the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Birth
from the Members of
Clan MacDonald, No. 33,
Order of Scottish Clans,
Brooklyn, New York.

Sir: We, the members of Clan MacDonald, No. 33, O. S. C., in regular meeting assembled,

Resolve: To place on permanent record the high honor and esteem in which we hold you, remembering with great satisfaction the prominent part you took in organizing this Clan some twenty-five years ago, your splendid work as Chief and as Past Chief, also the kind and warm interest you continue to take in all things pertaining to our progress and welfare.

Further Resolved: That we express our great appreciation of the honor you brought to this Clan when elected

ROYAL CHIEF

of the Order of Scottish Clans,
the magnificent work you did while in that office, when by your energy and foresight you were the means of preserving the Order and establishing it on the firm foundation it occupies to-day.

Also Resolved: That we recognize with pride the high position you hold in the business world, and the many civic honors conferred on you by the community. We wish you all happiness and prosperity, and trust that a life so useful may long be spared to the Order of Scottish Clans and the world at large. Also that as year succeeds year, the strong link of friendship and good-will so happily existing between you and Clan MacDonald may grow stronger and stronger.

JAMES HAY,
Royal Deputy Chief.
WILLIAM HALDANE,
Past Chief.
JAMES F. SLIMON,
Past Chief.
FENWICK W. RITCHIE,
Past Chief.
ROBERT R. LUMSDEN,
Chief.
HERBERT S. BARRE,
Recording Secretary.

CLAN MACDUFF, NEW YORK.

We are still having more initiations at

Clan MacDuff. We had four the last two meetings, and applications read out for more, which is showing the good work of our members and office bearers. Dr. Law has offered ten dollars for the clansman bringing in the largest number of new members from now to December 31st, 1912. Also the Rev. D. MacDougall offers to the clansman bringing in the largest number of new members from now to the 1st of July, the reward of five dollars. This indeed is very good encouragement to the members who compete in the good work, and our two brother clansmen deserve all credit for offering these generous prizes. Clan MacDuff has withdrawn from the United Clans Games, and we are to hold a picnic by ourselves, of which we can undoubtedly make a grand financial success, like any of the rest of the gatherings we've had. It is to be held on the 3rd of August at Calmons Park Westchester, so we expect a large and pleasant gathering.

M. MacS.

Nearly three hundred people attended the open meeting of Clan MacDuff, Saturday night, March 23d, under whose auspices a musical lecture-recital was given by Mr. Duncan MacInnes, Past Chief of Clan MacDonald. Subject, The Rising of the Scottish Highlanders in 1745. The entertainment began about 8:30 and continued for nearly three hours. The singing was of a good standard, and the piping and dancing were exceptionally fine. The concluding peroration of the recital was received with very hearty and long continued applause.

CLAN MACKENZIE, NO. 29, NEW YORK.
New York,

March 22nd, 1912.

Editor Caledonian:

It might be of interest to a great many of our members who can't attend our meetings to know some of the things the clan intends doing in the near future. The first event is to be run off on the 12th of April, at the Amsterdam Opera House. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of our clan. We have secured the best talent that could be found so everybody can be sure to get their money's worth. Miss Margaret Huston, frae the Auld Countrie, and a flair manager frae Glasca. So every thing is imported. The Highland Guard and the Red Lichtie orchestra is worth the money itself; we are also going to change our place and night of meeting after May 1st. It will be Terrace Garden, Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue, and every second and fourth Tuesday. We are also going into the United Clan Games. I think there will only be three clans this year to take part in the games. It won't be on the 4th of July, but on a Saturday afternoon, the date to be fixed later on. Our fitba team, and the Clan MacDonald team met last week in a friendly game, or rather to cele-

brate St. Patrick's birthday. In the two matches they have played, the amount of goals scored, tallies with the 17th. I don't want to say who scored all the goals, as I might hurt someone's feelings. They got their pictures taken on the field and the Chief and the Royal Deputy were in the group. The first man that saw the pictures remarked that it was funny to see the two rival candidates for the presidency, "Teddy and Taft." We are still adding to our members—two and three every meeting, and a lot waiting to pass the doctor. We have none on the sick list at present. It may seem strange, but true, that all our sick members get sick quickly.

Don't forget our concert and ball!

JOHN KIRK.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The role of correspondent for this particular district is one which, so far as news is concerned, has not been particularly enviable during the past month, as items of general interest, outside of the humdrum business details of the various Scotch societies, have been more than ordinarily scarce. However, as Mr. Editor expects something from each of the district correspondents, I suppose I shall have to give as good an imitation as I possibly can of the historic feat of making bricks without straw.

The second round of the Carpet Bowling competition for the Dr. Robert L. Gray cup between Clan Cameron and Clan Gordon, took place on the Gordon's floor on February 29th, and although the Camerons won this round by 74 points to 69, they were unable to overcome the lead of 8 points, which the Gordons obtained in the first round and the Gay Gordons therefore succeeded in winning the cup for the ensuing year by a total score of 134 points to 131. The Gordons are entitled to congratulations on their victory, while the Camerons put up such a plucky up-hill fight in the second round, that they need not feel either discouraged or disgraced at their defeat. The object of our worthy doctor in presenting the cup has, I think, been fully secured, and it is to be hoped that the keen spirit of healthy, friendly rivalry, which animated the contestants in this particular competition, will be maintained in future years and that these annual contests will succeed in producing and cementing the feeling of brotherhood and comradeship which should permeate all clans of the order.

The annual statement of the Scots Thistle Society has just been issued, and a very creditable financial showing is made, although the membership, unfortunately, has not kept pace with the finances. This society occupies a unique position among the Scottish organizations of this district, and has a record which I believe makes it almost unique among the Scottish Societies of the United States. Away back in 1796 a

meeting of Scotsmen was held in Philadelphia, on November 30th, primarily for the purpose of celebrating St. Andrews Day. At this meeting a resolution was adopted to form a Society for the purpose of assisting each other when in distress, and for the relief of Scots emigrants to this country. The first meeting after organization was held on March 6th, 1797, and a charter was obtained from the State of Pennsylvania in 1799. Ever since the society, through many vicissitudes, has faithfully carried on its work of assisting the sick and distressed, and although the membership at the present time is only 70, the funds in the hands of the society amount to about \$10,000. I sincerely trust that this organization may long be able to continue its noble and useful work.

I was very much interested in reading in last month's issue of "The Caledonian" Mr. Martin MacIntosh's vigorous article on Home Rule for Scotland; more particularly as I have recently received a letter intimating that concerted action is likely to be made in the near future towards interesting the Scots in the United States in this movement. However, while we American Scots may be heartily in favor of Home Rule for Scotland, I believe I voice the sentiments of many Scotsmen in this vicinity when I say that it is difficult to see just what particular good we can do. We welcome all the information we can get on this matter, although it is difficult to see how anyone acquainted with the workings of the American Federal system of government can have the slightest doubt regarding the wisdom and advisability of delegating to local authorities the power to deal with strictly local questions, but it is a question as to whether any action which we American Scots might take, either as organized societies or as individuals, would be either useful or welcome. The American aid to the cause of Irish Home Rule was essentially and strictly a financial aid, and it is doubtful if the sentimental side had much weight. Of course the Irish have, through their church organization, a unity in this country which the Scots can never hope to possess. If our Scottish brethren need our financial assistance to secure a reform, which is not only just and necessary as a political measure, but which is essential to maintain the distinctive Scottish character and organization, which has ever been our boast and pride, they can no doubt obtain same in good measure, and if our sympathy is of any use it can be had in abundance. However, I would like some of your able contributors to tell us just how this sympathy can be diverted into a useful channel. It certainly would be a grand thing if some question could be brought forward which would unify and concentrate the Scottish sentiment in America. Perhaps the Home Rule movement can do it.

THOMAS PARK.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

Owing to the circular letters which have been mailed to every known Scottish Society throughout the world, the Home Rule movement for Scotland is at present being pondered over and studied by many Scottish-born people throughout the United States. Its leaders are members of Parliament of great prominence and distinction in the Scottish Liberal party, who have studied the matter carefully for years and who are fully cognizant of the conditions which confront parliamentary bills connected with Scottish affairs.

Scottish members of Parliament of all parties have for years been indignant at the time and treatment accorded Scottish Legislation in the Imperial Parliament. They differ however as to the advantages which would ensue should Scotland be granted a Parliament of her own. Some consider a less radical change, could be made more efficient.

If Ireland is going to have Home Rule, a Parliament of her own and representation in the Imperial Parliament, why not Scotland? Wales also will expect Home Rule. What then about England? Devolution all round must mean a separate Parliament for England. Years must elapse before this idea could be carried out in its entirety, satisfactorily for the carrying on of parliamentary affairs for the people of the four countries. Representatives from the Scottish Home Rule movement intend before long visiting the United States, and appealing for support to the Scots resident here.

We have so frequently deprecated and ridiculed the visits of the Irish envoys, and subsequent draining of the pockets of the Irish servant girls and the bar-tenders and laborers of Irish birth, who were popularly supposed to be the principal contributors to the funds of the Irish parliamentary party, that at present my own personal opinions as to the propriety of Scottish-American citizens becoming involved in petitions or appeals to the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain are decidedly unsettled.

I would advise further and fuller consideration of this matter by every society before whom the letters and literature of the Scottish Home Rule movement are read. It is important. Do not have it shelved, or placed on file. Have it brought up for discussion. Meanwhile as the dues are only one shilling a year, have your secretary make an appeal to all members to contribute twenty-five cents and send their names with check for the amount as coming from such clan, club or society. If your association decides to vote a certain sum, add this to the individual subscriptions.

The columns of "*The Caledonian*" are open for discussion on this most important matter.

Councilman Walter Ballantyne gave a dinner at the City Club, Saturday evening, March 9th, to the new British Vice-consul of Boston, Mr. John S. Bell. Representatives of the State and city were present to greet and pay their respects to the new Vice-consul and Mr. Bell had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of Boston's representative Scotsmen. Mr. Bell was born at Kelso, near the Border-land, and served his apprenticeship as a solicitor to the crown in Scotland, before becoming connected with the foreign office in London. Although still a very young man, Mr. Bell served for a time in the British consular office in Paris. Mr. Ballantyne's guests were most favorably impressed with Mr. Bell and prophesied for him a great future.

The Scottish Border Club were holding this same evening their annual March social at Pilgrim Hall, and about ten o'clock Mr. Ballantyne brought Mr. Bell and several other Scotsmen to the Border Club gathering. The members were greatly interested to learn that a borderer had been sent to represent Great Britain in Boston, and Mr. Bell was loudly cheered when he was introduced to the gathering. President John E. Beattie, who received a presentation from the members during the evening informed me that the Border Club celebrate every year the old Border custom of the Color-Bussing and Common-Riding on the 7th and 8th of June, the anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott on the 10th of August and a "Hogg Supper" on the anniversary of the birth of the Ettrick Shepherd on December 28th.

Article 1, Section 2, of their constitution reads: "The objects of the club shall be the instruction and entertainment of its members, the cultivation and improvement of their vocal instrumental and literary talent, and the fostering of the history of the Scottish Borders." Very laudable objects.

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS AND PIPERS PARADE ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This was not so incongruous as it sounds. For one thing wasn't St. Patrick a Scotsman. However it wasn't really a St. Patrick's Day parade. In Boston we call it the Evacuation (some call it St. Patuention) Day parade, for on the 17th of March, 1776, the British army evacuated Boston, and South Boston holds high revelry that day, as it was Washington's cannon on the colonial ramparts on Dorchester Heights, which made General Howe decide to embark his army. President Taft spent a busy day in Boston, finding time to review the lengthy parade, which included officers and men from every branch of the United States Army and Navy service, and representatives from the British Army and Navy veterans and the Massachusetts Highland Dress Association.

For the first time for many years the British Charitable Society was represented at the dinner of the Charitable Irish Society held at the Hotel Somerset in the evening. The president of the Scots' Charitable Society has always been a welcome guest, also the chief of the Caledonian Club. President Taft, Cardinal O'Connell and Alexander McGregor were the speakers whose remarks were given most prominence in the press.

The Burns Memorial Association have once again completed the \$15,000 fund for the erection of a memorial to Robert Burns in Boston. Since the fund was first completed, they refunded their largest donation paid, \$650, for litigation fees, and \$500 for prizes in an open competition.

Mr. Walter Scott, of New York, has been greatly interested in this movement from its inception, being one of the earliest contributors, and helping in many other ways, and to him belongs the honor of completing the fund by a contribution of one hundred dollars.

The Boston Caledonian Club at its meeting held Tuesday evening, March 5th, was told that Mr. Scott had asked Mr. May to notify him when the monument fund had reached \$14,900, and a motion was made and enthusiastically carried that the club donate \$320 to bring the fund to that amount. A communication was read from the Scottish Home Rule Association and after some discussion, it was decided to lay it upon the table, until the next meeting so as to give the members an opportunity to study the matter more carefully.

Miss Evelyn Scotney, one of the stars of the season at the Boston Opera House, who has suddenly jumped to the front rank, musical critics of the Boston press, ranking her with Melba and Tetrizzini, will give a concert of Scottish song at Tremont Temple, March 28th. Miss Scotney was born in Australia, of Scottish parentage. She was educated in Melbourne, and Madame Melba has for years taken her under her wing, placing her under the most famous teachers in Paris. Edward Lankow, an American by birth, but who claims Scottish ancestry, will assist Miss Scotney with the entirely Scottish program. Mr. Lankow was for some years leading basso at the Royal Opera, Vienna, and has sung the leading bass roles at the Boston Opera House.

Massachusetts Institution of Technology,

through its untiring and energetic Scottish president Richard Cockborn MacLaurin, has been presented with a gift of two and half millions from an anonymous benefactor. This is one of the leading institutions of its kind in the world, and since Mr. MacLaurin became its president, Boston has become too small for it. Extensive new buildings are to be erected in Cambridge just across the

Charles River, and this donation will be most advantageously and judiciously expended. President MacLaurin was born at Lindean in Scotland in the year 1870. At an early age he moved with his parents to New Zealand, being educated at the public schools in Auckland. He has filled many important positions before coming to Boston, and is the author of several standard works of research. New Zealand is very proud of him, and considers him one of her most talented sons.

Many readers of "*The Caledonian*" will hear with regret of the death last month of Ex-Baillie James H. Martin, for twenty-eight years a member of the town council of the City of Glasgow, for the Camlachie Ward. His father, Baillie "Jeems" Martin was a member of the council for twenty years before him. For nearly half a century father and son gave faithful and watchful service to the City of Glasgow without pay, and with never a question against their integrity. It was my privilege to know both of them and many an election meeting of theirs I have attended. The son was made a baillie or magistrate long before the father, who had risen from the weaver's shuttle, but at last the father had to be given a place on the bench. For years he was the most popular judge in Glasgow, his decisions, Solomon-like in their justice, being read with delight by Scottish people at home and abroad. At some future time I may relate some of the police court scenes when Baillie Martin was on the bench.

THE MEANING OF SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

Home Rule for Scotland means:

- (1) The creation of a *Scottish Parliament*, to sit in Scotland and pass laws on matters affecting Scotland, and Scotland only;
- (2) The creation of a *Scottish Executive or Ministry*, to control the administration of Scottish affairs subject to the Scottish Parliament.

The Scottish Parliament would be *Subordinate to the Imperial Parliament*, and it would have power to legislate only on those purely Scottish affairs which would be expressly handed over to it by the Home Rule Act. On all other matters, including foreign Policy, Customs, the Navy, the Army, and Imperial Policy, it would have no power of legislation. These would be reserved to the Imperial Parliament.

The *Scottish Ministry or Cabinet* would hold office so long as it had the confidence of a majority in the Scottish Parliament. It would include Ministers for Finance, Agriculture, Labor, Local Government, Education, Justice, Public Works, and other Scottish departments, but there would be no ministers for such departments as Foreign Affairs, the Navy, the Army, Customs, or Posts and Telegraphs, because these would remain purely Imperial services.

The Scottish Parliament would be one of four subordinate Parliaments, the others being for Ireland, Wales and England. Under this system of *Home Rule All Round*, or Federal Home Rule, these *National Parliaments* would manage the affairs of their respective countries; and over them all there would be the *Imperial Parliament* to manage the common business of the United Kingdom, together with its Foreign and Imperial Policy.

In one form or another, the land question is the burning question all over Scotland; in the Highlands, where men are being *displaced by deer*; in the Lowlands, where *land is passing out of cultivation* and the agricultural population is dwindling; in the towns, where the *land monopoly* depresses the livelihood and hampers the industry of the community.

In 1908 there were 3,519,678 acres of Scotland's soil devoted to deer forests and other sporting purposes. This is more than 18 per cent. of the whole area of Scotland. Of this large area, 2,958,490 acres were in the seven Highland crofting countries. The area of Highland deer forests was 1,709,892 acres in 1883, and accordingly the increase in the deer forest area of the Highlands amounted to 1,248,598 acres in twenty-five years.

RURAL DEPOPULATION IN SCOTLAND.

The census of 1911 has shown that rural Scotland is being depopulated to an alarming extent. The total population of Scotland in 1901 was 4,472,103, and in 1911, 4,759,445. The increase in ten years was 287,342, representing a percentage of only 6.4, which is the *lowest rate of increase for fifty years*. The excess of births over deaths during 1901-1911 was 542,759, but the actual increase of population was only 287,342. There has therefore been a *loss of population of 255,417* during that period.

The total emigration from the United Kingdom in 1910, was 233,709, to which Scotland contributed 58,384, almost exactly one-quarter of the total. Ireland's share was 30,037; a little more than half Scotland's share. During the ten years 1901-1910. Scotland's total loss of emigration was 280,913. This gives an annual loss by emigration of 28,091.

Scotland is thus suffering from the lack of power to execute laws to remedy these wrongs.

The present system, under which all the legislative business of the United Kingdom and its national divisions is transacted at Westminster, results in serious congestion and inefficiency. Owing to lack of time, *the House of Commons has lost all real control over most departments of administration and much of public policy.*

Sir Edward Grey, in the House of Commons on April 12th, 1911, said:

"I believe that the greatest difficulty with regard to the discussion of Imperial and foreign policy lies in the fact that so long as the House of Commons remains without

some great measure of devolution its business will be so congested that with the best will in the world, it will never acquire the full control over Imperial policy, which can only be acquired by discussion."

Even were there no congestion of business at Westminster, Scotland would still have a strong claim for Home Rule on national grounds. *Her national case for Home Rule is as strong as Ireland's.* Scotland is a nation, with her own national characteristics, temperament, and point of view, her own system of law and judicial procedure, her own church, her own ancient universities and system of popular education, her own literature, her own peculiar social conditions, her own system of administration, and only Scotsmen in Scotland can deal with these purely Scottish national affairs. Scotland presents *an ideal field for national self-government*, and Scotsmen have a proved genius and faculty for government.

Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith, repeatedly declared themselves in favor of Home Rule All Round, including Scotland. The present Cabinet Ministers are advocating a Scottish Home Rule.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

The modern Scottish Home Rule movement began in the eighties of last century, before Mr. Gladstone introduced the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1886. The *Scottish Home Rule Association* was founded in 1886, and soon afterwards the question was raised in the House of Commons. The following is the Parliamentary history of the movement in brief:

April 9, 1889.—Scottish Home Rule motion by Dr. Clark, seconded by Dr. Hunter. Defeated by 200 to 79.

February 20, 1890.—Dr. Clark's amendment to Address defeated by 181 to 141.

March 6, 1891.—Federal Home Rule motion by Dr. Clark, seconded by Sir Samuel T. Evans. Counted out.

April 29, 1892.—Federal Home Rule motion by Dr. Clark, seconded by Sir John Leng. Defeated by 74 to 54.

June 23, 1893.—Scottish Home Rule motion by Dr. Clark. Defeated by 168 to 150.

April 3, 1894.—Scottish Home Rule motion by Sir Henry Dalziel, seconded by Mr. Birrell. Carried by 180 to 170.

March 29, 1895.—Federal Home Rule motion by Sir Henry Dalziel, seconded by Mr. Lloyd George. Carried by 128 to 102.

May 26, 1908.—Scottish Home Rule Bill introduced by Mr. Pirie. First reading carried by 257 to 102.

August 16, 1911.—Scottish Home Rule Bill introduced by Sir Henry Dalziel. First reading carried by 172 to 73.

Scotland now looks for the introduction of a Government Bill and its passing into law during the natural life of the present Parliament. (Condensed from "Sixty Points For Scottish Home Rule.")

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD LEWIS GUARD. By Annie Mac-Aulay Jameson. Thomas Nicolson, Bookseller, Stornoway, Scotland.

"The Old Guard" is an appropriate term applied to the far-famed Gaelic preachers, gifted men, and pious women of Lewis, during the nineteenth century, whose exemplary lives made a lasting impression upon the community. The sacred memories of these worthy dead have kindled sweet recollections in the mind of the writer. Her intimate knowledge of the men and women of the "Old Guard" enabled her to give remarkably clear character sketches of them. We feel the hearty hand clasp, we look into their strong kind faces, listen to their inspiring words, and understand the beauty and nobility of their lives.

Her vivid descriptions of Gaelic gatherings at communion seasons in Lewis, when thousands of people came from all parts of the country to hear eloquent preachers of the gospel, and partake of the Lord's Supper, are worthy of note. The evening cottage meetings where elders from neighboring parishes sang, prayed, and spoke of their rich Christian experience, were times of blessing. Friday was the men's day, when it was customary for one in the large assembly to give out a passage of Scripture, and ask for tokens of a true Christian. The presiding minister would give, in a few words, the exegesis of the text, after which he would call upon a dozen or more of the most gifted men to speak on the text and before the meeting closed each minister would also give his own experience. These men spoke with power and unction.

"THE REV. FRANCIS MacBAIN, of Fort Augustus was ne of the 'Old Guard.' His figure was full in the ripe glory of the evening of life; his eyes, cordial and smiling, were sometimes mysterious, friendly and gravely candid; his face was one of refined mentality, but as unconscious of his great power as a child. The Stornoway congregation was thrilled by his sermons and prayer.

"REV. ALEX. MacCOLL, of Lockalsh had tact and talent in unfolding the teaching of God's Word. In early life he had been a shepherd in Kintail, which made him a deep-breathing, strong Gaelic singer. Mr. MacColl took a firm grip of Lewis; he loved its moors and shores, where he gained many signal victories for God and humanity.

"REV. PETER MacLEAN, pastor of the Gaelic Church at Stornoway, whose few years' ministry in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, was greatly blessed, ranks as one of the most revered of the 'Old Guard.' His voice had a fresh charm of its own, an utter unworldliness, an extremely kind note when he looked with sympathetic eyes, saying "Ye are not your own." These words still ring through some hearts. He surely was a record breaker amongst preachers in our young days. His was a controlling power, and yet how gentle with those who knelt

at the altar in remorse, how soothingly his words fell in those going to walk through the valley of the shadow of death."

Of REV. ROBERT FINLAYSON it is said that "unconsciously and insensibly to themselves the people were drawn to his beautiful, animated face. No man or woman could listen to him in prayer unmoved."

REV. JOHN MacRAE, better known as "Big MacRae" of Knockbain, was another noted divine. In his early days he was a shepherd, "but the cares of hill-life had left no impress in his features; he was a man of calm, clear intellect, a lofty earnest soul, a calm unruffled heart. He brought to Lewis a heart that never knew the half of its own affection and unsounded depths. One of his elders said that until the day of his death he could feel the tight grasp and clasp of the shepherd's big hand."

Time will permit me only to make mention of some of the men and women whose piety is still a household word. Among the women were Peggie MacKenzie, Catarina Hangle, Mrs. Malcolm Michelson, and Mrs. Finlayson. Among the laymen we notice Sandy Morrison, Murdo MacLeod, Hector Morrison, and Alexander Ross, all of these good people still live in the memory of many in Lewis, who love to tell of their good deeds.

Mrs. Jameson has done well in thus recalling the noble lives of these men and women of God. The book is well got up and should have an extensive sale not only among the people of Lewis and their descendants, but also in the United States and Canada.

REVIEW OF LAYS O' THE HAME LAND.

BY JAMES H. MURDOCH.

American Printing and Publishing Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

In a volume issued by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, in 1854 Entitled, *Scotia's Bards*, by way of prefix are these words by Edward Everett:

"The throne and sceptre of England will crumble into dust like those of Scotland; and Windsor Castle and Westminster Abbey will lie in ruins as poor and desolate as those of Scone and Iona before the bards of Scottish song will cease to reign in the hearts of men." And thus arises another candidate for immortality. The title of his book is its best introduction. The author makes it plain he has not descended from the clouds, he comes with no parade of credentials, nor obsolete furniture of the poets, as Nymphs divine, Muses, or Pegasus. To him an hour on "Ben Lomond," or "Arthur's Seat," would give more inspiration than a year on Parnassus. Like Burns he comes of the common stock and like him he might say

"Gie me a touch o' nature's fire
That's a' the learnin' I desire."

and so he just begins to sing without leave or license, of what he sees around him, be it bird, beast, flower or bosom crone. Evidence of his poetic temperament appears in the fact that such topics as have challenged the best efforts of poets in every age have also attracted him, and unlike many aspirants to poetic fame who scatter unrelated imagery like trinkets in a pawn-broker's window, leaving the reader wondering what it is all about. This book can be read without a dictionary and no subject treated is lost in a fog of obscurity.

The little poem on "Winter," reminds us of Thomson's seasons, but not so pedantic. "The Falling Leaf," and others remind us of that sweet singer in the early part of the last century—Mrs. Hemans, who sang,

The leaf it falls, and on its surface bears,
Some trembling insects, in their little world
of cares.

she was the author of "Cassibiancl" favorite of our schoolboy days, and that enduring classing, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Again in the "Fisher Wife's Lullaby," we find a worthy companion of that sweet and pathetic song so popular fifty years ago "The Angels Whisper," by Samuel Lover, that worthy song brother, of the melodious "Tom Moore." But most of all Mr. Murdoch follows in the train of our own idolized Burns—who blessed by his early ignorance of classic poetry except that which he found in the Bible, and which has only one Dely, he started his own irrepressible torrent of song, and without knowing it he turned the great gulf stream of the world's poetry into natural channels, to uplift and cheer the great struggling heart of humanity. Sing on brother Murdoch in your own natural strains.

Sing like the poets of the air and swell the
minstrel throng,
Your songs, like theirs, may banish care
when love inspires the song;
The song unheeded by the throng a burdened
heart may lighten,
A word to those who suffer wrong, a dark-
ened soul may brighten.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. By J. Howard B. Masterman. MacMillan & Co., New York. Price 80 cents net.

This is a most instructive book of 280 pages divided into 27 chapters with Bibliography and Index. It contains an exhaustive analysis of the development of the British Constitution, from the year 829 to 1911, and chief dates. The development of the council is an interesting study—First, the Witenagemote then the Norman Council consisting of an assembly of feudal tenants, after which came the great council of

Knights and Burgesses in 1295 and the King's Council in 1250. The Houses of Lords and Commons in 1330. The Privy Council 'n 1400 the Court of Chancery 1350, the Cabinet and Judicial Committee in 1833, etc.

The Author has not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the history of the British Constitution but has the faculty of telling the story in an interesting style.

GREAT WRITERS, By George Edward Woodberry, MacMillan Company, New York, \$1.25 net.

This book consists of biographical sketches of Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne and Shakespeare, and a discussion of their works and influence upon contemporary literature. The analysis given of each poet is excellent.

THE TORCH, By George E. Woodberry, New York, MacMillan Company, Price \$1.25 net.

The "Torch" places before us eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston on race power in literature.

In the first "Man and the Race," he brings out strongly, that with the rise and fall of all the civilizations of this earth, there is one thing found stable; it is the mind itself, growing through ages, this which endures he calls the "race-mind," literature he thinks of as an organ of the race mind and education as the process by which one enters into it.

The author endeavors in the first four lectures to show that "mankind stores up race-power," and that "literature is such a store of race power," and instances "mythology, chivalry and the Scriptures as three such sifted deposits of the past."

In the second four lectures he illustrates the same principle, the storing of race power, by the individual authors Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley, each of whom filled his place well and left behind wonderful thoughts and ideals to be an inspiration to the present and coming generations. Of Shelley he says, that he was the only man who could handle Byron with tact and reason.

CHARLES SWINBURNE, By George E. Woodberry, New York, MacMillan Company, 1912. \$1.25 net.

The poet was born in London, April 5, 1837. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Traveled extensively and devoted his whole life to literature. The author, who is a great admirer of Swinburne reviews his prose and verse in this book, in nine short essays. He thinks that "Swinburne's ocean poetry is the crown of his nature verse; in it he is not only most exalted and fluent and vivid, but he winds the sea voices truly into a song."

William Watson contributes to the April Century a paper on "The Muse in Exile," a discussion of poetry in relation to modern

life. Mr. Watson came to this country to deliver a poem at the Dickens centenary and, it is said, has the intention of revisiting America in the autumn.

As one of the foremost of living poets, what Mr. Watson has to say about poetry has not only popular interest but authority.

DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND. By Percy Alden, M. P. New York, MacMillan Company, \$1.50 net.

This timely book is the result not only of careful study and close observation in extensive travel in many countries, but also of twelve years of practical experience in East London University Settlement and six years as a labor representative in the House of Commons. Mr. Alden is an expert in social and economic problems. His discussions on "The Child and the State," "Sweating," "Unemployed," "Municipal Ownership," and "Land and the Landless" are ably and honestly presented.

SCOTTISH FAMILY MOTTOES.

BY A. L. MOIR.

Most of ancient family mottoes are in the Latin, some in Gaelic, a few in broad Scotch and others in English and French. The same motto in many cases may have been adopted by different families. Some of them are typical of the name, or of some great ancestor, or the character of the names. Many had their origin between the years 1100 and 1600—a few later. Generally speaking, each motto represents a different branch of the family, and many of these have become extinct through lack of issue, or through death on the battlefield.

Quite a number of the mottoes have a history in themselves.

BRUCE.

"Do well, and let them say."

"Do well, doubt nought."

"Nec me qui caetera vincit."

Nor does he who conquers all things
conquer me.

"Omnia vincit amor."

Love conquers all things.

"True."

"Ad summa virtus." Courage to the last.

BUCHANAN.

"Audaces juvo." I favor the brave.

"Audacia et industria."

By boldness and diligence.

"Clariora sequor." I pursue more illustrious objects.

"Clarior hinc honos."

Hence the greater honor.

"Ductur hinc honos."

Hence honor is drawn.

"Fortuna parcat labori."

Good luck saves much trouble.

"Nobilis est ira leonis."

The lion's anger is noble.

"Nimcia pacis." Tidings of peace.

"Par sit fortuna labori."

Let the reward equal the labor.

"Secundo curo."

I am prosperous, I am careful.

CAMERON.

"Arierette."

"Pro rege et patria."

For our king and country.

CAMPBELL.

"Arma parata fero."

I carry arms in readiness.

"Armis et fide."

By arms and fidelity.

"Audaces juvo."

I favor the brave.

"Campo fero proemia belli."

I bear off the rewards of war from the field.

"Constans et prudens."

Firm and prudent.

"Constanter et prudentia."

Steadily and with prudence.

"Deo volente."

If God will.

"Ex campo victoria."

From the field of victory.

"Fac et spera."

Do and hope.

"Festina lente."

Diligently, but not hurriedly.

"Fides probata coronat."

Approved faith crowns.

"Fidus amicus."

A trusty friend.

"Fit via vi."

The way is made by labor.

"Follow me."

"Forget not."

"Gaudium adfero."

I bring joy.

"I bear in minde."

"I byde my time."

"Labor omnia superat."

Labor overcomes all things.

"Lente, sed opportune."

Slowly but suitably.

"Mar bu mhiann lienn."

As we would desire.

"Nunquam obliviscar."

I will never forget.

"Obliviscaris."

Forget.

"Optime quod opportune."

What is done opportunely is best.

"Pro aris et focus."

For our homes and altars.

"Que recta sequor"

I follow the things which are right.

"Quid non pro patria."

What will a man not undergo for his
country.

"Quod non pro patria."

What not for your country.

"Recte sequor."

I follow rightly.

"Refero."

I call to mind.

Sequitur victoria fortes."

Victory follows the brave.

"Set on."

"Tandem licet sero."

It is allowed at length, but late.

"Terra, mare, fide."

By the earth, sea and faith.

"Terra marique fides."

Faith by land and sea.

"Thus far."

"Victoriam cornat Kristus."

Christ crowns victory.

"Vi et fide."

By force and faith.

"Vincit labor." Labor overcomes.
 "Without fear."

CHISHOLM.

"Feros ferio." I strike the fierce.
 "Vi et arte." By strength and art.
 "Vi et virtute." By strength and valor.

COLQUHOUN.

"Dum spiro, spero." While I breathe, I hope.
 "Festina lente."

Diligently, but not hurriedly.

"Omnia firmat." He strengthens all things.
 "Se je puis." If I can.

CUMIN.

"Courage."
 "Nil Arduum," Nothing dangerous

DAVIDSON.

"Sapienter et pie." Wisely, if sincerely.
 "Viget in cinere virtues."

Virtue survives death.

DOUGLAS.

"Amo." I love.
 "Fortis et fidells.. Brave and faithful.

"Audax et promptus." Bold and ready.
 "Forward."

"God for us."
 "Honor et amor." Honor and love.

"Jamais arriere." Never behind.
 "Lock sicker." Be sure.

"Per varios casus." By various fortunes.
 "Petit ardua virtus."

Courage aims at hard things.

"Qua serato secura."
 The things which are locked are safe.

"Sapientia et veritas." Wisdom and truth.
 (To be continued.)

PERILS OF SABBATH DESECRATION.

Is it not true that sins like those of the people of Nehemiah's day are the sins cursing the people of to-day? Moral delinquency is the charge everywhere among a people who have no Sabbath. The immoral and dissolute life, as it often happens on the Sabbath in such profligate cities as Paris, Rome, Berlin, and our own San Francisco, makes necessary an army of police vigilance for the protection of life and property. This loose view of life, this disposition to disregard the holy day, together with the dissolving and disintegrating influence of the modern interurban excursions, the automobile craze, golf, foot ball, baseball, vaudeville shows, etc., have well nigh depleted our churches of worshippers. These are matters of grave importance, provoking most serious consideration. Why the lax views touching marriage and divorce? Why the dearth of worshippers at the house of God on the holy Sabbath Day? Why the dearth of worshippers at the all-important question, the Christian religion? Will the answer to these questions involve the question of the Sabbath?

Let the Church statesmen see. Listen to Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking

thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."--Southern Churchman.

A BELL-RINGING DOG.

Along the coasts of America there are large numbers of bell buoys that swing and roll with the tide. On a tripod that rests on the buoy are the great hammers that ring out their note of cheer or warning to the ships that pass in the fog.

"I rock, I roll, I reel,
 My four great hammers ply,"

Kipling makes the bell buoy say in one of his poems.

Some of the great fog horns are worked by steam and electricity. Every few minutes they give forth a wall of warning to the passing mariners. It is not a pleasant sound by any means, but it is better than running on the rocks and losing ship and everything else.

Off the coast of Alaska, on a small rock island, is a little light station. A fog bell is connected with this light station, and when there is a dense fog, the bell is used to warn vessels of the danger of coming too near the coast.

The light-keeper has a large and very intelligent shepherd dog, named Carlos. This dog has been trained to toll the bell when the weather is bad. So well trained is Carlos, that when the fog comes, he will rush to the bell and begin to tug at the rope without waiting for his master. Carlos often takes his turn at the bell during the night, when the keeper is busy looking after his light.

"I do not see how I could get along without Carlos," the keeper declared. "I am all alone, and have no other assistant; but I can always rely on my dog. He knows his duty, and faithfully performs it, whether he is told to do so or not"--(*The Life Boat*).

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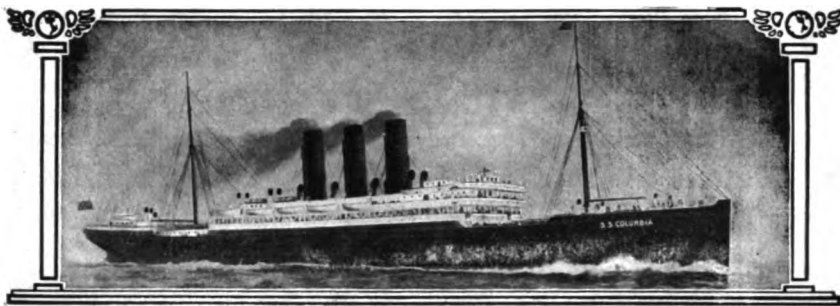
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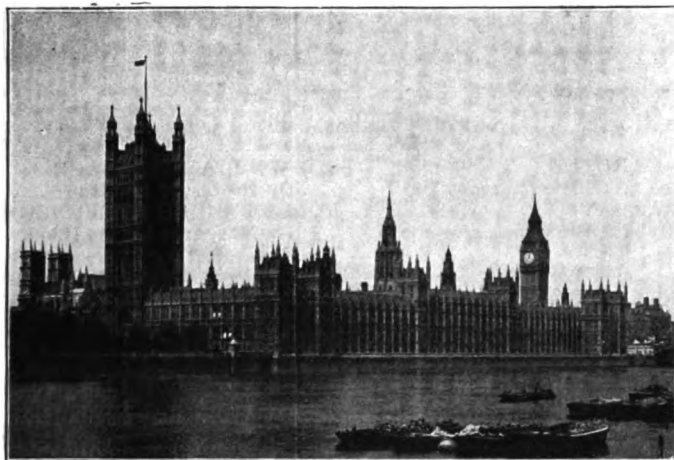
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross Society, died at her home in Glen Echo, Md., on April 12th. Miss Barton's philanthropic efforts were recognized and appreciated throughout the civilized world. She celebrated her ninetieth birthday on 25th December last.

Dr. Isaac K. Funk, editor-in-chief of all the publications of Funk & Wagnalls Publication Company of New York city, died on April 4th, in his his seventy-third year. Distinguished as an editor, author and publisher, he was widely known for his labors in connection with psychical research.

Premier Borden and Mrs. Borden, of Canada, were guests recently at the Plaza Hotel, New York. The Premier and his wife were on their way to Hot Springs, Virginia.

John Muir, the adventurous Scottish geologist, explorer and naturalist, of Martinez, Cal., was the guest recently of Professor Osborn, President of the Museum of Natural History of New York. Mr. Muir has been an extensive traveler in all portions of the world.

Major General Frederick Dent Grant, son of ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, and Commander of the Department of the East of the Army, died April 12th, suddenly, in New York city. He was born in 1850, and his death is much regretted.

The following telegram was sent to President Taft recently by the New York Presbytery, in annual session: "The New York Presbytery, with 188 ministers, representing more than 30,000 communicants, unanimously petition the President of the United States and the Department of the Interior to affirm and enforce Commissioner R. G. Valentine's order regarding the use of sectarian garb and insignia in Government Indian schools." This order, prohibiting teachers in Indian schools of the Government belonging to Roman Catholic sisterhoods, from wearing their distinctive religious garb while teaching, was revoked by President Taft.

Leaders in state and church in the United States, Canada and Great Britain addressed meetings of the Church Conservation Congress held in New York city, April 19th to 20th.

Through the overflow of the Mississippi and its affluents during the first two weeks of April, many millions of dollars' worth of property were destroyed, many lives were lost, and many hundreds of square miles of valuable farm lands submerged. Even the government levees gave way under the pres-

sure of the swollen rivers, and all efforts to restrain the overflow were futile.

Ninety per cent. of the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers recently voted in favor of a strike, unless the railroads of the East granted them an 18 per cent. increase in wages. With the strike of the miners in the Pennsylvania coal region and other strikes active or impending, the industrial outlook is not inspiring. Unless some means are devised for ending such conflicts between labor and capital, chaos will be more than impending.

When American millionaires pose as patrons of art, they are liable at times to be defrauded by purchasing spurious art productions, supposing them to be genuine. Some time ago, J. Pierpont Morgan purchased for \$400,000 so called Coptic manuscripts. The latest opinion expressed by leading Egyptologists is to the effect that these manuscripts are spurious.

Equipped as fabled Argus was, with eyes in front and back of his head, he would be unsafe in crossing the streets of New York as affairs are now. No amount of vigilance can safeguard life on the streets of that city, as conditions have been for a few years past. The National Highways Protective Society is authority for the statement that 263 persons have been killed in the streets of New York by automobiles, and 1,663 maimed, within two years.

Chief Magistrate McAdoo of New York city, in his recently issued annual report, says: "There's growing up in this city a menacing army of boys and young men, who are the most troublesome element we have to deal with." From these organized as bands, he states further, come most of our burglars and other criminals. Doubtless this statement is too true. Why it is so in a city where such enormous sums are spent for educating the young, it is difficult to determine. Perhaps a main reason is a lack of proper moral training in teaching the young, magnifying success irrespective of the means of attaining it, and a lack of the restraining influences of a good home training.

The disordered condition of public affairs in Mexico is putting the Government of this country to a great deal of trouble. Rebellion is rampant in the country and it is impossible to conjecture how it is going to end. A benevolent despot, with Diaz's force of character, patriotism and ability, supported by a powerful army, is very much needed in that distracted country. Since Diaz retired from the Presidency of Mexico, that country has given no proof that its people are capable of self-government.

This is the time of the year when there is more or less general moving from one place of abode to another. In making these changes, no attempt is made at effective sanitation before occupancy. This culpable neglect may result in the infection of tuberculosis and other diseases being communicated to families.

Some rare orchids, valued at \$10,000, gathered in the Philippines and Central America, were recently shipped from San Mateo, California, for King George.

Matters upon the political arena have been lively of late. The contest between President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for the Presidency is becoming heated and rather personal. Colonel Roosevelt's stock seems to be rising in value in the political market, the result of the primaries in Pennsylvania and Illinois having greatly encouraged his adherents. However, it is any man's race yet, and proleptic forecasts are safer left unuttered.

The statue of John Paul Jones, the first Commodore of the American Navy, which shows him as he stood on the deck of the Bonhomme Richard in her fight with the Serapis, off the coast of England, more than 120 years ago, was unveiled at Washington, April 17th, with appropriate ceremonies. President Taft and General Horace Porter were the only speakers on the occasion. Scotsmen have more than a general interest in the great naval commander commemorated, as he was born in Selkirk, and bore the name of John Paul until he changed it when he went abroad.

An important bill signed recently by Governor Dix of New York State will have a tendency to prevent criminals, idiots and insane people in that State from transmitting their taints to offspring.

CANADIAN.

The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, and the Duchess and Princess Patricia, will re-visit Winnipeg, Man., in July. While there, the royal party and their suite will occupy the residence of the Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of the Interior.

Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, has presented to the 48th Highlanders of Toronto a silver cup to be competed for at the annual shooting competition of the regiment. The cup is an exact reproduction of one he presented to the 42d Regiment (Black Watch).

Principal Stewart, D. D., of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's, Scotland, was in Montreal on April 16th, where he remained for a short time. Dr. Stewart is on his way to attend the centenary celebration of Princeton, N. J., Theological Seminary.

Rev. Principal MacCulloch of the Free Church Theological College of Edinburgh,

and the Rev. John MacDonald, of the north of Scotland, arrived recently in Canada. They were delegated by the Free Church of Scotland to make an inspection of the Dominion regarding its suitability for Scottish immigrants.

The Legislature of the Province of Ontario was prorogued by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Gibson, at Toronto, on April 16th. Sir John referred to various important features of legislation enacted, and to the prosperous condition of the province.

More than \$100,000,000 will be spent this year in railroad construction in Canada. Canada's great popularity, London bankers recently stated, is greater than that displayed in the upbuilding of Australia, twenty years ago.

Lord Hyde, son of the Earl of Clarendon, and his brother-in-law, Lord Somers, recently arrived in America, and intend to begin fruit farming in Canada. The new taxes imposed on land through Lloyd-George was the leading motive of these aristocrats leaving England for Canada.

Dr. Beattie Nesbit, former president of the Farmers' National Bank of Toronto, was arrested in Chicago on April 12th on the charge of having fraudulently appropriated \$200,000 of the bank's funds.

At the Social Purity Convention held at Ottawa, the Rev. S. S. Stedwell, of La Crosse, Wis., President of the Word's Purity Federation, said April 10, that cities were more moral in Canada than they are in the United States. This statement scarcely admits of contradiction. There are various reasons for the superior morality of Canadian cities, and of Canada generally. Among these are that, infractions of the law are punished there, but not always in the United States, and when they are punished the salutary, restraining effect upon the criminally inclined is largely lost through the law's delay and the frequent inadequacy of the sentence. Furthermore, it is more difficult for undesirable people to emigrate to Canada; the system of educating the young is more moral in its character, and the influence of homelife is a greater dominant factor in the rearing of children.

Floods owing to rain and the melting snow, did great damage early last month in Owen Sound, Galt, Guelph and other sections of Ontario. In Owen Sound five dams were carried away and a grain storehouse with its contents was destroyed.

The Lieut. Gov. of Manitoba, D. C. Cameron, prorogued the Legislature of Manitoba on April 6. He congratulated the Legislators upon their public service during the session and spoke hopefully of the condition of the province.

Monuments in honor of the late Hon. George Brown and Thomas D. Argy McGeer are to be unveiled at Ottawa on July 1st.

Both of those distinguished men died as the result of an attack by assassins. Mr. Brown was shot by a discharged employee and Mr. McGee by a rabid Fenian. Both monuments will occupy sites near the memorial of Sir John A. MacDonald.

In the last ten years Canada received an accession of 2,000,000 to its population. Of these 750,000 came from the United States and 700,000 from the British Islands.

The Presbyterian Committee on Church Union, recently decided that such a project was not practicable at present. The matter has engaged public attention for some length of time in Canada, and it was hoped that the various Protestant denominations, excepting the Episcopalians, could find a common basis for achieving such a union. Probably doctrinal and as well as other differences interposed obstacles which could not be removed. The Presbyterian Committee, however, favored combined efforts of the different dissenting churches in mission and educational work.

In its forty-second annual report the Royal Bank of Canada shows total assets of \$110,528,512, which represents a growth in 1911 of \$18,018,166. In the same period deposits increased by \$16,215,201 to \$88,294,808, and liquid assets by \$10,511,770.

A Canadian Lloyds is to be established by the shipping interests at Montreal. Already the Federal Government has been asked either to subsidize the undertaking or to guarantee to the financial interests behind it the difference in the insurance premiums charged on the St. Lawrence route and the routes via Boston or New York.

A reciprocal trade agreement between Canada and most of the British West Indies has been completed, but will not go into operation for nearly a year, as concurrent legislation is necessary.

The Dominion Government invites tenders for the largest drydock in the world, to be situated either at Levis or Quebec. The company obtaining the contract will receive a subsidy of 3½ per cent. on \$5,000,000 for thirty-five years.

BRITISH.

Lord Alexander Kennedy, brother of the Marquis of Ailsa, died recently at his country home at Ascot. He was at one time Major of the 42d Regiment, Royal Highlanders and saw service in Egypt and the Soudan. He was famous as a sportsman and hunter of big game. He was born in Scotland in 1853.

Bonar Law, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, received a tremendous ovation upon his recent visit to Belfast, Ireland. He addressed great multitudes of enthusiastic Orangemen and other Ulster opponents of Home Rule. Throughout the proceedings the determination to resist Home Rule for Ireland to the bitter end was unmistakably evident.

Rossdhu House, the historic residence of Sir Ian Colquhoun, on the banks of Loch Lomond, was partly destroyed by fire on April 5. Some valuable paintings and antique furniture were burned.

It was recently reported in London that Mohammed Ali Mirza, the former Shah of Persia, will take up his residence in England in the near future. Another royal exile to be added to the many that have found a secure place of rest in the British Isles.

The Home Rule bill for Ireland has been introduced in the House of Commons and will undoubtedly receive the indorsement of the majority of that body. The House of Lords will probably throw the bill out, which will delay its operation for two years. In that time many things may happen, as for instance a change of government.

The striking coal miners resumed work soon after Parliament had passed the minimum wage bill. The miners did not secure all that they wanted or, in fact, anything as they wanted it. The gains were small when compared with the \$70,000,000 lost to the owners and other trades in wages, and the \$7,500,000 paid out by the unions in strike benefits.

The Scottish Home Rule Committee of the House of Commons recently renewed their agitation in favor of having the headquarters of the Scottish Education Department removed from London to Edinburgh. However Scotsmen may differ relative to home rule for Scotland, nearly all will agree that this agitation is not without a real grievance to complain of.

Recently a new marvel of wireless telegraphy has been chronicled, messages having been sent by and received by a British military scout on an aeroplane, several miles away from his base.

British trade unions gained but 16,000 members, or less than 1 per cent. during the three years 1908-1910. The income of the hundred principal unions reached a total of £8,100,000, and expenditures exceeded income by £522,000. Strike pay amounted to £1,120,000.

Lord Rosebery in a recent London address on tuberculosis said that preventive measures had reduced the mortality from consumption in London by 33 per cent. between 1901 and 1909, and by 14 per cent. in England and Wales for the same period.

The number of British subjects in all parts of the empire rose from 303,694,000 in 1881 to 416,318,000 in 1911. The volume of trade, foreign and inter-imperial, expanded from £985,078,000 in 1896 to £1,776,888,000 in 1910.

The grave of Flora MacDonald, at Kilmuir, Skye, and the monument erected to her memory there, are greatly in need of repair. The Rev. Neil MacPhail has become

active in a project to have these repairs made, and to safeguard the final resting place of a true, noble woman, whose memory should be revered not only in Scotland, but elsewhere, as reflecting credit upon womanhood.

A union of the Established Church of Scotland and the Free Church, is again attracting much attention in religious circles. Letters have been recently exchanged between Lord Balfour of Burligh on behalf of the Established Church and the Rev. Dr. Henderson for the Free Church. The tone of these communications is of such a friendly, conciliatory character, that those favoring the union are more hopeful than before, of its final consummation.

Sir William Dunn, who was born in Paisley in 1833, died recently at Tunbridge Wells, England. The deceased represented Paisley in the House of Commons from 1891 to 1906, when he retired. He gave gifts to his native city, and to the Presbyterian Church of England, he presented £50,000. He also gave £6,000 to advance the interests of the Presbyterian Churches of South Africa.

The Treasury statement for the financial year was issued recently. It shows: Revenue, £185,090,286 (\$925,551,430); expenditure, £178,545,100 (\$892,725,500).

In the House of Commons, lately, Dr. Chapple proposed a motion in favor of Home Rule for Scotland, following the grant of self-government to Ireland. This gave both sides an opportunity of producing the arguments for and against the proposition. The motion was finally carried by a vote of 226 to 128. Dr. Chapple has kindly sent the Caledonian a copy of his speech before the House of Commons.

The first Scottish Rifles, a short time ago, reached home from the Cape, after seventeen years' absence. But five of those who went out with the battalion are now serving with the colors.

Steps towards a common defense agreement between Australia and New Zealand for the defense of the Pacific are now being taken. The Australian Federal Cabinet recently opened negotiations by requesting the New Zealand Government to make use of the Royal Australian College for the training of its naval cadets. Captain Chambers, R. N., captain of the college is, under the Australian Minister of Defense, himself drafting the proposal to New Zealand.

DOMESTIC.

On Sunday evening, April 14th, the Presbytery of New York, met in the chapel of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, 96th street and Central Park West, and received three young ministers, Messrs. Elsing, Daun and Hamilton, who had, on the preceding Monday, passed creditable examinations before the Presbytery. Following the meeting of the Presbytery, at the regular service of the church

before a large congregation, they were ordained as evangelists. Rev. William T. Elsing, father of Warren Elsing, preached the ordination sermon. Dr. David G. Wylie, pastor of the church, gave the charge to the candidates, and offered the installation prayer. Revs. Donald MacDougall, and Boyd McCleary assisted in the impressive service, and the laying on of hands on the candidates.

APPALLING MARINE DISASTER.

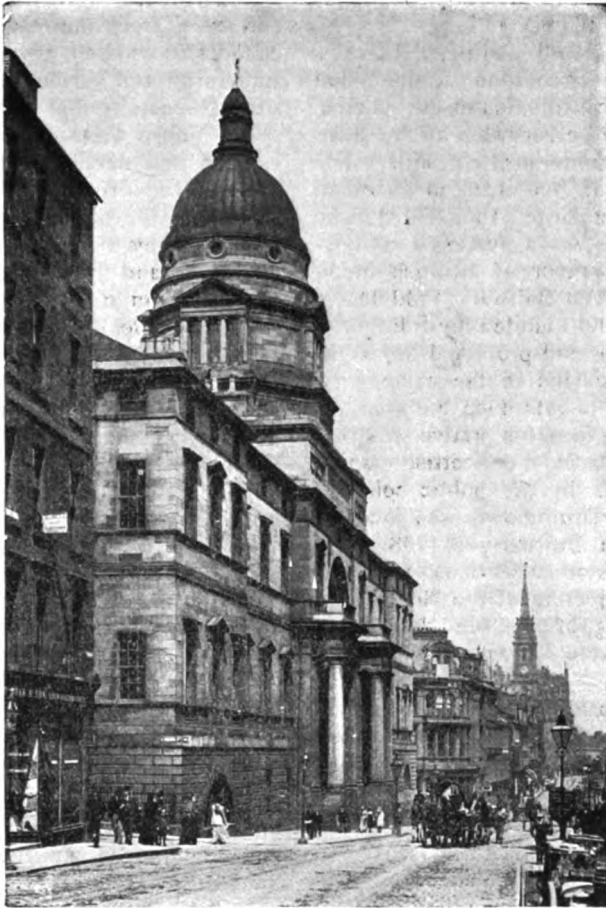
It is impossible to recall in the whole range of human history a more pathetically tragic and appalling marine disaster, than that which sent the Titanic of the White Star Line to the bottom of the Atlantic, on the 15th of April. On the preceding evening while many of the passengers had not yet retired, the magnificent vessel struck an iceberg, and within three hours she and 1463 out of the 2,209 passengers and crew went to the bottom of the sea.

Who can imagine the horrors of such a scene, the separation for all time of those bound together by the most intimate ties of human relationship? Parting, with the prospect of a long separation of friends, is always sad. A parting made by the bedside of the dying is the acme of pathos and sorrow, but all these phases of grief pale before the heart racking sublimation of tragic, hopeless sorrow, which marked the separation of loved ones a short time before the Titanic, with her freight of heroic men went as one vast coffin to a tomb two miles below the surface of the Atlantic.

Language is utterly inadequate to picture the tragic horror of such a scene, and our emotions, in trying to reproduce it in mental perspective, are too profound and intense to assume the consistency of words. Frozen into the dumbness of an inarticulate, dazed despair, as doubtless some were, the majority of them facing impending, certain death, with heroic courage and forgetfulness of self, sank silently into their ocean grave, waving a parting farewell to the loved ones who had found a place in the lifeboats.

The Carpathia, of the Cunard Line, warned by a wireless message, of the sinking condition of the Titanic, went at once to the rescue, and upon her arrival at the scene picked up the survivors from the lifeboats to which they had been consigned. The Carpathia arrived at her pier in New York harbor on the night of April 18. The survivors of the awful catastrophe, mainly women, were received with all the warmth of sympathy that human love and pity could extend. Large contributions have been made by generous people on both sides of the Atlantic, for the relief of many of the survivors who were left destitute and friendless by the awful calamity.

The Committee of Investigation appointed by the U. S. Senate, as we go to press is making every effort to discover the facts of the disaster, through the testimony of many witnesses.



UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Medical Science in Scotland.

BY CHARLES W. THOMSON, M. A., F. E., I. S.

"Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence sur-
round,

How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain."

—James Thomson.

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

—Burns.

In the noblest of all sciences—that devoted to the alleviation of human suffering—Scotland has clearly done more than her share in adding to the sum of human knowledge and human skill. The rise of Medicine and Surgery to the dignity of sciences can scarcely be regarded as dating further back than the Reformation

period, although in 1505 the Edinburgh College of Surgeons was established as a medical school, developing later into the Royal College of Surgeons of that city. From Reformation days onwards Scotland has not only furnished her own full quota of talent to this most honorable profession, but has been able to send skilled doctors to other lands.

At the end of the sixteenth century, Peter Lowe, a Scotsman, was surgeon-ordinary to the King of France. Returning to his native land, he founded the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. Dr. Duncan Liddell was chief physician to the

court of Brunswick in the reign of James VI.

By the seventeenth century, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood (1628) gave a new impetus to the science, and may actually be regarded as the starting point of genuine medical skill. The chief exponent of his ideas in Scotland was Archibald Pitcairne (1652-1713), who for a short time was a professor at Leyden. Another pioneer of Scottish medicine was Sir Alfred Balfour (1630-94), a Fifeshire man, who founded the Edinburgh Botanical Garden, and projected the Royal College of Physicians in the same city. He was the first to introduce the study of human anatomy into his native country, and he instituted in the Scottish capital a hospital, which, by the public spirit of Provost George Drummond, was incorporated as the Royal Infirmary in 1738. Provost Drummond's other services to the city included the projecting of the New Town, and the draining of the old Nor' Loch, whose basin is now occupied by Princes Street Gardens.

Closely associated with Dr. Balfour was Sir Robert Sibbald (1641-1722), who, apart from his medical work, was a keen student of botany, zoology, and archæology, and held the post of geographer royal for Scotland.

A passing reference is merited by John Arbuthnot (1667-1735), a native of Kincardineshire, who became physician to Queen Anne, but who is now chiefly remembered as a literary man, and as the close friend of Pope, Gay and Swift. The personification of the English nation as "John Bull" is due to a clever literary sketch by Arbuthnot in 1712.

The rise of Edinburgh University in the eighteenth century to a position of European eminence as a medical school is closely connected with the notable family of Monros, three of whom, in lineal succession, occupied the Chair of Anatomy for one hundred and twenty-six years. The founder of the Edinburgh Medical School was Dr. Alexander Monro (1697-1767), born at London of Scottish parentage, who became lecturer on anatomy at the age of twenty-two, and held the post till his retiral forty years later. By 1726, the medical faculty of Edinburgh University was fully constituted, and students

were attracted from England and Ireland and even from the Continent. A close connection existed at this time between Edinburgh and various continental universities, especially that of Leyden.

Dr. Monro was succeeded by his youngest son and namesake (1733-1817), who lectured for a full half-century, and added greatly to the sum of human knowledge, especially by his investigations into the nervous and lymphatic systems of the body. He in turn was succeeded by his son, Alexander Monro (1173-1859), who held the Chair of Anatomy for nearly forty years.

The first British school for the deaf and dumb was opened at Edinburgh in 1760 by Thomas Braidwood (1715-1806), and the London Asylum, founded in 1792, had as its first head his nephew, Dr. Joseph Watson. It may be mentioned that, a century earlier, George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen, invented a finger alphabet for the deaf and dumb and had published works indicating how deaf mutes might be taught to read and write.

Glasgow University had one of the earliest laboratories of human anatomy nearly two hundred years ago, but the emergence of Glasgow as a medical school of importance dates only from about 1747, and is connected with the work of Dr. William Cullen (1710-90), a native of Hamilton. After some years of successful general practice in Hamilton and Glasgow, Cullen set up as a lecturer at Glasgow College, and in 1751 there was founded for him the Chair of Medicine in that city. Cullen lectured both on physics and chemistry until 1755, when he was transferred to Edinburgh, where for thirty-five years he was in turn Professor of Chemistry, Institutes of Medicine and Medicine. He gave a new dignity to chemistry by treating it as a science in itself, helpful to art and commerce, and not as a mere appendage of medicine. In medicine he did valuable service in the classification of diseases and in his inquiries into the nervous system. In particular he investigated the phenomena of reflex action, and the results established by him led not long afterwards to the discovery of the distinction between sensory and motor nerve-fibres. He instituted clinical lectures in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

A pupil and assistant of Cullen, John Brown caused a short-lived sensation in the medical world in 1780 by promulgating, in opposition to his master, the so called "Brunonian system" of medicine, which consisted chiefly in a copious use of opiates and stimulants. Brown's chief service to medicine was that he did much to abolish the hitherto almost universal practice of blood-letting as a cure for all ailments.

The Morningside Asylum in Edinburgh was founded by Dr. Andrew Duncan (1744-1828). He and his son, Andrew, were alike distinguished as surgeons and professors in the Scottish capital.

Of the many distinguished medical men who have gone from Scotland to England, and particularly to the metropolis, none enjoyed a greater fame than the brothers, William and John Hunter, of East Kilbride, in Lanarkshire. William Hunter (1717-83) was educated in the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and after being associated with Dr. Cullen in his practice at Hamilton, he settled in London in 1741, and gradually rose to the summit of the profession there by his intimate knowledge of anatomy and midwifery, and his excellent qualities as a lecturer. In 1764 he was appointed physician to George III's consort. From 1770 onwards, finding his wealth accumulating, he devoted himself to the formation of a museum of medicine, natural history and archæology. By the time of his death, the value of the museum, added to the money left for its endowment, amounted to about £130,000. According to the terms of his bequest, the collection fell to Glasgow University, after being at the disposal of two friends for a few years, and now constitutes the well known Hunterian Museum.

John Hunter (1723-93) reached even a greater degree of eminence in his profession. At the age of twenty, he joined his brother, in London. With much less talent as a lecturer, John gradually out-distanced his brother as an anatomist, and the study of comparative anatomy engrossed much of his attention. In 1776 he was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to the king, and in 1789 inspector-general of hospitals and surgeon-general of the army. He took a prominent part in founding the London Veterinary College. Like his brother, he

had formed a scientific collection, which the British Government purchased after his death for £15,000 and presented to the College of Surgeons. He is now generally recognized as an original investigator of much talent, and Sir Richard Owen, the zoologist, said of his work in comparative anatomy: "It appears to me that he marks a new epoch."

The Barclein Museum of anatomical specimens in the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, owes its origin to John Barclay (1758-1826), a famous surgeon and anatomist of that city.

To Sir Gilbert Blane (1749-1834), an Ayrshire physician, are attributed the sanitary measures in the British Navy about 1780, which resulted in the disappearance of scurvy.

The well known Buchan's Domestic Medicine, published in 1769, was the work of William Buchan (1729-1805), a native of Ancrum, who practised as a doctor in Sheffield, Edinburgh and London. It held the field well into the nineteenth century as a household manual.

Sir Charles Bell (1774-1842), a native of Edinburgh, removed to London in 1804, and after much hard work and many discouragements he became surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, in 1814, holding this post till 1836. In the Napoleonic wars he gained, as an army surgeon, much experience which served to make him one of the leading authorities on anatomy and surgery. He created a revolution in medical knowledge in 1807 by clearly establishing the distinction between the sensory and motor nerves, already foreshadowed in Cullen's work, and by his investigations into the connection between nerve action and the senses. These discoveries were published privately in 1811, and publicly in 1821. In 1824 he was appointed to the Senior Chair of Anatomy and Surgery in the London College of Surgeons, and twelve years later he returned to Scotland as Professor of Surgery at Edinburgh, having in the interval been knighted in 1830. His brother, George J. Bell (1770-1843), Professor of Scots Law, was the author of many well known law treatises, notably the *Principles of the Laws of Scotland*.

The famous Edinburgh physician, Dr. Joseph Bell (b. 1837), the prototype of

"Sherlock Holmes," is a relative of Sir Charles. Sir A. Conan Doyle, the author of the "Holmes stories," though not a Scot by descent, was born in Edinburgh in 1859, and is a medical graduate of Edinburgh University.

Sir C. Bell's work in connection with the senses has been amplified and continued by the researches of Dr. David Ferrier (b. 1843), a native of Aberdeen, who has done much to localize the various brain functions, and who has held many important surgical appointments in London. The Chair of Neuro-Pathology in King's College was specially created for him in 1889.

Dr. James Currie (1756-1805), a native of Dumfriesshire, is remembered as the first physician to keep a systematic record of the temperature of patients by means of the clinical thermometer. He advocated the cold bath as a palliative in cases of fever, and after a period of ridicule, the value of a modified application of his ideas has been recognized in later times. Currie had made the acquaintance of Robert Burns, and on the poet's death he generously agreed to furnish notes, criticisms and prefaces, and an account of the poet's life, for an edition of Burns' works brought out on behalf of the poet's family. This edition, still well known, appeared in 1800.

Sir John Forbes (1787-1861), a native of Banffshire, one of Queen Victoria's physicians, and one of the founders of the British Medical Association, is now chiefly remembered as having popularized the use of the stethoscope, thus adding greatly to the efficiency of diagnosis in chest affections.

Another of the queen's physicians was Sir Robert Christison (1797-1882), a native of Edinburgh, who became Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and later of *Materia Medica* in that city. His *Treatise on Poisons* (1829) is still regarded as a standard work on that subject.

Dr. Andrew Combe (1797-1847), a native of Edinburgh, was physician to the King of Belgium and afterwards to Queen Victoria.

Two of the most famous London doctors of the past generation were Sir Andrew Clark (1826-93), a native of Aberdeen, who became physician to the London

Hospital, and who is chiefly remembered as Mr. Gladstone's medical adviser, and Sir James Clark (1788-1870), a native of Cullen, who was Queen Victoria's physician-in-ordinary.

One of the most noted of Edinburgh's many great surgeons was Robert Liston (1794-1847), a native of Linlithgowshire. His *Principles of Surgery* (1833), together with his skill and rapidity as an operator, made his name a household word in medical circles throughout the world. In 1834 he was called to London as a hospital surgeon and soon after was made Professor of Clinical Surgery in University College.

James Syme (1799-1870), a native of Edinburgh, became a professor there. Later he resigned a similar appointment in London after three months' trial of that city, and returned to his *alma mater*, whose fame he added to in no small degree. As an operator, a lecturer and a writer he was of the first rank.

John Goodsir (1814-67), a native of Anstruther, Professor of Anatomy at Edinburgh, made important investigations into the cellular constitution of the human body.

Sir William Fergusson, born at Prestonpans (1808-77), became Professor of Surgery in King's College, London, and president of the Royal College of Surgeons in that city. Many surgical instruments owe their invention or improvement to him.

The first man to investigate the phenomena of hypnotism on a scientific basis was a Scottish medical man, James Braid (b. 1860), practising in Manchester. His work has been continued by Dr. John Milne Bramwell (b. Perth, 1852), who has been located in London since 1892.

One of the earliest advocates of phrenology as a scientific study was George Combe (1788-1858), an Edinburgh lawyer.

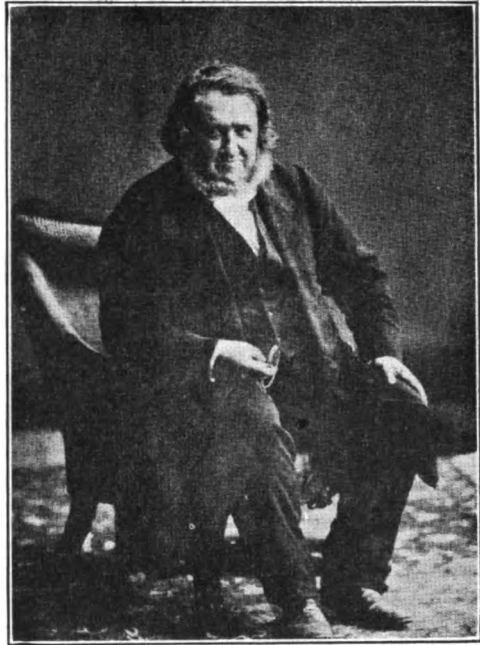
From among the numerous outstanding men who have served in recent years to raise the fame of Glasgow University as a medical school even above that of Edinburgh, mention must be made of Sir William T. Gairdner (1824-1907), a native of Edinburgh, who, after sixteen years' connection with the Royal Infirmary of his native city, occupied the Chair of Medicine at Glas-

gow from 1862 till 1900. He was recognized as a supreme type of the philosophically-minded physician, and his work on the heart particularly remains of permanent importance to the profession.

Of living surgeons, no man enjoys a higher or more secure reputation than Sir William Macewan (b. 1848), a native of Bute, and Professor of Surgery at Glasgow University since 1892. At a recent conference of the American Medical Association at Boston, Sir William was one of two selected to represent the surgical and medical talent of Great Britain, and that distinguished honor is typical of the esteem in which he is held by the scientific world, and at the same time of the extent to which Glasgow as a medical school has leaped into the forefront in recent years. Sir William is recognized as one of the most daring, yet safe, operators, and in brain cases particularly he is without a rival. The Boston Transcript thus spoke of "this eminent Scotchman": "He is perhaps one the most original men of science in Europe, and the combination of this with his other qualities equips him for the accomplishment of singular and remarkable discoveries and advances. By his contribution to surgical science he has acquired such a reputation that his clinic is a Mecca to which pilgrims are drawn from all parts of the world." At the time of Professor Macewan's appointment, there were ill-informed sneers at the choice of a "mere Glasgow student," and the extent to which his native talent has distanced all his old "distinguished" competitors may well give food for thought to those who, in the case of appointments in the Arts Faculty, tacitly, or even avowedly, scout the claims of native trained Scotsmen.

In view of Glasgow's present fame as a medical school, the appointment of a medical man, Donald Macalister (b. Perth, 1854, knighted 1908), to the principalship of the University, in 1907, presented a special appropriateness.

Despite the array of Scottish medical talent already mentioned, we have kept the best wine to the last. The enormous developments in modern surgery owe their possibility and success to the two greatest medical discoveries of the modern world, anaesthesia and the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and both of these were evol-



SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

ed in Scottish hospitals, the first by Simpson, the second by Lister.

Sir James Young Simpson (1811-70) was born at Bathgate, where his father was a baker. By the age of twenty-four, he was publishing medical papers considered worthy of being reproduced in the main continental languages. In 1840, he became Professor of Midwifery at Edinburgh, and in that capacity he found an outlet for that sympathy with suffering in every shape, which formed the basis of his deeply pious character. The excruciating pain suffered by his patients made him seek for some means of alleviation, and when, in 1846, Dr. Morton, a Boston dentist, employed sulphuric ether to render his patients unconscious under treatment, Professor Simpson at once welcomed the discovery, and introduced it in his own practice. By the following year, he had discovered the superior qualities of chloroform as an anaesthetic, and its triumph was soon complete. In 1886 Sir James was awarded the gold medal and prize of the French Academy of Sciences for "most important services rendered to humanity." Well has Dr. John Brown referred to chloroform as "one of God's best gifts to His

suffering children," and it is gratifying to think that from Edinburgh that gift and its properties was first made known. In other directions Simpson did valuable work, especially in hospital reform, and in archæology, to which he devoted much time and enthusiasm.

Dr. James M. Duncan (1826-90), a native of Aberdeen, was closely associated with Simpson in his great discovery.

The other great medical discovery of the nineteenth century is due to one who, though a native of England, received part of his training, and achieved the success of a lifetime north of the Tweed. Joseph Lister was born in Essex in 1827. He was appointed house-surgeon to Dr. Syme, in Edinburgh, and married Syme's daughter in 1856. Until the date of Lister's great discovery in 1860, surgical operations, however skillful, had been accompanied by a very high mortality. Lister not only traced the cause of this by his investigations in bacteriology, but, after a series of experiments carried on in Glasgow Royal Infirmary, he discovered a method of preventing this sad result by the use of carbolic acid and other substances of an "antiseptic" nature, which protect the wounded surfaces from the attacks of those minute organisms to whose inroads the high death rate had hitherto been due. It may be remarked in passing that the Royal Infirmary was founded by royal charter in 1791; the Western followed the opening of the new university at Gilmore-hill in 1870. It is no exaggeration to say that Lister's discovery has revolutionized modern surgery, and along with Simpson's, has rendered possible operations which, at any previous period in the world's history, would have been considered chimerical. In the Royal Infirmary itself, Lister's work reduced the death rate in serious operations from forty-five per cent. to fifteen per cent., and by subsequent improvements he further reduced the percentage to twelve. Lister's services were fitly recognized by a baronetcy in 1883, and a peerage in 1897.

In the subsequent developments of human knowledge in reference to parasitic communication of disease, excellent work was done by Colonel David Bruce (b. 1855), who in 1894 investigated in Africa the condition under which the "fly

disease" is spread by the dreaded "tsetse" fly, and who, founding upon researches by Castellani in 1902, pursued a series of successful inquiries into the nature and causes of the hitherto mysterious "sleeping sickness," whose deadly ravages had penetrated from West Africa to the Equatorial Lake Region. In 1908, Colonel Bruce was appointed head of a commission to make still further investigations in the Lake Victoria district into the relations of the sleeping sickness parasite to the fly which harbors it.

Major Ronald Ross (b. in India, 1857, of Perthshire lineage) holds a similar position of honor in the investigation of malaria. During 1897-98 he successfully traced the life history of malaria parasites in the mosquito, and in 1899 he tracked out these parasites in West Africa, and paved the way for the extermination of that deadly disease. In 1902 he was awarded the Nobel prize for medicine, and he occupies the Chair of Tropical Medicine in Liverpool University.

As a natural development of Lister's antiseptic treatment of wounds, the principle of asepticism has in late years permeated the whole field of surgery. One of the recognized pioneers in this domain was Robert Lawson Tait (1845-99), a native of Edinburgh, at one time assistant to Sir James Simpson.—*Scotland's Work and Worth.*

A COVENANTER'S BIBLE.

"I remember seeing an old Bible, dog-eared, thumb-marked, worn, and stained. It had seen those dark days. Many a long weary hour had it comforted. Thrust into its owner's bosom hastily, many a hill fight had it been carried through. Many a time had the music of its pleadings and its promises mingled with the winds on the moor and the voice of falling waters and of sobbing streams in Scotland's sorrows long ago. And in one page, dark across brave words of old, a deep stain lay, like an ancient sorrow, where the blood of him upon whose knees the book had lain gushed forth when the bullet of those that broke upon the preaching in the quiet glen robbed him of his life. That dark stain was the stain on Scotland's history which shall shine before the angels in judgment, when all the blood of all the saints shall cry aloud before God's throne."

The pen of the tongue should be dipped in the ink of the heart.

The poet of all sorts of artificers, is the fondest of his work.

Scottish Home Rule Movement.

Detroit, Mich.,

To the Caledonian:

I have read and with great interest the article headed "Home Rule for Scotland," by Mr. Martin MacIntosh in the March Caledonian.

I must admit that Home Rule for Scotland as it has been heretofore mentioned, has not appealed to me as a Scotchman, and I do not want Home Rule for Scotland simply to be agitated and placarded and contributions asked for on behalf of the agitation. It looks too much like saying "Please give us something." My opinion is, if Scotch affairs have been apparently neglected by the Parliament, that Scotchmen are and have been to blame. It must not be forgotten that Scotland and England comprise the United Kingdom. And for Scotland to ask the privilege of doing her own business she would appear to be asking from England. To my mind this has no attraction, and if Home Rule in Scotland were obtained in that manner, Scotland would come very near being a mere "Province of England," just what Edward I tried so hard to accomplish. But there are many facts that tend to show that Scotchmen are and have been more forceful in the affairs of the government than Englishmen. Mr. MacIntosh says in his article "Scotland has alien rule." To my mind this is not true. During the life of Lord Beaconsfield he and Gladstone alternated as Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom. On the death of Beaconsfield Lord Salisbury alternated with Gladstone as Prime Ministers, and since Salisbury's death, Gladstone, a Scotchman, was Prime Minister more years than any other incumbent of the office, and following him Lord Rosebery, a Scotch Nobleman, was Prime Minister. Then Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, another Scotch Nobleman became Prime Minister, and A. J. Balfour one of the most familiar names in Scottish History has been in public life during the entire time, in which the above names have figured in the critical affairs of the Kingdoms, and during all those years, I think it is fair to state, the cabinets have had a majority of Scotchmen. Furthermore, I believe it to be a fact that the present cabinet has as members twelve Scotchmen, and that two members, not Scotchmen, have Scotch wives. Then how can it be truthfully said that Scotland has had "Alien Rule." I also understand that the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Crosby, is a Scotchman. Does this not indicate somewhat that Scotchmen are ruling the United Kingdom? I quote Prof. Thomson, page 456, Caledonian. "Mr. Lloyd George, member of the present Cabinet, says, 'The Scottish People at the present moment are the strongest race in the British Empire.

It is not without good reason that Scotland has been described as the sinew of the British Empire." In fact Prof. Thomson's entire article I refer to, and commend it to all Scotchmen, as it contains, together with other features of Scottish History, abundant objections to the present phase of so called "Home Rule for Scotland." There is no analogy between Home Rule for Ireland and Home Rule for Scotland, because as I have said Scotland is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and Ireland is not. Scotland is as independent as is England, and Englishmen have at times claimed that Scotchmen governed the United Kingdom. Then I ask what is the reason of the demand for Home Rule for Scotland? Mr. MacIntosh hints that the liberal members of Parliament may not desire Home Rule because they wish to hold on to the Scottish representatives, "because it adds strength to their party." Does he opine that, should such a move succeed, there would be no Scottish members in the Imperial Parliament? If so, then surely Scotland would be reduced to a mere province. Further, is it claimed that England obtains any better attention from the Imperial Parliament, than does Scotland? If so how? Again, wherein has Scotland been neglected, or denied anything? Does Glasgow, called the "House Keeper of the United Kingdom" need anything she has not. Has she not all municipal self government she wants or has asked for? Mr. MacIntosh refers to Denmark. Denmark as is well known, is an independent Kingdom. I fail to see the analogy. But this article is already too long and I close by saying. I would regret any committee of Scotchmen traversing the United States, asking support, either in opinion, or in money, in the cause of "Home Rule for Scotland."

Scotland for 100 years and more resisted the efforts of England to conquer her, and in A. D. 1314 Scotland with barely 30,000, indifferently equipped men, thrashed 100,000 Englishmen and settled the controversy for all time, and since the death of Elizabeth, the Scotch Royal blood has been on the throne of England, and on the throne of the United Kingdom since 1707, except during Cromwell Protectorate. Further, the Scotch have had a dominant part in all the cabinets, and I fail to see why Scotland has not had, or cannot have such legislation from the Parliament as she desires. I know something of Scotch constituencies, and they as a rule demand, and get from their representatives such legislation as they desire. So that it would seem appropriate to formulate a bill of particulars of

I.—What Scotland wants from the Parliament?

II.—Has she tried to get it and how?

III.—Has she been refused, and why?

IV.—Are there any neglected Scottish bills pending in Parliament? What are they?

I am reminded the Scots are "No blate" and I would like to know what they have asked for, and been refused.

Yours truly,

RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE MOVEMENT.

MARTIN MACINTOSH.

"Have the elder races halted?

Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied,
over there beyond the seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden
and the lesson."

Has not much of the youth and strength and fighting blood of Scotland gone with us who have left her shores? It is little that we can give back to her. Is it sufficient to vainly boast how much we think of our motherland? No we must work for her.

In a letter in the April "Caledonian" reference was made to Home Rule being thought necessary to maintain the distinctive Scottish character and organization. That is exactly what Scotland is losing—its identity. This movement is not against England, but it is fought against the wiping out of individuality. Every race must work out its own destiny. Unless we are a nation we are nothing. "The national spirit is shy, hiding itself away in remote valleys, or in haunted mountains, or deep in the quiet of hearts that do not reveal themselves. Only to its own will it come and sing its hopes and dreams, not selfishly for itself alone, but sharing in the universal human hopes, and desirous of solving some of the eternal problems."

The Scot of America can help greatly by his moral support alone. I know from inside sources that the American aid to the Irish cause was not financial only. It was from the knowledge of Federal workings in the United States that the ideas for Home Rule originated. The Catholic Church did not give its support to this cause until it was forced to do it or lose the people. It is not a normal condition for a people to be almost all of one faith. Certainly individual priests have worked with the people, but the Church itself has done it as a matter of policy.

Many have ridiculed the visits of the Irish envoys, but that was because time and study was not given to investigate the matter, and English opinion has had great influence. Having given close study to the Irish question, I gladly explain the points brought forward. The Irish servant girl gave, and gave gladly the whole savings of her lifetime—no, it was not the poor who had to be urged. And why did she give thus willingly, not blindly, but with a direct purpose? To save others from the fate of her own family for her people had been evicted. It has surely been a good investment, for if the money had not gone to help

the people who were working for Ireland's good, it would have gone to the landlord. To-day the Irish girl need no longer be a servant, for she is gradually being fitted for other work. Would it not on this principle be better for us Scots by making conditions better in Scotland to stop the emigration?

Once we are convinced of the necessity for Home Rule, the next step is how we can help. The letters in the last issue of the Caledonian have the true Scottish ring. We are a people who want to study a subject thoroughly and are willing to learn. The more you look into this matter, the more interest you will take in it. Some think it is money alone that is the essential thing—it is not. It is the giving of one's self. Let each society act as though it was the only society, and each member as if the fate of Scotland were dependant upon him. For the sum of one penny every one can be provided with the booklet "Sixty Points on Scottish Home Rule," from the Secretary of the Young Scots Society, 26 Tassie street, Shawland, Glasgow. Meetings for discussion can then be held.

Let there be a friendly rivalry among us all to see which can do the most. Pass resolutions in every society—no matter how small—expressing sympathy and hope. It is these demonstrations that stir up people at home and abroad, give them courage and faith in themselves. It is our enthusiasm, our interest and our discussion that will bring Scotland to its feet. England is very anxious for hands across the sea and the fact that the American Scot stands for Scotland will have great weight. "Not one of us can do without her—Woe to him who thinks he can, and woe two fold to him who actually does without her; without nationality is no art, nor truth, nor life, nor anything." Do not fear that you will be less of a true American because you help Scotland. No, a good son is a better man in every relationship in life.

With how long it will take for this reform in Scotland to come about, we have much to do. Why let her drag on year in and year out becoming by emigration weaker? Let us each work as though the fate of Scotland were dependent upon us—if each and every Scotsman at home and abroad will do this, it will be quick work. Any Scottish society, throughout the world to whom notification and appeal has not been made has failed to receive it, because the name and address of the president or secretary were not available. Your sympathy is wanted.

The Young Scots Society are about to begin their outdoor campaign for Home Rule. It is expected that great enthusiasm will be aroused throughout Scotland. This society, which numbers several thousands, claims the honor of having not one paid official. All the work of this organization is done by men and women, who give their time, energy and money as a voluntary offering to their country. We ask every Scot at home

and abroad to stand together for this reform. Think not it is for the generation of to-day who people Scotland. No, it is to preserve the Scotland of the past that is dear to us in song and story, and for the sake of giving the Scotland of the future the right to work out her own destiny.

Can there be a grander thought than this that every Scot throughout the world at home and abroad should rise up in answer to this appeal, crying "Scotland Forever!" Scotsmen, let us not only say but let us make it, "Scotland Forever!"

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

I had no conception when I ventured in the last issue of the "Caledonian" to make a few remarks regarding the question of Home Rule for Scotland that I would be awakening the activity of so many well meaning friends. Since my article appeared I have received letters, marked newspapers, and pamphlets, all evidently sent with the avowed purpose of convincing me that Home Rule for Scotland was desirable and necessary. If such was the object, I may as well take this opportunity of informing my good friends, that while I appreciate their kindness in sending the information, it was entirely unnecessary. As I previously stated there does not seem to exist any reasonable doubt that local affairs can be handled to best advantage by local bodies, and where objections to this system exists it will be found due to some dread of the result as applied to particular cases and not due to any inherent antipathy to the principle itself. To anyone who has resided in the United States for any length of time and seen the working out of this principle of government, there does not seem to exist room for a scintilla of doubt that it is essentially wise and just that geographical areas of convenient size should be left free to handle in their own way the problems of government which peculiarly concern themselves. In the case of Scotland, where the habits, customs, traditions, somewhat in a restricted sense are different from those of the other countries constituting the British House of Commons, it seems to me as if the argument for this form of government gains added weight and becomes irresistible. Scottish history both before and since the Union conclusively proves that the people of Scotland are quite capable of handling their own affairs, so just how there should be any good and sufficient reason why they should be denied the right to legislate on their own affairs is something which I am unable to comprehend. Furthermore it would be interesting to know just who is opposing the request. From what I can gather from the meagre accounts in the American press, Mr. Asquith in introducing the Irish Home Rule bill recently, practically admitted that it was only the beginning of what would ultimately prove a devolution of authority to the different countries involving Home Rule all round. If this statement proves to be authoritative Home Rule for Scotland does not seem very

remote. But what some of my friends seem to overlook is the main point of my last article—namely, whether the Scotchmen of America, particularly those who have adopted this country as their home or who have become citizens of America should interfere in a question of this kind—at least in a public manner. When I first came to America and was still possessed of my just pride in my British citizenship it used to make me hot to see men vigorously supporting the Irish Home Rule movement who had absolutely no interest in Ireland except the accidental one of birth and descent and who gloried in the fact that they were Americans. I felt as if it was none of their business, as the question was strictly a political one and the people of Great Britain were, and I believe still are, quite capable of settling their own political questions without outside interference. No one would be more ready to resent outside interference on a question of this kind than the American people themselves. Now is it right and proper for the American Scotsmen to interfere in a matter which after all is a purely domestic question of British politics and which I am confident in believing the Scottish people are quite capable of handling themselves? While open to conviction, I have my serious doubts as to whether our efforts would not harm rather than help.

THOMAS PARK.

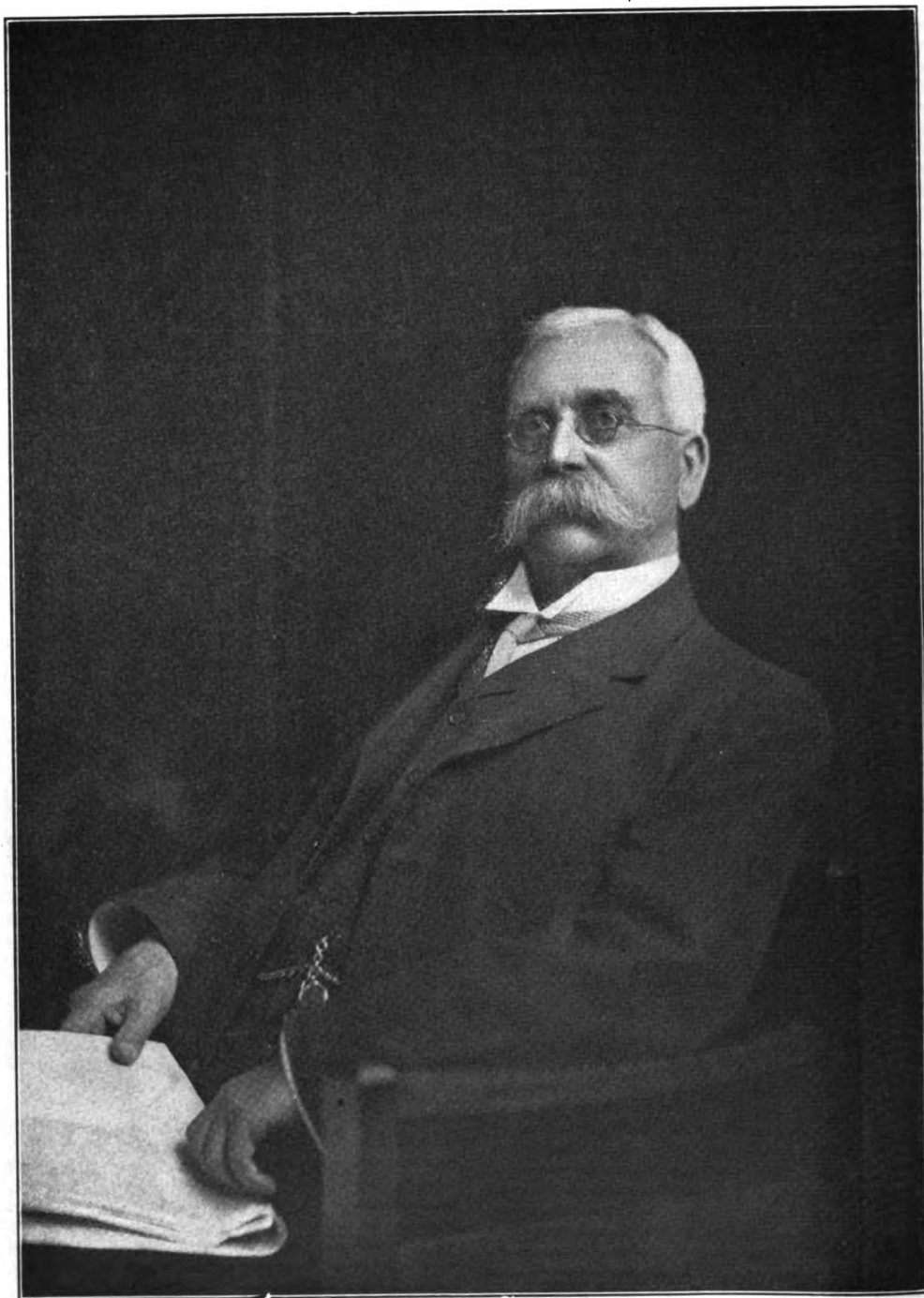
Note: We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinion expressed by contributors. Ed.

THE GOAT AND THE BEADLE.

A goat entered a Scottish country church one Sunday in the midst of the service, and deliberately marched down the central passage. Of course, every eye in the congregation was turned upon it, and the luckless preacher found much difficulty in proceeding with his discourse. The beadle at last sprang from his seat and proceeded to meet the intruder. He had no stick, however, and the goat showed fight by charging him with its horns and making him beat a retreat. A friendly umbrella was thereupon passed out to him from one of the pews, and he returned to the combat. By spreading his arms and wielding the umbrella, he prevented the animal from reaching the pulpit stairs, and succeeding in turning it, but once or twice it wheeled round again, as if to renew the fight. He contrived, however, to press it onwards as far as the church porch, when, lifting up his foot and dealing the goat a kick which considerably quickened its retreat, he gave vent to his feelings of anger and indignation in an imprecation, distinctly audible through half the church, "Outo' the house o' God, ye brute!"—*Scottish Reminiscences* by SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

The mob has many heads, but no brains.

An empty purse and a new house makes a wise man too late.



Alexander MacDougall, late of Wellington, N. Z., who died September 30th, 1911; a sketch of his life appeared in the Caledonian, November 1911.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

BY MAJOR B. C. GREEN.

On November 9th, last, Major B. C. Green was installed as President of the Caledonian Society of London, a select society of London Scots, limited to 100 members. At their meetings it is customary to have a national sentiment proposed and enlarged upon. Major Green selected as the subject of his inaugural address, the life of that great Scottish soldier Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, who was the first Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish. The following is Major Green's address.—*The London Scottish R. Gazette.*

The subject I have selected for your acceptance will appeal to all Scotsmen as one of the greatest characters among that throng of brave men whose deeds and names are household words to be handed down to posterity and adorn the annals of British chivalry. I allude to Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

It is difficult with the time at my disposal to condense such a life as that of Colin Campbell's into the period of only a few minutes, but I will do my best to give you some insight into his character and deeds.

He was born in Glasgow, on the 20th October, 1792, the eldest of four children. His father, John Macliver, was a carpenter by trade, and one immediately wonders how it happened that, even though his mother's maiden name was Campbell, he did not bear his father's surname; but this will be explained in a few minutes.

Young Campbell's earliest schooling was at the Glasgow High School, but at the early age of ten he was removed by his uncle, Colonel John Campbell, to the Royal Military and naval Academy at Gosport.

At the age of fifteen his uncle presented him to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, who promised him a commission, and this led to his adoption of the name of Campbell. The Duke, thinking him to be one of the clan, entered his name as Colin Campbell, the mistake not occurring to young Colin until after the interview, when he brought the matter to the notice of his uncle; but his uncle, being a shrewd man, told him that for professional reasons, Campbell was a better name than Macliver, and that he would do well to adopt it; this was therefore done without much apparent compunction.

Young Campbell received his commission as Ensign in the "9th Foot," now the Norfolk Regiment, on the 26th of May, 1808, and five weeks later was promoted Lieutenant. He could not have begun his military career at a more eventful period. Napoleon had risen to the zenith of his ambition, and was the virtual master of the whole of Continental Europe. Almost on the very day Campbell joined his regiment in the Isle of Wight, a British army of nine thousand men sailed from Cork for the Peninsula, under Sir Arthur Wellesley.

Campbell found himself posted to the Second Battalion of the "9th," commanded by Colonel Cameron, and left for the Peninsula on July 20th, reaching the sandy beach at the mouth of the Maceira on August 19th, where, for the first time in his life he lay out at night in bivouac in face of a hostile army.

Wellesley had already gained victories over the French in a skirmish at Obidos and the battle of Roleia; and now, on the 21st, he was to defeat Junot on the heights of Vimiera, and Young Campbell was to receive his baptism of fire.

I should like to give you an account of every one of the many battles in which Colin Campbell took part, during his active and strenuous life, but I must restrict myself to a few.

At the termination of the brief campaign, Campbell as well as his chief, Colonel Cameron, was transferred to the "9th," and towards the end of October Sir John Moore took command of the British Army intended to co-operate with the Spanish forces to drive the French from the Peninsula. You probably all know the disasters which befell that enterprise, the hardships and horrors of that mid-winter retreat, of which Campbell bore his share; the battle of Corunna and the death of Moore; and I will not enlarge upon them. In February, 1811, the French Marshal Victor was blocking Cadiz. General Graham, in concert with a Spanish force, determined to march on his rear and break the blockade. He landed at Tarifa and there picked up a detachment of the "9th," in which Campbell was serving. The allied forces reached the heights of Barrosa on March 5th, and a most violent and bloody struggle commenced; only the unconquerable spirit of the British soldiers averted a disaster and changed it to a victory. Of all the fierce fights in which Colin Campbell bore his part, none was more fierce and bloody than that on the heights of Barrosa.

As an indication of Campbell's retiring and modest nature, I quote from his own notes. He says: "At the Battle of Barrosa Lord Lynedoch was pleased to take favorable notice of my conduct when left in command of the two flank companies of my regiment, all the other officers being wounded."

At the end of 1812, Colin Campbell, at the age of twenty, had completed four and a half years as a soldier, but though he had seen more fighting than falls to the lot of many at such an age, he was imbued with an honest ambition to do more, and to be under the direct command of the army which Wellington was to lead to victory.

In January, 1813, he was with his battalion at Lamego, on the Douro. The army was in fine form, and had recovered the cohesion and discipline, which it had lost during the

retreat from Burgos, while it had been strengthened by strong reinforcements. The advance began in May when Wellington's army, now seventy thousand strong, swept onward, turning the French positions and drove them towards the Pyrenees.

Colin Campbell now had rather more than his share of fighting; the battles of Astalitz, Vittoria and San Sebastian followed in quick succession. In the latter engagement, Colin Campbell conspicuously distinguished himself, for though in his notes in his journal on that date, his laconic entry simply states, "San Sebastian taken," General Graham's despatch to Lord Wellington states: "Among the officers whose gallantry was most conspicuous in leading on their men to overcome the many obstacles exposed to them was Lieutenant Colin Campbell of the 9th Foot."

The taking of San Sebastian was no easy matter. After a four days' bombardment, an assault was ordered, and in this Colin Campbell had a special duty to perform, a duty seldom entrusted to a subaltern. He was placed in the centre of the assaulting troops, with twenty men of his own, "The Light Company," with a ladder party under an engineer officer. His orders were to gain the crest of the breach, sweep the curtain to the high work in centre of the main front, and there establish himself until the whole position was won. These orders he did his best to execute: breaking through the crowds of the enemy with the survivors of his small detachment, he mounted the ruins. Twice he ascended; twice he was wounded, and all around him died; the assault failed for the time being.

Campbell's wounds prevented him from participating in the final successful assault, and he had to remain an invalid for some time within the shattered town.

It was while here that he perpetrated the only breach of military discipline ever laid to his charge. He with another officer who had been wounded, hearing that a battle was impending, took the liberty of deserting from hospital to join their respective regiments, though how they managed to limp from San Sebastian to Oryarzun, I do not know; sufficient is that they reached their destination just in time to join the midnight march to Andaza, and the following morning to wade the River Bidassoa, and enter France, falling on the French in their bivouacs; but here again he was severely wounded in the capture of the heights of Crois-des-Bouquets, on October 7th, 1813.

His wounds, which troubled him severely, made it necessary that he was invalided home, and here he severed his connection with his old regiment, and was promoted Captain in the 60th Rifles.

From this period to December, 1837, Colin Campbell served in various capacities at home, with the exception of intervals when, from October, 1814, to July, 1815, he served with the 60th in Nova Scotia; but ill health, caused by his wounds, compelled him to re-

turn to England. He then served for two years in Gibraltar, and in 1819 was transferred to the 21st Regiment, in Barbadoes.

In 1832 he was gazetted to an unattached Lieut.-Colonelcy, but this promotion cost him £1,300, and for some years he had to live quietly on somewhat restricted means, with scanty hope of employment. In May, 1835, he accepted command of the 98th, which was at the Cape, but he did not take over the command until the regiment returned to England in 1837.

It is recorded of Colin Campbell that no man ever lived who had a more genuine liking for, and a more thorough knowledge of, the soldier; he was by no means slow to wrath when occasion stirred it, and sometimes when the hot Highland blood which ran in his veins flushed up, and his grey eyes scintillated with passion, he was not the man with whom it were wise to argue. The slack officer and the bad soldier found no sympathy from a chief whose rebukes were strong and whose punishments were severe. Himself, ever sedulous in the fulfilment of duty and sparing himself in nothing, he expected the same of those under him. In July, 1839, the Chartist movement was at its height, and Sir Charles Napier sent Colin Campbell from Hull to Newcastle-on-Tyne. The arrival of the Regiment was welcomed by the magistrates, colliery owners, and county gentlemen of Northumberland, who leaned upon its commanding officer for the maintenance of order. At no period of his career did Colin Campbell evince greater wisdom and shrewdness than during this critical time. Neither rash nor weak, he reassured the apprehensive and awed the disaffected, and it was mainly due to his tact and resource which brought to an end the Chartist movement in the North of England.

In the summer of 1841, the Regiment was ordered from Newcastle to Ireland, but before leaving, new colors were presented to it by General Sir Charles Napier. In the course of his address, the General said:

"Of the abilities for command which your chief possesses, your own magnificent Regiment is a proof. Of his gallantry in action, hear what history says, for I like to read to you of such deeds, and of such men: it stimulates young soldiers to deeds of similar daring."

Then he read from his brother's *History of the Peninsular War*, the account of Lieutenant Campbell's conduct in the breach of San Sebastian:

"Major Fraser," he read, "was killed in the flaming ruins; the intrepid Jones stood a while longer amidst a few heroic soldiers hoping for aid; but none came, and he and those with him were struck down. The engineer Machel had been killed early, and the men bearing the ladders fell or were dispersed. Thus the rear of the column was in absolute confusion before the head was beaten. It was in vain that Colonel Greville of the 38th, Colonel Cameron of the 9th, and

many other regimental officers exerted themselves to rally their troops and re-fill the breach; it was in vain that Lieutenant Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of this chosen detachment, mounted the ruins—twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all around him died. There," continued Sir Charles, "there stands the Lieutenant Campbell of whom I have been reading; and well I know that, if need be, the soldiers of the 98th will follow him as boldly as did those gallant men of the glorious 9th, who fell fighting round him in the breaches of San Sebastian!"

After only a short stay in Ireland, the 98th were removed to Plymouth, and on December 20th, 1841, embarked for Honk-Kong, on H. M. S. *Belleisle*, where they joined the forces under Sir Hugh Gough in the estuary of the Yang-tse-Kiang, but the Regiment, debilitated by its long tropical voyage in an over-crowded ship, un supplied with suitable equipment for such a climate, and wearing its ordinary European clothing, was in no condition to resist the fierce summer heat of China, and the men were struck down in dozens; Colin Campbell, seasoned veteran though he was, was himself struck down. Cholera, fever and dysentery also made sad havoc with the regiment, and fifty-three men died within a few days of landing. Colin Campbell, writing to his sister shortly afterwards, told how the Regiment had lost by death 283 men, while nearly 300 sick were in hospital, many of whom would die. The expeditionary force was broken up at the end of 1842, and Colin Campbell was appointed Commandant of Hong-Kong, and while here he learned that he had been made a C. B. and Aide-de-camp to the Queen, the latter carrying promotion to the rank of colonel.

In January, 1844, he succeeded General Schoedde in command of the garrison of the island of Chusan, and here, with a bracing and salubrious climate, he regained his health, which had become badly broken.

On July 5th, 1846, Colin Campbell left Chusan for Calcutta, that island, after the treaty of Nankin, having been evacuated by the British and he landed at Calcutta with the 98th. Lord Hardinge had expressed his intention of appointing him a Brigadier, but he wrote, "this is very flattering, but I would prefer to remain with my Regiment," he really seemed to live for the 98th. His wishes were not fulfilled, and he found his appointment in general orders as Brigadier of the second class, to command at Lahore, and held his last inspection of the 98th before taking up his new duties.

Campbell came to Lahore at a very interesting period; a period of deceptive quietude, which was now to be exposed. Moolraj, the Governor of Mooltan, a man of vast wealth, had come to Lahore to offer his resignation. A new Governor was appointed who set out for Mooltan, accompanied by Mr. Vans Agnew of the Bengal Civil Ser-

vice, and his assistant, Lieutenant Anderson, of the Bombay Army. Moolraj also marched with the escort, and, after arrival at Mooltan, formally surrendered the fort. After the ceremony, Agnew and Anderson started on their return journey, Moolraj riding alongside the two English gentlemen. At the gate of the fortress, both Agnew and Anderson were attacked and desperately wounded. Moolraj galloped off, leaving them to their fate. The wounded officers were carried into a temple and brutally slaughtered, their bodies cut to pieces, and their heads thrown down at the feet of Moolraj. News of the outrage reached Lahore on April 24th, and Sir Frederick Currie at once ordered a brigade of all arms to march on the Mooltan stronghold, but for some reason this order was countermanded, and operations postponed until the cold weather.

Meanwhile, a casual subaltern, for whom swift marches and hard fighting in hot weather had no terrors, took matters in hand upon his own responsibility. Gathering together some fifteen hundred men with a couple of guns, Lieutenant Herbert Edwards marched on Mooltan, and was joined by Colonel Cortland with two thousand Pathans and six guns. On May 20th, the united forces defeated Moolraj's army, six thousand strong, who took refuge in the fortress, a long siege ending in the storming of the city on January 22nd, 1849, and the surrender of Moolraj. A local outbreak was now fast swelling into a national revolt, and the flame of rebellion was spreading over the land, and by the end of October only a few brave officers were still holding together the last shreds of British influence in the Punjab. Time will not permit me to enter into the details and many battles of the Sikh rebellion, interesting though they be. Colin Campbell had done excellent work, but throughout had been thwarted and handicapped by the action of the Government; and the expressions used by Lord Dalhousie must have cut the old fighting man to the quick. His lordship chose to tell the soldier of many battles that he had manifested "over-cautious reluctance" in advancing against the Swat marauders, and that he had "transgressed the bounds of his proper province"; and that "he had placed himself in an attitude of direct insubordination to the authority of the Governor-General in Council."

Campbell replied with disciplined dignity and self-respect, expressing his regret that expressions so strong should have been used in regard to him, and his painful surprise that, after a lifetime of unswerving military subordination, he should be accused of the reverse. To his old friend, the Commander-in-Chief, he wrote: "I have come to the conclusion that I should be wanting in what is due to myself, if, after what has passed, I were to continue in this command; there is a limit at which a man's forbearance ought to stop, and that limit has in my case been reached." (To be Continued.)

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XV.

THE REPEATED PHRASE.

Little and lonely and sad, a ruined chapel of pre-Reformation times looked out on the grey Sound from a tiny headland at Penny-gown. Below the cliff stood the chapel's successor—a thatched barn-like structure called the preaching-house; and here the Gualachaollish minister held sermon to the Aros folks, but only on every sixth Sunday, however, for his district was wide, his stations were many, and his horses few and elderly.

A fortnight after the advent of the Sidler Roy there was a preaching, and though the plague was known to be still present in Tigh-ban, yet the red coats of the soldier-lads proved too much for the fears of the lasses of the glen, and they came to the service in flocks. What with the grenadiers' scarlet tunics and the tartan tonnags of the maids, the little place was gay with color. The Aros household were present, and just at the opening psalm, Pennyfuaran joined them.

Morag met his startled eye, as it rested on her face for an instant. All through the service she wondered at the strangeness of his glance; and when the preacher's soft Gaelic, droning and sibilant had ceased in the closing benediction, and the rustle that preceded the departure of the worshippers was heard, she again caught his look, strained and angry, bent on her. Instinctively she fell behind as the common people departed, and leaving her own party, sought distraction in a word or two with the old clergyman.

Pennyfuran saw the evasion, and came out alone. The soldiers and the glen lassies were dotting the road to Aros, yet there were a few luckless girls unattended by cavaliers, and these had seated themselves on the broad stairs that mounted the wall surrounding the grave-yard and the ruined chapel. They were busy removing shoes and *mogain* (footless stockings) preparatory to their return to the wilds of the strath, when they caught sight of the chieftain, and scurried off; and he sat down on the steps they had vacated. Aros passed with a kinsman from Calgary on his arm; but Morag still accompanied the fagged minister, even to the saddling of his garron in the cave that served for stable.

At last the old clerk mounting wearily, rode off, and the girl came back and up the path to where Pennyfuaran sat waiting.

"A penny for your thoughts, cousin Kenneth," she said with a gaiety assumed.

"They are of you, and it's a King's ransom rather than a penny's their price," said he.

She laughed and tried to fathom him at a glance. Had he forgiven her already that he spoke so lightly? Were by-gones to be by-gones despite his face so grim?

"They are of you, and of the first day I saw you. 'Twas in this very place, cousin," he continued.

She shuddered in mockery. "A place of graves?" she said.

"It was a day long ago when I was but a boy. You were lost from home, and a tired little lass tending an injured lamb was what we found."

"I remember," she cried. "Silver, my collic, brought you in a pack, and I was fearful of the dog lest he should be jealous of the lambkin."

The chieftain's brow cleared, and he laughed boyishly. "Let us go into the chapel, cousin, and picture it again," he said.

They mounted the steps to the wall-top, and, descending the interior flight, passed through the cemetery, and came within the ancient chapel. Morag looked round at the lichens on the great stones, madder and orange and crotal-grey; at the grasses topping the outline of the ruin, their thin spears and pennons clear-cut against the sky.

"Years and years and it does not change," she said. "Here is the broken cross where you found the lamb and me, and both asleep."

In front of the eastern wall was the upright shaft of a Celtic cross, the terminals gone, and on its westward face, a rude figure of the Mother and Child.

"And the Holy Ones were watching over you," said Pennyfuaran softly. "May they ever watch, Morag."

His tone startled her; she found his eye hard and earnest on her again.

"What do you mean? You are strange today, Pennyfuaran. Is there danger?"

He turned abruptly from her and paced nervously over the slaty tombstones that floored the place; his face was twitching.

"What do you mean?" she asked again.

"I cannot tell you," he said. "And yet I cannot hold my peace."

He paced the flags anew, and his footfalls were dully reverberant in that lonely place.

"Oh," he cried suddenly, and there were tears in his eyes. "I can not forget. I can never forget. Indeed and indeed, Morag, I can never forget." He seized her hand and kissed it passionately.

She strove to withdraw her fingers and was silent, looking away from him through a window-slit, to where, across the grey waters, the towers of Finuary sat bowered even at winter's opening in boscaig of the greenest.

"I can never forget," was all he could reiterate with pale lips. "Morag, Morag!" he cried, and releasing her hand, he remained with arms outstretched. But she did not move from her gazing across to Finuary; and so he stood, the handsomest of figures in the bright tartan of his clan, the red tide

of flushings coming and going in the quarter-circle of clear skin on the fine brow.

At last she turned, and he saw a little wrinkling of her forehead he had never seen before. That was all, but in a flash it changed the fine gentleman, so play-actorlike, to the barbarian, and tossing his plaid on his shoulder, he brought his clenched hands together in a convulsive movement.

"Then it's with this Hanoverian I've to deal," he said, his mouth hard. "And let me tell you, Morag MacLean—"

He stopped at sight of her. She had been moving towards the doorway, but now she halted, her eyes close shut as if trying to blot out some ugly vision, and when she opened them anew, he could not face her.

"Let us go into the open, sir," she said, as if oppressed by lack of air; and they went out of the ruin and towards the steps in the churchyard wall. "You mean Mr. Fraser, the surgeon?" she continued.

"Surgeon? Surgeon and spy, and worse than that," he said hotly.

"Let the spying rest for proof, cousin. But you called him Hanoverian. Whose service do you own yourself? Are you not of the King's army, sir? And as for Hanoverian and Jacobite, Pennyfuaran,—do we not go back twenty years if we make the distinction?"

In her heat the phrase had escaped her before she recognized its purport fully or its origin.

"Ah," said the chieftain. "And is this Morag MacLean? Why, the very words are Fraser's, his stock argument, indeed! 'Twenty years back if we make the distinction?' His very words? Can this in truth be Morag MacLean?"

It was indeed but a fortnight gone since Fraser had himself used this reasoning to her opposing, and she reddened at the discovery. Where were her ideals now, and her thoughts of her brother's work for the cause? She felt ashamed of her disloyalty, and yet through all her confusion a secret thought made music in her heart. It was just then that Pennyfuaran caught a hint of wavering in her mein, and pressed on with his task.

"And is this Morag MacLean?" he repeated. "Is this the lady who snuffed me out like a farthing taper, because I thought more of my father's lands than of the House of Stuart. Because I thought forfeiture a worse evil than George the Second for a King? I say it plainly; I say it again—this man has bewitched you—spy as he is, and worse than murderer."

"And that's a lie Pennyfuaran," she answered, mounting the steps and halting to look down on him.

"It's the white truth," he cried angrily. "And but for the Sidler Roy so close, your brother himself would be here to prove it."

"A lie," she muttered with white lips, and would have fallen, but he ran up the flight and helped her in safety to the ground.

Fainting though she was, his passion was such that he could not restrain himself. "The truth, I say, Morag, and it was Norman himself sent me to tell it you."

She never made a word of reply and after a space the two-mile walk back to Aros was resumed moodily and in silence. Passing Tighban they looked across the fields to the cottages where the plague still held, and saw the distant figure of a tall man with a slung arm, who appeared on the skyline and waved a hand to them. Pennyfuaran smiled grimly, as he walked on without any signal of response but Morag paused for a moment to look at the form outlined against the heavy clouds ribbed grey on grey.

"It cannot be," she said with a fall in her voice. "Yet Norman?"

The moorland stretched seawards, so cold and cheerless and shadowed in the evening light that all perspective was lost. It was even as if all the waste and silent places of the earth had suddenly interposed, evoking the darkness to aid in the separation of the two. The stillness weighed on the girl's heart like lead, and she moved on, unreplying to the gesture of the dim figure on the dark ridges above Tighban.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

One evening a fortnight later there were acrid fumes and strange odors around the plague-spot, for it was the night of the fever's quittance, and the surgeons were busy with a disinfection as the Navy understood it. A bucket of Archangel tar had been carried from hut to hut, and red-hot irons having been thrust into this, vapors were produced that well-nigh made short work of the little strength the survivors retained. Yet the resultant coughing and sneezing made no impress on the professional conscience of Dr. MacNab, for he declined desisting until a second fiery ordeal had been performed by means of a light applied to some gunpowder steeped in vinegar. Happily these smoky torments were short-lived, and at last the assiduous medicine-men rested from their labours.

Ever since the fever's outbreak the surgeons had quarantined themselves, sleeping of nights in a little hut of turf set on a strip of pasture-land between Tighban and the sea; and now, as darkness fell, Fraser lay awake on the low bank of bracken-covered sods which served for bed, listening to the deep breathing of his companion, and summoning up again and again memories of his lady. Something that alienated was between them, he felt; for even if the fever's presence held them apart, yet the remembrance of several unreturned salutes was bitter yet. What could be amiss?

Through breaks in the rude wall chill airs blew, and a splutter of rain came frequent, while mysterious drippings in the dark told of leaks innumerable. Cold comfort it was to think of his task finished, if his absence from Aros House had cost him

an estrangement so momentous. He tossed uneasily, and envied the sound sleep of the old man on the turfen bank opposite; even the rattle of the hall-stones that succeeded the soft smirring rain did not disturb this ancient's slumbers.

A slit in the angle of the hut caught his eye. Elusive and faint was the light that showed there; he fancied it a belated glimmer of sunset reflected from the wave-crests of the Sound, as the north wind sent them shorewards to end in the swish and trample of the surf. And now he could think of one thing and one thing only, that magic blush of Morag's half-turned face, when she heard he was to stay on in Aros. Ah, Morag, Morag, what were the thoughts that had issues so lovely? As he dreamed, there came a sudden illumination of the whole field of the army of billows, and lightning ripped the sky jaggedly from horizon to zenith. Afar faint thunder crackled and purred. The wind rose, and soon again came the onpour of hail and sleet, incessant, fierce. Shivering in the searching currents that detached themselves from the whinnying blast outside, he lay listening for the next onset of storm, then sprang suddenly from his couch and ran to the few boards that served to bar the entry to the hut. His left hand was on his hanger, for above the rumor of the coming tempest he heard the sound of running feet. He pushed the door wide open and aside, and peered out; and the next instant another lightning flash split the heavens and revealed to him across the slant of the hail Charlie Ruapais, the Aros serving man. The little wizened-faced fellow was out of breath.

"Oh, sir, sir," he cried, "that ever I should come near this pest—that ever I should see this day; but 'tis a message from Miss Morag." He fumbled in his breast. "Shield me, God!" He cried. "Have I lost it?"

"Here, quick—into the hut," said Fraser.

"But—the plague, sir—" cried Charlie.

"In, man in," said the surgeon.

Doctor MacNab roused slowly to the sparking of flint and steel inside the little room, and was soon kneeling with the others around the horn-lamp set on the floor of pine needles. The Ruapais discovered the packet just as the lanthorn was lit. There was a map of Aros Isle by Blaeu of Amsterdam, and a triangle of paper containing a few hastily scribbled lines, signed with Morag's initials.

"Will you pardon haste to be forward in writing you," it ran; "but I have it from a sure hand that the Sunivaig MacLeans mean to visit Aros this night, and if you are to be safe you must instantly take to the Hill. What a countryside it is! Charlie is only free to guide you clear of our lands, for he must return to go with me on my journey to Moy to-morrow. My Father sends me there because of the state of the Isle, so disturbed is it not only by Sunivaig men, but by the military. You will heed my warning, will you not? I trust your arm

is better. How fortunate your work with the plague is over. Farewell." M. M.

"P. S.—I shall be at Craig about noon. But you must not think of joining us there unless you can do so safely."

Fraser flushed as he read the last words, and he went slowly over them.

"In the name of heaven," broke in MacNab, "how do these Three folk learn so expeditiously of everything? The fever on its last day, and already they are here!"

"Oh, sir, sir, will it please you to come?" gabbled Charlie, moving uneasily in his sodden clothes, and blinking into either face appealingly.

Fraser scanned the postscript anew, then placed the map and note in his breast, picked up his sea coat, and extended his hand to MacNab.

"Good-bye," said the old surgeon in reply, "and for your aid many thanks, sir. And man, get you off those splints in a week, if you wouldna have your arm as stiff as a cromag (shepherd's crook)."

His counsel was still in the air, when the young man departed into sleet and dark ness.

"Hill or river, sir?" asked Charlie of Fraser.

"Hill. And at a trot. We want to be well away before the next flash."

Fully a mile of bog and thicket had to be traversed before rising ground was won. But the thunder storm had passed far to the south now, the infrequent lightnings were but flickerings, and as they left the level the hail ceased, and soft rain blurred all things once more, and the wind fell. In order to avoid any chance comer from Gaod-hall or Rhoail, they took the shoulder of the hill, and by the time it was climbed the showers had gone, the sky was partially clear of clouds, and in the faint star-light the fugitive could dimly discern the land marks Charlie gave him. Here they were to say good bye, and they paused to look around. All was still and holy, peaceful and kindly, in the dark of the hills, and the vast of the blue above, so different from the storm-encircled shore they had left, where even now were all the fury and passion of the Sunivaig clansmen's chase.

"And you hold Ben Talla to the west; and you leave the Forsa at its beginnings; and on and on till Glenmore comes to you. Then west it will be again till you reach Inshriff; and so on by the drove-track till you see Craig. And that's far enough for a winter's night, but you'll get it by the paper Miss Morag sent. You follow me, sir?"

"Surely, Charlie, surely. And with all that, and your good wishes, I'll come safe to Craig ere morning breaks. Good-night."

"Godnight," said Charlie, and went down the hill.

When he was out of sight Fraser took out his letter once more, and tried to read its wonderful postscript, but the star-light was too faint for this; so with a happy sigh he returned the papers to his breast, and stepped out cheerily for the head of the glen.

(To be continued.)

The Call of Blood.

Can a man escape his race? Can he hush the call of the blood? Can he silence the voices that still speak to him? Though he heap himself around with comforts, though he win whatever the world can give him, he cannot bar the doors of sleep against the dreams that visit him; and, sitting in the very benches of St. Stephen's, old memories draw the curtain—he sees again grey peaks against the sky, the scattered hamlet clinging above the shingly bay, and the salt spray of Hebridean seas is blown among his hair.

There never was a true man yet, but felt this truth. As Columba cried, when he remembered his lost youth, gone down for evermore behind the years,

Happy he who hears in Durrow
Songs ascending, heavenwards stealing,
And the winds among the elm-trees
As a harper strikes the string;
And the glad note of the blackbird,
And the lowing of the cattle,
And the cooing of the cuckoo

At the opening door of Spring.

It was the same spirit which moved Sir Walter Scott to say that if he did not see the heather once a year, he thought that he should die; which made the old exile reply to Norman MacLeod in Canada, when he admitted that it was a grand country he was living in, "But there's nae linties in the woods, and nae streams like Yarrow."

When the heart has a haunting love like that within it, not the splendor of a palace can give it peace. There is something that is above all price, whereof the world has knowledge, and which can only find satisfaction in the thought of home. It may be a poor hut, with dripping thatch, where comfort and ease have long been strangers. But when the lights are low, and the heart beats feebly, men cannot die without remembering the peat-fire on the hearth; and love babbles old words of simple faith in the language in which your mother crooned your cradle songs.

The holy light and the hallowing love may be in a bield of turf, or on a cold hillside, beaten by the wind and rain. For it is wonderful, it is passing strange, how great a miracle may be wrought with common and poor material, if only love be at the working of it. For love cares little for silken cushions. If you put a stool for her beside your fire, and leave your door on the latch, she will come in and dwell with you, partaking of your homeliest fare, and making it most sweet.

It is true, you have perhaps grown used to loftier rooms and wider interests. But you will never be so happy and so free as when you played beside the burn that ran down to the river, and chased the butterfly till it was lost among the myrtle and the heath. And the moon and the stars, and the sweet wonder of the summer night will never be to some of us what they were when they

leaned above us in our boat in the bay, or clothed the distant islands with mystery, like magic on the silver sea.

OUR AIN COUNTRY.

Out of many places, from many a creek, and over many a wind-beaten strait our fathers came; and, like the weaving of a tartan, Pict, Celt, Saxon and Dane wove the wonderful woof of our race together, making that strange variety in unity which created a folk story entralling in passion and activity. The love which lingers about the glens remote, the passion that clings to bare rocks by the sea, the deep susceptibility to the touch of faith, the daring that laughs in the eye of death in gloomy breach and on the crashing deep, the quiet practical force that makes its influence invincible in crowded spheres of trade, can all trace their source to the well-spring of mingled blood in the hearts which battled first, and then united in the ties of fatherland, with a love as warm as hate had been.

It is Fatherland! And what is in the power of that! What love it has quickened to tearful overflowing in brave men's hearts! A little bit of bracken, a twig of withered heather, foot-trampled and dead—how they grip you!

And you feel in your room the wild thyme growing,

And the scent of the sweet bog-myrtle fills your heart.

The smallest trifle can convey that momentous message. I know of a family who, long ago, three generations since, left the little cottage by the loch-side to seek a home in the far West. They have risen, and are noted for their ability and prosperity; but in their house they still keep reverently the white sand of Loch Dool, in the little bag into which their grandmother's hand hastily scooped it, as she ran back for a moment to take a last look at the deep lone waters she loved. Nothing that ever came with the Conqueror can be holier to them than that.—L. MacLean Watt.

A MINISTER'S PARROT.

"The late Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, had a favorite parrot, a brilliant linguist and remarkably 'quick study.' As he was going into the country for a month Dr. Macgregor arranged with a friend who had a parrot to take charge of his pet. He ordered his beadle to carry the cage to the bird's new abode. It was a wet and stormy night, and the beadle grumbled to himself in language unbecoming a minister's man, while the parrot listened. So when he was set down in the parlor of a saintly lady, and the cover removed, the bird addressed himself directly to the other parrot—'Ye d—d ugly beast, if it wasna for you I widna hae been oot the nicht.'"

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.
THIRTEENTH LESSON.

(Continued).

PRAYING AND FASTING.

"Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out? and Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed nothing shall be impossible to you. Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Matt. XVII 19-21.

When the disciples saw Jesus cast the evil spirit out of the epileptic whom "they could not cure," they asked the Master for the cause of their failure. He had given them "power and authority over all devils, and to cure all diseases." They had often exercised that power, and joyfully told how the devils were subject to them. And yet now, while He was on the Mount, they had utterly failed. That there had been nothing in the will of God or in the nature of the case to render deliverance impossible had been proved: at Christ's bidding the evil spirit had gone out. From their expression, "Why could not we?" it is evident that they had wished and sought to do so; they had probably used the Master's name, and called upon the evil spirit to go out. Their efforts had been vain, and, in the presence of the multitude, they had been put to shame. "Why could we not?"

Christ's answer was direct and plain: "Because of your unbelief." The cause of His success and their failure, was not owing to His having a special power to which they had no access. No, the reason was not far to seek. He had so often taught them that there is one power, that of faith, to which, in the kingdom of darkness, as in the kingdom of God, everything must bow: in the spiritual world failure has but one cause, the want of faith. Faith is the one condition on which all Divine power can enter into man and work through him. It is the susceptibility of the unseen; man's will yielded up to, and moulded by the will of God. The power they had received to cast out devils, they did not hold in themselves as a permanent gift or possession; the power was in Christ, to be received, and held, and used by faith alone, living faith in Himself. Had they been full of faith in Him as Lord and Conqueror in the spirit-world, had they been full of faith in Him as having given them authority to cast out in His name, this faith would have given them the victory. "Because of your unbelief" was, for all time, the Master's explanation and reproof of impotence and failure in His church.

But such want of faith must have a cause too. Well might the disciples have asked: "And why could we not believe? Our faith has cast out devils before this: why have we now failed in believing? The Master proceeds to tell them ere they ask: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

As faith is the simplest, so it is the highest exercise of the spiritual life, where our spirit yields itself to God's Spirit, and so is strengthened to its highest activity. This faith depends entirely upon the state of the spiritual life; only when this is strong and in full health, when the Spirit of God has full sway in our life, is there the power of faith to do its mighty deeds. And therefore Jesus adds: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer." The faith that can overcome such stubborn resistance as you have just seen in this evil spirit, Jesus tells them, is not possible except to men living in very close fellowship with God, and in very special separation from the world—in prayer and fasting. And so He teaches us two lessons in regard to prayer of deep importance. The one, that faith needs a life of prayer in which to grow and keep strong. The other, that prayer needs fasting for its full and perfect development.

Faith needs a life of prayer for its full growth. In all the different parts of the spiritual life, there is such close union, such unceasing action and reaction, that each may be both cause and effect. Thus it is with faith. There can be no true prayer without faith, some measure of faith must precede prayer. And yet prayer is also the way to more faith; there can be no high degrees of faith except through much prayer. This is the lesson Jesus teaches here. There is nothing needs to grow so much as our faith. "Your faith groweth exceedingly," is said of one Church. When Jesus spoke the words, "According to your faith be it unto you," He announced the law of the kingdom, which tells us that all have not equal degrees of faith, that the same person has not always the same degree, and that the measure of faith must always determine the measure of power and of blessing. If we want to know where and how faith is to grow, the Master points us to the throne of God. It is in prayer, in the exercise of the faith I have, in fellowship with the living God, that faith can increase. Faith can only live by feeding on what is Divine, on God Himself.

It is in the adoring worship of God, the waiting on Him and for Him, the deep silence of soul that yields itself for God to reveal Himself, that the capacity for knowing and trusting God will be developed. It is as we take His word from the Blessed Book, and bring it to Himself, asking Him to speak it to us with His living loving voice, that the power will come fully to believe and receive the word as God's own word to us. It is in prayer, in living contact with God in living faith, that faith, the power to trust God, and in that trust, to accept everything He says, to accept every possibility He has offered to our faith, will be

come strong in us. Many Christians cannot understand what is meant by the much prayer they hear spoken of: they can form no conception, nor do they feel the need, of spending hours with God. But what the Master says, the experience of His people has confirmed, men of strong faith are men of much prayer.

This just brings us back again to the lesson we learned when Jesus, before telling us to believe that we receive what we ask, first said, "Have faith in God." It is God, the living God, into whom our faith must strike its roots deep and broad; then it will be strong to remove mountains and cast out devils. "If ye have faith, nothing shall be impossible to you." Oh! if we do but give ourselves up to the work God has for us in the world, coming into contact with the mountains and the devils that are to be cast away and cast out, we should soon comprehend the need there is of much faith, and of much prayer, as the soil in which alone faith can be cultivated. Christ Jesus is our life, the life of our faith too. It is His life in us that makes us strong, and makes us simple to believe. It is in the dying to self which much prayer implies, in closer union to Jesus, that the spirit of faith will come in power. *Faith needs prayer* for its full growth.

And *prayer needs fasting* for its full growth; this is the second lesson. Prayer is the one hand with which we grasp the invisible; fasting, the other, with which we let loose and cast away the visible. In nothing is man more closely connected with the world of sense than in his need of food and his enjoyment of it. It was the fruit, good for food, with which man was tempted and fell in Paradise. It was with bread to be made of stones that Jesus, when an hungered, was tempted in the wilderness, and in fasting that He triumphed. The body has been redeemed to be a temple of the Holy Spirit; it is in body as well as in spirit, it is very specially, Scripture says, in eating and drinking, we are to glorify God. It is to be feared that there are many Christians to whom this eating to the glory of God, has not yet become a spiritual reality. And the first thought suggested by Jesus' words in regard to fasting and prayer, is, that it is only in a life of moderation and temperance and self-denial that there will be the heart or the strength to pray much.

But then there is also its more literal meaning. Sorrow and anxiety cannot eat; joy celebrates its feasts with eating and drinking. There may come times of intense desire, when it is strongly felt how the body, with its appetites, lawful though they be, still hinder the spirit in its battle with the powers of darkness, and the need is felt of keeping it under. We are creatures of the senses; our mind is helped by what comes to us embodied in concrete form: fasting helps to express, to deepen and to confirm the resolution that we are ready to sacrifice anything, to sacrifice our-

selves, to attain what we seek for the kingdom of God. And He who accepted the fasting; and sacrifice of the Son, knows to value, and accept and reward with spiritual power the soul that is thus ready to give up all for Christ and His kingdom.

And then follows a still wider application. Prayer is the reaching out after God and the unseen; fasting the letting go of all that is of the seen and temporal. While ordinary Christians imagine that all that is not positively forbidden and sinful is lawful to them, and seek to retain as much as possible of this world, with its property, its literature, its enjoyments, the truly consecrated soul is as the soldier who carries only what he needs for the warfare. Laying aside every weight, as well as the easily besetting sin, afraid of entangling himself with the affairs of this life, he seeks to lead a Nazarite life, as one specially set apart for the Lord and His service. Without such voluntary separation, even from what is lawful, no one will attain power in prayer; this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer.

Disciples of Jesus! who have asked the Master to teach you to pray, come now and accept His lessons. He tells you that prayer is the path to faith, strong faith, that can cast out devils. He tells you: "If ye have faith, nothing shall be impossible to you;" let this glorious promise encourage you to pray much. Is the prize not worth the price? Shall we not give up all to follow Jesus in the path He opens to us here: shall we not, if need be, fast? Shall we not do anything that neither the body nor the world around hinder us in our great life-work, having intercourse with our God in prayer, that we may become men of faith, whom He can use in His work of saving the world?

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

O Lord Jesus! How continually thou hast to reprove us for our unbelief! How strange it must appear to Thee, this terrible incapacity of trusting our Father and His promises. Lord! let Thy reproof with its searching, "Because of your unbelief," sink into the very depths of our hearts, and reveal to us how much of the sin and suffering around us is our blame. And then teach us, Blessed Lord, that there is a place where faith can be learned and gained—even in the prayer and fasting that brings into living abiding fellowship with Thyself and the Father.

O Saviour! Thou Thyself art the Author and the Perfecter of our faith; teach us what it is to let Thee live in us by Thy Holy Spirit. Lord! Our efforts and prayers for grace to believe have been so unavailing. We know why it was: we sought for strength in ourselves to be given from Thee. Holy Jesus! do at length teach us the mystery of Thy life in us, and how Thou, by Thy Spirit, dost undertake to live in us the life of faith, to see to it that our faith shall not fail. Amen.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, Box 76, Farmington, Conn.
 Financial and Recording Sec'y--Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
 Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Farmington, Conn., April 18th, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of the Daughters of Scotia—Greeting:

You are all now well on the way with the year's work of 1912, and the success which has been with most of the Lodges in the year just passed will, I trust, be with them again. Another mile-stone has just been passed, and the six months since our Annual Meeting have gone very quickly. The half-yearly auditing of the Grand Lodge books took place in New Haven on March 11th, when the financial standing of our Order proved to be very satisfactory. The general work is progressing, and the list of new members being sent the Grand Secretary shows continued interest.

I take this opportunity, through "The Caledonian," of drawing the attention of all Scotch women to the fact that a Daughter of Scotia Lodge can be organized in any town not having a Clan; these independent lodges having exactly the same rulings and privileges as those instituted as Clan Auxiliaries, and the same number required to start (fifteen).

I am often asked, for what purpose has the Order of the Daughters of Scotia been formed? To keep us in ever loving remembrance of our native land, and to bring the wives, mothers, sisters, daughters of clansmen, and women of Scotch descent together for Auld Lang Syne. The descent goes back to grandparents, and gives American born Scotchwomen an opportunity of keeping in touch with the land of their forefathers.

Beginning as a small social organization, the Daughters of Scotia have gradually gone along, increasing in membership and adding benefits, until at this time there is no Order of the kind can do so much for Scotchwomen as the D. of S. can, at the same rates.

In 1906, the D. of S. became a chartered organization (the charter being secured at a trifling cost, through the influence of ex-Mayor William F. Henney, Hartford, Conn., while I was Grand Secretary, 1904-1907), and since then the success of the Order has been assured; so marvelous has been the progress.

I have had many pleasures in being Grand Chief Daughter, and in visiting the Lodges have had many kindnesses and courtesies extended me. I hope the sisters who are near to Port Chester, Tarrytown and Stamford will do what they can to encourage the work of organizing Lodges in these places.

I am a charter member of Ellen Douglas Lodge, No. 8, Hartford, Conn., and we Douglasses are always ready to welcome visitors to our lodge room, in the Masonic Temple, on Ann street.

I expect to visit in New York and New Jersey in the first week of June, and as the 18th of September will call for us all to meet in Annual Conclave, in Bridgeport, Conn., I hope there will be a representative number of delegates in attendance. Meantime, I am, with heartiest good wishes to each and all in the Order,

Yours most sincerely and fraternally,

LISA C. HENDERSON,
 G. C. D. of S.

Message From the Grand Secretary; Grand Lodge Daughters of Scotia

Torrington, Conn., April 18, 1912.

Sisters:

Since I wrote you last, we have had our semi-annual auditing of the Grand Lodge books, and the result of our six months' work is gratifying indeed. We have added two new lodges, and made an increase of over two hundred, and our financial condition is excellent, so keep up the good work. Wha's like us?

I was very much pleased to see so many

reports in "The Caledonian," it's fine reading, but it seems to me we ought to have a great many more. The editor is willing to give us eight pages, so why not take advantage of having a paper of our own? But, ("there is always a but") there are quite a number of lodges who have neither sent reports or subscriptions so far. Now how is "The Caledonian" or any other paper going to benefit an order if every one who really can, does not subscribe? "A half loaf is bet-

ter than no bread," and where there are sisters, who for reasons of their own, feel they cannot take it for a year, why not have two club together and take it turn about? And if it happens both want to keep a particular number, one can always be got for ten cents. One sister wrote me that it was a pleasure to all members of her lodge to get the March number and see our "picters" (Ahem!). Mother MacKenzie's alone was worth the price, no' speakin' o' the ither twa. Of course that was a sister that didn't know me very well, but you know "distance lends enchantment to the view" (of the picter) or the person. I would ask the Chief Daughter of each lodge to urge the members to take an interest in and support "The Caledonian," and to have reports sent in not later than the 20th of the month.

Yours for "Auld Lang Syne,"

MARY MILLER,

Grand Secretary, D. of S.

LADY MACKENZIE LODGE, NO. 13, D. O. S., NEW YORK CITY.

Lady MacKenzie Lodge held its regular and last meeting at Cunningham Hall, on April 15th. Seven new members were initiated and one received by transfer. Five applications for membership were received.

Final Arrangements were made for our Spring Party—a Shirtwaist and Leap Year Party—which will be held May 17th at Lenox Casino, 116th Street and Lenox Avenue.

On and after May 6th, the lodge will meet at the Irish-American Athletic Club, No. 110 East 59th Street (between Park and Lexington Avenues), when and where we will be glad to have any members from sister lodges visit us.

ISABEL MASSON,

Secretary.

PURPLE HEATHER LODGE, N. 41.

Pittsfield, Mass.

We can't give a very large report, as this lodge has just started. We had our first meeting on January 4th, and opened with twenty-four members, the officers being Chief Daughter, Miss Ballantyne; Past C. D., Mrs. Allen; Sub C. D., Mrs. Hendee; Chaplin, Miss Stephen; secretary, Miss Tait; financial secretary, Miss Allen; treasurer, Mrs. Shankland; Conductor, Miss Ferguson; Inside Guard, Mrs. Johnson; Outside Guard, Mrs. Philan; Pianist, Miss Shankland. We initiated six more members at our second meeting and expect to get along all right. Thanking "The Caledonian" for this space.

Yours truly,

MISS ELSIE TAIT,

Secretary.

The Past Chief Daughters' Association of New Jersey will hold their next quarterly meeting at Rentschler Hall, 756 Harrison avenue, Harrison, N. J., on Wednesday evening, May 15th; at eight o'clock. A cordial

invitation is extended to the Past Chiefs and Chief Daughters of New York State Association, and also the Chief Daughters of all sister lodges. A hearty welcome is assured all who attend.

NELLIE L. HAYDEN.

Helen Macgregor Lodge, No. 27, D. O. S. have held two meetings since the last report. At the meeting held March 19th, Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding, four candidates were initiated. Business was curtailed owing to the Leap Year Social. There was a large attendance, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The following meeting, April 2nd, the regular business was gone through; one candidate being initiated. Arrangements were made for celebrating our anniversary at our next meeting, April 16th; an invitation being sent to the clansmen.

The amusement committee for the year is as follows: Miss Marion Denison, chairman; Mrs. Vanderwende, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Orr Jun, Miss Joane Clark, Miss Lizzie Gressick, Miss Mary McKellar, Miss Lena Munro, Miss Bella Robertson. The financial committee is, Mrs. Vanderwinde, Mrs. McBride and Mrs. Stevenson.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Torrington, Conn.,

April 2nd, 1912.

Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., is sorry to lose two members, both having removed from town. But we hope it will not be long before new members will come in to bring the enrollment up to the usual number. A short time ago Clan Stewart, No. 143, O. S. C., invited the ladies to be their guests at their annual. A musical program was much enjoyed by all present, and the guests set down to bountiful banquet.

MRS. ADA HAMILTON,

Secretary,

60 Albert Street.

FLORA McDONALD LODGE, NO. 18, D. OF S.

Paterson, New Jersey.

Since our last report we have had three regular meetings. On March 12th we initiated eight new members and had a very enjoyable time, the amusement committee served refreshments which were enjoyed by everybody; then on March 29th, we held our "pay-as-you-enter" social, which was very largely attended, and a very enjoyable entertainment was given, after which refreshments were served. On April 9th, we initiated two new members. C. D. Sister Seadyke was in the chair at all our meetings.

MRS. AGNES KIDD,

Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, MERIDEN, CONN.

The regular meetings of the Marjory Bruce Lodge were held April 2nd and 16th. On April 2nd we were favored with a visit from Mother Mackenzie, of Victoria Lodge, No. 1, New Haven. She gave us a history of the Daughters of Scotia, which was very much enjoyed, and a pleasant time was held after the business meeting. At our meeting on April 16th, two new members were initiated. The evening was spent in an enjoyable way. A program of musical selections was given by Sisters Agnes Meiklem and Jennie Fulton; there was also a reading by Sister Agnes Johnson, and a piano solo by Sister Bella Fulton. Sister Macdonald gave a "mystery box," which was awarded to Sister Agnes Meiklem.

MRS. JEANIE FULTON, Secretary.

HEATHER BELL LODGE, NO. 4, D. OF S. Manchester, N. H., April 18, 1912.

The regular meeting of Heather Bell

Lodge, No. 4, D. of S., was held Thursday evening, April 4th, at Workman's Hall, Hanover street. There was a large attendance and a very interesting meeting was held. There were three members initiated and one application was read.

This lodge has a membership of eighty-six at the present time, and we hope to reach the one hundred mark before the close of the year. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by our amusement committee, and on Monday evening, April 8th, we were the guests of Clan McKenzie, No. 27, at the celebration of their twenty-fifth anniversary. After supper a very interesting program was rendered, and the honored guest of the evening was Royal Secretary Peter Kerr, of Boston.

MRS. CHRISTINA SMITH,

Secretary.

58 West Merrimack Street.

ECONOMY IN COOKING

MEAT WITH MACARONI AND OTHER STARCHY MATERIALS.

Macaroni cooked with chopped ham, hash made of meat and potatoes or meat and rice, meat croquettes—made of meat and some starchy materials like bread crumbs, cracker dust, or rice—are familiar examples of meat combined with starchy materials. Pilaf, a dish very common in the Orient and well known in the United States, is of this character and easily made. When there is soup or soup stock on hand it can be well used in the pilaf.

TURKISH PILAF.

- ½ cup of rice.
- ¾ cup of tomatoes stewed and strained.
- 1 cup stock or broth.
- 3 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Cook the rice and tomatoes with the stock in a double boiler until the rice is tender, removing the cover after the rice is cooked if there is too much liquid. Add the butter and stir it in with a fork to prevent the rice from being broken. A little catsup or Chili sauce with water enough to make three-quarters of a cup may be substituted for the tomatoes. This may be served as a border with meat, or served separately in the place of a vegetable, or may make the main dish at a meal, as it is savory and reasonably nutritious.

TWELVE O'CLOCK PIE.

This is made with shoulder of mutton, boiled with carrot and onion, then cut up, mixed with potatoes separately boiled and cut up, and put into a baking dish. The crust is made by mixing smoothly mashed potatoes to which a tablespoonful of shortening has been added, with enough flour and water to make them roll out easily. A pie made of a pound of meat will require 5 or 6 small boiled potatoes, a cupful of

mashed potatoes and 8 or 10 tablespoonfuls of flour, and should be baked about twenty minutes in a hot oven. Salt, pepper, and other seasoning, as onion and carrot, may be added to taste. A teaspoonful of baking powder makes the crust lighter.

SCOTCH BROTH.

- 3 pounds mutton.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of pearl barley.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of minced onion.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of minced turnip.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of minced carrot.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of minced celery.
- 2 tablespoonfuls of salt.
- 1 teaspoonful of pepper.
- 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley.
- 3 quarts cold water.

Remove the bones and all the fat from the mutton, cut the meat into small pieces and put it into a stewpan with the water, chopped vegetables, barley and all the seasoning excepting the parsley. It will be found convenient to tie the bones in a piece of thin white cloth before adding to the other ingredients. Bring the stew to a boil, quickly skim it and allow it to simmer for three hours, thicken with the flour, and add the chopped parsley.

STUFFED HEART.

Wash the heart thoroughly inside and out, stuff with the following mixture, and sew up the opening: One cup broken bread dipped in fat and browned in the oven, one chopped onion, and salt and pepper to taste.

Cover the heart with water and simmer until tender or boil ten minutes and set in the fireless cooker for six or eight hours. Remove from the water about one-half hour before serving. Dredge with flour, pepper,

and salt, or sprinkle with crumbs and bake until brown.

ITALIAN HASH.

Boil one-fourth pound of macaroni, drain and put into a buttered casserole, add a little butter and grated cheese. Push the macaroni to the sides of the dish and fill the center with chopped cooked meat seasoned to suit the taste of the family. A little sausage gives a good flavor to this dish. Place in the oven until hot throughout and serve.

A very good modification of this is made by using raw instead of cooked meat. For this one-half pound of round steak is sufficient for a family of six. This should be cut into small pieces, browned, and cooked until tender in water with the onions and other seasonings. An hour before the cooking is complete, add one-half can of toma-

toes. Before serving, the meat may be mixed with the sauce, and the whole is poured over the macaroni.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

New York City.

An advisory committee met April 16th, for the discussion of plans whereby sympathy could be shown for the movement for Home Rule in Scotland. They decided that immediate steps should be taken to enlist the sympathy of all Scottish people. This movement is spreading in other States—the interest aroused by the discussion in "The Caledonian" is intense. Action is going to be taken in various societies throughout the country.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE,

Per M. A. S.

98 Ash Street, Yonkers.

Scottish Societies

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

On March 27th, Clan Cameron, No. 64, O. S. C., held their anniversary smoker and as usual the affair was a huge success. There was a large turnout of the members and their friends and under the chairmanship of Tanist Ferguson everything went smoothly. The talent was of a very high order and one particularly gratifying feature of the program was the exceedingly fine efforts of some of the comparatively new members—notably the vocal efforts of Clansmen Stanton, Spence and J. Gilchrist and the piano playing of Clansman Colville. Clansman James McKay favored the audience with two highland dances and it is evident his feet have lost none of their cunning. Several friends also contributed to the program. The chief made a short address on the Order. During the evening refreshments were served. One of the most pleasant and enjoyable evenings in the history of the Clan, was the verdict of the entire audience and as a result of the gathering, it is rumored that there will be quite a large addition to the membership in the near future.

On April 4th, the fifty-third anniversary of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia was held in Lewar's Hall, Chief Drummond occupying the chair. A magnificent program was submitted by the committee and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. During the evening refreshments were served. Everybody seemed thoroughly pleased and voted the function one of the best ever given by this old and popular club.

Our Scottish community, in common with the whole civilized world were shocked and grieved at the news which came flashing across the water of the foundering of the Titanic and the dreadful loss of life involved. While to the average American the news was

simply another of the dreadful catastrophes which from time to time startle and shock the world, to us the situation was a little more real and personal, as it dawned upon us that the fate of the unfortunate passengers on the White Star Liner might have been ours. For years Scottish Americans and those near and dear to them have been crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic in the fancied security of a strong belief that the ingenuity of man had robbed the ocean of its terrors and rendered travel practically safe. A trip to Scotland has been looked upon as a picnic, and yet we suddenly awake to the fact that despite man's greatest inventions, contrivances and skill the greatest marine horror in the world's history was possible in the twentieth century. Verily in the midst of life we are in death and we can only contribute our mite to the world wide outpouring of human sympathy and sorrow which has been extended to the victims of the disaster. After the present hysterical state of public opinion has subsided we shall no doubt see the installation of precautions and safeguards which will make ocean travel safer than it ever was. One bright feature of the tragedy which seems to stand out with luminous clearness is the fact that the heroic chivalry of the Anglo-Saxon race is not yet dead. There were deeds of heroic self sacrifice performed on that fateful Sunday night which would make some of the immortal tales of ancient valor pale into insignificance. In seeking to unearth causes of blame and future safeguards—all of which are necessary—probably the noblest and best result of this heartrending calamity will be the inspiration which throbbled through millions of breasts as they read of the numerous deeds of heroism performed by the noble dead.

THOMAS PARK.

Silver Anniversaries

SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF CLAN MACDONALD, NO. 33, O. S. C.

Clan MacDonald, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in the midst of its 25th anniversary celebration. On Monday evening, April 22d, the Scottish operetta, "Little Boy Blue," was presented to a large and enthusiastic audience at the Majestic Theatre. This was the first of the clan's celebrations, for the Anniversary Committee, through the energetic chairman, Mr. Scott, had purchased the entire house for that night, and numerous pipers and clansmen in Highland costume made it a truly picturesque Scottish gathering. The public in general and Scottish people in particular are indebted to Clan MacDonald for this evening of rare enjoyment. The committee has also arranged for a social and package party on Friday evening, May 31st, in the hall of the Johnston Building, Flatbush avenue and Nevins street, which we are sure will be another delightful occasion. The proceeds of these anniversary entertainments will be added to the "Clansmen's Permanent Fund," which was started some time ago by Past Royal Chief Walter Scott.

The establishment of Clan MacDonald, a quarter of a century ago, was very largely due to the indefatigable exertions and missionary work of Walter Scott, who well earned the sobriquet of "Father of the Clan." Mr. Scott was a member of Clan Mackenzie, No. 2, Boston. He had become a resident of Brooklyn, and he determined that a branch of the order of Scottish Clans should be established there. His activity was crowned with success, and the clan started on its career on June 3, 1887, with twenty-two members on its muster roll, of whom there are still seven in the clan. Clan MacDonald now has upwards of four hundred members, among whom are men from all walks of life,—business men, journalists, clergymen, physicians, artisans and mechanics.

During the twenty-five years of Clan MacDonald's existence, the guiding star by which the officers and members have steered their course has been a resolve to place the clan upon a plane that would command the respect of the community and attract to its ranks every man who was eligible to membership. The Brooklyn Clan has always occupied a leading position in the Order of Scottish Clans, and has been eminently successful in adding some of the wisest legislation to the Constitution of the Order. The splendid financial condition of the Order of Scottish Clans to-day is largely due to the



PAST ROYAL CHIEF WALTER SCOTT.
Chairman of Anniversary Committee.

financial policy which emanated from Clan MacDonald, and the adoption of which, upwards of seventeen years ago, has placed the Order in the very front rank among the best of fraternal insurance organizations.

The Anniversary Committee is composed of the following past chiefs: Walter Scott, chairman; Duncan MacInnes, vice chairman; William Haldane, treasurer; Fenwick W. Ritchie, secretary; William Davidson, Bryce Martin, William S. Mann, William McCree, John Ritchie, Peter Watt, Robert R. Lumsden, James F. Slimon, Chief Alex. Anderson, ex-officio.

WANTED INFORMATION.

Donald Shiol Lauchlin Mackintosh; aged twenty-nine years; last heard from at Bridgeburg, Ont., December, 1907; presumed to have moved west. Brother W. S. L. Mackintosh enquiring.

Any information respecting the above, please communicate to David Johnston, Secretary Clan McLean, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF CLAN MAC-KENZIE, NEW YORK.

Clan MacKenzie, celebrated their 25th anniversary on Friday evening, April 12th. The Amsterdam Opera House, on West 44th street, was crowded with the members and friends who assembled on this auspicious occasion, and listened to a most delightful concert. The artists were Mr. James Singer, Miss Margaret Huston, Mr. Paterson Campbell, The Gordon Fraser Dancers, and Mr. John G. Anderson; the New York Scottish Highlanders' Pipe Band rendered some stirring music. At the close of the concert the Highlanders gave an exhibition drill under command of Captain John Rowe, which was reviewed by Chief John MacLean of Clan MacKenzie. A social time followed which was enjoyed by all present. We congratulate the MacKenzies for their twenty-five years of successful work, and also for the very pleasant celebration. The clan owes much of its recent success to the faithful efforts of ex-chief Wallace, the present Royal Deputy of New York, and to the present Chief, Mr. John MacLean. Clan MacKenzie is the oldest clan in New York. They have a splendid staff of officers, and about three hundred members.

CLAN MACDONALD, BROCKTON, MASS.

During the last few months, through the active work of the officers and members, the clan has been making rapid strides. There is a friendly rivalry between two sections of the clan, in the effort to win the prize offered to the section that shall bring in the largest number of new members. The "Shoe Town" presents a good opportunity for the work of the Clan, as there are many Scotsmen employed in the stores and various factories.

CLAN MURRAY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Clan Murray is at present one of the most active clans in Massachusetts, and has a membership of 120. The majority of the members are very young, fine looking and ambitious Scotsmen; the meetings are largely attended, and the subjects brought forward for the good of the order, are ably discussed. Chief Kerr, is an excellent presiding officer, and is ably supported by his associates in office. On Thursday evening, May 1st, the Clan had an open meeting to which Clan MacLennan of Ludlow, and Clan MacLaren of Holyoke were invited, and sent a large delegation. The three clans assembled in the hall and led by pipers marched through the streets of Springfield, attracting much attention. It was a large and enthusiastic meeting and many friends of the clansmen were present. Royal Secretary, Peter Kerr, of Boston, was the guest and speaker of the evening. We commend this as an admirable way of arousing interest in the work of the clans.

During our short visit in Massachusetts, we were informed that the meetings of some of the Clans are not as well attended as

they should be. It is the opinion of some of the prominent members that there are too many clans in certain localities, and that it would be better to have two or three active, growing clans, than twice as many small ones.

The Order of Scottish Clans is a splendid institution, especially for young Scotsmen who come as strangers to a town or city, where they feel lonely and depressed. It is truly missionary work for clansmen to get hold of such young men before they drift away. There are thousands of them in the towns and cities of our land to whom membership in a clan would be a social and financial help.

EASTERN OHIO AND WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Clan MacDonald and the Ladies' Auxilliary of Youngstown chartered a special car on March 28th, and journeyed to Sharon, Pa., to visit Clan McIntyre, No. 202, and their ladies. Clan MacDonald's social committee brought a good supply of meat pies along with them.

The Scotch of Sharon surely did have a treat. During the evening addresses were made by Past Chief Thomas Thompson, Chaplain Alexander Finnie and Royal Deputy William Lightbody. Mrs. Alex Cuthbertson sang a solo. Harry Archibald, in Lauder songs, was well received. William Peat sang "Fou the Noo" and "The Bold McIntyres." Mrs. Elderson and Tam Tamson sang "Huntingtower," or "When Ye Gang Awa, Jamie." Dancing followed, to music by Piper James Ritchie.

As a result of the first "real" social affair of Clan McIntyre, a Ladies' Auxilliary was organized, the officers being as follows: Past president, Miss Jean Rigby; president, Mrs. Elderson; vice president, Mrs. Samuel McKee; recording secretary, Miss Mary Cochran; financial secretary, Mrs. William D. Milne; chaplain, Mrs. Nellie Rees; treasurer, Mrs. George Purdie; marshal, Mrs. Witherpoon; inside guard, Miss Catherine Hogg; outside guard, Mrs. R. Balderman.

Past Chief Thomas Thompson made a hit after the election of officers with his reading, "The Mustard Plaster."

Clan McDonald, No. 39, invited the members of Clan McIntyre, No. 202, and the Ladies' Auxilliary to be their guests at Youngstown on April 16th. Flashlight photos were taken previous to the social program, and it is expected that they will appear in the Fiery Cross. David Scott, Robert Walker, John Mason and others were on the program for addresses and songs.

On March 25th, the Daughters of Scotland gave a supper, concert and dance in their hall, which was attended by about 350 people. Dr. S. R. Fraser and M. C. MacNab were the speakers of the evening. Master William Forbes and Mrs. Guild rendered piano duets. Harry Archibald, in Lauder songs, made a great impression. Dancing followed.

On March 29th, Dr. Hugh Black gave an address on America through Scottish spectacles, in Trinity M. E. Church.

On April 18th, the Greenville (Pa.) Caledonian Club was organized, the officers elected being: Chief, John McKay; recording secretary, William M. Green; treasurer, R. Strachan. A concert is proposed for next month, and an athletic event or picnic this summer.

James Tyrle, of Youngstown, has returned from Scotland. He arrived home a week before the sinking of the Titanic. He says Mr. George D. Weck, the Youngstown business man who went down like a hero with the boat, requested him in London to wait for the sailing of the Titanic and accom-

pany him on the voyage. Luckily for Mr. Tyrle he did not accept the invitation.

Past Chief John Wilson, of Youngstown, will sail for Scotland on May 25th, on the steamship Cameronia.

Miss Allan, a Scotch lassie of Poland, where former President McKinley was raised near here, will sail on the same boat to visit relatives in Glasgow.

HUGH W. BEST.

CLAN CAMPBELL, CHELSEA, MASS., who suffered a great loss a few years ago, from the fire that destroyed part of the city, has a large membership, and an excellent balance in the treasury. The Royal Physician, Dr. Johnston, is a member of this growing clan.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

Whaur's yer accent?

It is related that once when a cockney actor was playing the part of the "Dougal Cratur" in Rob Roy at Glasgow theatre, one of the gallery gods called out, "whaur's your accent?" "You've got it," was the instant rejoinder, which tickled and mollified the audience. This question was mentally asked by many Scots in the large audience which filled Tremont Temple on the evening of March 20th, to hear the great operatic stars Evelyn Scotney and Edward Lankow give a recital of Scottish songs.

Miss Scotney sang over a dozen Scottish songs of such wide range as "Bonnie Doon," "Caller Herrin," "We'd Better Bide a Wee," "Whistle and I'll Come to Ye," and sang some of them more sweetly, harmoniously and perfectly than ever we heard them sung before, and her accent was in many cases all that the most exacting could expect. In such songs as "Robin Adair," "Mary of Argyle," and "Annie Laurie," she was most charming and gained unqualified praise. In some of the other songs, such as "There's Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose," it sounded as if she was mimicking the vernacular instead of being to the manner born. Miss Scotney who is a protegee of Madame Melba's, was also born in Melbourne and claims Scottish parentage.

Mr. Lankow's preliminary press notices dwelt at length on his Scottish ancestry, but they were far back. As an artist, a musician and a vocalist, he is a master, but his first appearance as a singer of Scottish songs was a failure. How a singer of his excellence could essay to render such stirring,

emotional, virile songs as "Scots Wha Hae," "The Cameron Men," and "Blue Bonnets over the Border," in the namby pamby manner in which he did is a wonder.

The audience however was enthusiastic and none too critical, and the introduction by both artists of operatic arias displayed the wonderful range of tone which they possessed. It would be unfair to Mr. Lankow not to admit that in more than one song, such as "Farewell to Lochaber" he pleased exceedingly some of the most exacting Scottish critics. We hope that other critics may have the privilege of hearing these artists.

Chief William J. Hamilton, of Lynn, Mass., has sent me a menu of a Scottish supper given by the men of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and there are some wonderful and to me untranslatable Scotch dialect words in the bill-of-fare. We all know what Stot's Tail Soup is, but what is a "wallie dwybe" or a "rybe?" One couplet says:

"Wi tines mistrustfu dinna foute
For glittle pads the wame calscoutre."

Under the heading "Fowl" there is another couplet:

"Fat chuckies, in the oven scowder'd
Aneath their stentit feckits howder'd."

I can guess the next:

"A sookin' grumphies hurdies cookit;
And skliced coo-tongue wi' salses drookit."

The first line of the next beats me:

"Fresh frae the awmie orva ferlies
Sweeet carvied baps and trekkle parlies."

Who shall decide when experts disagree?

In some parts of Scotland the word father is pronounced faither, feyther, and fawther.

The word water as watter, waiter, weeter and other weird ways. One of our most accomplished Scottish-American soprano singers, recently asked me if she should sing.

O' a' the airts the wund can blau, or
O' a' the airts the win' can blau.

Which would you decide upon?

The Boston Caledonian Club's April meeting was largely given over to the discussion on the Scottish Home Rule question. One member was in great trepidation that the constitution was being violated by discussing a political question, but the majority accepted the explanation that the question was a national not a political issue. It was finally decided to lay the matter on the table to be brought up for further discussion at the May meeting, as there seemed to be a wide spread feeling that all the information possible should be known to the members before replying to the communications sent from the Scottish Home Rule Association.

A very competent games committee of seven members was chosen for the annual Scottish picnic, and it is hoped there will be no conflicting of dates. Secretaries of the different Caledonian Clubs in the east should get into communication with each other on this matter.

THE CHARITY CONCERT AND BALL of the Scots' Charitable Society and its Women's Auxiliary Board was held at Paul Revere Hall, March 27, with nearly one thousand attending. There were many prominent guests, and representatives from all the British organizations in the city. The concert artists were Mme. Wilhelmina Calvert, Miss Mary Ogilvie, James Singer, A. Cameron Steele, and Miss Nellie Ferguson, dancer, and every one acquitted themselves to the full satisfaction of the audience.

The grand march was led by president Pottinger and Mrs. Pottinger, followed by vice president A. C. Nilon with Mrs. Walter Lamp the president of the Women's Auxiliary Board.

THE SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY'S quarterly meeting was held at Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Thursday, April 18th, but owing to the stormy evening it was very meagerly attended. The most pleasing feature of the evening to many, was vice-president Nixon's motion that the entire surplus from the Charity Ball, amounting to over three hundred dollars be turned over to the Women's Auxiliary Board. This was unanimously agreed to. A proposal to empower the Board of Government to purchase for three thousand dollars a new burial lot at Mount Hope, was turned down in favor of a motion that the Society invite all members to visit the present lot at the same cemetery, on Memorial Day, where appropriate services may take place, and at the same time the cemetery committee may shew to those interested, the proposed location for the new

lot, and a vote be taken at the next meeting. It is hoped there will be a large turnout of the members on Memorial Day at the society's lot at Mount Hope in remembrance of the many unfortunate and perhaps forgotten dead that are there buried. A motion to amend the constitution, increasing the dues to three dollars per year instead of two dollars, was held over until the July meeting.

CLAN RAMSAY, No. 143, held their fourteenth concert and ball at Intercolonial Hall, April 11th, and it was the most brilliant and successful ever held by this "kid-glove clan," as I understand it is called. The officers and committee were heartily congratulated by the representatives of all other bodies who were present. The concert was one of the best given by any organization this season, the artists being Miss Mary Ogilvie, Mr. John E. Daniels, Mr. W. L. Cockburn, Mr. Joseph Tighe, the Four Crichtons, dancers and Messrs. Reid & Holmes, talented performers on the concertina and dulcimer. Chief Donald MacGillivray presided, and was escorted to the platform by Royal Secretary Peter Kerr, Royal Physician, Dr. Johnson; Grand Chief McKenzie, President Pottinger of the Scots' Charitable Society and President Thomas Bell of the Highland Dress Association.

Samuel Nicolson provided the Home Club of the Hope Chapel of the Old South Church with a Scottish concert, on the evening of Thursday, April 4th. The church was well-filled with an appreciative audience and as Mr. Nicolson has always the good will and assistance of the most talented people, the concert was a very enjoyable one. Mrs. Ella Ripley Peabody, and Mrs. Norah Chalmers delighted and astonished by the excellence of their lyrical exposition, and the sweetness and strength of their voices. Mr. Alexander H. Barclay and Mr. John M. Maxwell acquitted themselves most creditably. Miss Edith Burchell and Miss Edith Hunter, proved themselves musicians with knowledge of technique, and ability to execute masterly selections on the piano and cello. Mr. John F. Grant sang one of Lauder's songs to the delight of his listeners. Hon. Walter Ballantyne was scheduled to deliver an address but political exigencies required his presence elsewhere, and the chairman, Mr. Robert E. May called upon another talented and illustrious Scotsman whom he saw in the audience, Mr. Hugh Cairns, to come to the platform and take his place. Mr. Cairns expressed his appreciation at being asked to address such an assemblage and his pleasure at once again appearing on the same platform as the chairman. Mr. Cairns kept his hearers in good humor, and gave way to Mr. Nicolson, who in his usual masterly, non-elocution school manner, recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The Rev. G. Charles Gray on behalf of the Church, thanked Mr. Nicolson and the artists for the great pleas-

ure they had given their people and the appreciation they felt for what had been so generously given them.

TO MEET THREE CRIMEAN VETERANS, and one holder of the VICTORIAN CROSS, THOMAS SEELEY is an honor which I am certain can not be met with on any normal occasion, in any other city in America. To be sure, four years ago at the tercentenary celebration in Quebec, I had the honor to meet and mingle and hob-nob with a number of Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans, to my everlasting pleasure and delight, but that was a most extraordinary occasion.

Friday evening, April 19th, at Paul Revere Hall, the British Army and Naval veterans held their annual ball. Three Crimean veterans and Mr. Seeley, all members, were there but did not dance, because they got no chance. There were so many strangers and visitors who wanted the honor of shaking hands with them and to be able to say that they had spoken to them. The proceedings opened with an interesting and impressive ceremony. The presentation of a new stand of American colors, by Miss Ella F. Turner on behalf of the Ladies' Aid Association. Comm. William Young Cole, accepted them in a brief, soldier-like speech, and then the festivities began. Major Fred J. Horneman was chairman of the committee of arrangements and things moved with military precision and attention to every detail. Prominent Scottish members of the British and Naval Military Veterans are Lieutenant George R. Stephens, Captain William Shedden and Lieut. Col. John Black.

REV. MALCOLM L. MACPHAIL, of the Scotch Church, Warrenton street, Boston, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of the North Side, Pittsburg. Mr. MacPhail is a very young man and while in Boston he has had several honors fall upon his shoulders, the field I am sorry to admit is too small for him. Pittsburg will offer larger opportunities and honors will continue to come his way.

Although the New England Presbyterian conference recently reported a steady and healthy growth of membership, Presbyterianism is not yet very strong in Boston or New England.

The fifty-first anniversary reunion of the Veteran Association, 79th Regiment, Highlanders, N. Y. Vols., will be held on Monday evening, May 13th, at the Broadway Central Hotel, New York.

THE CALEDONIAN

SCOTTISH HOSPITAL.

The Caledonian Scottish Hospital will hold a grand concert and social for the benefit of the hospital in Amsterdam Opera House, 44th street, west of 8th avenue New York, on Tuesday evening, May 17, 1912.

NINETEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF DOYERS STREET MIDNIGHT MISSION.

One of the most effective of New York's many rescue missions is that of the Rescue Society, located for the past 19 years in Doyers Street, Chinatown, which combines all the work of a mission and the modern settlement. It has classes and clubs for boys and girls, a Kindergarten for little tots, gives vacations and outings in summer; when necessary legal assistance, also medical help, and is absolutely undenominational. There are midnight services for adults, and a rescue department for unfortunate girls, as well as hospital and prison work.

Though the mission is located in Chinatown its work is confined to the white population of that district. There are a great number of other nationalities in that center, in fact it is the rendezvous for tramps from all parts of the country. There are Greeks, Jews, Lithuanians, Czechs, Russians, Turks, men from Southern Europe and from the shores of the Baltic, negroes, whites, scowling young boys, casting slinking looks from under drawn eyebrows, white-haired and tottering figures, men with hopeless eyes, men whose breaths are foul with alcohol and men whose smiles belie the condition their clothes would try to tell.

The following statistics for January, February and March, indicate the effective work of the mission: total attendance, 35,112; total requests for prayer, 2,440; total professions, 771; brotherhood attendance, 2,649; clothing distributed, 137 pieces; boys under eighteen years sent to homes, 69; men sheltered all night at mission, 15,986.

And of the nearly 150,000 men who have passed in and out there in the last fifteen months, at least 10,000 of them have come out happier than when they went in.

The Society celebrated its nineteenth anniversary from Monday, April 8th, 1912, to Saturday April 13th. It was a week long to be remembered: representative clergymen and Christian workers from all denominations in greater New York and vicinity spoke with power and deep sympathy to packed audiences. On Monday evening, April 8, the speakers were Rev. J. Lyon Caughey, D. D., Mount Morris Park Presbyterian Church; Rev. George Alexander, D. D., University Place Presbyterian Church; Rev. Malcolm James MacLeod, D. D., Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church; Rev. Thomas W. Smith, D. D., St. Nicholas Avenue, Presbyterian Church.

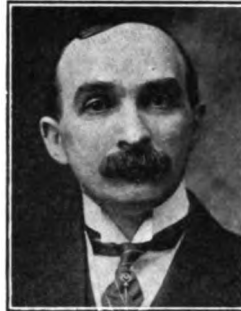
On the following nights among other speakers were Rev. H. A. Stimson, D. D., Manhattan Congregational Church; Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D., Scotch Presbyterian Church; Rev. Curtis L. Laws, D. D., Greene avenue, Baptist Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Wm. Carter, D. D., Madison avenue, Reformed Church, and Rev. Clark Wright, D. D., Yonkers, M. E. Church.



EDWARD SKETCHLEY
President



DONALD THORBURN
Vice-President



JAMES B. NIMMONS
Treasurer



THOMAS J. NOONAN
Supt. and Secretary.

HISTORY OF THE MISSION.

"It was twenty-five years ago that Mr. Sketchley first came in contact with the lower life of the city. Those were the days when Mulberry Bend was a place to be feared as well as the notorious "Five Points." Beer cellars, where only the stales brew was to be had, were the favorite "hangouts" for the toughs. Women and men congregated there. It was in this period of outlawry that the 'shanhaling' of women was common. Girls were captured and held prisoners in evil resorts. Then it was that Mr. Sketchley, who long had been interested in religious endeavor in the city, started to do a little missionary work on his own account. Soon other men and other women became interested and took up the work as individuals. It was decided to have a room for a meeting place where the missionaries could meet every evening before going on tour."

GET QUARTERS IN A TENEMENT.

This was the beginning of the Midnight Mission. After much persuasion the workers obtained a room in a tenement occupied by Chinamen and white women. The short gospel meeting held in the room nightly attracted other persons in the house and they gathered in the halls and listened to the hymns and prayers.

Sometimes as many as fifty would be in the hall listening to the service. Larger quarters were needed and the missionaries moved into a store room at No. 15 Doyers street, which had been used formerly as a "hop joint." There the workers remained for seventeen years, or up to a year ago, when they moved into the building long used as the Chinese Theatre, but now transformed into a gospel mission hall with a seating capacity of about 500 including the platform.

Services are held every night in the Mission, beginning at 10 o'clock and continuing till midnight and sometimes until 1 o'clock in the morning. A couple of hundred men is not considered a large attendance, while on stormy nights or when it is bitter cold as many as 400 have crowded into the place.

The following are the leaders of midnight services:

Monday Donald Thorburn
Tuesday Lloyd W. Chase
Wednesday Joseph Justice
Thursday T. J. Noonan
Friday Maurice W. Lewis
Saturday Edward Sketchley
Sunday Dr. James C. Beach

These business men give their services to save their fellow men.

Board of Trustees—Edward Sketchley, President, 148 Reade street; Donald Thorburn, vice president, 177 East 123rd street; James B. Nimmons, treasurer, 22 West 34th street; Dr. S. E. Furry, 53 Bible House; Dr. James C. Beach, 116 Maiden Lane; Edward M. Waring, 56 West 43rd street; T. J. Noonan, secretary, and superintendent; Charles S. Dennis, Church representative.

The vice president, Mr. Donald Thorburn, is one of the most active workers of the mission. He is an elder in the Harlem Presbyterian Church, was born in the island of Mig, Scotland. His skillful accompaniment of the hymns on the bagpipe has often been an important feature of the services of the mission.

CHESTER CREST

The most notable example of successful effort in dealing with victims of intemperance is the record of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, which is an outgrowth of the great Hippodrome meetings held by Dwight L. Moody in 1876. Its plans and purposes at once appealed to William E. Dodge, Morris K. Jesup and Cornelius Vanderbilt who extended generous aid, while the late John S. Kennedy, Hugh O'Neill, J. Pierpont Morgan, John Wanamaker, John S. Huyler and other well known philanthropists have given substantial evidence of their interest in the work. Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, D. D., son of the principal founder, has been president of the institution for thirty years. Mr. Willis E. Lougee, widely known for his interest in movements of a christian and philanthropic char-

acter, has given it the benefit of his services as treasurer. Rev. George S. Avery, formerly a co-worker with D. L. Moody, and singularly fitted to cope with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, was called from his work connected with the Central Presbyterian Church to become general manager in 1897.

The original quarters in the city became inadequate to meet the constantly growing demands upon the Home, and in 1901 twelve acres of land were purchased at Mount Vernon and buildings erected accommodating 150 men. The stately structures of Colonial architecture which adorn the Crest of the hill about midway between Mount Vernon and Bronxville are admirably adapted to the special purposes of the work. In the spacious wings which flank the central administration buildings are the reading rooms, rooms for games, libraries, chapel and dining rooms, and an up-to-date kitchen where food is prepared under sanitary conditions. Since the removal to Mount Vernon the Home has been generally referred to as "Chester Crest."

The clientele of Chester Crest is not confined to the "down and out" element who have become impoverished through drink. While these constitute a large percentage of those received in the Home, men of means and those occupying high social positions, yet enslaved or becoming enslaved by intemperance, knock at its doors for relief. To meet the requirements of the different classes of applicants the house is divided into three departments. Wealthy men or the relatives of wealthy men are housed in No. 1 department where they can command all the luxuries of a private home. No. 2 department is for men of moderate means. In No. 3 dormitory are free beds which may be occupied by worthy men residing in Greater New York, and unfortunate men living outside the city, whose means are limited, are admitted under the Brotherhood plan, paying \$17 for the five weeks period. No one is received for a less period than five weeks, and a stay of not less than ten weeks is recommended.

The principles which Chester Crest stands for in dealing with drunkards and drinking men are that the sin of drunkenness must be recognized and confessed, that reliance upon self is utterly valueless, but that entire, unquestioned trust in God, the God of salvation, insures full deliverance. What the results?

Many one-time inmates of Chester Crest are doing effective evangelistic work; others are engaged in missionary service, while others are to-day officers in churches and efficient Bible teachers. These men frequently return to the place which gave them a renewed purpose in life, and testify at meetings in the chapel to their emancipation from the thralldom of drink and their soul's salvation.

G. S. A.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, HIS LIFE AND DEEDS, By Henry the Minstrel (Blind Harry). In modern prose by Thomas Walker; price, cloth \$1.25 and \$1.75 net. Order from Caledonian Publishing Company., New York.

Scots all over the world should hail this book with acclamation. Blind Harry's language is almost like a foreign tongue and to one not acquainted with the old Scots language much of the great merit of the work is entirely lost. Hence none but those of a super-sentimental cast of thought take the pains to work their way through the great poem. That Blind Harry was eminently qualified by nature to record in heroic verse the achievements of William Wallace is undeniable. That he combined the qualities of a heroic poet to that of a painstaking historian is universally allowed. His imagination never runs loose. In an age at once superstitious and illiterate he never departs from the possible and probable. His ghosts and visions are mostly in dreams, and they seem peculiarly fitting as accessories to the heroic deeds of the great patriot, just as the visions of Joan of Arc seem necessary as a psychological force in the spirit of the heroic maid of Orleans.

Of the life and deeds of Wallace it is not necessary now to speak. They are graven on the heart of every Scot. There never was and never will be truer patriot. He was one of the few colossal souls that stamp themselves upon the life of a nation, and something of his spirit is caught by every true Scot. In the history written in Latin by Blair who accompanied Wallace in many of his marvelous exploits, we have the records of the pure historian which formed the basis of Blind Harry's great work, and to which the poet alludes again and again.

Coming to the work before us, it is peculiarly gratifying to observe that the translation of Mr. Walker, if one may so call it, retains much of the idiomatic style of Henry and at the same time presents the marvelous story in fine English, with some quotations here and there of the original text. Mr. Walker has evidently brought to the task an intense love of the subject. The fire and fervor of the original is never lost. The account of the battles are all full of vivid description, and like Homer or Virgil it seems as if every victim of the fury of battle dies in a different way. The appalling spectacles of the terrific hand to hand combats never pall on the reader. Wallace passes from scene to scene like a demigod, and his every act is a just retribution on the usurping English.

The book appears at a peculiarly fitting time when the shadow of England seems to have fallen all over Scotland, and English aggression seems to have lost none of its old time persistence. Scottish affairs have

scarcely any longer a place in the British Parliament, and while no sensible man regrets the Union, all sensible Scots deplore the lack of opportunity in discussing purely Scottish affairs in the Imperial Parliament. What Scotland needs to-day is some man with something of the heroic spirit of William Wallace, at once capable of rousing the spirit of pitiful lethargy into which the people of Scotland have fallen, and organize them into a phalanx willing to stand for the right.

Perhaps those of us who have wandered into a far country can afford to hold our tongue. We have cast our fortunes elsewhere, but something of the spirit of the true Scots still lingers in the grand old land, and a Parliament in Edinburgh again, and a revival of the national spirit of Scotland into intellectual activity is a consummation devoutly to be wished by all of them. Mr. Walker cannot do other than aid in this aspiration, which like Banquo's ghost, will not down. We trust that the book will meet with the warm reception which it so worthily deserves. It is at once highly creditable to the author, and should act as a trumpet blast to the Scots everywhere.

J. K.

"THE TOUCHSTONE OF FORTUNE," Being a Memoir of Baron Clyde, who lived thrived and fell in the Doleful Reign of the so-called Merry Monarch, Charles II. By Charles Major. The MacMillan Co., New York, 1912, price \$1.25 net.

This book, like Mr. Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "When Knighthood was in Flower," is a historical novel, dealing with life at the English Court, several centuries ago. King Charles II is characterized early in the book as the "wickedest man in the vilest court on earth." Strong words, these; yet the facts that the author gives in the succeeding pages, and which are considered essentially true, prove that this condemnation is well-deserved.

The heroine of the book is Frances Jennings, maid of honor to the Duchess of York, whom it is said the French Comte de Grammont declared to be the only woman at Whitehall who was both beautiful and good. How she was brought to the Court, how she became a favorite of nearly every one, and especially of the King, and yet retained her self respect and virtue, are topics of absorbing interest which the author has told with wonderful skill.

Charles' sale of the city of Dunkirk to the French King is one of the most important incidents in the book, and Mr. Major connects with this several of the principal characters, whose future hangs upon the success or failure of the French King in this transaction.

The story is intensely interesting, indeed

it is very exciting in many parts, and gives a wonderful insight into the Court life soon after the Restoration.

PANAMA, The Canal, the Country and the People. By Albert Edwards, New York, MacMillan Co., Price \$1.50.

The author takes us, after a trip through the West Indian Islands, to Colon. This was in 1909. After looking over the Panama Railway and seeing the grand provision made for the comfort and welfare of the employees of the canal, he left on the train for Panama at the other end of the canal. Gatun and Culebra are the two isthmian names best known, one a dam, the other a cut, making an artificial lake over which ships will pass for twenty-three miles. Panama is a different city from Colon; there you are constantly reminded of the work of the Spanish Conquerors.

A large part of the book is given up to the coming of the Spanish explorers to this part of the world, beginning with the first arrival at the Isthmus in 1500, of an expedition of which Balboa was a member. Later Pizarro was to conquer Peru. In 1686 a young Scotch minister began to raise money to fit out an expedition to settle in the Isthmus, and in 1698, July 25th, a fleet of three ships and two tenders left Leith. Later other vessels brought colonists, but this Presbyterian invasion was a failure and in April, 1700 they were driven out by the Spanish.

The discovery of gold in 1849 broke the Isthmus from its long sleep, and in May 1850, work was begun on the Panama Railroad, which was completed in January, 1855, at a great loss of life, on account of the climate. The French having succeeded in getting a concession to build a canal across the Isthmus, sent in 1879, DeLesseps to construct it. Through treachery, however, he was compelled to abandon the task after having made a fine beginning.

In 1903 the Panama revolution happened and in a very short time the State was recognized by the United States. Panama for \$10,000,000 granted us a canal zone ten miles wide, and immediately steps were taken for the building of the Canal by the Government. Wonders have been accomplished beside the immediate construction of the canal. Through the efforts of Colonel Gorges in sewerage, providing a water supply and fighting mosquitoes, he has made the zone as healthful as any part of the States. Under Colonel Goethals the construction is being pushed, and every provision is being made for the health and comfort and recreation of the employees.

This is the lesson of Panama, "Collective Activity."

The book is attractive, well illustrated and full of interest.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JOHN A. SNEDDON.

*(Delivered at Ogden City, Utah, January
uary 25th, 1912.)**(Continued.)*

His memory lives in the hearts of his countrymen, and "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Our ancestors failed to appreciate his worth. He asked for bread and they gave him a stone, but the present generation bows at the feet of genius, and his name goes ringing down through the corridors of time as the sweetest singer of Scottish lays.

Millions have been benefited by his works, but only one will receive our present consideration. Mouldering in the silent tomb in Springfield, Illinois, lies the body of Abraham Lincoln, our martyred President. During Lincoln's early manhood, he mastered five books, and I am pleased to tell you tonight that the works of Burns was one of them. We do not wonder now from whence Lincoln received a part of his simplicity, power, sympathy and patriotism which so much astonished the civilized world. During the year 1906, 20,000 people visited the home of Shakespeare; during the year 1906, 40,000 visited the home of Sir Walter Scott, and during the same year 60,000 visited the birth-place of Robert Burns—that lowly cottage described as

"But a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay."

With unselfish love, he bequeathed to us his works as a legacy to share and share alike. A legacy which has assisted us in breaking the bonds of physical and mental slavery, and made us the free-thinking, patriotic, liberty-loving citizens which we are tonight. Kings, queens, princes and millionaires flourish and pass away, and are soon forgotten, but the name of Burns and his works will live on forever. Such is the law of compensation. You seldom can have both riches and fame. Nature nursed Burns in poverty, and compensated him with immortality.

Scotland had waited until the eighteenth century for her poet, and when he came, our ancestors recognized him not. They failed to understand that he who toiled painfully by their side, who sung to them of love, of sympathy, of liberty, and exposed the hypocrisies of "Holy Willies," was made of finer clay than themselves.

It has been said by unlearned and prejudiced persons that Burns had no religion. A poet without a religion is an impossibility. That he had no creed, I do not deny. It will be remembered that during the lifetime of Burns the creeds were engaged in bitter controversies with each other, and Burns, with his keen intellect, easily discovered that such controversies were not in conformity with the ethics of Christ, and he probably

decided that it was better to be alone than in bad company.

The Scotsman is respected the world over for his spirit of sturdy independence, his love of equality, his contempt for hypocrisy, and his veneration for the God of Nature; but we as Scotsmen realize, it is the spirit of Burns' works which has fostered the growth of these manly virtues in our soul.

Such in brief is the life of him whom the British Nation might have selected to be one of her greatest statesmen. A heroic intellect, full of nobleness and of valor. One whom William Pitt, without prejudice, might have recognized as one of the Titans he so much needed at that time, but England and her statesmen, soaked in dogmatism and foggy stupor, failed to see this lode-star, shining in its brilliancy in the intellectual firmament upon the mists below. It vanished at noon, and England's opportunity passed by unnoticed.

On a small pedestal in the City of Glasgow, stands one of the many statues of our poet. A little farther off, towering up into the heavens, stands the monument of Sir Walter Scott. They were both great men—the one honored in his day, and the other neglected; but sentiment has changed, and our Bobbie Burns now stands at least on as high a mental plane as the "Wizard of the North." Peace be to his ashes, and immortal be his name, is the prayer of his countrymen all over the globe. We are partakers of his greatness, and we will defend him from his critics, and in the language of Thomas Carlyle say: "That with all his faults there was no truer gentleman than the Ploughman Poet."

We are not likely to soon forget that "There was a lad was born in Kyle" whose heart went out in generous sympathy to all mankind with a little to spare for the poor Dell. Birds may warble and sing their sweetest song, flowers may bloom and shed their sweetest fragrance, streams may murmur and glide amongst the beauties of nature, but interwoven with them all we seem to hear them sing with sweet accord the name of Burns, his bonnie Jean and his own sweet Highland Mary.

A CONCERT AND BALL

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
CALEDONIAN SCOTTISH HOSPITAL

to be given under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary
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Regular meetings of the Auxiliary on the 1st and 3rd
Wednesday of each month

SCOTTISH FAMILY MOTTOES.

BY A. L. MOIR.
(Continued.)

DRUMMOND.

"Ad astra per ardua." To the stars by high deeds.
"Altiora peto." To seek greater things.
"Arte et Marte." By art and force.
"Consequitar quodcumque petit." He obtains whatever he seeks.
"Dum spiro, spero." While I breathe, I hope,

"Et Marte, et arte." Both by strength and art.

"Gang warily."
"Have at all."

"His gloria reddit honores." Glory renders honor to them.

"Hos gloria reddit honores." Glory has given these honors.

"Loyal a' lea mort." Faithful unto death.

"Marte et arte." By strength and art.
"Per mare, per terras." By sea and land.

"Prius mori quam fidem fallere." Yield to death rather than betray trust.

"Renovate animos." Renew your courage.
"Spes mea res mea." My hope, my estate.

"Sto mobilis." I stand movable.
"Virtutem coronat honos." Honor crowns virtue.

DUNDAS.

"Essayez hardiment." Try boldly.
"Extinguo." I extinguish.

ELLIOTT—ELLIOT.

"Apto cum lare." With a fit abode.
"Candide et caute." With candor and caution.

"Fortiter." Boldly.
"Fortiter et recte." Boldly and rightly.

"Hoc majorum opus." This is the work of my ancestors.

"Inest jucunditas." Mirth is therein.
"Non sine Deo." Not without God.

"Peradventure."
"Præcedentibus instat." Urge your way among the leaders.

"Pro rege et limite." For the king and his dominions.

"Vellera fertis oves." You sheep carry fleeces.

ERSKINE.

"Ausim et confido." I dare and I trust.
"Fortudine." With fortitude.

"In domino confido." I trust in the Lord.
"Je pense plus." I think more.

"Rinarce piu gloriosa." To be renewed more gloriously.

"Think well."
"Trial by jury."

FARQUARSON.

"Carn na cuimhue." The rock of remembrance.

"Craig dhubh." The black rock.
"Fide et fortitude." By fidelity and fortitude.

"Ilumino." I give light.

"In memoriam marjoram." In remembrance of our ancestors.

"Non semper sub umbra." Not always under the shade.

"Sto, cadio fide et armis." I stand by faith and fall by arms.

"Sto pro fide." It is changed into day.
"Vertitur in diem."

I stand on account of faith.
FERGUSON.

"Arte et animo." By strategem and courage.
"Dulcius ex asperis." Sweeter after difficulties.

"Growing."
"True to the end."

"Vi et arte." By strength and art.

"Virtue."
"Virtute." By virtue.

FORBES.

"Altius ibunt qui ad summa nituntur." They will rise higher who aim at the greatest things.

"Concordia præsto." Concord at hand.
"Dilectatio." Delight.

"Dinna wauken sleeping dogs." The hour flies.

"Fugit hora." The hour flies.
"Grace my guide."

"Nec mons, nec substrahit aer." The mountain is not moved nor does the blast subside.

"Nec timide, nec temere." Neither timidly nor rashly.

"Non deest spes." Hope is not wanting.

"Non temere." Not rashly.
"Salus mea Christum." Christ is my salvation.

"Salus per Christum." Salvation through Christ.

"Rosas coronat spina." Thorns encompass the roses.

"Scientor utor." I use skilfully.
"Solus inter plures." I am alone among many.

"Spe expecto." I wait in hope.

"Spernit humum." He despises the earth.
"Spero." I hope.

"Virtute cresco." I increase by virtue.
"Virtute non ferocia." By bravery, not by cruelty.

"Virtuti inimica quies." Inactivity is an enemy to virtue.

"Watch."
"Watch and pray."

FRASER.

"All my hope is in God."
"In virtute et fortuna." In valor and fortune.

"Je suis pret." I am ready.
"Pace et bello paratus." Prepared for peace and war.

"Paratus." Prepared.
"Ready."

"Semper parati." Always prepared.

GORDON.

"Aut mens aut ita Deus." God is either life or mind.

"Aut mors aut vita decora." Either death or an honorable life.

"Aut mors aut vita Deus."
Or death or life is of God.
"Bydand." Remaining.
"Bydand to the last." Remaining forever.
"Byde."
"Byde be."
"Byde together."
"Corde et manu." With heart and hand.
"Divisa conjungo." I heal divisions.
"Do well and let them say."
"Dread God."
"Dum vigilo paro." While I watch, I prepare.
"Dum sisto, vigilo." While I stand, I watch.
"Dum vigilo tutus." While I watch, I am safe.
"Ever faithful."
"Fear God."
"Fertur discrimine fructus." Profit is gained by peril.
"Fortuna sequatur." Let fortune follow.
"Gradatim plena." Full by degrees.
"I byde."
"I hope."
"Legibus et armis." According to law and arms.
"Majores sequor." I follow our ancestors.
"Manco, non fugio." I remain, I do not fly.
"Manes non fugio." I do not shun life.
"Nil arduum." Nothing dangerous.
"Pax eth libertas." Peace and liberty.
"Sic tutus." Thus safe.
"Spero." I hope.
"Still bydand."
"Sub tegmine." Under covert.
"Victrix patentia." Patience is victorious.
"Watch."

HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

The faults and flaws in the Highlander's character are great, but they are not contemptible: they are the defects of one who has had to live too close to Nature in her sterner moods, and has taken on something of her harsher aspect rather than the belittling excesses of one trained in an artificial state of society. Sentiment and the natural emotions have not been subordinated to the commonplace facts of daily existence. The question of gentility of birth might be nothing more than "moonshine in water" to the Baillie; but it was of vital importance to Rob Roy, and he was not slow to tell the Glasgow magistrate that his only claim to be treated as a man of honor arose from the trickle of Celtic blood that coursed through his veins.

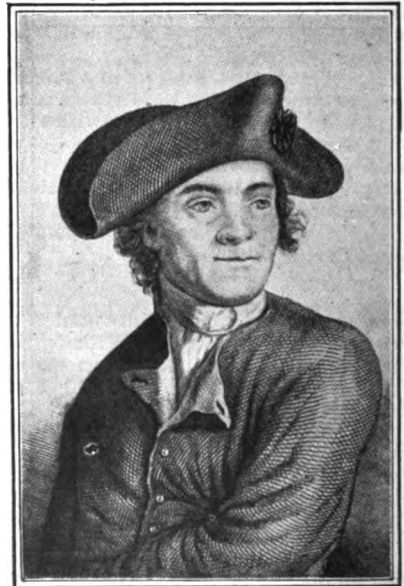
Alan Breck in Stevenson's *Kidnapped* is Rob Roy with the foibles and minor peculiarities accentuated; and it is this that makes him such a charming character and companion, even if he has small semblance to flesh and blood. When we try to discover the real man, the magician discreetly inverts the telescope in our hands, and only gives us the fuller view when we agree to look at the flimsy embodiment of some ex-
rescent peculiarities of the Celtic tempera-

ment. When Rob Roy found himself unexpectedly behind the bolted doors of Glasgow Tolbooth, his nonchalance was admirable—"with an air of dogged resolution he sat himself down on the oak table and whistled a strathspey." Alan, in a somewhat similar situation after he had driven the seamen from the roundhouse which "was like a shambles," not only whistled a tune of his own composing, but in a supreme effort of self glorification added as words to it the story of the fight.—*Scottish Review*.

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Mr. John Angus died of pneumonia on Friday, April 26th. Funeral services were conducted by Clan MacDuff, on Sunday evening, and Rev. D. MacDougall also held a short service on Monday afternoon, just before the interment. Mr. Angus was a native of Aberdeen, and is survived by a wife and two children, in Scotland. He was greatly esteemed by his fellow clansmen.



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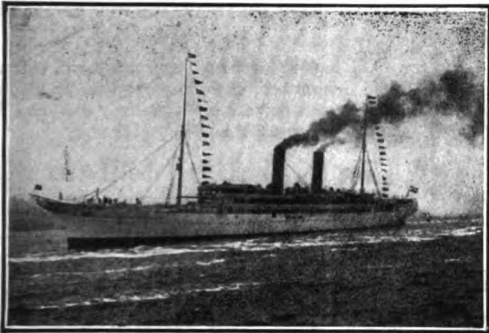
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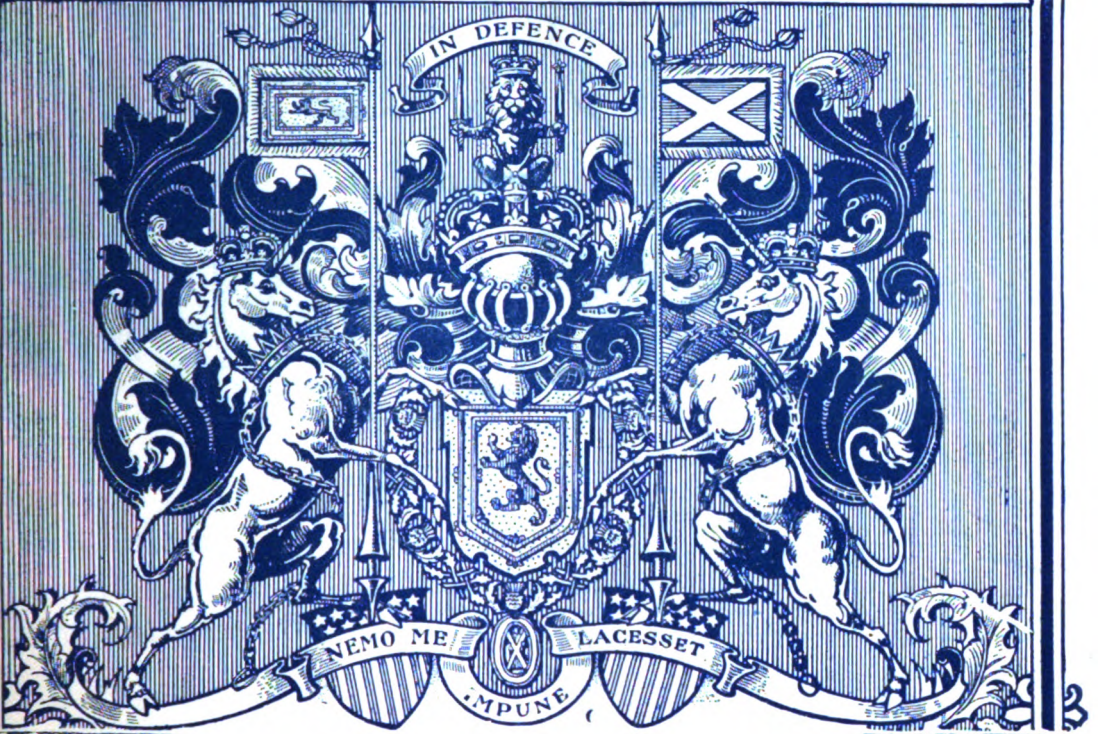
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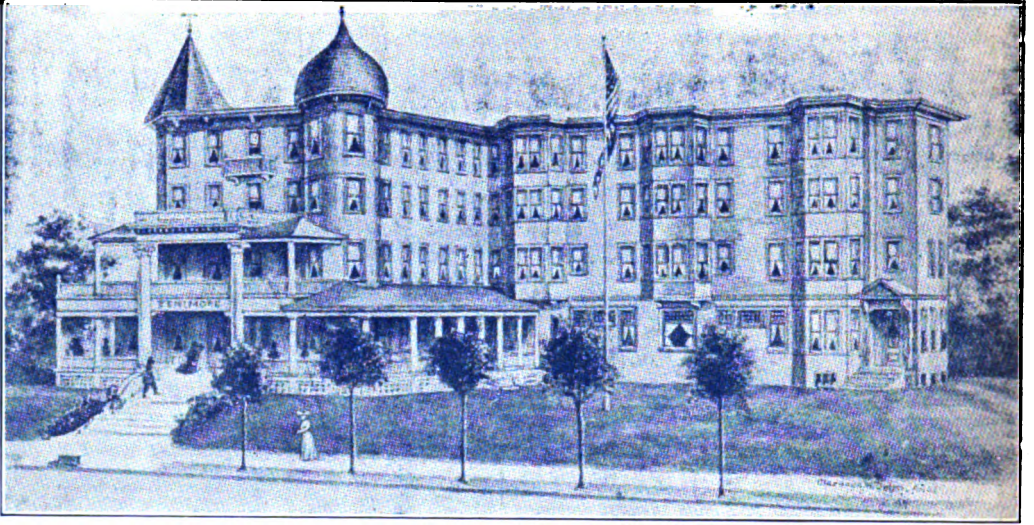
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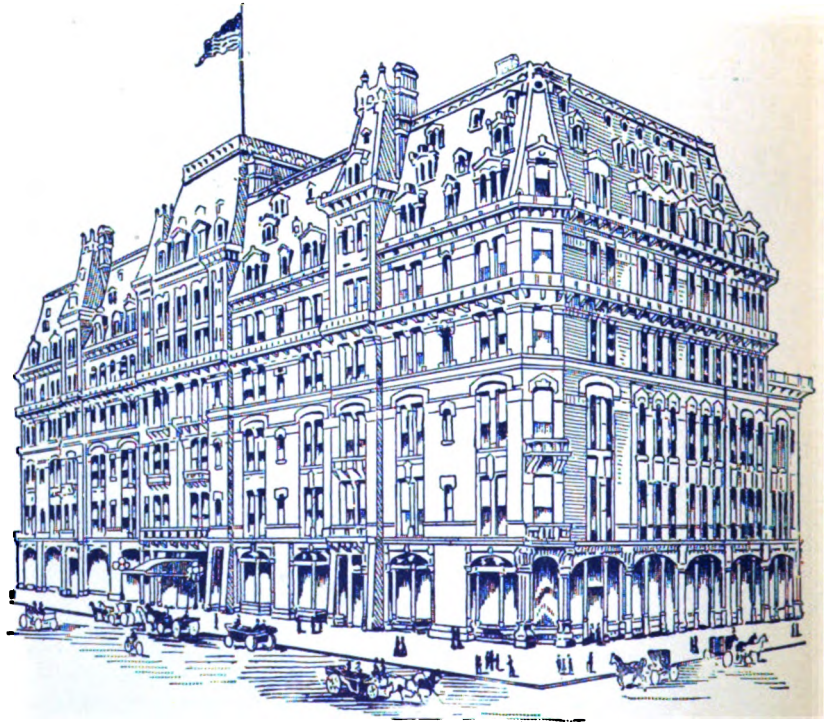
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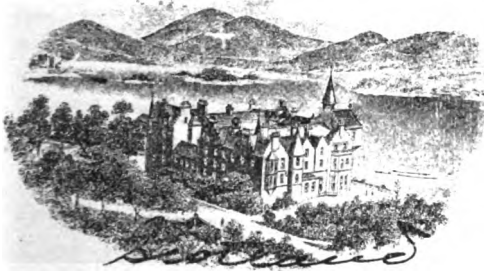
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

A resolution was recently passed by the House of Representatives and was passed previously by the Senate declaring for an amendment to the Constitution providing for a direct election of United States Senators. Before this innovation is adopted much remains to be done. This action, however, shows the trend and bias of radical public opinion fretting in the restrictions placed upon it by far-seeing statesmen. Doubtless abuses have arisen in connection with the selection of Senators by the State Legislatures, but it can scarcely be questioned that these bodies were as competent to select proper persons to represent the States in the Senate as the general mass of the voting population.

All the indications at present point to the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt at the Republican Convention at Chicago. The consideration of moral fitness, or even capacity to exercise the functions of the exalted position to which President Taft and the ex-President aspire, seemingly do not influence the public much in their preferences in behalf of either candidate. Neither appears to great advantage in the speaking campaign which has been waged by the two throughout the country for some time past. Accepting as correct the estimates made of each other by the candidates, neither should be eligible for the position. The spectacle presented by two of the most prominent men in the United States berating each other is not flattering to the national pride.

Colonel Roosevelt is apparently still the idol of the people, and despite the mistakes he may have made and the attacks of his opponents, his prestige does not seem to have decreased. His abounding vitality, mental alertness and resiliency, together with other salient characteristics, appeal strongly to the national sentiment, especially to that of the younger men. If nominated, he will probably be elected, as he will not have to depend solely upon the support of Republican voters.

So far as the Democratic primaries up to date have been held, the results are undecided. Some favor Governor Wilson of New Jersey, others Clark and Underwood. It would be hazardous to predict who will be the Democratic nominee for President.

A pathetic and extremely pleasing sequel to the Titanic disaster occurred in New York recently, when a mother, hailing from Nice, France, was re-united to her two little boys that had been saved from the wreck of the Titanic. The children had been removed surreptitiously by their father, who was divorced. A few days subsequent to the pa-

thetic and most interesting reunion, the mother and her two boys left for their home on a White Star line steamer.

The judicial conduct of some of the Judges of the Court of General Sessions of the City of New York has been made the subject of investigation. Commissioner of Accounts Raymond B. Fosdick, before the committee, stated that Judge Mulqueen released on parole a man who shot and wounded his former employer, and also a bystander. This and other instances make it almost appear as if some judges had ceased to be a terror to evil doers.

The Rev. Judson Swift, general secretary of the American Tract Society, at the society's recent annual meeting, remarked that "recent statistics revealed the fact that the majority of our more than 90,000,000 population are not in attendance upon any organized church or mission station. While we are nominally a Christian nation, we are rapidly becoming a nation of Sabbath breakers, non-church goers, profane swearers and users of intoxicating beverages."

The Robert Browning centenary celebration was held recently at the Waldorf Hotel, New York under the auspices of the New York Browning Society. There were exercises in the morning and again in the afternoon. Miss Julia Pauline Leavens, president of the society, made the opening address. No mention, or only casually, is made of Mr. Browning's wife, who also won great distinction as a poet.

Seven tons of Bibles were shipped by the American Bible Society on May 16th, to the southern portion of the Western Hemisphere. The books were printed in Spanish, Portuguese and other languages spoken in the southern countries. While not exactly heathen in these countries, the missionaries working there hope to facilitate their evangelical sphere of usefulness by the large consignment of sacred literature.

The new pension bill, which adds more than \$25,000,000 to last year's enormous total, was signed recently by President Taft. The amount for war provisions this year, with the recent addition, will be close upon \$183,000,000. The Democrats apparently in the attempts at economy, have been straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

The rapid increase of the foreign born citizens of New York is made impressive by the fact that there are now in that city 1,927,713 so born, as compared with 1,260,918 in 1900.

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United

States, in session at Louisville, Ky., the Rev. Dr. Mark A. Matthews, of Seattle, Wash., was elected moderator. His church has a membership of 4,700, and is one of the largest in the country. James Yearance, of New York, was elected vice-moderator. Mr. Yearance is an elder of the Central Presbyterian Church, and secretary and treasurer of the Presbytery of New York.

The wealth of the world, expressed in Stock Exchange securities alone, would amount to the huge figure of \$115,800,000,000, in which the share of the United States would be \$25,476,000,000 and that of Great Britain \$27,406,000,000, the wealthiest country in the world.

Sir Edward Morris, Premier of Newfoundland, and Lady Morris were the guests at a dinner held at the Hotel Martinique, on May 10th, and those present were Courtenay Walter Bennett, Consul General of Great Britain in New York; Mrs. Bennett and Miss Bennett; Gutzon Borglum and others. The celebration of one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States was discussed and warmly approved of.

It has been reported lately that there is a scarcity of nurses in New York city, and physicians are experiencing great difficulty in securing female nurses for their patients. Perhaps one reason for the lack of available nurses is owing to the education test applied in the cases of applicants for training nurses, and also to the fact that three years must be passed before they are regarded as competent for the duties of their profession. Good nurses command from \$25 to \$50 a week, with lodging and board, inducements which but few other professions can offer to young women.

CANADIAN.

Lady Tupper, wife of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., died in England, where she and Sir Charles have been residing for many years, Sir Charles was for years one of the most prominent political leaders in Canada, next to Sir John A. MacDonald, and was for a term of years Canadian High Commissioner in London. Lady Tupper was the daughter of S. H. Morse, of Amherst, Nova Scotia.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, well known as an author and lecturer, died suddenly at Victoria, B. C., on May 13th. The deceased writer contributed occasionally to "The Caledonian."

The 71st session of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, closed early last month. Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of the university, presided, and distinguished graduates of the institute and other notables were present.

King George has sent six beautiful swans to the Mayor of Owen Sound, a rapidly grow-

ing town on the Georgian Bay. Doubtless His Majesty had some motive, probably influenced by reminiscences of a Canadian visit, for making the novel gift.

According to returns recently issued, the Dominion Government has expended \$8,402,598 in discriminating selection of immigrants. A result of this course of action is that Canada receives the best class of immigrants, who form a desirable addition to its population. During April, 2,457 arrivals from the United States entered at Manitoba, points alone, with \$899,830 in money.

A meeting will be held in Ottawa on June 21, to make arrangements for the celebration of one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. A committee will be organized to co-operate with committees from the United States and Great Britain. The call is signed by Senator Cox, Senator Bandman, Sir Louis Jette, Sir Alexander Lacoste, Sir William McKenzie, Sir W. R. Meredith, Sir William Mulock, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir Edmund Walker.

Arrangements were recently made by the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, for the storage of wheat brought down the lakes from the Canadian Northwest each season until favorable ocean rates prevail for its transportation to Europe. The society now owns six large receiving elevators in western Canada. Its total sales last year were approximately \$37,690,000.

Professor Johnston Ross, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, has been offered the chair of Pastoral Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, which he has accepted. Dr. Ross is a native of Scotland, and has been three years in America.

BRITISH.

Subscriptions to the funds for the Titanic sufferers amounted a few weeks ago to close upon \$2,000,000, and the Lord Mayor of London does not know what to do with the surplus, as more has been received than is required to relieve all distress. It speaks in eloquent though mute language of the sympathy and benevolence of the British people, that they responded so nobly and liberally to the appeal for the distressed and the suffering.

A short time ago a portrait of Mrs. Hay, by Raeburn, the famous Scottish painter, was sold in London for \$111,300. The picture is an exquisite portraiture of an extremely beautiful woman, depicted in all the charm and bloom of youth. Unfortunately, the paintings of Raeburn, as of other artists, do not command good prices until it is entirely too late to benefit the producer.

Hon. A. Bonar Law, M. P., the Unionist leader, was the principal speaker at a political meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, May 21.

There are now in course of construction in the United Kingdom 545 merchant vessels, with a gross tonnage of 1,868,890 tons, a number in excess of any previous period.

The Unionist leader, A. Bonar Law, in a recent address, said that the time was rapidly approaching when Great Britain alone would not be able to maintain an adequate navy. The solution of the problem, he stated, was to unite the great sister nations closer to the mother country.

The Church of Ireland (which previous to dis-establishment was the recognized national church), and the Irish Presbyterian Church have for some time past evinced a desire for a closer union. They have for a number of years co-operated in regard to religious instruction in the day schools, and in other phases of religious and philanthropic work.

Sydney has now a population of 650,000, which amounts to about one-seventh of the population of Australia. It is now proposed to give the city seven additional representatives in the Assembly.

In a circular recently issued by the Secretary of War, it is stated that the military force now aggregates 9,382 officers and 269,173 enlisted men and non-commissioned officers. This enumeration, needless to say, does not include the well trained militia forces either in the British Islands or in the Imperial domain abroad.

Work was recently begun in connection with the projected memorial for Sir William Wallace, the Scottish hero, to be erected at Elderslie, Renfrewshire. The monument will be erected near the old Wallace Castle.

A gentleman, related to Flora Macdonald, who aided Bonnie Prince Charlie to escape to France, has granted a sum of money to keep in repair for all time her monument in Kilmuir Churchyard, Skye.

The recent death of King Frederick of Denmark, in Hamburg, Germany, greatly distressed many of the reigning families of Europe. The deceased monarch was democratic in his tastes, and greatly beloved by his people. He was brother of the mother-queen Alexandra, of the Dowager Empress of Russia, and father of the present kings of Denmark and of Greece.

Mrs. A. L. Bruce, a daughter of Dr. Livingstone, the famous missionary and African explorer, died lately in Edinburgh, aged sixty-five. A younger daughter is still living.

The birthday of King George will be celebrated in London and elsewhere in the British Isles on June 14th. In other portions of the Empire the event will be celebrated on June 3.

It was reported recently in the Glasgow office of the Cunard Steamship Company that henceforth all vessels of the line shall take a course in going to and coming from America 180 miles south of previous tracks.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY—George Kennan has a most fascinating dramatic story "The Escape of Prince Krapotkin." John Burroughs writes on "The Gospel of Nature." James D. Whelpley discusses "Belgium, the Balance Wheel of Trade," and Charles B. Towns tells about "Help for the Hard Drinker."

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—An important article is "Woman and Democracy," by Miss Ida M. Tarbell. Sir Francis Vane writes on "Peace Education and Peace."

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—"The Vanishing Husband," by Mary Vorse, is a striking article in the June Companion. In the cooking department Fannie Merritt Farmer writes on "Toothsome Vegetarian Dishes," and includes a dozen or more recipes

VACATION SUGGESTIONS.

Ideal summer seaside resorts are found on the New Jersey coast. Among the best hotels at Asbury Park is "The Fenimore," on Second avenue, about a block and a half from the beach. The proprietor, Mr. Thomas Noble, a worthy Scotsman, has for twenty-seven years welcomed thousands to his hospitable house.

The "NEW METROPOLITAN HOTEL," Asbury Park, recently enlarged, improved and newly furnished, faces the beautiful park, and is only a block and a half from the ocean. It is commodious and central.

At Ocean Grove the FOUNTAIN HOUSE is conveniently located for both Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. It has a large and attractive piazza, and is only one block from the ocean.

The "SHORE HOUSE" at Spring Lake, N. J., is a select family hotel, recently rebuilt and elegantly furnished. Spring Lake offers many attractions to the summer visitor.

BERMUDA—THE HAMILTON HOTEL, Bermuda, with accommodations for five hundred guests, has an enviable reputation and is now open all summer. The travelling public have learned that the Bermuda Islands are as delightful in the summer as in the winter, and the heat is not as intense as in the United States.

SCOTLAND—To those visiting Scotland, we would recommend "LOCH AWE HOTEL," with its unsurpassed scenery.

NEW YORK CITY—The "HOTEL ST. DENIS," Broadway and Eleventh street, is under new management and is so widely known that it needs no introduction.

The "HOTEL VICTORIA" is another comfortable house, conveniently located in the central part of the city.



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS.

Prominent among those whose valuable lives were sacrificed in the Titanic disaster, was Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railroad, whose untimely death is mourned not only by his family and the great railway system of which he was president, but also by a large circle of friends in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Charles Melville Hays was born at Rock Island, Ill., on May 16th, 1856, and at the age of seventeen began his railway career as a clerk in the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, at St. Louis, Mo., and from the start gained the confidence of his employers by his conscientious work. Later his constructive genius was recognized, and he rose to the position of general manager of the Wabash road in 1887, and was appointed general manager of the Grand Trunk in 1896; last year his title was changed to that of president. It is generally acknowledged that the marvellous growth of the Grand Trunk during the past fifteen years is very largely due to the ability and untiring energy of Mr. Hays. Of him it is said: "He was gifted beyond the ordinary with that unerring perception which enables a man to choose as his subordinates men whom he can trust, in the first place, and whom he can develop and mould to his own scheme of things, in the second place."

Among the structures which stand as monuments of his wonderful contrivance, are the headquarters of the Grand Trunk systems, McGill street, Montreal; Victoria Bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence at Montreal; G. T. R. steamships, plying the Great Lakes; Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg; Chateau Laurier, and New Terminal, Ottawa, Ont.; Grand Trunk Hotel at Edmonton, Alta; (in course of construction), Grand Trunk European Headquarters, Trafalgar Square, London; a new Single Span Bridge over Niagara River at Niagara Falls; and the Grand Trunk grain elevators at Montreal.

His friends and fellow-officials testify to his scrupulous integrity; if he had chosen, he could have been a multi-millionaire, but he refused to take advantage of any of the opportunities for personal profit offered him, and at the time of his death was only moderately well off. "Rev. Dr. McWilliams made the statement in the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, that Mr. Hays once threw over a position with a salary of \$50,000 a year and went out, he knew not whither, rather than sacrifice his principles. This story is corroborated by friends of Mr. Hays who knew the circumstances."

Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, vice president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific in charge of traffic has said:

"Words fail to pay an adequate tribute to our late president. He was an exceptional man in every respect; a man with a large mind, clear judgment, and attractive personality, both socially and in business. He could see farther ahead into the business future than any person I ever knew, and made his plans accordingly, without fear or hesitation. Mr. John Pullen, president of the Canadian Express Company, declares he was a high type of the Christian gentleman in the transportation world."

Mr. Hays was approachable, thoughtful and considerate in his treatment of everyone, and most generous to the unfortunate. His recreations were few, for he found his chief happiness in his family circle; he had a large and valuable library, and was a lover of art and music.

Mrs. Hays is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gregg, of St. Louis, and she, together with her daughter, Mrs. Davidson, whose husband also perished on the Titanic, were among the survivors, and were met on their arrival in New York by the venerable Mr. Gregg, who hastened from sunny Florida, on receipt of the terrible news. His whole family is almost prostrated by this double bereavement, and we deeply sympathize with them, as well as with the thousands of others who lost their dear ones in the Titanic's appalling disaster.

A Shipwreck at Peterhead.

BY JAMES ROY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Note—Mr. Roy has kindly sent us the following account of the Shipwreck at Peterhead, which he saw when a small boy. It made such a wonderful impression upon him that since he has diligently studied shipwrecks to such an extent as to have become an authority.—Ed.

About the year 1860, during one of those sudden gales that so frequently occur on the East Coast of Scotland, a schooner was seen attempting to make the harbor of Peterhead. A large crowd had gathered at the harbor and along the shore, eagerly watching her progress and wishing her success in her efforts to reach the harbor in safety. At the critical turning point, she missed stays, and the captain headed his ship out to sea to avoid running on the rocks, as that meant loss of ship and perhaps crew as well. He was obliged to turn her out to sea, with the hope of saving ship and crew.

The gale was blowing so, and in such a direction, that it was only a question of time when she would be driven ashore. This was so evident to the most of the people (some of whom were captains and sailors belonging to the port) that they followed along the beach expecting the schooner to be driven ashore before she had gone many miles. The Coast-Guardsmen, with the life-saving rocket apparatus, kept along the coast, knowing full well that their efforts would soon be required to save the lives of the crew. The captain was a practical and thorough seaman, and handled his ship in masterly style; but it was of no avail—the elements were against him and he was driven ashore. He landed on a sandy beach, about five miles from Peterhead, and just below the village of St. Fergus.

The shore was soon crowded with the villagers and others to see what could be done towards saving the lives of the crew, five in number. The waves were dashing over the doomed schooner, threatening to engulf her, and the crew could be seen holding on to the rigging to save themselves. The Coast-Guardsmen were on hand with the rocket apparatus, and at

once proceeded to fire a line over the schooner. They succeeded, the line having gone directly over the schooner and landed between her masts. A cheer arose from the people on shore at their success. What was their astonishment when a sailor was seen climbing up the rigging and deliberately throwing the life-line overboard! Once again the rocket was fired, and once again the life-line landed on the rigging of the schooner. Again a sailor was seen to climb the rigging and again throw the life-line overboard. There was consternation amongst the Coast Guardsmen and the people on shore, and many conjectures as to the motive that prompted such insane actions.

The winds and waves were still raging in all their fury, and it looked as if the schooner might at any time go to pieces. Once again the life-line was fired and landed across her rigging as before, and again a sailor was seen ascending the rigging, but this time it was to make the line fast and to haul it aboard. The cradle had reached the ship, a man was fastened in it and hauled ashore through the surf, and landed on the sands drenched, but unhurt. He was one of the crew, and when asked the reason why they had thrown the line overboard he replied—"It was the captain's orders, as he expected to be able to get the vessel off and refused to leave her."

Three times the cradle was pulled to the ship and three men were successfully taken ashore. There only remained now the captain and mate aboard, and they could be seen through the drifting spray conversing together, and then the mate got into the cradle and was pulled ashore. He stated that he had done all he could to persuade the captain to come ashore, but it was of no avail, as he refused to leave his beloved schooner. The captain waved his hands to those on shore and disappeared into the little cabin on deck.

There was only one thing to do now—to wait until the tide had receded, when,

if the schooner held together, she might be high and dry on the beach. When the tide was at low ebb the schooner was lying on the sandy beach, and she was surrounded by the villagers, all eager to know the fate of the man who preferred to stay on board and risk his life and refused the life-line. When the first man on board stepped inside the cabin door he was up to his waist in water. To the question, "Are you alive, captain?" came the feeble answer, "Yes, I am." The ship having heeled over on one side he was found in the mate's berth, all dry. He was carried to a farm house and put under medical care, and it was found that four of his ribs were broken. He stayed there several weeks, and with good care he got well and returned to his home. This schooner was the Darling of Nairn, a seaport in the north of Scotland. The captain had started sea-faring life in her, had grown up in

her until he had become captain and owner, and that accounted somewhat for his strange conduct at the wreck. She became a total wreck, was sold and broken up, and the man who carried the captain ashore bought the ship, broke her up, and sold her for lumber. The little cabin was sold to one of the villagers, and was set up as a back kitchen to his house, and the writer, when he was home on a visit some years ago, saw that little cabin still standing, safely anchored as an addition to a kitchen, and its life on the "rolling waves" was over.

Several months after the scene on the sands of St. Fergus the minister of the parish preached a powerful sermon, taking as a text, "He refused the life-line." He maintained that a great many were just the same as the captain—refusing salvation, as he had refused the life-line.

The Late John Duffus.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

In the Presbyterian Hospital of this city, on the twentieth of February last, John Duffus passed to his eternal rest. Despite his more than three score and ten years he was strong and vigorous almost to the last.

He was the son of the late John H. Duffus, Dundee, Scotland, who in his day and generation was prominent in the business and religious life of that city. But perhaps he was best known for his interest in the cause of temperance of which he was a lifelong advocate.

The mother of the subject of our sketch closed her eyes upon the world soon after his opened upon it, she being permitted to do little more than breathe a blessing upon her boy. Thus it became that his tenderest years were spent under the guardianship of his fostermother, a truly good woman who by her gentle and winsome ways endeared herself to her young charge. When Mr. Duffus had reached his tenth year his father re-married and so he was transferred from the care of a fostermother to that of a devoted stepmother.

While yet a boy he became restive and longed for a view of that world which his seafaring Uncle George had so often graphically pictured to him. Consequently, he seized the first opportunity that offered and went to sea, thinking that from henceforth his life would be one of romance and adventure. An experience, however, of six months on board a trading vessel largely dispelled his illusions and so he yielded, not unreluctantly, to the solicitations of his father to return home and re-enter high school.

When again his school days were supposedly over he essayed to be a carpenter and might have become a skilled mechanic had not his mind become imbued with the thought that God had called him to be a missionary of the Cross.

Abandoning his trade he assiduously applied himself to preparation for college and in due time he was admitted to Bedford College, England, where he became a proficient scholar. Shortly after his graduation he preached a missionary sermon in Ward Chapel, Dundee, where he had worshipped as a boy. Eager to follow



JOHN DUFFUS.

in the footsteps of such men as Livingston and Moffat, he lost no time in presenting himself to the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he was sent to the island of Madagascar. Entering upon his duties with enthusiastic devotion, he mastered the native language in about a year, thus greatly increasing the scope of his influence which might have become considerable had not an event occurred which changed the whole course of his life.

A new king had just come to the throne of Madagascar, who for a time was the idol of the people, for he had a generous nature and inaugurated many reforms of a civil and religious character. Unfortunately, however, he was surrounded by evil advisers who soon led him into dissolute habits, making the place a constant scene of wantonness and revelry. This had an alarming effect upon the better element of society, which besought the king to relinquish his evil associates and to abrogate the treaty which they had induced him to make with France, granting a French company power to dig mines, coin money, and build forts, but, also, he disregarded their solicitations for personal amendment even. When this was communicated to the people they rose in revolt. Their mandate henceforth was "Redress and Reform."

Efforts, however, were renewed by a self-appointed committee of safety to induce the king, if possible, to accede to the demands of the people, but as he proved obdurate his advisers were dragged from the palace and one by one speared to death. It was hoped that such drastic measures would cause the king to realize his own peril and bow to the popular will. Alas for the king, the experiment proved unavailing and so without further ado he was beheaded. His obstinacy had cost him his life.

The day following his tragic death, his widow, Rasoherina, was proclaimed queen amidst the plaudits of the populace. A new constitution was duly ratified on the same day, which declared the inviolability of the soil of Madagascar and that the sovereign had no right to dispose of any part of it. Thus it was fondly believed that the obnoxious French treaty had been nullified, but the French Government thought otherwise, claiming that their rights had in nowise been invalidated by the death of the late king and threatened to resort to force if the new government should withhold its consent to the continuance of their treaty privileges. The bitterest enmity existed on both sides and after weary months of fruitless negotiation, the queen with the consent of her advisers, appointed John Duffus "Rainfirengria-Rainandriandriana," an embassy duly accredited to the courts of Napoleon the Third and Queen Victoria.

The French Government received Rasoherina's representatives with icy coldness and plainly intimated to them that their presence on French soil was unwelcome. In England they were courteously received; were entertained by nobility, introduced into various diplomatic circles and presented to Queen Victoria in Buckingham Palace. Nevertheless, the British Government refused to intervene in their behalf with the French Government.

The failure of their mission was a sore disappointment to them for they well knew that censure if not vengeance awaited them on their return to Madagascar. Mr. Duffus realizing that in his own case at least, discretion might prove the better part of valor, took leave of his associates at Suez and returned to England as a private citizen.

A few months later he sailed for America and for nearly a year traveled from State to State before permanently settling in Passaic, New Jersey, then a small, but growing city that afforded Mr. Duffus many favorable opportunities for personal advancement. His first venture was to open a real estate and insurance office which prospered with him from the start. As he grew in popularity and influence, he was led into politics and soon became an important factor in municipal affairs and later in State and National. Honors were heaped upon him; he was elected city clerk and also justice of the peace.

For the past twenty or more years Mr. Duffus was a resident of New York city, where he engaged in clerical work. In his spare hours he contributed occasionally articles to the press and had quite a reputation as a writer of lay sermons. When in a reminiscent mood the thought oppressed him that he should have re-entered the ministry and carried the message of salvation to some heathen land.

In his church connections Mr. Duffus was broadminded and entirely free from servility to creed or form. At different periods of his life he had been in the membership of several church denominations but singularly enough, he with his devoted wife for the past six years had been members of the Broadway Tabernacle, thus ending as he began in the Congregational faith. Through all the vicissitudes of his life his faith in God never wavered. His esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jefferson, in paying a last loving tribute to his memory spoke of his worth as a man and a Christian.

Mr. Duffus was twice married. His first wife died many years ago, leaving him two bright boys who are now splendid men and highly respected in their different communities. He is also survived by his second wife, who for the past seventeen years devoted herself to his care and welfare.

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY CENTENNIAL.

The centennial of Princeton Theological Seminary was celebrated on May 5th, 6th and 7th, 1912, in the historic town of Princeton, N. J. Representatives were present from Great Britain and Canada, and from the leading Divinity Schools of the United

States; it was truly a notable gathering of educators and preachers. On Sunday, May 5th, Dr. Patton, president of the seminary, preached a most profound and inspiring sermon. On Monday, addresses were given by Drs. McEwan of Pittsburgh; Robert E. Speer, of New York; W. H. Johnson, of Lincoln University, Pa., and Charles B. Alexander, of New York. Monday afternoon an informal reception was given by President and Mrs. Patton, and in the evening the Alumni dinner was held, at which nearly nine hundred were present. After dinner speeches were made by representatives of several classes. Tuesday morning addresses were given by the delegates from Scotland and Ireland. Dr. Alexander Stewart, moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, gave an address on "The Church of the Future." Dr. James Wells, moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland, spoke on "A Scotch Estimate of Princeton Theology," and Dr. John MacMillan, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, spoke on "Irish and American Presbyterianism." This was the crowning session of the celebration, and Dr. Wells' was the speech of the day, from which we quote the following brief extract.

"I feel tempted to quote the recent testimony of your Ambassador to our country, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, in praise of the Scot and the Ulster Scot. He said in Edinburgh: 'It was the perfervid Scot that sent the flame for independence through every colony on the continent, never from that hour to die out.' Of the fifty-six men who framed the Declaration of Independence, eleven were of Scottish descent. When they hesitated, Dr. Witherspoon, a genuine Scot, persuaded them to sign it. Of the college-bred men in the convention, one-half were Scots or Scoto-Irish. Alexander Hamilton, your Alexander the Great, the framer of your Constitution, was the son of a Scot. The Scottish race supplied three of the four members of Washington's first Cabinet; two-third of his Governors of States, and also eleven of your first twenty-five presidents. Their influence was out of all proportion to their numbers.

"These facts justify Dorner, the German theologian, in saying that Presbyterianism has been very successful in training men in patriotism, citizenship and the duties of public life."

On Tuesday afternoon, a commemorative luncheon was held in "The Casino," at which Dr. Warfield, president of the Board of Directors, presided. Congratulatory speeches were delivered by Rev. Drs. W. H. Roberts, stated clerk of the General Assembly, John C. Scouler, moderator of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, David H. Greer, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York, James King McClure, president of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Mr. Walker,

of Yale Divinity School, New Haven; John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, and response by President Patton of the seminary.

Among the Scottish representatives were noticed Dr. William M. Alexander, moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and Dr. John R. Mackay, of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who spent a few days with us in New York.

SCOTTISH FAMILY MOTTOES.

BY A. L. MOIR.

(Continued.)

GRAHAM, GRAEME.

"A Deo victoria," Victory from God
"Ardenter prosequor alis,"

On wings I ardently pursue
"Auxillante resurgo," I rise through help
"Bon fin," A good end

"Cubo ut excubo," I rest while I watch
"Defendendo vinco," I conquer by defending
"Fideliter et diligenter,"

Faithfully and diligently
"For right and reason,"

"Noli me tangere," Beware of injuring me
"N'oublie," Not forgotten
"Nunquam deorsum," Never down

"Peace and grace,"
"Pignus amoris," The pledge of love
"Praedae memor," Mindful of the prize
"Prosequor alis," I pursue with wings

"Prospero, sed curo,"
I make haste, but am cautious
"Reason contents me,"

"Recta sursum,"
Things are right which are above.
"Right and reason,"

"Semper sursum," Always upward
"Sepultos viresco,"

I grow green when buried
"Souvenez," Remember

GRANT.

"Audacla," Daring deeds
"Craig elachie," The rock of alarm
"Ense et animo," With sword and courage
"Fortitudine," With fortitude

"I'll stand sure,"
"Immobile," Steadfast
"Jehovah-Jireh," The Lord will regard it
"Leges juraque serva,"

Get your right and keep it
"Parcere subjectis," To spare the vanquished
"Radice firmant frondes,"

Leaves bind the root
"Stabit," He shall stand
"Stand fast,"

"Stand sure,"
"Suo se robore firmat,"

He strengthens himself by his own might
"Suum cuique," To every one, his own
"Tanquam despiciatus sum vinco,"

Though I am despised, I conquer
"Te favente, virebo,"
I shall flourish, thou favoring me

GUNN.

"Vincit amor patriae,"
The love of my country prevails"

JOHNSON, JOHNSTON, JOHNSTONE.

"Ad arma paratus," Prepared for arms
"Appropinquat dies," Day dawns
"At spes non fracta," But hope is not lost

"Cautae et sedulo," Cautiously and carefully
"Cave paratus," Be prepared and beware
"Deo regique debeo,"

I owe it to God and the king
"Ex sola virtute honos,"
Honor springs from virtue alone

"Nunquam non paratus," Never unprepared
"Onus sub honore," Burden under honor
"Paratus ad arma," Prepared for war
"Securior quo parator,"

The better prepared, the more secure
"Semper paratus," Always ready
"Semper sic," Always thus

"Servabo fidem," I will keep the faith
"Sine fraude fides," Faith without deceit
"Vicisti et vivimus,"

Thou hast conquered, and we live
"Vive ut vivas,"

Live, that you may have life

KER, KERR, KEIR.

"A Deo lumen," Light from God
"Alterum non laedere,"

Not to the injury of our neighbor
"Deus meum solamen,"
God is my comfort

God my comfort
"Dulce pro patria periculum,"
Danger for our country is sweet

"Forward,"
"Pro Christo et patrio,"
For Christ and our country

"Pro Christo patria dulce periculum,"
For Christ and our country danger is
sweet

"Regulier et vigoreux,"
Regular and vigorous
"Virescit in arduis virtus,"

Virtue grows by hardships
LAMOND.

"Ne parcas, nec spernas,"
Neither spare, nor despise
LESLIE.

"Conamine augeor,"
I am enriched by the effort
Crescat Deo promotore,"

Let him prosper under the guidance of
God.
"Deus providebit," God will provide
"Firma spe," By sure hope

"God guide all,"
"Grip fast,"
"Mens cujusque is est quisque,"

The mind is the man
"Pro rege et patria,"
For our king and country

"Probatus et firmitas," Honesty and firmness
"Quae juncta firma," Union is strength
"Stat promissa fides,"

Promised faith abides
LINDSAY.

"Endure fort," Suffer bravely
"Firmiter maneo," I steadfastly remain
"Non solum armis," Not by arms only

"Recte vel ardua," Rightly or difficult
"Sis fortis," Be thou brave

Scottish Literature in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

BY CHARLES W. THOMSON, M. A., L. E., I. S.

"God passed in mercy by, and on him
breathed,

And bade him live, and put into his hands
A holy harp, into his lips a song,
That rolled its numbers down the tide of
time."

—R. Pollock.

After the Union of 1603 there seems to fall upon Scottish poetry a sort of torpor, lasting for considerably more than a century. This is largely attributable to the political and religious struggles of the times; but a comparison with English literature during the same period indicates that the utter silence of poetic genius in the northern kingdom must be accounted for by some further cause, and it would seem as if that cause consisted, to some extent at least, in the depression of the national barometer which followed on the loss of individuality due to the union with a larger Power.

One poet alone in this epoch is seriously worthy of notice, William Drummond, of Hawthornden (1585-1649). Educated at Edinburgh and in France, Drummond spent most of his eventful life in his ancestral home, the name of which has become indissolubly linked with his own. He passed a life of learned leisure, being a keen reader of French and Italian, as well as of English works; and among his numerous literary visitors were Drayton and Ben Jonson. As a polished man of letters, he revelled in the sonnet and other difficult metres, betraying strong Italian influence. In only one respect is his work distinctively Scottish, and that is in the fact pointed out by Professor Veitch, that his "lines contain perhaps the first loving imaginative appreciation of mountain, forest and flood in Scottish poetry." Drummond refers to our "Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls, Which never fremdling's sleight nor sword made thralls."

He seems to have been among the first poets in any land to foreshadow that reading of human feeling into Nature's moods

which culminates with Wordsworth, and which is, apart from Wordsworth, almost entirely a Lowland Scots growth.

As befitted a loyal subject of James VI and I., Drummond occasionally, in such a line as

"Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall
divide,"

gives expression to the new, and not too apparent, Union patriotism of the time.

Less for their merit than for their literal fulfillment in the life and death of their author, we may quote the following lines on Charles I by the Marquess of Montrose, that "ideal cavalier, hero in the field, statesman in the cabinet, scholar in the library":

"Great, Good and Just, could I but rate
My griefs and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should once deluge again.

But since they loud-tongued blood demands
supplies

More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll tune thy elegies to trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and
wounds."

The poem of *Habbie Simpson, Piper of Kilbarchan*, written by Robert Sempill of Beltrees, Renfrewshire, about 1640, is noteworthy for the use of the type of Scottish stanza afterwards adopted by Burns.

The Scottish impatience with the laudation of Greece and Rome, which caused Scott later to write:

"Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baigle's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt
repay,

And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay!"

inspires the following simple lines by William Cleland (1661-89), who fought as a lad at Drumclog, and led the Cameronians at Dunkeld:

"For I am very apt to think
There's as much virtue, sense and pith
In Annan or the Water of Nith,
Which quietly slips by Dumfries,
As any water in all Greece."

The name of Cleland reminds us that Scotland for the most part, in this century, was engaged in other work than poetical composition. Warfare, persecution, and controversy monopolized her energies, and in the last named field she produced men of considerable calibre.

Foremost among these for eloquence and learning was Samuel Rutherford (1600-61), who at different times acted as Professor of Latin at Edinburgh and Professor of Divinity (and later Principal) at St. Andrews, and who had the courage to refuse a retreat from Scotland's troubles in a comfortable professorship in Holland. His letters were for long matter of household reading in Scotland, and he was one of the commissioners at the Westminster Assembly. His *Lex Rex*, a relentless exposure of the absurdities of the "divine right of kings," was burned by the hangman in 1661 at Edinburgh, and only his death in March rescued the author from royal vengeance in the same year.

Robert Baillie (1599-1662), who was chaplain to Leslie's army at Duns Law, and later a member of the Westminster Assembly, and who ultimately rose to the principalship of Glasgow University, has left in his letters and journals a vivid series of pictures of that stirring time. David Calderwood (1575-1650) wrote a *History of the Kirk of Scotland*; and although they belonged to a later time, mention may here be made of Robert Wodrow (1679-1734), who wrote a graphic *History of the Church of Scotland, 1660-88*, and of John Howie of Lochgoin (1735-93), the author of the *Scots Worthies*, a book which, though strong in Presbyterian prejudice, still merits perusal.

On the Episcopal side, John Spottiswoode (1565-1639), Archbishop of St. Andrews, wrote a *History of the Church and State of Scotland*.

The man whose memory comes down to us now with pleasantest savour from among the Episcopalians of the time is Robert Leighton (1611-84), who held in succession the offices of Principal of Edinburgh University, Bishop of Dunblane, and Archbishop of Glasgow. Leighton was a tolerationist at a time when such a position was understood by neither side, and ten years before his death he withdrew from active life. Gil-

bert Burnet (1643-1715) was a Scottish minister who migrated to England, becoming chaplain to King William and Bishop of Salisbury. His *History of the Reformation* and *History of His Own Time* are written from a moderate Episcopal standpoint, without that violence of opinion so common in those who have changed their type of religion.

Apart from religious, historical and controversial writers, the most notable prose author of the period was the eccentric Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty. His principal production was a skilful translation of the works of Rabelais. Urquhart was an excellent linguistic student, and his treatise on trigonometry (1645) showed him to be equally proficient in mathematics.

Before leaving the Covenanting period, it may not be uninteresting to refer to a passage quoted by Mr. J. H. Millar from Sir George Mackenzie (1636-91), who has already come under our notice as King's Advocate against the Covenanters. Mackenzie was a man of great literary ability, and founded the famous Advocates Library in Edinburgh. The passage here quoted is on a subject which has as much interest to-day as it had over two hundred years ago, and his claims are as true now as then:

"It may seem a paradox to others, but to me it appears undeniable that the Scottish idiom of the British tongue is more fit for pleading than either the English idiom or the French tongue; for certainly a pleader must use a brisk, smart and quick way of speaking, whereas the English, who are a grave nation, use a too slow and grave pronunciation, and the French a too soft and effeminate one. . . . Our pronunciation is like ourselves—fiery, abrupt, sprightly and bold." It may seem at first a "paradox" indeed to call the English "grave" and "slow" as compared with the Scots, but so far as language is concerned, the assertion is true. The southern Englishman (for in this respect we may divide Britain not from Tweed to Solway, but rather from Humber to Mersey) "mouths" his words in such a way that certain syllables are accorded a quite unnecessary emphasis and duration, while others are quite swallowed. This is not least apparent in the pronunciation of the typical Oxford

man. Add to this the time lost on "humming and hawing" and on the oft-repeated "er," and in the net result it will generally be found that the English hare lags behind the Scottish tortoise. This is one of the reasons why Scottish members command so much attention in Parliament as compared with most English speakers. We must add in favor of the Scottish pronunciation, the fact that we have not only retained the guttural "ch" and the trilled "r" (which is often quite wrongly called a "Scotch burr"), but we have retained the pure vowels, as found say in Italian, whereas the ordinary southern Englishman has lost the power to pronounce these, diphthongs and even triphthongs having taken their place. In other words, while the Scot starts without any natural disability of pronunciation (and here, of course, the "w," "wh," and "th" sounds of the whole of Britain prevent the same being said of the continental peoples), the Englishman has at least two, and usually five or more difficulties to face in any foreign language.

To quote Mackenzie again: "The Scots are thought the nation under heaven who do with most ease learn to pronounce best the French, Spanish and other foreign languages, and all nations acknowledge that they speak the Latin with the most intelligible accent; for which no other reason can be given but that our accent is natural, and has nothing, at least little, in it that is peculiar." It is satisfactory to know that gradually England is departing from the absurd pronunciation of Latin and Greek that has for centuries prevailed at Oxford and Cambridge, and at Westminster, and is adopting the pronunciation prevalent in Scotland and Italy all down the ages.

Scotsmen are ill advised in aping the pronunciation of England, as is only too frequently done in the stylish quarters of our large cities. Like Lord Jeffrey, at Oxford, in losing the "broad Scots" they only acquire a "narrow English," a poor compensation for their native Scottish tongue, which Ruskin, no mean judge, declares to be "the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe."

The eighteenth century in Scotland witnessed a tremendous awakening of literary and philosophic ability, and the period

was remarkably fruitful, both in prose and in poetry.

The principal prose authors were the philosophers—headed by David Hume—who rendered it possible to speak of a Scottish School of Philosophy.

In the sphere of History, also, Hume attained a foremost position by his *History of England*, which, with its continuation, by Smollett, still remains a classical work. The publication of this book marked an epoch in historical writing by reason of Hume's power of estimating evidence and of balancing conflicting ideas.

While Hume was gaining well earned fame in the spheres of history and philosophy, another Scottish historian arose. This was William Robertson (1721-93), who was born in a Midlothian manse and whose *History of Scotland During the Reigns of Mary and James VI* (published in 1759) brought him immediate fame. Ten years later he followed this up with a *History of Charles V*, which, being translated into French, had an enormous vogue in France, and received the warm appreciation of Voltaire. In 1777 he published a *History of America*. He had been asked by the Government and the King to write a history of England, but he declined out of deference to David Hume, from whose friendly counsel he had largely profited. Dr. Robertson, who was the recognized leader of the "Moderates" in the Scottish Church, was made Principal of Edinburgh University in 1762, and in the founding of the Royal Society of Edinburgh he had a main share.

In the realm of historical research mention must also be made of Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, a Scottish judge whose *Annals of Scotland* and other works furnished a mine for subsequent historical writers. Another Scottish judge, Henry Home, Lord Kames (1696-1782), wrote numerous works on law and on metaphysics.

As Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1791) falls within this period, we may here remark on the notable fact that of the three greatest biographies in the English language two are by Scotsmen, Boswell's *Johnson* and J. G. Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (1838).

James Boswell (1740-95) was the son of Sir Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchin-

leck, a Scottish judge. Boswell had known Johnson intimately for the last twenty years of his life, and his account of the great man's life, character, and peculiarities is still regarded as the best piece of verbal portraiture in any language.

The well known Cruden's *Concordance of the Old and New Testaments* was the work of an Aberdonian, Alexander Cruden (1710-70). Cruden suffered throughout most of his life from recurring attacks of insanity, and even in his lucid intervals he was pronouncedly eccentric. He wished the king and Council to appoint him censor of public morality, and he chose "Alexander the Corrector" as an appropriate title to add dignity to this coveted post. With such peculiarities he combined a simple-minded loyalty and benevolence, and an intermittent but enormous capacity for work, which render him one of the most curious figures in the ranks of literature.

While Richardson and Fielding were laying the foundations of the novel in England, their contemporary Tobias George Smollett (1721-71), a native of Dumbartonshire, performed a similar service in his own country. *Roderick Random* was published in 1748, the year before Fielding's masterpiece, *Tom Jones*, and was followed by *Peregrine Pickle* (1751) and *Humphrey Clinker* (1771). Smollett does not fall short of Fielding in coarseness, but his work is enlivened by his native Scottish humor. Thackeray declares: "The novel of *Humphrey Clinker* is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter." Smollett had served in the navy as a surgeon's mate, and had gained an intimate acquaintance with life on board ship. The publication of *Roderick Random* led to inquiry into the conditions of life in the navy, and various reforms in the service were the result.

Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831) deserves mention not only for his *Man of Feeling*, with its psychological study of over-sensitiveness, but for paving the way

for that study of German which later found devotees in Scott and Carlyle.

We now come to speak of a field of literature in which there fell to Scotland's share not only the glory of producing noted men of letters, but the honor of influencing first England, then Europe, in a direction not only literary, but at the same time powerfully human and religious.

The French critic Diderot asks, "When shall we see great poets arise?" And he answers, "After times of disaster and of great misfortunes, when the harassed nation begins to breathe again. Then the imaginations of men, stirred by dreadful spectacles, will depict things unknown to those who have not lived through them." Scotland had lived through her nightmare of persecution and oppression, and although the Jacobite conflicts were yet to come, the Union of 1707 gave her a breathing space and a freedom from the risk of invasion that rendered the development of literature more of a possibility than in the century that had passed. And so we are now to witness a great poetic revival in Scotland, a revival which was in its ultimate issues to become European in scope. It began with Ramsay, passed onwards through Thomson and Fergusson to Burns and Scott, embraced in its course Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other English poets, and even extended its influence to France in Beranger and Hugo, and to Germany in Goethe and Schiller. If the originators of the movement are eclipsed by greater names, they none the less made the movement possible. Often the man of original genius is forgotten by later generations who see only the greater man standing on his shoulders. So Bruce overshadows Wallace, and so Wordsworth and Goethe perhaps unduly dwarf Ramsay and his immediate Scottish successors.

The movement implied a complete revolution in poetry. For a century a "correct" conventional style had become universal, giving rise to the "classical school" of Pope, Dryden, and the like in England, and of Racine and Corneille in France. Versification had reached a high degree of perfection, rules had been formulated and strictly adhered to, but the soul of poetry had been buried under an artificiality which was now to be dissipated by a return of Nature.

The first man in Europe to effect this change was Allan Ramsay (1686-1758), a native of Leadhills in Lanarkshire. His first fifteen years were spent in that elevated moorland district, and he then removed to Edinburgh to learn the prosaic trade of wig-making. Ramsay was first influenced in a literary sense by James Watson's *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, both Ancient and Modern*, published between 1706 and 1713, and he himself first found his bent for poetry as a collector. He published in 1719 a collection of *Scots Poems*, followed by the *Tea Table Miscellany*, and by the *Evergreen*, in 1724. As in the case of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, many of the poems thus published were either by the collector himself or by his friends, or were at least retouched from an older form. Ramsay had become the central spirit of a social and literary coterie known as the "Easy Club," and to this fact we owe much of his industry in collecting old poems. It is noteworthy that a similar service was not done in England till the publication by Percy in 1765 of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. In passing, we may here mention David Herd's collection of *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, published in 1776. Ramsay, having entered the literary field as a collector and polisher, next came forward as the author of *The Gentle Shepherd* (1725), a genuine pastoral poem, replete with Scottish humour and pawkiness, and manifesting keen observation of human character. No shepherd would have recognized anything akin to himself in the drawing-room "swains" and "nymphs" who figured in "Pastorals" such as Pope's; but Ramsay's poem at once became a favorite with the very class it depicts so well. To quote Professor Walker, the poem "takes rank amongst those works in which Scotland is rich beyond equal, works which not only treat of, but appeal to and are read by, the peasantry." In associating human love with the scenes and sights of free Nature Ramsay was the literary parent of Ferguson and Burns. His kindly insight into character not only inspired his literary successors, but influenced artists as well. The work of David Allan, and later that of Wilkie, in Scottish art, is closely allied to that of Ramsay in poetry. This kinship

between Ramsay's work and that of the *genre* painters is indicated by Professor Minto: "It is as a painter of manners, with keen, sly, humorous observation, and not as a lyricist, that Ramsay deserves to be remembered. We can well understand Hogarth's admiration for him." Apart from his literary services, it remains to be noted that Ramsay instituted a circulating library in Edinburgh, and made the first attempt to carry on a theatre in that city.

James Thomson (1700-48) was born at the parish manse of Ednam, near Kelso. After an education at Jedburgh and at Edinburgh University, he proceeded to London in 1725, taking with him the rough draft of a poem, published next year under the title of *Winter*. The rest of the *Seasons* followed at intervals till 1730, and met with immediate popularity. Nor was this popularity of a shallow or transient kind. Professor Saintsbury holds that "it would hardly be too much to say that, making allowance for the time over which his influence has extended, no poet has given the special pleasure which poetry is capable of giving to so large a number of persons in so large a measure as Thomson." The reason is that "literal accuracy and poetical truth are blended in Thomson's descriptions in a way rarely to be found. Every one feels that he has seen what Thomson has put into words for him: every one also feels that Thomson has added a charm for him to the scene when he shall happen to see it again." And hence "no degeneracy of education or of fashion, short of an absolute return to barbarism, can prevent *The Seasons* from attracting admiration as soon as they are read or heard."

Near the end of his life, Thomson published *The Castle of Indolence*, regarded by many as his best work. In adopting the Spenserian stanza for this poem, he illustrates the renewed taste for the works of the great Elizabethans which accompanied the poetic revival of his period.

What was new and entirely original in Thomson, as compared with any of his predecessors in any land, was not merely his singularly acute and correct observation of Nature and of natural phenomena, but the loving insight which regarded Nature as a subject sufficient in itself, worthy of being treated for its own sake, and not

merely as a background for story or incident. In this connection Thomson is perhaps the first to regard Nature as a direct revelation of God, and his influence in this most important respect passed onwards through Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Crabbe, to culminate in Wordsworth, who read God actually in, and not merely through Nature. His work is typical of many other manifestations of genius which, originating in the northern kingdom, have joined the general British stream, and, so far as approved, are complacently adopted as "English." Yet, although his great poem was chiefly written in England, the fact that his main inspiration came from the scenes of his native land is everywhere apparent throughout the work. And it is remarkable to find his influence extended and supported in the same century by various minor Scottish poets in the English language whom we can only afford to mention. David Malloch (or Mallet, as he called himself later) co-operated with Thomson in London in some of his minor works. Dr. John Armstrong (1709-79), in his *Art of Preserving Health*, not only showed a keen sympathy for suffering humanity, as befitted a physician, but, to quote Professor Saintsbury, "managed to produce many passages which lovers and students of blank verse cannot afford to disdain." He did much towards reviving a proper appreciation of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan writers. *The Grave*, written by Robert Blair (1699-1746), a Haddingtonshire minister, although at first refused by publishers on account of its uninviting subject, was given to the public in 1743, and at once caught the popular fancy, especially in Scotland, where the cultivation of the morose side of religion has developed a moral courage which rather rejoices in facing the grim facts connected with our mortality. Michael Bruce, who died of consumption at the age of twenty-one in 1767, and his associate John Logan (1748-88), may be named as adding to the poetry of nature and humanity. A remarkable work is *The Shipwreck* of William Falconer (1732-69), which, published by the author at the age of thirty, vividly relates the poet's personal experience of a catastrophe off Cape Colonna in Greece. Apart from its accurate and in-

timate knowledge of all that concerns life at sea, the poem is quite Homeric in its dramatic conflict between the wild force of nature and human frailty. Seven years after writing this poem of the sea, Falconer was drowned near Cape Town.

The Minstrel, by James Beattie (1735-1803), schoolmaster and professor, is described by Professor Veitch as "the history of a poetic imagination nursed in the scenes of his native Kincardineshire, mingled with lights reflected from Spenser and Thomson, and from a classical reading, especially in Virgil and Homer." He regards it as foreshadowing Wordsworth's *Prelude* of thirty years later, and in its strongly subjective thought it certainly marks a stage in the development of British poetry. Professor Saintsbury, while not enthusiastic in praise of the poem, admits that "it gave the impulse in many cases to the production of much better work than itself. In fact, it exactly reflected the vague craving of the age for the dismissal of artificial poetry and for a return to Nature, and at the same time to the romantic style."

Referring to these Scottish poets as a whole, Professor Walker claims that "all of them, even the weakest, brought into English literature some element which was not in it before, and which, but for the Scotch influence, either would not have appeared there or would have been later in development." He further points out that, while this is obviously true of the greater poets, such as Ramsay and Thomson, "it is only when we gather the Scotchmen together that it becomes manifest how far their nationality was from being a mere accident, how far their ideas and tendencies were the product of their early surroundings."

From the time of David Lyndsay, the drama had disappeared in Scotland, but in the period now under review it flickered into a transient flame. Rev. John Home (1722-1808) produced on the Edinburgh stage in 1756 his tragedy of *Douglas*, which, while it led to his resigning his ministerial charge, gained for him, both in Scotland and England, an exaggerated popularity lasting for over a quarter of a century. It was at the production of this play at Drury Lane that an enthusiastic Scot is reported to have exclaimed,

"Whaur's your Wully Shakespeare noo?"

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851), a daughter of the minister of Bothwell, produced among other poems a series of nine *Plays on the Passions*, which in the early years of the nineteenth century were so popular as to mislead even Sir Walter Scott into an estimate now admitted to have been too flattering.

In any survey of the literature of the eighteenth century, mention must be made of the work of James Macpherson (1736-96), a native of Inverness-shire. In 1760 he published *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*, translated from the Gaelic, followed in 1762 by *Fingal*, and next year by *Temora*, both of these being epic poems which he professed to have translated from the Gaelic of Ossian. The poems, which had a great influence in arousing the taste for Celtic romance, provoked tremendous controversy; and even to-day the echoes of that controversy have not died away, although the general conclusion is that, while Macpherson founded on some fragmentary Gaelic poems, the great bulk of his so-called translation (in prose) consisted of original work. It is remarkable that the similar pretence by Chatterton in England occurred within the next eight years.

It will be noted that all the Scottish authors we have mentioned since Ramsay wrote in English, and many of them adopted London as their headquarters. They are therefore often alluded to as the "Anglo-Scottish School." As Beattie remarked:

"Since Allan's death, naebody cared
For ance to speir how Scotla fared;
For, frae the cottar to the laird,
We a' rin south."

But the latter half of the century presents us with proof that migration to London was not necessary in order to develop the Scottish talent for poetry,—that, in fact, it flourished best on native soil.

Robert Fergusson (1750-74), a native of Edinburgh, who died insane at the age of twenty-three, was rightly regarded by Robert Burns as his own forerunner in Scottish verse. He paved the way for the master-poet, not only in regard to style and versification, but in choice of subjects. Fergusson was essentially a city man, a son of Edinburgh, but he had a keen love

for that country life of which he saw so little; and such poems as the *Farmer's Ingle* taught Burns the capabilities for poetic treatment latent in that life which was the latter's own daily lot. Fergusson likewise led the way in directing attention to native scenery and to Scottish patriotism as fitting subjects for literature.

"The Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But, save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools,
Dought they compare wi' bonnie Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer bead?
Or are their shores more sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
On Leader haughs and Yarrow braes
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds,
That live on our poetic grounds."

Lamenting the lost glory of Edinburgh, he sings:

"For oh, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient State."

Finally, in his typical Scottish humor, now broad and open, now dry and allusive, but seldom or never bitter, even under sore temptation, and in his talent for singling out such peculiarities in the national or local life of his time as lent themselves to this treatment, Fergusson proved himself worthy of the homage which prompted Burns, when in Edinburgh, to place a simple monument on his neglected grave in Canongate Churchyard. Burns himself is reserved for special mention along with Sir Walter Scott.—S. W. and W.

BITS OF HUMOR.

Easy—"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?"

"Yes, your riverence."

"What have done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your riverence."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the great Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"

"To be sure, I did."

"Well, then, your riverence, O'd say 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.'"

—Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.

BY MAJOR B. C. GREEN.

(Continued)

In 1854, England and France had formed an alliance in defence of Turkey against Russia, and war was declared. British troops were despatched to the last, with Lord Raglan in command, while Sir Colin was nominated to a Brigade command. He embarked for the East on April 3rd, reaching Constantinople on the 23rd, and here he was appointed to the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, 93rd and 42nd Regiments.

Curiously enough, although himself a Highlander, Colin Campbell through all his long career as a soldier had never until this time commanded Highlanders, but he understood the Highland nature, and very speedily won the respect and goodwill of those splendid soldiers and a thoroughly good understanding soon grew up between them.

The voyage across the Black Sea, the landing on Crimean soil, and the battle of the Alma, are familiar history. The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of that hard fought victory against overwhelming odds, and showed what stuff they were made of. Campbell writes: "After the battle, Lord Raglan sent for me. When I approached him I observed his eyes to fill and his lips and countenance to quiver. He gave me a cordial hand-shake, but he could not speak. The men cheered very much. I told them I was going to the Commander-in-Chief to ask a great favor—that he would permit me to have the honor of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign; this pleased them very greatly. My men behaved nobly, I never saw troops march to battle with greater sang-froid and order than these Highland Regiments."

A story is told which, though it may not be true, illustrates Campbell's character. At one period of the battle, the Guards' Brigade was exposed to a very heavy artillery fire, and there was a tendency to hesitation among their ranks. An officer of "obscure rank" had the rashness to exclaim within Colin Campbell's hearing, "The brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?" At this, Sir Colin's blood rose so high that the impassioned and far resounding answer he gave was of a quality which must have taught a never-to-be-forgotten lesson to the officer to whom it was addressed. "It is better, sir, that every officer and man of Her Majesty's Guards should be dead on the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy!"

May such sentiments as these long remain the characteristic quality of the British soldier!

Of Inkerman, Balaklava, the Redan, the siege and fall of Sevastopol, the "thin red

line" when the Highland Brigade calmly confronted in line the onslaught of the Russian cavalry, at a period when the square was the approved formation, I should like to say much. Sir Colin's remarks upon this were: "Well! I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep." How, as he rode along the front of his noble soldiers, conscious of the momentous responsibility: "Remember," said he, "there is not retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand." "Aye, aye, Sir Colin; we'll do that," came the quick reply. After the fall of Sevastopol, Campbell's position in the Crimea became exceedingly uncomfortable, for though by seniority he had become second in command, and it was known that General Simpson was about to vacate the chief command, the Press at home was emphatic in its demand that a younger man than Sir Colin should be employed, and he could not but realize that the War Minister no longer desired his presence in the Crimea. This being the case, and having seen the Highland Division comfortably huddled for the winter, he set sail for England with the intention of tendering his resignation. Three days later Sir William Codrington was nominated to the chief command over his head.

To his old friend, Lord Hardinge, now Commander-in-Chief, he frankly acknowledged his bitter disappointment; "but," he added "if Her Majesty should ask me to place myself under a junior officer, I could not resist any request of hers." He was promptly commanded to Windsor, where the gracious reception accorded him by the Queen and the Prince Consort struck a tender chord in his heart, and in a true spirit of loyalty he expressed to Her Majesty his readiness to return to the Crimea, and to serve under a corporal if she wished it."

Campbell returned to the Crimea, and resumed the command of the Highland Brigade; but peace was shortly afterwards proclaimed, and he returned to England.

Before his departure, he assembled the Highland Brigade, and though not much of an orator, took farewell of his men in the following words, words worthy alike of him and them: "Soldiers of the old Highland Brigade, with whom I have passed through this perilous war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be on board ship never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old and shall not be called to serve any more; and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and the memory, too, of the enduring, hardy and generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, and whose

name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, each to his family and cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious battle on the heights of Alma, and may speak of the old Brigadier who led you, and who loved you so well. Your children, and your children's children, will repeat the tale to other generations yet to come, when only a few lines of history will remain to record the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with glorious recollections of dangers confronted, hardships endured, and battles won. The bagpipes will ever carry me back to those bright days when I was at your head and wore the bonnet which you gained for me, and the honorable decorations on my breast. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

Little did Sir Colin think when he uttered these words, that ere long he would find himself in command of those very men on another continent, ready to again display the same soldierly virtues which had already caused them the gratitude of their chief and countrymen.

In the beginning of 1857, the dark clouds which presaged the awful storm of mutiny, foretold by Sir Charles Napier, and temporarily averted seven years earlier, were gathering over the Bengal Presidency. On February 19th, the first flash of actual outbreak burst forth in Berhampur and this quickly spread and ripened throughout the whole Bengal army. On May 27th, the Commander-in-Chief in India, General the Hon. George Anson, died of cholera; but tidings of this misfortune did not reach England until July 11th, when Lord Panmure at once sent for Sir Colin Campbell, and offered him the command of the forces in India. This offer Campbell promptly accepted. As an instance of Campbell's wonderful energy, though he had for some time retired from military life and was well advanced in years, he expressed himself ready and willing to leave for India the following morning, but the Queen desiring an interview, he did not leave England until two days later, and landed in Calcutta on August 13th.

The situation which faced him was gloomy almost to utter hopelessness. John Lawrence was exerting himself to the utmost, with a force of only four thousand men, to hold the Punjab. The garrison at Agra was cut off and isolated. Lucknow was hemmed in, and the Residency surrounded by thousands of fierce and relentless enemies and encumbered by hundreds of helpless women and children, was maintaining an almost hopeless resistance. Havelock, with a force of only two thousand brave men, had fought his way from Allahabad to Cawnpore; too late, alas, to save the lives of the hapless women and children, who were cruelly

butchered. The Gwallor contingent had revolted, and no man had ever to face a blacker outlook than did Campbell at this time. One little gleam of sunshine among the gloom was derived from the fact that Allahabad, with its great magazines of military stores, remained in the hands of the British under Sir James Outram. Troops were being sent from England as quickly as possible, but not nearly fast enough or in sufficient numbers to relieve the situation.

The story of the Indian Mutiny is well known to you all. The splendid pluck, bravery, and endurance of those men, women and children, under perils and trials the like of which it is difficult for the mind to conceive, and which I trust may never occur again. The names of such men as Havelock, Outram, Hope, Grant, Windham, Ewart and Hodson will ever remain green in our memories, and their heroic deeds will be handed down as examples of British heroism. Through this time of trial, Colin Campbell set an example of courage, patience and bravery, which was emulated by all ranks, so much so that Her Majesty the Queen wrote: "The Queen has many proofs already of Sir Colin Campbell's devotion to his Sovereign and country, but Sir Colin must bear one reproof from his Queen, and that is, that he exposes himself to danger too much; his life is most precious, and she entreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be—foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health."

At the storming of the Secunderabagh, the Shah Nuff, the relief of Cawnpore, the siege and capture of Lucknow, Col. Ewerts ran up where Sir Colin sat on his gray charger outside the gate of the Secunderabagh, and called out: "We are in full possession of the place, sir! I have killed the two last of the army with my own hand, and here is one of their colours!" Sir Colin had been chafed by events, and turned angrily on Ewart. "Damn your colours, sir!" he thundered, "it is not your place to be taking colours; go back to your regiment this instant." Ewart turned away, much disconcerted, but Forbes Mitchell adds that Sir Colin sent for the Colonel later in the day, apologised for his rudeness, and thanked him for his services.

Early in the Mutiny before Lucknow, Sir Colin's little army, barely five thousand strong, was drawn up for inspection. On the left of the line, in massive serried ranks, a waving sea of plumes and tartan, stood the 93rd Highlanders, who with loud cheers welcomed the veteran chief, who they knew so well and loved so warmly.

Till he reached the Highlanders, no cheer had greeted Sir Colin as he rode along the line of men to whom, as yet, he was a stranger. At the end of a short address to the men, he said, "93rd! you are my own lads. I rely on you to do your selves and me credit!" "Aye, aye, Sir Colin!" answered a voice from the ranks. "Ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and

bairns out o' Lucknow or we'll leave our ain bones there!" You all know how well they carried out their promise.

A story is handed down by an old 93rd man about Lord Clyde when he first met his favorites after having been raised to the peerage. He had a great regard for old Pipe-Major John MacLeod. When Sir Colin took what he believed to be his final farewell of the 93rd upon leaving the Crimea in 1856, the last man he shook hands with was John MacLeod. When the S. S. *Mauritius*, three years later, reached Calcutta with the 93rd aboard, the first man to recognise Sir Colin was John MacLeod, who simply electrified his comrades with the shout, "Lord, save us! Who could hae believed it? Here's Sir Colin himsel'!" "Aye, aye, John," replied Sir Colin, "it's me, able to go through another campaign with you; little did I think when we last parted that I should hear the skirl of your pipes on the plains of India."

Upon meeting the regiment, after becoming Lord Clyde, he as usual called the Pipe-Major to the front. John came to attention, saluted, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Colin, but we dinna ken hoo tae address you, noo that the Queen has made you a Lord!"

The old Chieftain replied, with just a touch of sadness in his voice, "Just call me Sir Colin, John; the same as in the old times: I like the old name best."

In June, 1857, while in Allahabad, a letter from Lord Derby, then Prime Minister, arrived, in which his Lordship intimated that he had been honored with the Queen's commands to signify to you Her Majesty's unqualified approval of the distinguished services you have rendered to Her Majesty and to the country as Commander-in-Chief of the armies in India. * * Her Majesty deems the present a fitting moment for marking her high sense of your eminent and brilliant services by raising you to the dignity of a Peer of the United Kingdom by such title as you may think it proper to assume. Sir Colin with his innate modesty, at first shrank from the proffered honor, but at length became reconciled, and took the title of "Lord Clyde of Clydesdale," which title, however, he rarely used outside official circles. All his letters to intimate friends bear the initials C. C. or C. Campbell.

The Mutiny over, India relapsed into a state of profound peace, and Lord Clyde, after a period of rest, returned to England. In November, 1862, he was made a Field-Marshal, the highest honor to which a British officer can attain.

Though Lord Clyde had all which should accompany old age, honor, love and friends, his health was gradually but visibly breaking up. He had never spared himself when duty called, but when the strain slackened, his constitution, which had been sadly tried, began to fail. The end of the old warrior came at last, somewhat suddenly; but to the last, his memory would revert to his Highland soldiers, whom he loved so well. About noon, on August 14th, Lord Clyde,

the veteran of many battles, calmly passed away.

Contrary to Lord Clyde's wishes, the Government, in union with the feelings of the nation, held it fitting that a national tribute should be paid to his memory by according to his remains a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Thither, on August 22nd, all that was mortal of him who had died the foremost soldier of Britain, was borne to rest, and there he lies among the brother warriors, statesmen, and other illustrious men who have made history and Great Britain what she is. On a plain stone marking his grave, is inscribed the following epitaph:

Beneath This Stone Rest
The Remains of
Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde,
Who, By His Own Deserts,
Through Fifty Years of Arduous service, From the Earliest Battles in the Peninsular War to the Pacification of India in 1858, Rose to the Rank of Field-Marshal, and the Peerage.
He Died Lamented By the Queen, the Army, and the People, 14th August, 1863, In the 71st Year of His Age.

—(London S. R. Gazette).

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

The "Missionary Review of the World" gives the following figures: "The Punjab contained 37,000 Christians in 1901, but now about 165,000, which represents the truly remarkable increase of 446 per cent. In Nagpur, in Central India, were 36,000 native Christians in 1881, 125,000 in 1901, and 177,000 in 1911. In Madras Presidency, with 41,000,000 inhabitants, the Christians increased 16 per cent., Mohammedans 11 per cent, Hindus 8 per cent. In Travancore, with 3,500,000 inhabitants, the Christians increased 30 per cent., the Mohammedans 19 per cent., and Hindus 12 per cent., so that now 25 per cent. of its inhabitants are Christians. The increase in the Christian population of the Bombay Presidency has been 116 per cent., of the Central Provinces 169 per cent., of the United Provinces 175 per cent.; and of Burmah 43 per cent."

Slight Error—The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship. "Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again." "What's wrong?" asked her husband. "I believe I have dropt one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground." "Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator, "that's Lake Erie."—Youngstown Telegram.

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XVII.

THE PEDLAR FROM THE ROSS.

During all his later life, Fraser never forgot that night. The track ran by the river, and he was always eerily near to this liquid thing, bawling or whispering in the dark on his left. On his right the bog was everywhere to unfamiliar eyes, and often he sprang back bemired, but in time. Unnoticed, he passed through the sleeping townships. It was a nightmare of a journey, and as luck would have it, he made better speed than Charlie had allowed, and so overreached his mark before the dawn, which found him two miles past Craig, wandering on the slopes of Corraven.

The coming of day had been a streak and a glint behind the mountaintops. Soon it was a glow, and now the sky was flooding with a radiance which seemed to the weary traveller to become more and more intense with every step he took down the hill-side. Never had there been such a day of brightness since the world began, he thought; and again he conned the postscript of last night's letter, humming snatches of sailor-song the while.

When the hill fell away more steeply and he saw something else than sky and moor—the great strath stretching east and west, with the drove-track and the river winding side by side down its middle, the sight took him by rapid avenues of thought to the world of ships and cities and men. On the other side of the valley was a wilderness of mountains upheaved jaggedly in masses of mauve and sable; and surely by contrast there was something restful in the blue coils of smoke here and there above the dark dots of little houses in the scraggy fields by the riverside. His heart leaped, for one of these little dots was Craig, his trysting-place with Morag at noon.

Coming at last to level ground, he struck the road close by an empty sheep-fank, under whose wall he sat down to rest and consult his map. Craig lay to the east, he saw, a backthrow of a mile or two, and he was still hunting for the mark of Moy on the old print when a clear sound of singing fell on his ear. Then, on the road and past the angle of the fank-wall, came heavily a great hill-cow with shaggy, rust-colored hide, and behind it keeping time as she sang, danced a slim Highland lass of sixteen or so. A leaf-tipped hazel-wand whisked her charge this side and that while she swung gracefully across the path and over again as in the start of the reel. But a movement of Fraser's made known his presence, and at the consciousness of a spectator she stopped suddenly, wide-eyed and blushing to the braid between forehead and hair.

The man resting by the wall looked on

her smilingly and did not move, but before he could speak, she had dashed like a fawn past her great beast, and was over the rise of the road and out of sight. The cow turned a mild eye of enquiry on the intruder, and then resumed its dull padding onwards. Looking down at his garb, Fraser quizzed himself as to his appearance. He had taken off his cloak, it is true, yet there was nothing alarming in the apparel its removal disclosed. Hose a trifle muddy, rims of rust on coat-buttons and shoe-buckles, a rude string of canvas attaching his tricorne to his coat collar, his linen travel-stained, and the rest of his costume in keeping with these enormities—he enumerated all, and smiling grimly, hastened to add to these the offence of two days' lack of shaving. But in any case one thing was sure—he had a tryst at Craig at noon, and, however *dishabille* he might be, he would keep it. To one so uplifted the vagaries of this shy little herd-lass were nothing, and so he unconcernedly took the track again. Over the rise of the road he saw a cot half a mile away, and leaving this, still in full flight, was the Highland maid. A woman came to the entry of the hut, and, her hand shading her eyes she looked hard and long at him, then turned and closed the door.

Whether it was hunger or curiosity that impelled, Fraser could not have told, but he made straightway for the little dwelling, and knocked. Thrice he rapped, and then peering into the rude window, saw something move in the interior's gloom. To further knocking, however, there was no response, and he resumed the highway. Another half mile off lay two huts close together beside a burn that clattered to meet the river, and he saw that peat-stacks hid the doorways as he approached, so that he could not make out if they kept open house for him or not. But a reduplicated sound of drawn bolts told a plain tale; on rounding the peats, closed doors again met his eye. And the only answer to the appeal of his knuckles was a sound of many whisperings within.

"A most hospitable side of the country," he said as he turned away. "Give me Tighban itself, if it comes to an exile here."

Craig, he assured himself, could not be far off now, and, with Morag awaiting him, he would soon have a better greeting than this of the sneaked gate. The map gave the house as south of the river, and from another rise in the road he saw the heaped winter fuel that betokened cottages near. The bent-thatched huts lying close to the stream did not take the eye readily, but at last he made them out, three or four in all, the little buildings of rude stone, grey and

unmortared, leaning in shauchly fashion against each other.

But when he crossed to them over the stream of the Goladoir by means of the usual stepping-stones, he came again to shut doors, and shut they kept, too, despite his knocking. Then a dog howled in one of the huts, and instantly from the others there came a chorus of barkings. Irate, Fraser consulted his map afresh, and finding this was Craig and no other, he hammered incontinently at the door nearest him. At last he called all his poor Gaelic to command, and cried out in it to the inmates, and a man's voice replied in English from the interior of the cottage:

"Who are you? What do you want? Where are you from?" asked the voice.

"I am a friend of MacLean of Aros."

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No."

"What do you wish?"

"Direction to the party of Miss MacLean of Aros. She was to have come this way before noon to-day."

"We know nothing of her party * * * You are no pedlar?"

"No, I tell you."

"Where are you from?"

"Aros, by Glenforsa."

The door opened and a young man came out, scratching a head covered with fair curls, fine and tiny. He eyed Fraser dubiously. His cheek had never felt steel, and the same fine crisp hair covered it; he was muscular withal.

"Have you seen a pedlar carrying a red box?" he asked.

"No pedlar have I seen, and none do I wish to see," said Fraser testily. "What ails you at the pedlars? My business is with none of them, but with Miss MacLean, whom I was to have met here in order to a further journey to Moy."

"Then will it please you to come in, sir," said the man. "We see few strangers this gate, and we'll aye need to be careful."

The traveller followed him into one of the huts, and in the dark of the interior, a group of folk pushed behind the door by which he entered, and whispering noisily in Gaelic, took refuge in another apartment that reeked of cattle. It was a bare earthen-floored kitchen he entered, a bed in one corner, a fire in another, with an attempt at a clay chimney projecting over the peats; while in a third corner was a rude table with bannocks and bowls of broth on three sides of it. Fraser had evidently interrupted a meal, and he began with apologies, which were quickly silenced by protestations of equal civility from a young woman of great physical beauty, the red and brown of her cheeks being health itself. In several journeys she carried the rough fare been the house, then laid a fresh white cloth; and whereas the meal had hitherto been brose and bannocks, she now made a dish of tea.

"Miss Morag's friends are ever ours, sir," said she. "And if it's your will I'll give you

tea—dear as it is—thick enough for the spoon to stand on end in. Your arm will be hurt, sir," she added after a pause.

"Nothing of moment," said the surgeon, making acquaintance eagerly with some broiled troutling that accompanied the brew.

The woman proved to be the wife of Alasdair Ban, the youth who had opened the door to him, and since it was now half an hour after noon, the traveller began to question her about the road to Moy, and the probable cause of Morag's delay. No person had come from the Inshriff, or east side of the glen, but in the early morn twenty or more of the MacAllisters, a gipsy tribe, had passed from the west side (from the Ross probably), the men, women and children on foot, their tent on two led asses. To this story of his wife Alasdair Ban added the information that the gipsies had brought word of a death from plague on Lochlay-side; such a horror was in the man's look and tone as he spoke that Fraser judged it well to say nothing of the sickness in Aros.

"Would it not be the wise thing for me to go on to Inshriff, and ask for Miss Morag there?" said Fraser at last.

"You might well be doing the same," said Alasdair.

"Will you guide me there?"

"'Tis the straight road without a guide, sir."

"But, man, I'll pay."

"Pay or no," said the man slowly and looking meaningly at his wife. "Pay or no, I maun wait here the day."

"It's the rude folk you'll be thinking us, sir," broke in the handsome wife, her red cheeks flaming redder, "but, you see, there are only old men and weans here beside himself—and there's the pedlar coming."

"Oh, damn the pedlar!" said Fraser. "What has he to do with it?"

There fell a silence. The Highlander poked the peats vigorously, and his wife, her back to the traveller, busied herself with some dishes. Then Alasdair turned, the cleek in his hand, and said:

"It's this way, sir: here was this Irish pedlar at Lochlay-side—he and his brother—when a woman died of the pest. It was he and his brother confined her; it was he and his brother buried her. Paid and well-paid they were, but it has gone abroad that they are full of the pest themselves. Before the story got about, the younger went off in a smack to the mainland, and by all accounts he's clear. But by the word we have of the other, he's making for Torosay. Nor bite nor sup did he get in the Ross, and so he has been driven far on the road this way. It's a God's pity for the man, but he's bringing seven deaths in his hand, and under my roof he'll not come. It's a God's pity! And still and on I'll stay here till he pass, if he be not dead ere this."

Fraser looked wonderingly at the man as he stood there, the peat-cleek grasped nervously in his hand, his whole frame shaking with the passion of his fear.

"Yonder is a cogie of milk, yonder are bannocks," cried the Highlander. "As he comes by, he'll see us leave them for him by the roadside. Aught else he may whistle for."

The man's panic had caught his wife, and over her task of rinsing dishes, she was sobbing gently with averted face. The ragged mob of bairns and ancients ben the house were mumbling and hustling against the door, their terror at the high words manifest in the confused noises they made.

Fraser pondered his next move. It was a clear hour past noon, and Morag had not yet come. He decided to go on to Inshriff, and accordingly took farewell of the cottar and his wife. As he departed he heard the old folk and the children flocking back from the cold outer room to the warmth of the kitchen peats. Already the sun was low, the air chilly, and he stamped numb toes on the hard of the road, his huge shadow on the heather making giant antics as he did so.

The glen now wound north, and the great walls of hills came crowding closer to the track, which grew rapidly steeper, but at the end of this ascent the heights fell away again on either side, and quite a broad valley came into view. To the south, a chain of lakes ran, interlacing with mountain spurs, like the spaces between half-plaited fingers. Close by the roadside was a little grey tumble of buildings set on a flat of vivid green: Inshriff for a surety.

A rocky track went down to the sweep of field around the farm, then came a cobbled court, with a barn and stable facing each other, the back of the dwelling-house forming the third side of the square. From the path's direction it was evident that the back entrance to the dwelling was oftener used than the front, and Fraser was soon tirling at the little mean door of white wood. It was twilight now, and the man who answered the knocking held a lit cruise in his hand. Grey-whiskered, and with the eyes of a ferret, he bowed and fawned and snuffed to Fraser with all the graces of a Frenchman, rubbing his knuckles in the air all the while, until the surgeon sickened to look at him.

"Well, well," he said in answer to Fraser's question, "and it's Miss Morag and her servants you're looking for? No, she's not come this way yet, sir; not yet. Well, well! and you'll be from the Ross, sir? Well, well!"

Fraser replied that he had come by Glenforsa. The fellow's manner perplexed him; it was servility itself, yet his questions were those of an equal, and he stood blocking the door without invitation to enter, his politeness expending itself on barren courtesies of tone and bearing. Thinking he would try another issue, the traveller asked suddenly: "The pedlar, has he passed?"

"What pedlar, sir? No pedlar, sir. Is it a packman, sir?"

Again the mechanical smile, the rubbed hands, and the keen glance, then a slack

mouth, and an air of innocent curiosity. The transition was too rapid for good acting, and Fraser's jaw tightened as he eyed the man.

"I see," he said drily.

The little eyes shifted and fell; then an easy facile smile folded itself on the mask of a face once more. Fraser looked at him for a moment without a word further, and turning on his heel, strode off in haste, for even the fingers of his injured arm tingled to beat the treacherous jaws of the fellow. As he reached the roadside he stumbled on a little bowl of milk half empty and he saw that some crumbs of bread lay scattered on the surrounding grass.

"So," he said to himself, "the pedlar has passed Craig after all, and without Alasdair Ban setting eye on him. He must have taken a byway there."

No sooner had the traveller entered the fringe of trees on the crest of the brae, than the man in the yard of Inshriff ran across to the stable, and saddling a dun pony rapidly, he led it to the house-door.

"Murdo," he called.

A voice within answered the hail.

"Here's the piper to pay," cried the man with the ferret eyes. "There's a young bird here with a broken wing, asking for Miss Morag of Aros, and I've sent him chasing the cuckoo. Pennyfauran's at Kinloch, and he should have kent of you ere this: and here is the night and it's a bonny road for an old man like me. Canny, lad, till I come again in the morning."

Next moment he was mounted and trotting back by the road the surgeon had come.

Fraser, all unconscious of the excitement he had caused in Inshriff was industrious with his map, and heard nothing of the splutter the rider made a mile away. From the rude print he saw that Glenforsa debouched on Glenmore about two miles further on, and and, stepping out, he soon reached this opening in the northern wall of the valley. It was by this way he had himself passed, through the dark of the preceding night; it was by this very route Morag should have come. Had something detained her? Or had she chosen another road to Moy? But evening was fast advancing; the pedlar's story was still in his mind, in fact, if the bread-crumbs spoke truly, the poor man could not be far ahead. It was just possible the sick packman had crossed Morag's route in his wanderings, and Fraser pushed on in the hope of overtaking him.

Half an hour later his shoes were sounding on the pebbly bit of road that ran through the hazel-wood of Benadd. It was mirk enough here, but none so black as to prevent him beholding dimly, when half-way through the copse, the figure of a man rising from his hands and knees by the roadside, stumbling on a step or two, and so to his knees again. Just as he reached him, the weakening went down once more and this time prone, the wooden box slung on his shoulder clattering where he fell.

(To be Continued)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.
Fourteenth Lesson.

(Continued).

"And whosoever ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any one; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses."—Mark XI, 25.

PRAYER AND LOVE.

These words follow immediately on the great prayer-promise, "All things whatsoever ye pray for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them." We have already seen how the words that preceded that promise, "Have faith in God," taught us that in prayer all depends upon our relation to God being clear; these words that follow on it remind us that our relation with our fellow-men must be clear too. Love to God and love to our neighbor are inseparable: the prayer from a heart, that is either not right with God on the one side, or with men on the other, cannot prevail. Faith and love are essential to each other.

We find that this is a thought to which our Lord frequently gave expression. In the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. V, 23, 24), when speaking of the sixth commandment, He taught His disciples how impossible acceptable worship to the Father was if everything were not right with the brother: "If thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." And so, later, when speaking of prayer to God, after having taught us to pray, "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors," He added at the close of the prayer: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." At the close of the parable of the unmerciful servant, He applies His teaching in the words: "So shall also my Heavenly Father do unto you if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts." And so here, where He speaks of the wonderful power of faith, and the prayer of faith, He all at once, apparently without connection, introduces the thought, "Whosoever ye stand praying forgive, if ye have aught against anyone: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses." It is as if the Lord had learned during His life at Nazareth and afterwards that disobedience to the law of love to men was a great sin even of praying people and the great cause of the feebleness of their prayer. And it is as if He wanted to lead us into His own blessed experience that nothing gives such liberty of access and such power in believing as the consciousness that we have given

ourselves in love and compassion for those whom God loves.

The first lesson taught here is that of a forgiving disposition. We pray, "Forgive, even as we have forgiven." Scripture says, "Forgive one another, even as God also in Christ forgave you." God's full and free forgiveness is to be the rule of ours with men. Otherwise our reluctant, half-hearted forgiveness, which is not forgiveness at all, will be God's rule with us. Every prayer rests upon our faith in God's pardoning grace. If God dealt with us after our sins, not one prayer could be heard. Pardon opens the door to all God's love and blessing; because God has pardoned all our sin, our prayer can prevail to obtain all we need. The deep sure ground of answer to prayer is God's forgiving love. When it has taken possession of the heart, we pray in faith. But also, when it has taken possession of the heart, we live in love. God's forgiving disposition revealed in His love to us, becomes a disposition in us; as the power of His forgiving love shed abroad and dwelling within us, we forgive even as He forgives. If there be great and grievous injury or injustice done us, we seek first of all to possess a Godlike disposition; to be kept from a sense of wounded honor, from a desire to maintain our rights or from rewarding the offender as he has deserved. In the little annoyances of daily life we are watchful not to excuse the hasty temper, the sharp word, the quick judgment, with the thought that we mean no harm, that we do not keep the anger long, or that it would be too much to expect from feeble human nature, that we should really forgive the way God and Christ do. No, we take the command literally, "Even as Christ forgave, so also do ye." The blood that cleanses the conscience from dead works, cleanses from selfishness too; the love it reveals is pardoning love, that takes possession of us and flows through us to others. Our forgiving love to men is the evidence of the reality of God's forgiving love in us, and so the condition of the prayer of faith.

There is a second, more general lesson: our daily life in the world is made the test of our intercourse with God in prayer. How often the Christian, when he comes to pray, does his utmost to cultivate certain frames of mind which he thinks will be pleasing. He does not understand, or forgets that life does not consist of so many loose pieces, of which now the one, now the other, can be taken up. Life is a whole, and the pious frame of the hour of prayer is judged by God from the ordinary frame of the daily

life, of which the hour is but a small part. Not the feeling I call up, but the tone of my life during the day is God's criterion of what I really am and desire. My drawing near to God is of one piece with my intercourse with men and earth: failure here will cause failure there. And that not only when there is the distinct consciousness of anything wrong between my neighbor and myself; but the ordinary current of my thinking and judging, the unloving thoughts and words I allow to pass unnoticed, can hinder my prayer. The effectual prayer of faith comes out from a life given up to the will and the love of God. 'Not according to what I try to be when praying, but what I am when not praying' is my prayer dealt with by God.

We may gather these thoughts into a third lesson: In our life with men the one thing upon which everything depends is love. The spirit of forgiveness is the spirit of love. Because God is love, He forgives: It is only when we are dwelling in love that we can forgive as God forgives. In love to the brethren we have the evidence of love to the Father, the ground of confidence before God, and the assurance that our prayer will be heard. "Let us love in deed and truth; *hcreby* shall we assure our heart before Him. If our heart condemn us not, we have boldness toward God, and whatever we ask we receive of Him!" Neither faith nor work will profit if we have not love; it is love that unites with God, it is love that proves the reality of faith. As essential as in the word that precedes the great prayer-promise in Mark XI, 24, "Have faith in God," is this one that follows it, "Have love to men." The right relation to the living God above me, and the living men around me, are the conditions of effectual prayer.

This love is of special consequence when we labor for such and pray for them. We sometimes give ourselves to work for Christ, from zeal for His cause, as we call it, or for our own spiritual health, without giving ourselves in personal self-sacrificing love for those whose souls we seek. No wonder that our faith is feeble and does not conquer. To look on each wretched one, however unlovable he be, in the light of the tender love of Jesus the Shepherd seeking the lost; to see Jesus Christ in him, and to take him up, for Jesus' sake, in a heart that really loves—this, this is the secret of believing prayer and successful effort. Jesus, in speaking of forgiveness, speaks of love as its root. Just as in the Sermon on the Mount, He connected His teaching and promises about prayer with the call to be merciful, as the Father in heaven is merciful, so we see it here: a loving life is the condition of believing prayer.

It has been said: There is nothing so heart-searching as believing prayer, or even the honest effort to pray in faith. O let us not turn the edge of that self-examination by the thought that God does not hear our prayers for reasons known to Himself alone.

By no means "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Let that word of God search us. Let us ask whether our prayer be indeed the expression of a life wholly given over to the will of God and the love of man. Love is the only soil in which faith can strike its roots and thrive. As it throws its arms up, and opens its heart heavenward, the Father always looks to see if it has them opened towards the evil and the unworthy too. In that love, not indeed the love of perfect attainment, but the love of fixed purpose and sincere obedience, faith can alone obtain the blessing. It is he who gives himself to let the love of God dwell in him, and in the practice of daily life to love as God loves, who will have the power to believe in the Love that hears his every prayer. It is *the Lamb* who is in the midst of the throne: it is suffering and forbearing love that prevails with God in prayer. The merciful shall obtain mercy; the meek shall inherit the earth.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Father! Thou art Love, and only he that abideth in love abideth in Thee, and in fellowship with Thee. The Blessed Son hath this day taught me how deeply true this is of my fellowship with Thee in prayer. O My God! let thy love shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit, be in me a fountain of love to all around me, that out of a life of love may spring the power of believing prayer. O my Father! grant by the Holy Spirit that this may be my experience, that a life in love to all around me is the gate to a life in the love of my God. And give me especially to find in the joy with which I forgive day by day whoever may offend me, the proof that Thy forgiveness to me is a power and a life.

Lord Jesus! my Blessed Teacher! teach Thou me to forgive and to love. Let the power of Thy blood make the pardon of my sins such a reality, that forgiveness, as shown by Thee to me, and by me to others, may be the very joy of heaven. Show me whatever in my intercourse with fellowmen might hinder my fellowship with God, so that my daily life in my own home and in society may be the school in which strength and confidence are gathered for the prayer of faith. Amen.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Professor of Philosophy and Metaphysics, for the last seven years dean of Brown University, was unanimously elected president of Amherst College at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in New York on Friday, May 17th. was born on February 3, 1872, and came to this country with his parents when he was eight years old. He is a graduate of Brown University, and a post-graduate of Cornell. A sketch of his life and his portrait were published in "The Caledonian," February issue, 1908, giving full particulars of his life and achievements. Dr. Meiklejohn is a member of Clan Fraser, O. S. C., Pawtucket, R. I., and has won laurels as an athlete.

Fifty-first Anniversary of The Seventy-ninth Highlanders, New York Volunteers. 1861---1912.

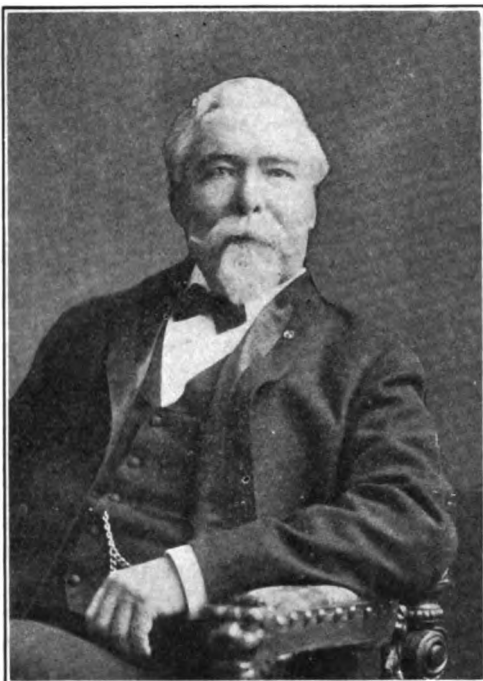
On Monday evening, May 13th, the annual dinner of the Veteran Association of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, Highlanders, New York Volunteers, was held at the Broadway Central Hotel, New York. It was a most delightful occasion. The large hall was fittingly decorated with American and Scottish flags. At the guest table were seated the president of the association, Mr. John Spence, Colonel Andrew D. Baird, Vice President John Muir, Rev. David G. Wylie, Rev. D. MacDougall, Captain St. John, Mr. Paul Kamerer, and Captain Robert Armour. Near the guest tables, on the left, was the Highland Guard of the New York Caledonian Club, commanded by Captain William Reid and Chief Taylor, with ex-Chiefs Morrison and Foulis and other prominent Caledonians, in full Highland dress. Seated at the round tables in the commodious banquet hall were about twenty of the surviving veterans, with their relatives and friends, many of whom are prominent in social and business circles.

After doing justice to an exceptionally fine menu, during which several songs were sung by the entire company, as "The Star Spangled Banner," "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Swanee Ribber," and "Old Black Joe." President Spence in a few well chosen words, welcomed all the guests to the fifty-first anniversary of the Veteran Association of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, New York Volunteers.

Rev. Dr. Wylie then responded to the toast "The Crisis and the Triumph." He pleasantly referred to the service held in the Scotch church a year ago, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the regiment, and spoke of the large gathering of Scottish people, both inside and outside the church. We take pleasure in giving Dr. Wylie's address:

"Heroes of a hundred battles, we again salute you! Your ranks are thinning year by year, but you still have a few left to remind the world of your service for our country, a half-century ago, in that mightiest of modern wars, in that crisis in the life of the Republic! It is because I feel that not only New York, but America owes a debt of gratitude to the 79th Regiment Highlanders, that I am here to-night to address you on the theme, The Crisis and the Triumph.

"In the early days of the Republic, the seed had been planted that was destined to result in a harvest of death! The nation sowed the wind and it reaped the whirlwind.



COLONEL ANDREW D. BAIRD.

"After years of discussion and fruitless compromise, which taxed the patience of the country, the conflict began with the assault upon the flag which floated over Fort Sumter, and soon the flame of war burst forth in all its fury.

"Survivors of the Seventy-ninth, we all know that what we learn in childhood remains with us through the whole of life. I cannot remember the Civil War, but I can remember a passage in the history of the United States, which fell into my mind in boyhood and which has remained there through the passing years; a brilliant and eloquent passage which describes the opening of the Civil War: 'At twenty minutes past four o'clock, on the morning of the 12th of April, 1861, the first shot of the Civil War crashed against the solid granite walls of Fort Sumter.'

"That was a dark day in the history of our country for it meant four years of a bitter struggle, and the most wide-spread and desolating war in modern times; a war in which father fought against son, brother against brother, friend against friend!

"I do not affirm that war is never justifiable; that nations should never go to war; but certain it is that war is a scourge! The history of the world shows clearly that the Almighty often uses war as a chastisement for sin!

"Mythology represents the war-god in splendid array, standing in a chariot driven by Bellona, a distracted woman, holding a torch in her hand. Discord, in tattered garments, goes before; anger and clamor follow; fear and terror are her horses! The dog was sacred to this goddess for his sagacity, the horse for his usefulness, the wolf for his rapacity, and the raven because it followed armies watching for the carcasses of the slain.

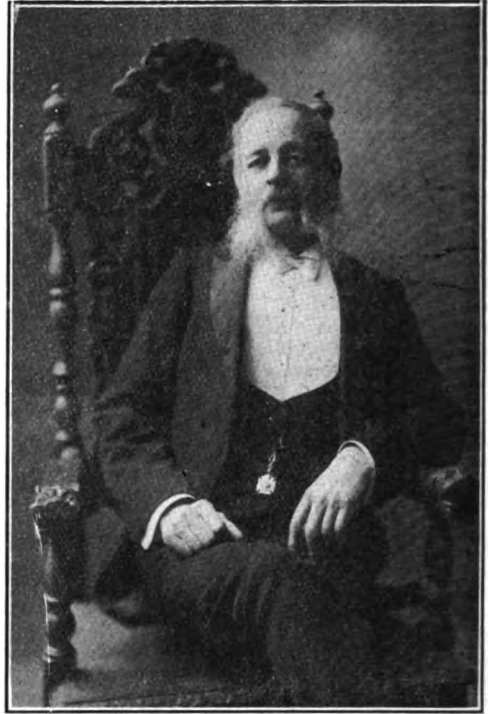
"War possesses moral grandeur, and deeds of self-sacrifice are done on the field of battle! When banners are unfurled, when the shrill notes of bugles are heard, when the war-drum thumps, it is no wonder that men's hearts leap and beat fast, and that they impetuously rush into the fierce fire of death for flag and country! War ministers to the natural instinct of pride, vanity, love of display, and pre-eminence. Music is consecrated to the god of battle, and fair women since the days of David, have sung the triumphs of the victors!

"Not only so, but great military commanders are worshiped as heroes. Their tombs are covered with trophies, and their names written on the scroll of fame. Witness the devotion of France to Napoleon; of Germany to Moltke and Wilhelm; of Great Britain to Marlborough, Nelson, Wellington and Roberts, and of the United States to Washington and Grant.

The cost of war is gigantic. In less than five years we spent more than three billion dollars—a sum equal to the value of three million slaves at a thousand dollars per head! It is the war burden that is to-day sapping the resources of many of the nations of Europe. War debts are piling mountain high. Half a century ago there were in the standing armies of Europe between two and three millions of men; now the number has risen to fifteen millions, and if the reserves are included, to twenty-one millions! The war debt of Europe to-day is from twenty to twenty-five billions of dollars, and the thermometer is rapidly rising.

"This is no time or place to dwell on the horrors of war. War's concomitants are dreadful scenes of plunder, violence, screams of the wounded and groans of the dying, desecration of churches, violation of women, brutal intoxication! No wonder that one of our American generals said: 'War is hell.'

"And it has been the same all through history, from Gilboa to Waterloo, from Waterloo to Gettysburg! No tongue can tell, no brush can paint the horrors of the battlefield where thousands fall, and the earth is drenched with blood and gore! From the sight of a plain strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and animals, bones gnawed by dogs and



PRESIDENT ANDREW SPENCE.

vultures, we shudder and turn away with pale faces and sick hearts.

"No wonder that in view of all these things, so many of our greatest generals have been opposed to war; that so many citizens and patriots are to-day interested in the cause of universal peace, and are praying for the time to come

"When the war-drum beats no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of nations,
The federation of the world.'

"The victory and the triumph came, but not in a week, a month, a year! On the other hand, the black cloud hung over the country for four long awful years, and from the black clouds of war came thunder, lightning and death. Never was a cause more fiercely contested. Never did men show greater endurance and bravery. It was a time that tried men's souls and often our noblest patriots feared that the Ship of State was about to strike the rocks and be destroyed. However, it stood otherwise in the councils of eternity, and God Almighty decreed that human slavery on these fair shores, and under our western skies should be destroyed, and that this Republic should become in deed and in truth the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.'

The victory came after many hard-fought and bloody battles, in which you of the gal-

lant and far-famed 79th Regiment Highlanders were engaged. I do not wonder that your memories are stirred, and that your hearts beat faster when the roll of your great battles are called—Bull Run, Antietam, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg and Appomattox!

"But thank God, the victory and the triumph came, amid the rejoicing of a whole nation. Through the bravery and the loyalty of our army and navy, the Republic was saved, and now one flag floats over a united country. Soldiers of the Seventy-ninth, on this happy anniversary, we greet you! One by one, your comrades are dropping from the ranks, but you are still a band of veteran warriors, who are held in highest esteem and affection by all who love our common country. May your lives long be spared, and may your declining years be filled with happy and holy memories. May you be cheered by the consciousness that, in the hour of your country's peril, you responded to the call of duty, and nobly did your part in the salvation of this Republic. And, by and by, when all life's battles have been fought, and the victories won, may you and all of us find a home in that blessed country where there is universal peace."

THE DEPARTED SINCE LAST YEAR.

Andrew D. Baird, the beloved Colonel of the regiment, spoke feelingly of the comrades who have died since the last annual reunion. They are:

Samuel Smiley, Company F, September 19, 1911, Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y. He was but a short time in the 79th, at the end of the war.

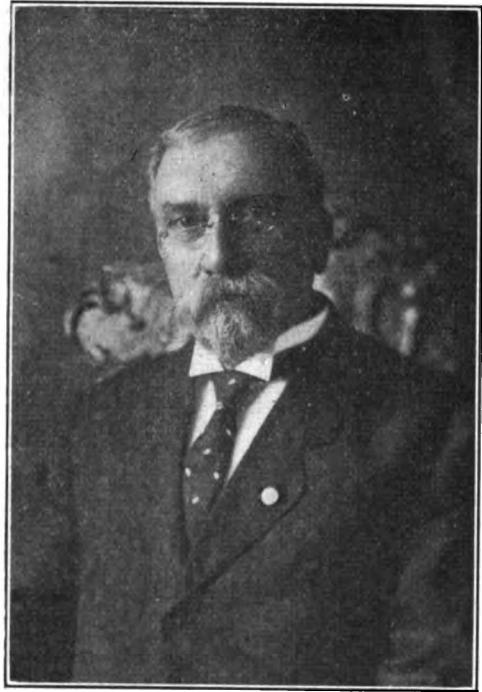
Thomas McAdam, Company K, died at Staten Island, N. Y., January 10th, 1912, after a long illness. He served three years in the 79th Regiment. I knew him as a good soldier as I was Captain of his company for a considerable time.

John Reynolds, Company C, died at East Orange, N. J., March 14th, 1912. He was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, and taken prisoner. He always suffered from his wound up until the time of his death.

Associate Member Maxwell C. More, died at Valhalla, N. Y., February 23d, 1912. He was well known to those who were with us in the South Carolina campaign, as he was with the 79th for about eight months, at that time a boy of twelve years of age. His father John More, being captain of Company D, his death is much regretted, as he was a very enthusiastic associate member of our association.

There are on our roster at the present time the names of fifty-seven who served in the 79th Regiment, and whose addresses are known; of that number there are present to-night twenty-three.

Mr. Paul Kamerer gave a most entertaining interpretation of the bugle calls. Mr. W. Patterson Campbell sang "The Cameron Men," and Miss Edith Bryson sang "The Re-



CAPTAIN JOSEPH STEWART.

lief of Lucknow." Mr. John Anderson gave two humorous selections, which were heartily appreciated. The Scotch recitation by Miss Elizabeth Wallace was also exceedingly humorous and entertaining. Mr. Andrew D. Baird (2nd) gave a violin solo, with Miss Ella F. Baird as accompanist. Pipe Sergeant George MacKenzie gave a number of bagpipe selections. Chief James W. Taylor, of the Caledonian Club, spoke a few words of hearty congratulation and referred to the flags and other relics of the 79th, which the club holds in trust, as its most honored treasure.

Captain Armour read a poem on war reminiscences.

The officers of the Veteran Association are: President, John Spence; vice-president, John Muir; secretary and treasurer, Joseph Stewart; Andrew Wallace, quartermaster; John Leslie, sergeant-at-arms; David Mitchell, commissary sergeant. The committee of arrangements consisting of Colonel Andrew Baird, Captain Joseph Stewart and Quartermaster Andrew Wallace, deserve great credit for the success of the anniversary, which was greatly enjoyed by the large number present. The menu cards and souvenirs were very artistic and appropriate.

At about one a. m., after one of the most happy banquets, the Veteran Association has ever held, the large company of ladies and gentlemen joined in "Auld Lang Syne" as a fitting farewell for another year.



JOHN MUIR,
Vice President.

The 79th Cameron Highlanders was raised in 1793 by Alan Cameron, of Er-racht, a cadet of the Lochiel family. The 79th Highlanders is one of the most gallant regiments in the British Army. It served with Moore in Holland and with Abercromby in Egypt, and occupied Copenhagen in 1807, under Lord Cathcart. The Camerons fought bravely in the Peninsular War. They were present at Quatre-Bras; they did heroic work at Waterloo in holding a difficult position all day and backed the wonderful charge of the Greys and the 42d. Out of 700 who had issued forth from Brussels for those three days of fighting, only 300 marched to bivouac on the night of Waterloo. The 79th was one of the four singled out by Wellington in his dispatches. They fought in the Crimea; their crowning glory was Alma. In India, in 1858, the 79th took part in the final capture of Lucknow. For twelve years the regiment remained to guard the British interests in India, and in 1873 was rewarded with the title of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. In the Nile campaign of 1898, the Camerons added fresh laurels to those previously won. At the battle of the Atbara, on April 8th, they led the British Brigade. The Queen telegraphed to Kitchener: "Am proud of the gallantry of my soldiers; so glad to hear my Cameron Highlanders should

have been amongst them." Kitchener, addressing their Colonel, said: "I have never seen anything so splendid as that steady advance of your regiment. You ought to be very proud of it." The Camerons also distinguished themselves in the Boar war.

The 79th Highlanders, New York Volunteers, named for the renowned Cameron Highlanders, nobly sustained the reputation of the famous 79th during the American Civil War, and was justly considered one of the bravest and most reliable regiments in the entire Union Army. It distinguished itself in the following engagements, beginning with the great struggle at Bull Run in 1861, and closing with Appomattox in 1865: Blackburn's Ford, Lewinsville, Port Royal Ferry, Pocatigo, James Island, Secessionville, Kelly's Ford, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, Blue Springs, Campbell's Station, Siege of Knoxville, Fort Sanders, Strawberry Plains, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Hatcher's Run, Fort Stedman, Petersburg.

SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.

The Rev. Dr. James King of Berwick on Tweed in a recent letter to the "Scotsman" has this to say about Scottish Minstrelsy:

Sir—There is a growing feeling that Scottish songs are being neglected in our public elementary schools, and this is much to be regretted inasmuch as Scotland's national minstrelsy is perhaps the richest in the world, and bears the incisive work of true excellence in that its beauty impresses all sorts and conditions of men. Our typical songs breathe a spirit of love and contentment, patriotism, and humor, and being founded on the bedrock of human nature, speak forcibly to the heart by giving expression to the irrepressible melodies of the soul. The stainless purity of "Afton Water" is like spotless snow on the everlasting hills, while "Mary of Argyle" speaks of tender affection which neither tongue nor pen can show. "Bonnie Doon" gives touching expression to the youthful love of one who fell a victim to passion and died of a broken heart. "Auld Lang Syne" has a mighty influence on the Scottish people in life's afternoon and evening, and "John Anderson, my Jo," strikes a deep chord of the soul. "Scotland Yet" is inspired with lofty patriotism, while "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled" is perhaps the grandest war-ode ever penned. "Ae fond kiss and then we sever" is a touching farewell, much admired by Lord Byron, and extolled by Sir Walter Scott as being worth a thousand romances. "The Land o' the Leal" indicates the "hope that springs eternal in the human breast," while "Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast," written by Burns on his death-bed, was so much admired by Mendelssohn that the great musician composed for it the exquisite melody now wedded to the song. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Scottish language is a mere degenerate form of Eng-

lish. Above a thousand years ago Alfred the Great caused the Lord's Prayer to be translated into the vernacular of his subjects, and it is a remarkable fact that the words of the prayer are substantially the same as those still in use throughout the Scottish Borders, probably the nearest approach to ancient Saxon, the bed-rock of the English language. The Scottish tongue is therefore only vulgar to the vulgar, while

it is of inestimable use to the cultured philologist, and the value of Scottish song is universally acknowledged by all acquainted with its beauty. Should perchance our national minstrelsy be allowed to decay through affectation and ignorance, not only would the humble be deprived of much of life's sunshine, but such decay would be an irreparable loss to the whole Scottish nation.



"DETROIT LETTER."

To the Caledonian,
83 Bible House,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Please find my check for \$32.00 for the ten bound volumes of "The Caledonian," and two volumes of "Scotland's Work and Worth." I am much pleased with them and I still feel that they should be in every Scotch family in the United States, for they furnish more golden nuggets of Scotch history than any other work of similar size.

The Daughters of Scotland, Heather Bell Clan, No. 1, gave a Leap Year Party at St. Andrew's Hall, May 17th. The affair was in charge of Mrs. A. B. McRobbie, chairman, assisted by the Misses Nellie Elcome, Jean Rutherford, Euphemie Clark, Edith Gerrie, Mary Currie, Elizabeth Rennie, Addie Oswald, Alberta Gerrie, Jessie Hunter, Katherine Cummings. Floor Committee—Albert McRobbie, Ory Benaway, James Watson. Zickel's orchestra furnished appropriate and delightful music. The daughters and their guests enjoyed themselves till one o'clock in the morning.

St. Andrew's Society of Detroit, on Monday night, May 20th, gave a concert and social at their hall. The musical program was in charge of The Echo Glee Club, of Detroit, in which was a soprano solo by Miss Hockaday; tenor solo by William Cotton, of the First Methodist Church, and the baritone of the evening was Charles Berry; Mr. Tucker played violin selections. This is the last of the winter series of entertainments of the St. Andrew's Society. In June their entertainments will be on Belle Isle, located at the junction of Lake Erie and the Detroit River, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots combining land and sea.

On June 12th, St. Andrew's Highlanders of Detroit, will give a moonlight excursion

on the steamer Tashmoo, to Sugar Island in Lake Erie. Preparations are already under way for the event. The Highlanders will be in full highland costume accompanied by their Pipe Band of twelve pieces. They will, under command of our chief, Robert Schram, give a drill at the pavilion on the island and a social time will be the order till twelve o'clock, at which hour the steamer leaves for Detroit.

The prosperity of St. Andrew's Society is evidenced in the fact that plans are formed for the erection of an addition to our hall, that will enable us to accommodate an audience of two thousand people. In reference to Home Rule, I have written to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, asking for information relative to House conditions, and their limitations of municipal powers, if any.

In conclusion let me say: I wonder if your advertising patrons appreciate the perpetual, never ending, advertising you do for them in your bound volumes of "The Caledonian." 'Tis like the river, that flows on forever. In this manner it impressed me and I wondered if they really understood it.

Very truly yours,
RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The annual church service of the various Scottish societies of Philadelphia was held on Sunday evening, April 28th, in North Presbyterian Church. There was a very large and representative turnout of the societies, and in addition the public seemed to take quite an interest in the affair, the result being that the church was packed. The Rev. Dr. George Stanley Burnfield, the pastor of the church, preached a powerful sermon, one that no doubt reminded many of us of our younger days in Scotland, when sermons were clear, ringing statements of Christian

truths and not a mere review of current topics. A special service of vocal and instrumental music had been arranged, and the various items were very much appreciated. Among the various societies present were the Caledonian Club, Scots' Thistle Society, Clan Cameron, No. 190, O. S. C.; Tam-O-Shanter Club; Clan Gordon, No. 190, and the Lady Gordons. And a number of the members turned out in Highland costume.

Thursday evening, May 2d, Clan Gordon held high levee, the occasion being the presentation of the Dr. Robert L. Gray Silver Cup for carpet bowling, which the gay Gordons were successful in winning. There was a large turnout of clansmen, their ranks being swelled by a numerous delegation from Clan Cameron. In addition, an enjoyable surprise was sprung by the attendance of quite a number of ladies from Lady Gordon Lodge, D. O. S. In the regrettable absence through sickness of Chief McPherson, Past Chief Wright, of the Gordons, occupied the chair, and performed the functions of that office in his usual efficient manner. Dr. Gray presented the cup in a short speech, in which he expressed the hope that the competitions which would be held each year would fulfill the object for which the cup was presented—namely, the cultivation of closer and stronger ties between the various clans in the district, and the development of the spirit of fraternity between them. The Chief of Clan Cameron also made a few remarks, as did the Chief Daughter of the Lady Gordons. A distinctly enjoyable feature of the evening was the excellent quality of the talent which was unearthed during the evening—most of it by clansmen or members of the Lady Gordons. In a program such as was submitted, it is rather unsafe to particularize, but the other artists will no doubt pardon us for saying that the hit of the evening was Mr. Frank Koch. This clansman is a recent addition to our ranks, but I feel safe in saying that the quality of his "comic" work ranks him as one of the best. We do not require to go out of our own city this year for an artist of the highest calibre. The Caledonian Pipe Band rendered selections during the evening, which were much enjoyed. The Gordons kept up their reputation as good hosts, and refreshments were provided for all.

Preceding the function at the Gordons' Hall, Clan Cameron, No. 66, assembled at Past Chief Miller's house, and headed by the Caledonian Pipe Band, in full costume, marched through Kensington to the hall. The officers were in full regalia, and there was a large turnout of members. The parade made quite a hit.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Caledonian Club held their annual concert and May hop on Friday, May 10th, in Girard Assembly Hall. This function, always an enjoyable one, particularly among the younger element, was a pronounced success, the attendance being larger than usual, and the arrangements perfect in every respect. Miss J. Stewart,

the president, made a very neat and appropriate address in opening the proceedings, and although the program was not very lengthy, it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. Mrs. D. Carmichael and Mr. Silcox and quartette sang very acceptably, while Mr. Alex. Alexander rendered some of his famous humorous Scotch readings. The surprise of the evening, however, was the singing of Mr. J. Nesbit McRobie, a young man recently out from Galashiels. I understand that this gentleman had quite a reputation on the other side, and appeared at several important concerts in various parts of Scotland. The ladies were fortunate in securing his services, on the occasion of his first appearance in America, as he is certainly fit to rank with any Scotch songster we have heard. His rendering of the "Wee Bit Han" was exceptionally fine, and stamped him as one of the most accomplished vocalists of the many who have tried this beautiful song. Mr. McRobie had to respond to several encores, and it is safe to predict that this artist has a bright future before him. The Highland Guard Pipe Band entertained with selections during the evening.

The Scots' Thistle Society held one of their enjoyable quarterly smokers on Monday, May 20th, in Lewar's Hall. Refreshments were provided, and as usual the members and their friends saw to it that the social end was a success. These meetings are doing some good to the society, as several propositions for membership were submitted at the business meeting.

THOMAS PARK.

PITTSBURGH LETTER.

Mr. Editor:

Just a line or two to remind you that Pittsburgh is still on the map, and that the Scotch around this little burgh are still doing things, and are helping to make history. Just listen! Already the clans in this vicinity have their delegates appointed who are to act on the annual union picnic to be held in Kennywood Park as usual, in August, and have got a good start. This picnic is one of the most popular events of the season, held at this very popular place of amusement, and it seems to grow larger every year. This year's committee claim they will eclipse everything that has preceded it, and under the able leadership of ex-Royal Deputy Alex. Blackhall they have an excellent chance to make good, especially as the date has been changed to Saturday instead of Friday as formerly, which is expected to suit working people much better.

Now, it would be a very sorry report indeed, of the doings of the Scotch in this vicinity if I did not say a few words about the good time which Clan Mackenzie, of Homestead, gave to their friends on Saturday night, 20th April, 1912, and their friends are legion. There were representatives from Allegheny, Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Brad-dock. District Royal Deputy Bro. James

Saunders, of Clan Robertson, assisted Chief William Forbes as chairman. Bro. Forbes having to accompany some of the singers on the piano, at which he is O. K. Ex-Deputy Alex. Blackhall was also present, and Past Chiefs too numerous to mention.

The entertainment was opened by Bro. John Laird, of Homestead, with one of Harry Lauder's best, "The Waddin' o' Sandy McNab," and right well did we all join in the chorus, especially the "Yaa, Ra Ra." Then we had some more singing. A very appropriate discourse on the Benefits of the Order of Scottish Clans by District Royal Deputy James Saunders, was very much enjoyed by all. He dwelt on the social aspect and the good fellowship to be found amongst Scotchmen, more so than any other nationality, and his remarks were exceedingly well chosen. I think though that the hit of the evening was the lunch, which was served after Bro. Saunders was through. Everyone present seemed to enjoy the "tippenny pies." They kept the Gleska youths in mind o' Granny Black's, in the Candlerig. They were fine. We had an intellectual feast when Bro. Andrew Taylor, from Clan MacPherson, read "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Bro. Taylor is always welcome at all the clan's entertainments, as he is a reader of no mean order, and is always willing. I was forced to leave about this time, but from what I hear it ended better than it began, but I don't believe that; though they tell me the night drove on with songs and clatter till near Sunday morning, and as you ken, a Scotchman daurna break the Sabbath, they had to leave, but not without mony a handshake and congratulation on the part of the visitors, and all the other clans vowing to have a night just as good in the near future.

G. R. THOMSON.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
May 17th, 1912.

All the Scottish societies of Salt Lake City and Ogden are combining this year to hold a great gathering on June 20th, in honor of Bannockburn, at Lagon. It will be the greatest Scottish event in the history of the State. The "General Committee" is composed of prominent Scottish residents of Salt Lake City and Ogden.

THOMAS SPRUNT,
Secretary

Note—Mr. Thomas Sprunt (the secretary), is "The Caledonian" representative at Salt Lake City, and Mr. James Drysdale is our agent at Ogden.

OUR PACIFIC COAST LETTER.

Should any of the Caledonian readers ever find themselves in Butte or Anaconda, Mont., they want to look up the Clans in both places; there is not in the entire western country a more hospitable lot of Scots than will be found in the members of Clan MacDonald and Clan Stewart.

On Monday last (May 6th), the writer attended a "get together" banquet given by

Clan MacDonald, of Butte, in the Silver Boro Club House. A dozen or more members of Clan Stewart, Anaconda, came over for the occasion and a most enjoyable evening was spent in discussing ways and means for advancing the interests of the O. S. C. in Montana, and in the near future we will see the results of this gathering.

A night's ride from Butte brings us to Salt Lake City, a beautiful city of wide streets and avenues. This city was brought into prominence by those of the Mormon Faith and the points of interest to be seen are more than interesting, some of them being the Eagle's Gateway, the Tabernacle and Temple, the former building having perhaps the finest pipe organ in America, which is presided over by a Scotchman.

A visit to this city would not be complete without a trip to Saltaire, the bathing beach of the Great Salt Lake. This lake is 26 per cent. salt, one cannot sink and it is with difficulty the feet are held on the sand, care has to be exercised in not getting a mouthful of the water, as it strangles, and any fatality that has occurred in this water has been by strangulation, not drowning.

In Salt Lake will be found two thriving Scottish societies, viz.: Clan Stewart and the Thistle Club. These Scots do not allow anyone to outdo them in hospitality and their latch-string is always on the outside, guaranteeing a hearty welcome to all visitors.

ALEXANDER G. FINDLAY.

STAMFORD, CONN., HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Stamford Historical Society met Friday evening, May 10th, at the residence of Rev. Dr. H. A. Johnston. Mr. John Brown read a paper, "From Stamford to Stamford," a title given for the record of a visit made by him last summer to Stamford, England, from which the name of Stamford in Connecticut is called. Mr. Brown gave an interesting historical description of the old English town, as well as of other English and Scottish towns he visited during his summer vacation in the British Isles. He was tendered a unanimous vote of thanks for his paper, and also for a framed picture of old Stamford, which he presented to the society.

CALEDONIAN CLUB, YONKERS, N. Y.

The Caledonian Club of Yonkers held its annual concert on Friday night, April 26th, in Phillipsburgh Hall, at which a large number was present. There were delegations from Scottish societies of New York, Newark, Paterson, New Rochelle and Tarrytown. The talent was excellent, and the program was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Praise without profit puts little into the pocket.

Better have one plough going than two cradles.

Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

THE BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB AND HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

The regular meeting of the club, held Tuesday evening, May 6th, though well attended, was rather tame and lifeless. The time was almost entirely taken up by the first reading of the new constitution, which seemed to be favorable to the majority present as no adverse criticisms were heard.

A letter was ordered sent to the Scottish Home Rule Association, couched in most cautious terms, ambiguous to a degree, committing the club to nothing, except a willingness to be shown, and asking for further information. There the Home Rule discussion rests.

This action, we think, is indicative of the feeling among Scots-Americans generally.

If Home Rule for Scotland will be the right thing for Scotland, let her have it. We cannot hinder it, neither can any resolutions of sympathy on our part, help. It is up to the voters in Scotland, if they desire Home Rule, to demand it, and the House of Commons, having granted home rule to Ireland, cannot refuse. If a majority, or a formidable minority, are content with parliamentary conditions as they at present exist, far be from us, as American citizens, to hold meetings and pass resolutions demanding, or requiring, or soliciting the Imperial Parliament to legislate Scotland for the Scotch and England for the English.

In a recent number of a weekly journal published in London, there is an article which states: "With the exception of the years of the Salisbury Cabinets, England for years has never been governed by Englishmen. Mr. Gladstone was of Scotch descent; Disraeli was a Jew; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Roseberry and Mr. Balfour were Scotsmen."

When Mr. Bonar Law succeeded Mr. Balfour as leader of the Unionists, the "Saturday Review" said he was neither a scion of the nobility, a country gentleman, a scholar of Eton or Harrow, a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge; but all these drawbacks were as dust in the balance compared with the supreme qualification of being a Scotsman."

After complaining that nearly every post of importance in the country—the church, the state, the press and commerce, to say nothing of Colonial Premierhips—are found to be filled by Scots, the first writer says: "We make no complaint. Why should we

complain? The English are at least good sportsmen, and therefore good losers. We have had a fair field and no favor. We have not been adversely handicapped; we have been beaten on our merits. . . . If we have to win back our right to be self-governed—an English nation and an English church, governed by Englishmen—we must go to school as the Scotsman did."

All this, Scotsmen have been able to attain through being granted co-partnership with Englishmen and Irishmen in the Imperial Parliament. If Scotland was given Home Rule, and England also, the manner of election to the Parliament at Westminster would be changed, and the change would certainly affect the status and proportion of the Scottish members. The City of London alone, by its population, would be entitled to a larger representation than the whole of Scotland.

Like the Boston Caledonian Club, we await further information.

THE INTERCOLONIAL CLUB'S annual banquet, held at the clubhouse, Dudley street, Boston, Tuesday evening, April 30th, was one of the most successful ever held. The Intercolonial banquets are historical events. The most prominent men in Canada and the United States furnish the after dinner oratorical display, and the delightfully interesting and intellectual feasts provided far excel, and are far more enjoyable to their guests than the good things to eat and drink supplied by the caterer. President A. C. Chisholm was the chairman, and Henry J. Cunningham, toastmaster. The principal speakers were the Hon. Sir Louis H. Davies, K. C., K. C. M. G., Senior Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Deputy Governor-General of Canada.; Hon. Philip P. Campbell, Congressman from Kansas; Hon. Robert Luce, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston. After the toasts to the President of the United States and His Majesty King George the Fifth, the Hon. Robert Luce replied for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in an eloquent and classical oration, showing a knowledge gained at first hand of the wonderful resources and beauties of Canada. He stated the last census showed that 300,000 of New England's population were of Canadian parentage. His Honor, Mayor Fitzgerald, was primed full of statistics showing how Canadian developments, were the result of



ALEXANDER C. CHISHOLM,
President.

American capital, and that a much better feeling for the United States by the people of Canada should be the result. Sir Louis Davies, in his speech, took exception to some of the figures quoted by the Mayor, but the Mayor had his quotations copied from a report by a Canadian writer at home and re-read them, Sir Louis, however, denied they were correct. One other statement of the Mayor's regarding Canadian transcontinental railways was repudiated by Sir Louis, and accepted by the Mayor. Sir Louis was in a particularly happy mood, for many of his hearers had, years before, been among his most ardent supporters, when he first came before the public, and had helped him onward in his career. He regretted he could not speak on reciprocity, but Canada had spoken, and it was now a dead issue. He was outspoken in his advocacy of closer relations between the Mother Country and Canada, and stated "not a man in Canada could be elected to a post in the Government who countenanced in any way a loosening of the bonds which bound us to the great empire of which we form a part."

In an eloquent peroration, he upheld Canada's avowal for "ONE FLAG, ONE FLEET, ONE KING."

Hon. Philip P. Campbell was introduced as one who had lisped in Gaelic. He stated he

had been born in Nova Scotia, but never regretted having cast in his lot with the United States. He praised Canada and rejoiced in her prosperity and welfare, but he said, "This land is good enough for me."

The officers of the committee of arrangements were Richard E. Johnston, chairman; Angus M. Swanburg, secretary, and Peter Kerr, treasurer.

THE BURNS' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION held their final meeting of the season Friday evening, April 26th. No further meetings will be necessary for some time, as all arrangements have been completed with the sculptor of the Burns statue, Mr. Henry H. Kitson. The contract has been signed by all the contracting parties and the first payment made. It is Mr. Kitson's intention to spend some time in the Land of Burns this summer, and he expects to make the Boston Burns' statue, his masterpiece. Within recent years two of Mr. Kitson's subjects have been given prominent sites in the City of Boston, the Patrick Collins Memorial in the Fenway and the General Banks statue in the State House grounds; the Burns Memorial will however, have one of the best sites to be found in the city. The Art Commission have granted permission that it be placed on the Public Garden at the corner of Boylston and Charles street, facing Boston Common. The contract calls for the erection and completion of the memorial not later than May first, 1914.

THE CANADIAN CLUB of Boston, at the Parker House, May 14th, elected the following officers for the coming year: President, John B. Patterson; vice presidents, George Taylor, Willard McLeod, D. Denton White; secretary, D. J. McNichol; assistant secretary, Charles B. B. Raymond; treasurer, S. W. C. Downey; auditor, Robert J. Dysart; historian, John F. Masters; chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. L. Campbell; executive committee, Henry W. Patterson, Alexander P. Graham, Dr. Wilfred E. Harris, A. Ernest Mills, Guilford M. Stuart and A. Byron McLeod.

THE TAM O' SHANTER Musical Comedy Company were engaged by the New England Hotel Men's Association to give their sketch before the members and their guests at the Hotel Men's banquet held at the Hotel Somerset, May 17th. A well set-up stage with complete scenic accessories was erected in the large banquet hall, and the songs and stories told by the landlord, the sonter, Tam O' Shanter and Robert Burns as represented by L. B. Merrill, John Daniels, James Gilbert and Thomas Henderson were well received and met with frequent applause. Mr. James Pottinger, representing the Wood Pollard Company, Mr. Robert E. May representing the Jones, McDuffier & Stratton Company, and Mr. A. Cameron Steele, were present as guests of the association. Another member of the Scots Charitable Society was present because he had to be, Mr. James L. Cousins, the steward of the Hotel Somerset. Mr. Cousins was given great praise by the hotel

men for the admirable manner in which the hotel took care of so many willing but annoying helpers. Over 200 members of the association were dressed in all kinds of fantastic garb, representing waiters, bell-boys, scrub women, chambermaids, even the house-painter, the engineer, and house-plumber being allowed to sit at the tables.

IF AMHERST COLLEGE should find herself as fortunate as "Tech" in capturing a Scotchman for president, she will have reason to congratulate herself for years to come.—"Boston Transcript."

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN, after service of eleven years as dean of Brown University, becomes president of Amherst College. His teaching field is philosophy. He is a graduate of Brown University in 1893, and a high School man in college preparation. His post-graduate work he took at Brown (A. M., 1895), and at Cornell (Ph. D., 1897).

He was born at Rochdale, England, February 3rd, 1872, and is of Scottish parentage. When eight years of age he came with his father to this country, settling in Pawbuckct, R. I., where his father, James Meiklejohn is still in business.

LOUIS H. ROSS gave his annual ballad concert at Tremont Temple, April 25th, and as usual, those who have looked forward to enjoying what has now become a feature of musical Boston, were not disappointed. The large hall was well filled, as Mr. Ross gathers round him the best exponents of English, Irish and Scottish ballad-singing, and many artists of merit, but previously unknown to fame have been brought to the favorable notice of the critics by appearing at these concerts. In addition to the well known favorites, George Sykes, Thomas Clifford, Percy F. Baker, and A. Cameron Steele, Miss Ruth Maca Tammany, Dramatic Soprano, and Miss Jessie MacLean, Scottish contralto, made their first public appearances in Boston, and were hailed as being of the first rank. Miss Margaret H. Walker again proved herself an effective and talented vocalist. Professor J. H. Ripley presided at the organ and Mr. Benedict Fitzgerald added greatly to the evening's enjoyment by his masterly accompaniments.

In addition to the folk-songs sung, Miss Frances McLaughlin and Miss Jennie Irvine gave several winsome folk-dances and were greatly praised.

INVENTOR OF THE HUMANE HORSE OVERSHOE.

Dr. George N. Kinnell, of Pittsfield, Mass., a native of Scotland, has been awarded a prize of \$500 by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the perfection of a practical device for the protection of horses. The competition was open to the world.

Dr. Kinnell submitted a chain horse overshoe to be attached to the hoofs of horses to prevent their slipping on icy or wet pavements. The society made exhaustive tests of all the inventions and suggestions and

equipped their ambulance teams with Dr. Kinnell's device.

He studied at the Royal Veterinary College in Edinburgh, and was graduated with honors in 1885, being the winner of three medals presented by the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland. He took a post-graduate course of two years and went to Pittsfield, in 1887 from Edinburgh. There he carried on an extensive practice.

For seventeen years he was connected with the veterinary staff of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, and for fifteen years he filled the office of inspector of milk and animals for the city of Pittsfield.

We understand that Dr. Kinnell has several useful inventions on hand, on which he will receive patents.

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

On Tuesday evening, May 2nd, the officers and members of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, held their semi-annual meeting at the Waldorf Astoria. The president, Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr., presided. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Mr. Mae Bean, and Mr. Walter Scott, chairman of the Board of Managers, reported the excellent work accomplished during the past six months. Several items of important business were transacted.

After the business meeting, a supper was served in real Scottish style, and a delightful informal program followed. There were speeches by the president and officers of the society, singing by ex-President John Reid and others, and dancing by the Gordon-Fraser troupe of dancers, accompanied by the bagpipe. Mr. Cohen, a councilman from Glasgow, was a guest of the society, and spoke very wittily of his impressions of New York. These informal gatherings were established in 1895, by Mr. George Austin Morrison, Sr., and have done much to promote social fellowship among the members; this was the largest there has been held, one hundred and sixty members being present.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The New York Scottish Society held its annual religious service on Sabbath evening, May 12th, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, the minister and chaplain of the society, conducted the first part of the service. Fine music was rendered by the Choral Union and church choir, and a solo by Miss Jessie Robertson. Rev. Dr. George Alexander, pastor of the University Place Presbyterian Church, preached an appropriate sermon from Philippians 3:20: "Our citizenship is in heaven," which was listened to by a large and appreciative congregation.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, Box 76, Farmington, Conn.

Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.

Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

GRAND LODGE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA Torrington, Conn., May 20th, 1912.

Sisters:

Another month has gone by, and death has been in our ranks, and removed four of our sisters from among us. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved families. This brings to mind that the first Sunday in June is "Memorial Day" for the Daughters of Scotia, and I trust no one of our deceased sisters will be forgotten on that day.

May 22nd is the Past Chief Daughters' state meeting to be held in New Britain. I have been very busy getting ready to go there, and have been wondering if the men there are like the New York and Yonkers Clansmen, and go on wheels. (The "Blue Bells" will know what I mean). I have not much to say this time, only I hope that printed letter sent to the Secretaries will bring good results in the shape of a large number of new subscribers to "The Caledonian." Some of my friends think I am getting spoiled by having my name in print, and that I may soon need a shoe-horn to use to get on my hat, but they're only jealous. Here is a wee verse I read the other day.

"Keep on laughing while you live,
Life has many a rose to give,
Thorns will prick and fingers bleed,
But love's faith is life's best creed."

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

MARY MILLER,

Grand Secretary, D. of S.

PAST CHIEF DAUGHTERS'

ASSOCIATION OF NEW JERSEY.

The Past Chief Daughters' Association, of New Jersey, held its quarterly meeting in Harrison, N. J., on Wednesday, May 15th, when we had the pleasure of receiving and entertaining the Past Chief Daughters and Chief Daughters of New York, also the Chief Daughters of New Jersey. All being unanimous in deferring our business until the next meeting, the meeting was closed. Mrs. Margaret Spence, President, in a few well chosen words gave all present a cordial welcome to spend a social evening. After a goodly repast being served and enjoyed, very interesting remarks were listened to by P. G. C. D., Mrs. Christina Robertson, Past Chief Daughters McBride, Bruce, Laing, Nye, Laind, Harkness, Wallace, King,

Barkley, Collins, Ogillvie, Beveredge and Dunn. Songs and recitations were also given by Past Chief Daughter and Chief Daughters Laing, Andrew, Stewart, Evans, Hamilton, Bruce, Kennedy, Spence, McBride, Harkness, Mathers, Robertson and Mitchell.

All declared it a very pleasant evening, and trust that we will all meet soon again on such congenial terms and fraternal good feeling. We only regret the absence of our G. C. D., and Connecticut Sisters, the distance being too great to extend an invitation. The Past Chief Daughters of New York and any Connecticut P. C. D., who may be near enough at this time are invited to our next business meeting August 21st.

Committee of arrangements—P. C. D. Mrs. Barkley, White Heather; P. C. D. Mrs. Hamilton, Blue Bell; P. C. D. Mrs. Mitchell, Bonnie Doon; P. C. D. Mrs. Kennedy, Balmoral; P. C. D. Mrs. Smith, Argyle; P. C. D. Mrs. Hayden, Flora McDonald.

MARJORIE SMITH,

Secretary.

BONNIE DOON LODGE, NO. 10.

Since the last report of Bonnie Doon Lodge of Newark, N. J., this Lodge has held two very pleasant and well attended meetings, three members being initiated. Our Grand Deputy Mrs. Barbara King, installed Mrs. Martha Brennan as financial secretary, and Mrs. Janet Crombie, as pianist to finish the present term, circumstances arising which caused the two officers to resign, the same being accepted with regrets.

A social was held on May 9th, when we had a grand gathering of Clansmen, Daughters of Scotia, and friends. The Chief Daughter Mrs. Janet Dunn, extended to all a hearty welcome to spend a pleasant evening with us, and during the evening songs were sung by Mrs. Robertson and Miss Spalding, of Bonnie Doon, and recitations by Miss Agnes Cougan, of Bayonne, N. J. A most successful evening was brought to a close at 1 a. m., by singing "Auld Lang Syne." The committee in charge were Chairlady, Mrs. Margaret Spence; secretary, Mrs. Catherine Mitchell; treasurer, Miss Janet Baxter; Miss Elizabeth Pollock, Mrs. Blanch Camahan, Mrs. Barbara Leggett, Mrs. Mary McNee, Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams. Reception Committee—Mrs. Janet Dunn, Chief Daughter; Miss Jeanie Crawford, Past Chief Daughter.

Bonnie Doon meets second and fourth

Thursdays, in Iroquois Hall, 260 Washington street, Newark. A most cordial invitation is extended to members of Sister Lodges.

CATHERINE G. MITCHELL,
Secretary.

HELEN MAGREGOR LODGE NO 27.

Yonkers, New York.
Members of Helen Magregor Lodge celebrated their third anniversary on April 16th, in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway. Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. A large delegation from Clan Macgregor was present. Chief Jackson made a few suitable remarks. Songs were rendered by Miss Tessie Gressick, Miss Marion Dennistoun. Mrs. McPherson, Past Chief Bruce and Clansmen Porteous, Poole and Robbie. Refreshments were served, and a social time enjoyed. Music was supplied by Professor Londra.

At the meeting held May 7th, the usual business was taken up. One candidate was balloted for. A surprise tea was given to Mrs. Gressick, Mrs. Lyall, Mrs. Ross and Miss Janet Muir, who are leaving on a visit to the "Land of the Thistle." Our best wishes go with them. A social time was enjoyed by all.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14.

Torrington, Conn., May 15, 1912.
Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. O. S., has held two regular meetings since the last report, and the officers are still very faithful to their duties. Every officer has been present for seven out of the nine meetings held this year. Such faithfulness on their part is an inspiration to every member, and cannot but bring good results. The Lady Stewarts are planning for their tenth anniversary, which is in July, and are expecting something out of the ordinary, from the entertainment committee.

ADA HAMILTON,
Secretary.

HEATHER HILL LODGE, NO. 30.

Heather Hill Lodge, No. 30, D. O. S., Homestead, Pa., had a very select social on Thursday, 25th April, to celebrate the second anniversary of their institution. Representatives were received from Clan MacKenzie, Homestead; Clan McDonald, McKeesport; Clan Robertson, Braddock; Clan MacPherson, Allegheny, Pa.

Clansman James Gilchrist acted as M. C., and performed the duties admirably. Heather Hill Orchestra supplied the very best Scotch music.

Scotch pies and cake, tea and coffee, were in evidence and everyone had a good time.

LOUISA CAMPBELL,
Correspondent.

Whereas, The Allwise Father has taken from our midst our beloved and honored sister, Mrs. J. E. Macmath and

Whereas, Her former associates of Heather Hill Lodge, No. 30, D. O. S., of Homestead, Pa., desire to give expression to their appreciation of the sisterly character of the deceased

Be it Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the Divine Will, we are grieved by her death and realize in profound sorrow that the loss of so valued a member cannot be repaired. That the warm friendship which she enjoyed in Heather Hill Lodge, No. 30, is well known to all.

Resolved, That we heartily sympathize with the bereaved husband and family of the deceased, our late sister and be it further

Resolved, That we hereby direct that these resolutions be spread upon our records, a copy of them sent to the Caledonian Magazine and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO. 19.

KEARNY, N. J.

Although Tuesday, May 7, was very stormy, there was a large turnout of members of Balmoral Lodge, No. 19, which is most encouraging to our Chief Daughter and also shows the interest the members have in the D. O. S. We received one member by transfer, also three applications for membership. We were favored with a visit from Past Grand Chief Daughter Sister Robinson, and a large delegation from Blue Bell and Argyle Lodges. We are always pleased to have visitors from sister lodges, and will do our best, to make the evening, an enjoyable one. We meet at Roche Hall, Kearny avenue and Halstead street, on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

ELIZABETH G. YOUNG,
Secretary.

May 17, 1912.

HAWTHORN LODGE, NO 9.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Since the last report from Hawthorn Lodge, there have been several interesting functions, business and social. The old saying that "All roads lead to Rome" finds a later day simile among our members, in that all their thoughts at the present time lead to the Grand Lodge Convention in September.

Nothing definite has as yet been given out by the special committee of arrangements, but it is understood that all the plans for both business and social ends are well under way.

The lodge celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of its existence at the last meeting in March, with what was intended to be a social evening among the members only. The members of Clan Campbell, however, decided otherwise and a large delegation of Clansmen gave us a very pleasant surprise.

Chief Thomas Stewart, in the name of Clan Campbell, presented to Hawthorn Lodge fifty dollars for the benefit of the convention fund. Thereafter a fine program of songs and readings was rendered and refreshments were served by the amusement committees of both the lodge and the clan. It is an open secret that Hawthorn Lodge is aiming at the century mark of membership before the convention, and as the time is getting short, it is up to the members to get a hustle on and help to realize this ambition.

JESSIE JAPP.

FLORA McDONALD LODGE, NO 18.

Paterson, N. J., May 16, 1912.

Since the last report we have had two regular meetings, Chief Daughter Sister Seadyke presiding at each meeting.

On April 23rd, we had a very nice meeting, at the close of which we had a social time, and on May 14th we initiated three new members, at which our degree team did excellent work.

At our next meeting we have three more new candidates to be initiated, and on June 11th, we will hold our ninth annual ice cream social at which a very high class entertainment will be given. We shall be very pleased to have some of our out of town sisters with us on that night, or at any of our meetings. We meet the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

MRS. A. KIDD, Secretary.

LADY GORDON LODGE, NO 32.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady Gordon Lodge has started the year 1912 in real earnest, all the officers filling their chairs nightly, and each doing her very best for the prosperity of the lodge, during her term. The attendance at the meetings has been very good, and every one seems to enjoy them to the full. We have initiated thirteen new members since January 25th, and "still there's more to follow." We have now reached the one hundred mark, and are quite proud of ourselves, seeing we are only one year and nine months old. We offer prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 to the three sisters bringing in the largest number of new members, which were won by P. C. A. Wright, Deputy C. Blair, and Sister K. Judge. So it has acted as a stimulus to further effort on the part of the other sisters.

Lady Gordon Lodge meets on second and last Thursdays of the month in Beamer & Twisters' Hall, Reese and Lehigh avenue. All visitors to Philly cordially invited.

(MRS.) MARGARET FARQUHAR,
Secretary.

LADY DOUGLAS LODGE NO. 37.

Gillespie, Ill., May 15th, 1912.

This lodge is getting along nicely, one so social member being initiated at our last regular meeting.

It is with regret I report the death of Sister Mrs. Orr, who died after a short illness on Wednesday, April 22nd, deeply mourned by all who knew her. She was a member of Lady Cameron Lodge, No. 38, Coal City, Ill.

This lodge took charge of the funeral arrangements and nearly all the members attended, along with the members of Clan Macintosh, No. 194, O. S. C. We extend our deepest sympathy to her bereaved family and relatives on this solemn occasion.

LENA TEMPLETON,
Secretary.

Ellen Douglass Lodge No. 8, D. O. S., of Hartford, Conn., entered their new quarters in the lower hall of the Masonic Temple at their meeting of April 26th. These rooms are much more pleasant than the ones just left, and offer better facilities, as well as being free from the noise of traffic which has been experienced in the past.

At the meeting of May 10th, a fair and supper was held, followed by an entertainment. The Local Clansmen were invited and came in a body, and in behalf of Clan Gordon, No. 19, Chief John McCallum presented the lodge with a set of silver knives and forks, which are much appreciated. They were accepted in behalf of the Lodge with appropriate remarks by Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, of Farmington, and Chief Daughter Mrs. Annie Pular of Hartford. The fair was very successful, and netted a good sum. A feature of the supper was the menu which was composed entirely of Scotch viands. One new member was elected at the last meeting.

Yours very truly,
MISS MARGARET LOW.

THE MARJORIE BRUCE LODGE, NO. 35.

The Marjorie Bruce Lodge, No. 135, of New Rochelle, N. Y., held their regular meeting on Thursday, April 4th, the meeting being largely attended by the members.

The members are still keeping up their good work in bringing in new members to the lodge, four new members being initiated that night, and one application for membership received. After the business part of the lodge was over a very interesting ceremony took place, Chief Daughter, Sister Bonnington presented Sister Webster with a beautiful cut glass salad bowl, on the occasion of her marriage. Sister Bonnington in the course of her remarks stated that this was the first time since the lodge was instituted, a year ago, that one of the sister had got married, but no doubt seeing this was Leap Year they would be coming in fast and furious, and called on the members to make the most of their opportunities.

Sister Webster in getting up to thank the members, came under the critical gaze of the unmarried sisters present, and the universal opinion seemed to be that if married life would agree with them as well as it did

with Sister Webster, the single men in New Rochelle had better beware. Sister Webster thanked the members for their nice gift, saying that this was the first time she had ever been married, no doubt if she had had the experience of Lillian Russell she would be better able to thank them, but she assured the members that their kind gift was appreciated very much.

The meeting was then drawn to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

CHRISTINA D. BISSET,
Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE

New York, May 4th, 1912.

The Ladies of Graham D. O. S. Lodge, No. 26, are keeping to the front ranks. "The parrich" must be fine for they are a bunch o' sonsie lassies. The barn dance was a big success, both financially and socially. Everyone expressed themselves as Teddy is often guilty of being, delighted.

Our next attraction will be the Picnic August 24th at Cannon's Park Westchester. This is one of the treats of the year. Ye meet them here frae hill and glen. Mind ye it's just like being at home. If this should catch the eye of any Scottish woman or women of Scottish descent let me urge them to be a daughter of Scotia. It's a grand work, not only for the social end, but for the provision of a resting place when the Grim Reaper shall come; we know not the hour, and it gives one a spirit of independence which is so dear to the Scottish heart.

Our Chief Daughter Sister Brown is filling the chair admirably. She has the support of the whole lodge and three good past Chief Daughters. May God's choicest blessings fall on the order of Scottish Clans and the D. O. S., is the sincere wish of

Yours fraternally,
EMELIN M. DAVIS,
Secretary.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25.

Harrison, N. J., May 16, 1912.

The regular meeting of Argyle Lodge was held on May 14th, 1912 in Rentschler's Hall, Harrison; there was a good turnout of the sisters that evening. Our Chief Daughter Sister J. Mathers thought it advisable to have a standing amusement committee and the following were appointed: Sisters M. Carrie, E. Harkness, A. Smith, M. Coss, J. Mathers. In the course of the evening Past Sub-Chief Daughter Sister C. Allan and Inside Guard, Sister M. Smith were each presented with a cut glass dish in appreciation of their services. All the sisters are looking forward to the Shirt Waist Social to be held the next meeting, May 28th. Tea and cake will be served first, then the social time will follow, all for fifteen cents. It is hoped sisters from other lodges will endeavor to come along that evening, for a good time with the Argyles.

MAGGIE ANDERSSON,
Secretary.

HEATHER BELL LODGE, NO. 4.

Manchester, N. H., May 19, 1912.

Heather Bell Lodge No. 4., held its regular meeting in A. O. W. W. Hall Thursday evening, May 2nd.

Two new members were initiated and one name balloted for. The meeting was well attended and after the business of the evening refreshments were served and a social hour spent.

MRS. CHRISTINA SMITH,
Secretary.

ECONOMY IN COOKING.

Farmer Stew.

Pound flour into both sides of a round steak, using as much as the meat will take up. This may be done with a meat pounder or with the edge of a heavy plate. Fry in drippings, butter, or other fat in a Scotch bowl, or if more convenient in an ordinary iron kettle or a frying pan; then add water enough to cover it. Cover the dish very tightly so that the steam can not escape and allow the meat to simmer for two hours or until it is tender. One advantage of this dish is that ordinarily it is ready to serve when the meat is done as the gravy is already thickened.

Mock Rabbit.

½ pound round steak, and
1 pound sausage; or
1 pound round steak, and
½ pound sausage meat.
3 slices of bread moistened with water.
1 egg.
1 onion.
¼ pound salt pork.
Pepper and salt.

Chop the meat. Chop the onion and cook (but do not brown) it in the fat tried out of a small portion of the pork. Add the bread and cook a few minutes. When this is cool, mix all the ingredients and form into a long round roll. The surface can easily be made smooth if the hand is wet with cold water. Lay the remaining pork cut in thin slices on top and bake forty minutes in a hot oven.

Mock Wild Duck.

1 flank steak, or
1½ pounds round steak cut ½ inch thick.
2 lamb kidneys.
¼ cup butter or drippings.
½ cup cracker crumbs.
1 tablespoonful minced onion.
Salt, pepper, and powdered thyme, sage, and savory.
2 tablespoonfuls flour.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
3 cupfuls water or stock.

Trim the kidneys of all fat, cords, and veins. Cut into small pieces and spread evenly over one side of the steak together with the crumbs, onion, and seasonings. Roll and tie with a cord. Brown the roll in fat, then remove and make a gravy by heating the flour in the fat and adding three cupfuls of stock or water and the sugar. Put the meat into the gravy and cook slowly

until tender, in a covered baking dish, a steamer, or a fireless cooker.

CLAN MACKENZIE, NO. 29, NEW YORK.
May 20th, 1912.

Editor Caledonian:

Clan Mackenzie met for the first time in their new hall, Terrace Garden, 58th street near Third avenue, on the 14th, and initiated four new Clansmen; there was no one reported on the sick list, which shows that the members are dodging falling timbers a little better the last two weeks. There is one very bad feature about our new hall; the elevator is not very strong, and the stairs are very long, but they suit the Skye men who are always High. We celebrate our 25th anniversary on the 28th of May, and we expect a big crowd on that occasion. There will be the usual pies, puddings, potted head, and whit not; all Clansmen are invited to bring their gentlemen friends, as it is anti-suffragette.

John G. Anderson's benefit was a social success; the hall was not by any means filled, but it was the general opinion of all that it was the best concert of the season.

CLAN MACKENZIE'S QUARTETTE.

Noo Clansmen, will ye listen
To what I tell tae you?
Give me yer strict attention,
For every word is true.
Come to the meetings twice a month,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er regret,
And listen to the struggles,
Of our new quartette.

This quartette is a dandy,
When it sings the "Auld Scotch Sangs."
It's as sweet as sugar candy,
And can soothe the hertie's pangs.
It wad wile the sparrow off its perch,
The rat frae oot its hole.
The grizzly bear it would ensnare
E'en oot at the North Pole.
For Harry sings the tenor,
Wee Willie sings the bass.
John he sings "Tra-la-lalee,"
The ither does he fash.
Its really most magnificent,
And wondrous the effect,
To hear them soar, you'd groan and roar,
At oor quartette.

I've often heard Caruso sing,
"O' Why left I ma Hame?"
But better far, I liked Sims Reeves,
When he sang "My Pretty Jane."
But to hear this bunch o' clansmen try,
"O, Wullie Brewed a Peck,"
It's a box o' rotten eggs you'd throw,
At oor quartette.

The MacDonalds' choir in Brooklyn,
If anything they're worse;
The MacDuffs wad fairlie kill you,
When they try their chests tae burst;
The MacGregors up in Yonkers
Are the worst of a', you bet,
And the Grahams, they could na make a
patch
On oor quartette.

JOHN KIRK.

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The Bureau is under the management of Rev. Daniel Gregory, D. D., LL. D., and Rev. Donald MacDougall, B. D., member of the Presbytery of New York, to whom application may be made.

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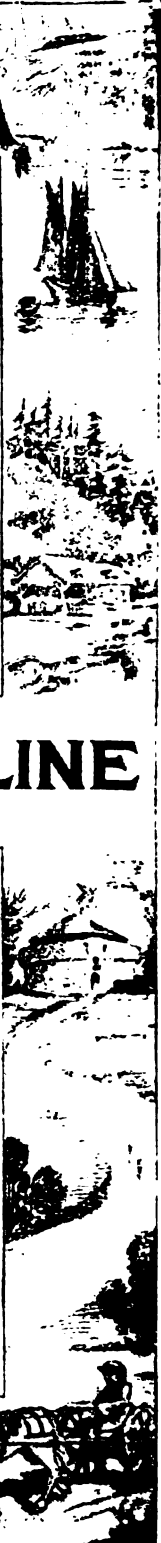
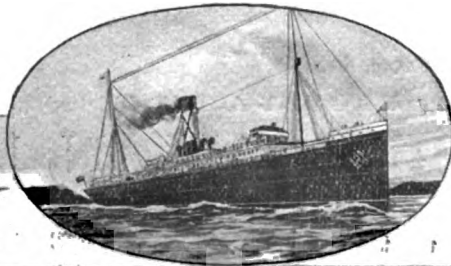
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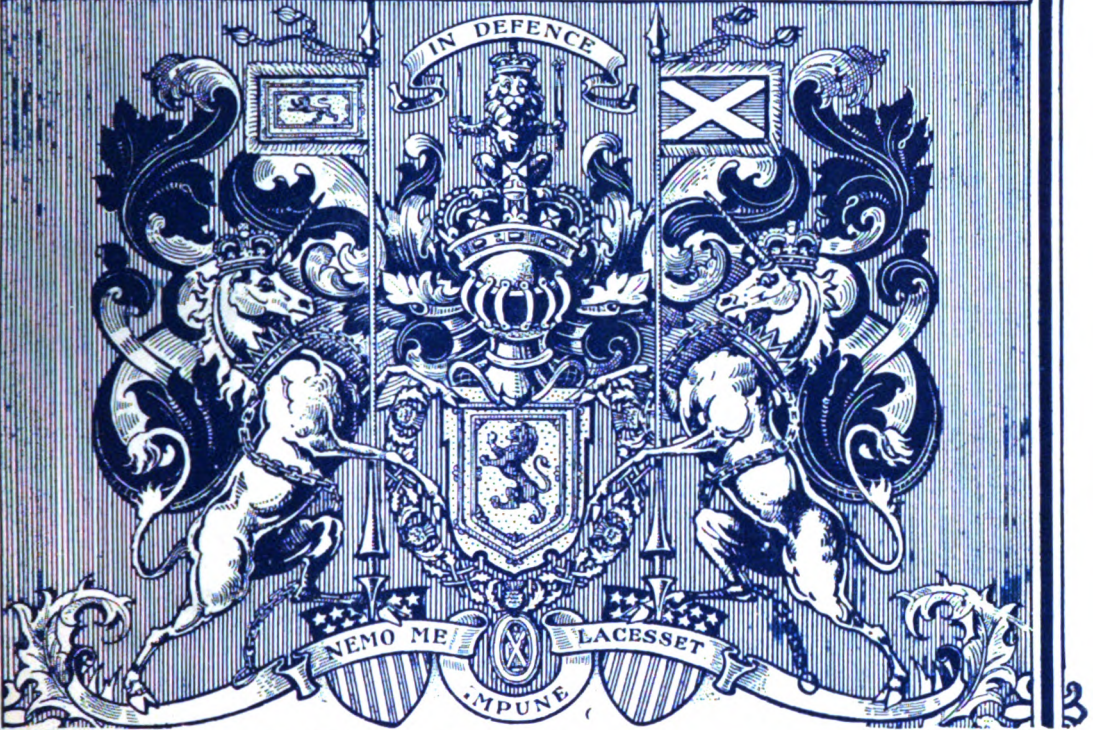
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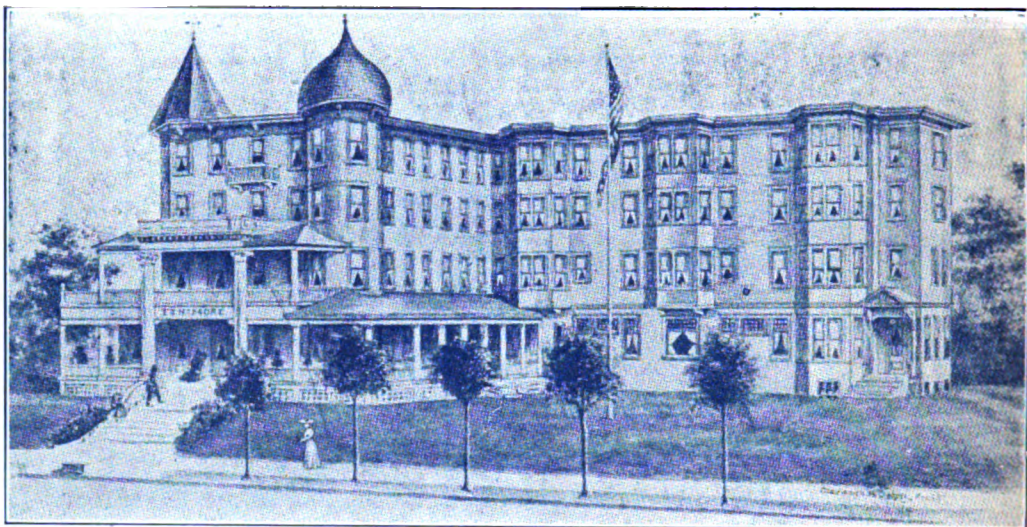
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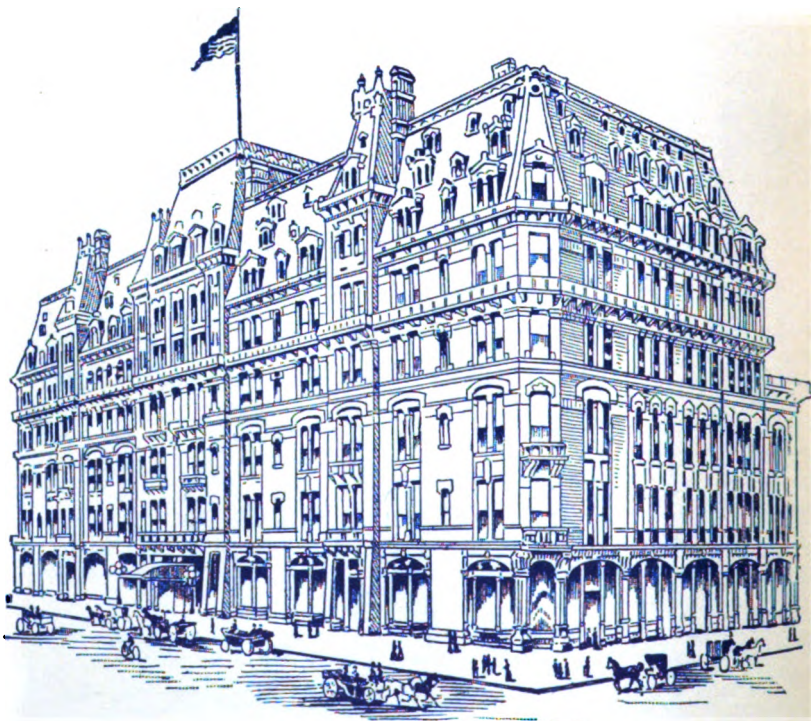
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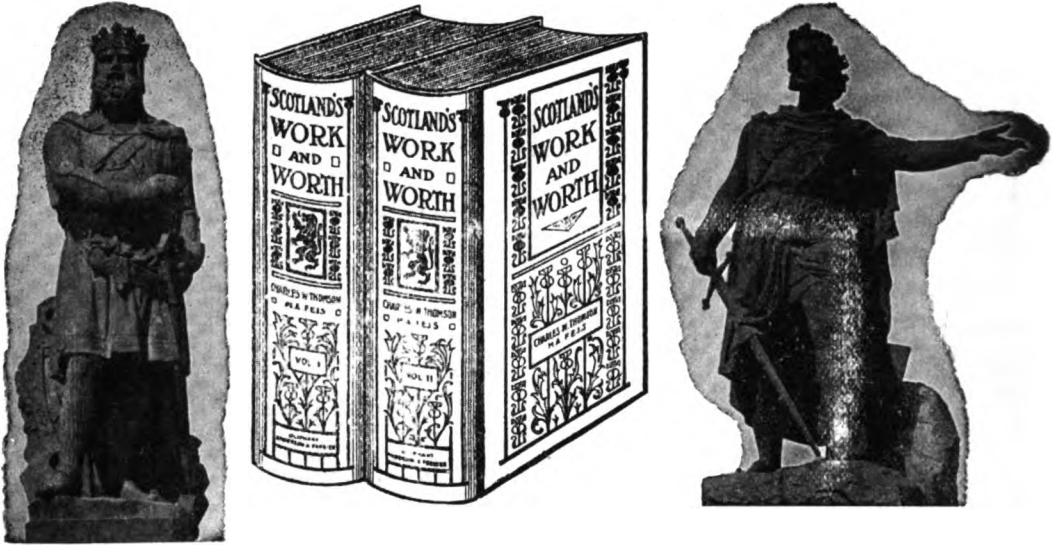
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THE

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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

New York and Pittsburgh men, it is stated are organizing a corporation to take over several large independent coal mining companies operating on the Pittsburgh seam. The new company, it is proposed, will have \$25,000,000 stock and \$25,000,000 bonds. Its annual output of coal would be 10,000,000 tons, and it would own or control 40,000 acres of unmined coal lands.

There are now 150,000 oil wells operated in the United States. It is not surprising that a man controlling such a vast industry should be enormously wealthy.

The State of New York is now spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in providing a sanitarium, where inebriates will be treated by the most approved plans in the hope of restoring them to a normal condition. Many of those inebriates, probably the great majority, are neurotic decadents, and self-cure is almost impossible. Under good medical supervision and with hygienic conditions prevailing, doubtless many, so diseased, can be cured.

Wilbur Wright, the inventor of the aeroplane and the first man to fly a heavier than air machine, died at his home in Dayton, Ohio, on May 30th, at the age of forty-five. The eminent ability of the deceased as an aviator was universally recognized, and many honors were conferred upon him and his surviving brother, for achievements in the sphere of aeronautics.

An amusing display of historical blundering was made by the correspondent of the New York Tribune, who recently telegraphed from Philadelphia the result of the sale of a nuismatists collection there. The following extract is given to support the foreign statement: "Old pieces of money that were probably used by 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' to pay for lodging at some Scotch farmhouse when he was fleeing from Cromwell's wrath, were sold to-day at auction." Cromwell died some years before the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" left Scotland in 1746. How the correspondent succeeded in introducing Cromwell's soldiers in pursuit of the fleeing Prince, passes comprehension.

The improvement of conditions in Cuba led the War Department June 26th to abandon the arrangements made for the dispatch of the "expeditionary force" of about 15,000 men, and orders were issued to put out of commission the four big army transports at Newport News.

The principal Republican newspaper of the City of New York, recently pronounced

in favor of a single six year term for the president of the United States. The suggestion is a good one providing it relieved the country from the political unrest prevailing under existing conditions.

The recent death of Mrs. Margaret L. Sangster, author and editor, at her home in East Orange, N. J., was regretted by a wide circle of literary and other friends. She was for a number of years editor of Harper's Bazar and was well and favorably known as a writer of prose and poetry.

BRITISH.

The rumors on June 24 that David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed to devote a part of the surplus of \$32,500,000 to the reduction of the national debt, were verified later, and produced a rise in the price of consols.

Field Marshal Sir George Stuart White, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, died June 24. The deceased officer had a most distinguished career in the British army, while his heroic defense of Ladysmith against the Boers gave him a world-wide celebrity.

Preparations are being rapidly made for the removal of the winter capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi, the ancient seat of the Mogul emperors.

The Australian Government has arranged with the Government of New South Wales for the construction of a cruiser and three destroyers.

Mr. Churchill recently announced in the House of Commons a naval program which would maintain the Empire's supremacy at sea, aided by the over-sea dominions.

By the death of Dr. Alexander Carmichael, at Edinburgh, on June 6th, the Highlanders lost one of their best and most accomplished friends. He was born nearly eighty years ago in the island of Lismore, and during a long life of active service in various spheres of human activity, he reflected credit upon his country, and upon the Gaels he dearly loved and served so well. He was for a long time in the Internal Revenue Service, edited the Celtic Monthly, and was the author of "Carmina Gadelica" and many contributions to folklore.

The City of Oxford celebrated its millennium on July 11, with splendid pageants representing various periods in its historic past. Famed for its university, the most ancient in the British Isles, the town itself has a record extending back to a still more remote period.



PRESIDENT TAFT.
Republican Candidate For Re-election.

The visit of three German warships—the Motke, the Bremen, and the Stettin, by command of the Kaiser to New York harbor early in June, received a grand reception. The exchange of international courtesies between the two countries was a token of friendship.

The prizes offered at Bisley this year amount to \$50,000. The valuable prizes to be given by the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales will be the principal trophies. Contestants will appear at Bisley ranges from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere.

The naval and military operations of the Italian Government in the Aegean Sea are producing a feeling of uneasiness in Britain. It is scarcely conceivable that the Italians will be permitted to retain possession of Rhodes and other islands in the Aegean Sea, partially now in their possession. The sooner the Italians and Turks arrange a peace, the better the prospects of European harmony.

Hon. Andrew Fisher, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, proposes to introduce a bill granting a bonus of \$25 for every child born in Australia.

The Council of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society recently awarded the biennial prize to Mr. John W. Machallie, City Chambers, Edinburgh.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Candidate of Progressive Party.

A fatal accident on June 12th, at the ship-building yard of John Brown & Company, Glasgow, resulted in death by drowning of four men, in the yard dock.

The estate of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland has been estimated to amount to \$2,355,000.

CANADIAN.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Library Association opened at Ottawa June 26th. Librarians from all parts of the United States and Canada attended the convention.

The Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company, with \$70,000,000 authorized ordinary stock and \$50,000,000 six per cent. participating non-cumulative preferred stock, was recently incorporated in Canada by the Pearson-Farquhar interests. The head offices of the new company will be in Toronto, and Sir William MacKenzie, Toronto, will be chairman.



GOV. W. WILSON
Candidate of Democratic Party.

The annual convention of the Canadian Young Men's Christian Association held at Winnipeg recently, decided to break away from the American council. Hereafter all educational and religious campaigns will be financed by Canadians, without the aid of the international council.

The Supreme Court of Canada recently upheld a lower court decision that a marriage of two Catholics by a Protestant clergyman or a marriage of a Catholic and a Protestant under the same condition is valid in the Province of Quebec. This decision, manifestly just, will be received generally with favor in Canada.

Robert Rogers, Minister of the Interior of Canada, announces recently the award of contracts for a sixty-five mile stretch of the railway the Government is building to Hudson Bay. Contracts for the final 200 miles were let a short time subsequent to that reported.

A recent fire at Cobalt, Ont., destroyed one-half of the most valuable buildings there, causing a loss of over \$150,000. Cobalt

is the most surprising of modern mining districts. Out of it silver ore valued at \$50,000,000 has been taken in five years.

Recently the province of Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, had their areas much enlarged. The total of the addition was close upon 930,000 square miles.

The business section of the town of Canning, N. S., was practically wiped out by a fire on June 23rd.

The Canadian Bisley team left Montreal June 22, on the Allan Line steamship Victoria. The team is under the command of Lieutenant Colonel O. Grady, of Winnipeg.

The elections in the Province of New Brunswick on June 20th, resulted in the return to power of the Fleming Government.

Dr. Daniel Clark, for many years superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum, died recently and left \$65,000 to various institutions of that city. Dr. Clark was born in Scotland, and was a leal hearted Gaelic-speaking Highlander. He was thoroughly informed as a physician, and greatly beloved and respected for his qualities of mind and heart.

Train loads of Canadians from New England, have been recently arriving at their old homes in Canada. The tide of emigration, seemingly, is now running the other way.

The recent close of the university season witnessed, as usual, the granting of many honorary degrees. It has been a matter of notoriety for years, that in many, perhaps most instances, the recipient of the degree knows but little of the subject indicated by the honor conferred. The man who has been dubbed an LL. D. may know nothing of law and the Litt. D. may have no special knowledge of literature. So with other degrees, even that of D. D., they do not always represent what the recipient knows best, and are practically worthless, but for the prestige conveyed. One of the brightest and most capable preachers in New York city to-day, was offered recently the degree of D. D. by one of the western colleges, on paying ten dollars. Needless to say, the minister declined receiving a degree upon degrees from other colleges when offered gratis.

A recent cable message from Australia, states that the first prize in the competition for a design for the future capital city of the Common Wealth at Canberra, has been awarded to an American architect. The site of the new city is a magnificent plateau, 2,000 feet above sea level and within clear view of the Australian Alps.

William Loeb, Collector of the Port of New York, made public the statement on July 1st that the commerce of the port for the year ending June 30th, showing the imports amounted to \$985,378,911, and the exports to \$804,137,534, and the custom duties collected as amounting to \$200,234,459.

For some time the Massachusetts historical and patriotic associations were negotiating with the Canadian military authorities for the return of the Bunker Hill gun, now in the Citadel of Quebec. The Canadian Minister of Militia recently stated that if the United States desired possession of the gun, it should return a number of similar trophies captured from the British. General Oliver, Assistant Secretary of War, refused to accede to the request of Canada. Consequently the trade of National trophies will not take place.

During the month of June, fifty were killed in the streets of New York, the majority of the deaths being caused by automobiles. Children were more numerous than others in this list of fatalities. Constant vigilance is now absolutely essential to the pedestrian on the streets of New York.

The seemingly interminable case of Harry K. Thaw is again attracting public attention. In the efforts now being made to secure his release from Matteawan rival insanity experts are again showing their unreliability as determining factors on cases of insanity, real or suspected.

Among the recent birthday honors conferred by King George, was the bestowal of a Knighthood upon the Prime Minister of British Columbia, who in consequence is now Sir Richard McBride. This gentleman, who is regarded as the coming man by his party in Canada, has been Conservative Premier of his Province since 1903.

A cyclone of terrific violence struck Regina, the capital of the Province of Saskatchewan on the evening of June 30th, and left death and desolation in its path. Over fifty were killed, several hundred injured and a property loss of several millions resulted. The Canadian northwest has been comparatively free from such destructive storms in the past, but the vast stretches of the prairie in that region prove an irresistible lure for the storm king to exhibit his power.

The corporations of the City of Glasgow are provoked with Councillor Frank I. Cohen, for statements made by him in an interview while in New York a short time ago. Copies of newspapers containing the interview were sent to the Lord Provost, of Glasgow, who has been considering the advisability of a public protest being made against Mr. Cohen's statements. The statement contained as published, the allegation that drunkenness was much more prevalent

in Glasgow than in New York, and that the Scotch took their pleasures too sadly. Mr. Cohen also claimed a dignity and position in Glasgow to which he was not entitled.

VACATION SUGGESTIONS.

Ideal summer seaside resorts are found on the New Jersey coast. Among the best hotels at Asbury Park is "The Fenimore," on Second avenue, about a block and a half from the beach. The proprietor, Mr. Thomas Noble, a worthy Scotsman, has for twenty-seven years welcomed thousands to his hospitable house.

The "New Metropolitan Hotel," Asbury Park, recently enlarged, improved and newly furnished, faces the beautiful park, and is only a block and a half from the ocean. It is commodious and central.

At Ocean Grove the "Fountain House" is conveniently located for both Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. It has a large and attractive piazza, and is only one block from the ocean. The Fountain House is in every respect one of the most comfortable hotels in Ocean Grove or Asbury Park. All carnivals and fire works on Wesley Lake are in plain view from the verandas of the hotel.

The "Shore House," at Spring Lake, N. J., is a select family hotel, recently rebuilt and elegantly furnished. Spring Lake offers many attractions to the summer visitor.

BERMUDA—The "Hamilton Hotel," Bermuda, with accommodations for five hundred guests, has an enviable reputation and is now open all summer. The travelling public have learned that the Bermuda Islands are as delightful in the summer as in the winter, and the heat is not as intense as in the United States.

SCOTLAND—To those visiting Scotland, we would recommend "Loch Awe Hotel," with its unsurpassed scenery.

NEW YORK CITY—The "Hotel St. Denis," Broadway and Eleventh street, is under new management, and is so widely known that it needs no introduction.

The "Hotel Victoria" is another comfortable house, conveniently located in the central part of the city.

The Establish Presbyterian Church of Scotland and The United Free Church have expressed a strong desire for the union of the two churches, and the prospect for a union in the near future is encouraging.

The proposed organic union of the Presbyterian Church of Canada with the Methodist and Congregational communions in Canada, is expected to be consummated within two years.

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate," the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has resigned after thirty-two years of faithful and able service.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

In a few recent issues of the Caledonian articles have appeared, from various contributors, bearing upon the subject of Home Rule for Scotland. While we do not think that the people of Scotland are in any great number much interested in the project, the discussion of it in Parliament and elsewhere has not been lacking in interest. It need scarcely be remarked, that the reasons advanced in support of Home Rule for Ireland, would not apply to Scotland. She joined England upon terms of perfect equality, as an independent Kingdom, gave instead of receiving a King. The only way we conceive in which Scotland can have a parliament, and retain her prestige, is that England should have a parliament also, and, that, over all these parliaments, for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, a British parliament should be supreme. Naturally, such a scheme of federation suggests a larger, and Imperial Federation, with a parliament representing the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and other self governing countries comprising the vast, but loosely cemented Imperial domain. Under this system of Imperial Federation Scotland, as all the other countries comprising it, would have a parliament which would deal with all purely Scottish and local affairs.

Last February a bill, entitled the "Government of Scotland Bill," was introduced in the British Parliament by Dr. Chapple, a Scottish member of the House of Commons. The motion to carry the Bill was passed by a vote of 226 ayes to 128 noes. Briefly the object of the Bill is to provide for the establishment in Scotland of a legislative body, and for the devolution to it of the power to make laws on matters exclusively relating to Scotland. Dr. Chapple's speech in support of the bill was an able presentation of the scheme he favored. It has obvious merits warranting its reproduction complete, even independently of whatever bias our readers may have.

Dr. Chapple intends visiting the United States during his vacation in August. Though not coming in the interest of Home Rule particularly, he will doubtless advocate the project publicly before those interested in the matter.

The following brief extracts from Dr. Chapple's speech are appended:

"A Parliament in Edinburgh, with an Executive responsible to it, charged with the management of purely Scottish affairs, and subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, is what we want now. You cannot withdraw political independence from a country without injuring it, and Scotland has suffered ever since the Union in 1707. She has seen her Church split by patronage, and she has seen her country depopulated by an outward stream of emigration owing to her iniquitous land laws. I believe that people ought to be free to migrate as they will and where they will, but I believe, also, that no people should be forced to leave their country because of the injustice of the laws under which they live. There has been an unwilling and a reluctant emigration from the country districts of Scotland. She has seen depopulation going on, but she has been powerless to stop it. She has seen deer take the place of men. She has seen her education system, which is her pride, hampered by a bureaucratic control in London instead of being controlled by a local Parliament in Edinburgh."

We have received from Mr. Murray, of the Young Scots Society, of Glasgow, an able article in support of Home Rule for Scotland, which lack of space prevents us from publishing. The following letter bearing on the subject is from the Honorary Secretary of the Society, Mr. Lochhead:

THE YOUNG SCOTS SOCIETY.

26 Tassie Street,
Shawlands, Glasgow.

Editor "The Caledonian," New York.
Dear Sir:

I have pleasure in sending you herewith a copy of "60 Points for Scottish Home Rule," a little book just published by the Young Scots Society. The society is carrying on an active campaign in Scotland on behalf of Scottish Home Rule, and the prospects of an early victory for the movement are extremely bright. The Irish Home Rule bill has raised the question of Home Rule for Scotland as a practical issue in British politics, because it is impossible to grant Home Rule to one National Division of the United Kingdom without granting it to all: and we have good reason to know that the chief members of the government are alive to this fact. All that is wanted is a strong, persistent expression of Scottish national opinion in support of Scotland's claim and the Young Scots Society is engaged in organizing this National demand. Many meetings have already been held, and many more are in contemplation.

We appeal with confidence to our Scottish brethren across the seas to help us in this splendid work, which means so much

for the revival and extension of Scottish Nationality and for the social and political progress of Scotland.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS LOCHHEAD,
Hon. General Secretary.

HOME RULE MOVEMENT FOR SCOTLAND.

BY MARTIN MACINTOSH.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest."

One argument that has been brought forward against our taking up this cause of Scottish Home Rule is that it would be interference with the political affairs of another country.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Society of International Law at Washington, an address was read on the "Humanitarian Diplomacy of the United States." The writer distinguishes between intervention or dictatorial interference in the relations of other countries, and the right of intercession to protest against action, to make a tender of good offices, to express sympathy, etc. In fact the chief function of diplomacy is by timely protest, by mediation or by the tender of good offices to exercise intervention, if such intervention is free from the suspicion of self-interest and is not used as a cloak for national ambition. No nation has on frequent occasions taken a more positive stand upon the principle of non-intervention than the United States, but the diplomacy of humanity has made a stronger appeal to our sympathies and had a wider application in our relations than in the foreign relations of other countries. Upon strict legalistic principles it is very doubtful whether humanitarian intervention can be justified, but international relations are not wholly controlled by the principles of law. A large element of the popular conscience enters into these relations and shapes the action of states. A number of instances in American diplomatic relations may be cited which have appealed to the sympathy of the American people—the war of the Greeks, the Hungarian Revolution, the protection of converted natives in the Orient, etc. To us Home Rule for Scotland is a moral issue, in Scotland, it is a national issue. From Home Rule will come the development of politics, education, reforms. Home Rule is not an end, but a means.

Some have said the Government is going to give Home Rule all round, there is no need to fight for it. Things in this world that are worth having never come but by hard work. Mr. Asquith is apparently sound on the question, but who knows how long he will be in power? There is no promise that the Government is going to take up this

measure immediately after the Irish Home Rule Bill. Now while Home Rule is in the very air, is the time to strike for it while the iron is hot. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

The envoys then who would come to us to give us the opportunity to do the little that we can, are they to be looked upon as begging? What of the missionaries who appeal to us, the lads and lassies of the Salvation Army, who through the bitter cold of winter stand on our streets and ask for our help. Yes, these men, who giving all they can themselves, will leave no stone unturned to aid Scotland. All these may be classed together as saying, "Please give me something." No, this is not the sentiment of the Scottish people. We may be jeered at for being "canny Scots," but there is no people who give more generously to a good cause than the Scots.

We have prided ourselves on the high positions which we Scots have held in the Empire, in fact all over the world. But what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Do these men work for Scotland? In but very few instances. Who make the laws—the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, the Lord Mayor of London? No, the members of Parliament and can any one say that Scotland with a population of less than five millions can outvote England with a population of thirty-four millions? Of course the Scots have fought the battles and given many of the great leaders to the Empire, but do you not care then what becomes of Scotland? Scotland has spent her strength on the affairs of the Empire.

Let us not have Scotland fight for years and years for Home Rule, but let us stand by her and show to the world that England shall not rule Scotland. The day will come when we shall be proud to say that we were among the pioneers of the Scottish Home Rule Movement in America. Now is our opportunity to show that it has not been all talk about our love for Scotland, that the same spirit is in us to-day that inspired our ancestors who were led by Wallace and Bruce.

A SCOTTISH HOME RULE ASSOCIATION FOR NEW YORK.

On Tuesday evening, July 2nd, a Scottish Home Rule Association was organized at 480 Central Park West, New York. The officers are: President, Dr. Angus Sinclair; first vice president, Duncan MacInnes; second vice president, Angus Mercer; recording secretary, Peter Jeffery; assistant secretary, Alexander Cuthbert; corresponding secretary, Miss Marion A. Smith; treasurer, Edward Lowe.

Canadian Speech to the New England Ears

BY MABEL ELLERY ADAMS.

During a recent motor trip through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, I was much impressed by the excellence of the speech everywhere. It was good in many particulars — enunciation, pronunciation, choice of words, and grammatical accuracy. I do not mean that everyone used perfect English, but, class for class, the English averaged better than that which I am accustomed to hear in New England, and have heard in the Middle, Central, and North Central States. This comparison does not hold for the highly educated, of course; educated English speech is practically identical in all English speaking countries and the best Canadian speech differs from the best New England or New York speech only in the matter of intonation—the Canadian is pleasanter.

We had occasion to inquire our way frequently, and often to request rather extended and complicated directions. For this purpose we entered into conversation with officials, city business men, village tradesmen, farmers, fishermen, poor looking laborers, with women in solitary houses miles from any town, and with children; and everywhere we noticed the same pleasant refined tones and clearly enunciated words. Naturally, there were varying degrees of excellence in grammatical construction, but there was no such wide difference between extremes as there is in our own country.

Never once, in the Provinces, were our ears insulted by the blackguardly "See?" and "Sure!" with which they were assailed with increasing frequency as we worked our way westward on our return. Never but once did we meet with any rudeness on the many occasions when frightened horses brought about an interchange of remark; and even on that occasion, the English, though trenchant, was good.

It happened one day that our course was stayed by a torn-up bridge. To turn back meant an extra twenty miles over an inferior road, and some cordially interested farmer-folk proposed to lay down

planks and "put us over." They were eager and willing and skilful, talking incessantly as they worked; and it was a pleasure to hear their well-pitched voices and their distinct speech. One of them even found time to say "Beg pardon," when he accidentally hit another with the end of a plank!

We talked with a group of boys at St. George, New Brunswick, as we waited for lunch, and they explained the scheme of grading and curriculum in their schools to us with diction and manners that would have done credit to the best private school of which I have knowledge.

On the same day a slight mishap caused us to delay a while, near the mouth of the Digdequash River, on the porch of a lonely house where lived a fisherman and his large family. The children were shy and would not talk, but the man and his wife entered into conversation easily and readily—and again we noticed the good pronunciation, the ample vocabulary, and the gratifying lack of pointless slang and senseless catch words.

A few days later we watched with absorbing interest the unloading of our car at Digby, a process rendered somewhat difficult by the Bay of Fundy tides. The officer in charge seemed to have been born to fill his place in life. If Mr. Kipling could know him he would surely recognize a near kinsman of McAndrew. He possessed to a high degree the ability to get the maximum amount of work out of his men at psychological moment when it would do most good. His voice was vibrant with authority, and his words were of the plain Saxon sort suited to the occasion; but there was none of the coarse raucous quality in his tone which we associate with his type in the States; and when he sauntered over to make some gallant explanations to the waiting ladies his gentle correct speech would have graced any drawing-room.

Now for reasons. Why is the speech in those two Canadian Provinces so much

better than it is with us? I have thought much about the matter since my return, and I have listened carefully in public places to assure myself that I am doing no injustice to my native land. First, I believe that one great reason lies in the homogeneity of the population there. Our own speech cannot but be profoundly influenced by the constant influx of foreigners, each nationality bringing a different intonation, and a different conception of vowels and consonants; while in those Provinces—at least in the parts we visited—the only alien element was the French, which, so far as I could see, influenced the speech only by helping toward an accurate pronunciation of geographical names of French origin. Next to homogeneity I am inclined to place the greater respect for law and order, the readier submission to authority, the gentler attitude toward the amenities, which are such noticeable factors in Canadian life. Conformity to established standards in political, social and religious life cannot but

be reflected in a people's speech. After homogeneity and willingness to conform to standards I place the blessed absence of the outrageous newspapers of our cities, with their abominable pictured stories—trying to be funny, and only succeeding in being disgusting—stories which put into printed form and help to preserve the crudest and worst faults of our vernacular, and aid to perpetuate our most senseless slang. I sincerely believe that the "funny" pictures of our daily papers depress the average of our daily speech more than our public schools can possibly raise it.

Whatever the reason for the Provincial superiority of speech may be, it is a superiority which does not persist after transplanting; for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick children in our public elementary schools lose all trace of it in one term, and their parents at the end of a year cannot be distinguished from their "Yankee" neighbors.

Alexander Smith, the Poet and Author

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY.

Browsing round the book shelves in one of Boston's stores, a few months ago, I found a lot marked at ten cents each. Looking over the titles I was glad, yet sorry to find among them a number of splendidly printed and well bound copies of two books by Alexander Smith, "A Summer in Skye," and "Dreamthorp Essays." I was glad I was able to purchase for myself and to give away to friends, such prose gems as these works are, but sorry, that a discriminating public and lovers of good literature had not snatched up the entire edition at the original prices.

Many readers of the Caledonian, will remember, when in their childhood days only one monthly magazine entered their homes, and that magazine was "Good Words," edited by Dr. Norman MacLeod. Alexander Smith's story, "Alfred Haggart's

Household," was published serially in Good Words, before I was able to read, but it was read aloud in the family circle. I do not recollect the story, but as I grew older I was impressed by "A Life Drama," and his poem on Glasgow gave utterance to thoughts that I had believed to be exclusively my own, until I read the poem. Hugh MacDonald and Alexander Smith were intimates and boon companions; they both loved Glasgow, and caused countless of its citizens and others by their writings and poems and stories to know it better and to study its most interesting history. Of the two, Alexander Smith may be the greater poet and author, but to me they have always been co-equal.

Of Hugh MacDonald, I may write in another article. His "Rambles Round Glasgow," are a perennial source of delight

Many an evening I ramble with him to old familiar boyhood haunts, and visit the Clydeside resorts in "Days at the Coast."

Alexander Smith's poem of "Glasgow," long ago I learned by rote, and can still quote faithfully. I seemed to see in him a prototype of myself for,—

"City, I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
 Around the bleating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
 The silence of the glens,
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets,

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
 Down to the harbor bars;
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
On rainy nights while street and square
 Lie empty to the star;
From terrace proud to alley base,
I know thee as my mother's face."

Alexander Smith was born in Kilmarnock, December 31st 1830. His father was a lace designer, and shortly after Alexander's birth the family removed to Glasgow. Alexander followed his father's business and became a pattern designer, but it is possible he paid more attention to patterning and fashioning his lyrics and poems, and after the publication of "A Life Drama" he was appointed through the influence of Robert Chambers and James Hedderwick, secretary to Edinburgh University. In 1859 he married Flora MacDonald of the same lineage as her romantic namesake. In 1863 he published "Dreamthorp," a collection of essays and two years later his edition of Burns' Works, with its admirable memoir. William Scott Douglas, said by some, to be the most devoted, painstaking and ablest editor that Burns has had, believes that Alexander Smith is, next to Burns, the best poet Ayrshire has produced, and that his Memoir of Burns is the finest piece of biography of its extent that ever was written."

He wrote innumerable articles in prose and verse, for Blackwood's and other magazines, for the Glasgow Citizen and other newspapers, and also for the Encyclopaedia Britanica and Chambers Cyclopaedia.

Although seemingly a strong robust, cheerful and fresh-looking man, he soon

overworked himself and laid the foundations for a nervous malady, which shortly after the first publication of Alfred Haggart's Household in 1866, brought him to his bed. He lingered till January 5th, 1867, when he died at the same age as Robert Burns, thirty-seven.

Many of his writings have a morbid, melancholy tinge, but although he seems to have had a presentiment of his early death, his friends found him to be not melancholy by nature, but a bright cheerful and happy comrade.

The following lines from "A Life Drama" seem as if autobiographical.

"Within a city one was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom—
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
Mid the eternal hum the boy climbed up
Into a shy and solitary youth.
With strange joys and strange sorrows; oft
to tears
He was moved, he knew not why; when he
has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feelings overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Books were his chiefest friends, In them he
read
Of those great spirits who went down like
suns,
And left upon the mountain tops of death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty year to come,
Alchemist Memory turned his past to gold."

Alike a master of prose as of verse, read this from one of the Dreamthorp Essays:

"In my garden I spend my days, and in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flowers I am in the present; with the books I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world, while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales and to the laugh of Eve. I see the Pyramids building; I hear the shouting of the army of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre; the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp; what processions file past; what cities burn to heaven; what

crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot wheels of conquerors! I hear, or cry "Bravo!" when the great actors come on shaking the stage."

In the last issue of the "Caledonian," I find it stated that a gentleman related to Flora MacDonald has granted a sum of money to keep in repair for all time her monument in Kilmuir Churchyard, Skye. I wonder if it is possible that the grave of Flora MacDonald has remained in the neglected condition described by Alexander Smith in "A Summer in Skye" first published in 1865. After Prince Charlie's escape, Flora was apprehended, confined in Dumstaffnage Castle, then taken to London, but subsequently liberated. In 1770 she married Allan MacDonald, lived in Skye and was visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell. Shortly after that the family went to America, and in 1775 her husband joined the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, served in Canada, and finally they returned to Skye. Flora had seven children, five sons and two daughters. She died in 1790 and was buried at Kilmuir.

Smith writes "To the discredit of the Skye gentlemen—in many of whom her blood flows—the grave is in a state of utter disrepair. When I saw it two or three months ago it was covered with a rank growth of nettles. These are untouched. The tourist will deface tombstones and carry away chips from a broken bust, but a nettle, the boldest or the most enthusiastic will hardly pluck and convey from even the most celebrated grave."

"A Summer in Skye," is perhaps the best of Smith's prose works. Although a son of the City, he rejoiced in his freedom from the city's streets and lanes, and carries you with him with ease and abandon. You rejoice with him in the mist and the rain, the sunlight and the shadow on the hills and lochs and glens, and listen with awe and enchantment to the tales of the castles and forays and battles told by the characters introduced.

Here is a passage which thrills the imagination, "This slight, grey, keen-eyed man the scabbard sorely frayed now, the blade sharp and bright as ever, gives me a thrill like an old coin with its half-obliterated effigy, a Druid stone on a moor, a stain of blood on the floor of a palace. He

stands before me a living figure, and history groups itself behind by way of background. He sits at the same board with me, and yet he lifted up Moore at Corunna, and saw the gallant dying eyes flash up with their last pleasure when the Highlanders charged past. He lay down to sleep in the light of Wellington's watchfires in the gorges of the Pyrenees; around him roared the death thunders of Waterloo. There is a certain awfulness about very old men; they are amongst us, but not of us. They crop out of the living soil and heritage of to-day, like rocky strata bearing marks of the glacier or the wave. They are lonely amongst the young; they cannot form new friendships, and are willing to be gone."

What would not some of us be willing to give, were we able to describe in language like the above, our emotions and feelings when we meet to-day, for perhaps the first and last time, a veteran of the Crimea or the Indian Mutiny.

Although after the publication of "A Life Drama," Alexander Smith awoke at the age of twenty-four to find himself famous, he is now alas! even among Scotsmen comparatively unknown. His strongest work in verse "Edwin of Deira" published in 1862 abounds in passages of beauty and true poetry; but he might well have prayed to be shielded from his friends who pitted him against Alfred Tennyson, whose "Idyls of the King" had seen the light a short time before. Smith's work had been written before the publication of the "Idyls of the King," and although dealing with a different period of British history, many passages were distinctly alike, and the cry of plagiarism was roused against him. He fought a good fight, like Sir Walter Scott, eschewing poetry thereafter for prose, but the seeds of disease and disappointment were laid deep, and he died before he reached his prime.

His remains were laid in Warriston Cemetery Edinburgh, and over his grave is erected an Ionic Cross, emblematic of the Western Isles he loved so well. A few years ago his bust in bronze was presented by admirers to the Glasgow Corporation and is now in the Gallery of Sculpture in the Art Museum at Kelvingrove.

The Great Granddaughter of a Poet

BY IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON.



BURNS' HOUSE.

We stood and gazed around with a feeling akin to reverence, for it was in this chamber that the great poet breathed his last.

We viewed his bed, his chair, desk, and table, as well as one or two old cracked dishes and some silver spoons that he had used. We were shown an old punch bowl in which he had once mixed his favorite beverage.

As Jean Brown showed us these relics and related to us the history of each, one could almost fancy that the spirit of the dead poet gazed at us through her lovely eyes and permeated the room.

It was our good fortune also to have met her mother, Mrs. Brown, who at this time was seventy-seven years of age. She was a most interesting talker and as bright and vivacious as a woman of sixty.

As she sat relating anecdotes pertaining to her grandfather, we imagined how attractive she must have been when younger, although she, unlike her daughter, bore not the slightest resemblance to the poet. After some persuasion from Miss Jean, the dear old lady consented to sing for us.

Without the slightest embarrassment she arose and stood beside the old fashioned piano and sang to her daughter's accompaniment several of Robert Burns' songs,—the well known songs sung all over the world and by our most celebrated prima donnas many times as encores. But few people have been privileged, as were we, to hear them sung by Robert Burns' granddaughter, nearly eighty years of age.

In a narrow lane, dignified by the name of Burns Street, in Dumfries, Scotland, there stands a low two-story house of stone and stucco. In it dwell two gentlewomen—the grand and great granddaughters of Robert Burns, the poet—Mrs. Brown, and Miss Jean Armour Burns Brown.

As we step up from the street through the narrow doorway, we are welcomed most cordially by Miss Jean. She is a sweet-faced woman—prematurely grey—with soft brown eyes, and one is instantly struck by the remarkable resemblance that she bears to the poet. She has the same shaped head and face, the straight nose and well-formed mouth, and brow with the far apart eyes seen in all of his pictures.

With her leading, we ascended the narrow staircase to the second story front room, low-ceilinged, with small-paned windows.

It was most interesting to listen to her still sweet trembling voice as she gave us "My Bonnie Jean," "Auld Lang Syne," and "John Anderson, My Joe John." Then, as she seemed tired, we thanked her for the great pleasure that she had given us. She blushed faintly with pride and was kind enough to kiss us when saying good-bye, a thing that alone paid us for our trip to Scotland.

In a row there stand upon Mrs. Brown's mantel autographed photos of men and women of note, and of which they seemed very proud, and especially proud were they of one given to them by Theodore Roosevelt, then president. There was one also of Andrew Carnegie, who has been kind to them in many ways.

Some of the originals of the pictures remember them each Christmas, and of these friends they are most appreciative.

Here they live,—the last of the race of one of the greatest, the best-beloved and famous poets of history,—two simple-minded modest women, dwelling more in the past than in the present.

After leaving them, not without regret, we visited the famous "Globe Tavern," which is mentioned in every biography, and where Burns spent so many joyous and convivial evenings with his literary and congenial friends. We were shown the same punch bowl and ladle in which he brewed his famous concoction. The Tavern and the ladle are well known in history and song.

Then we strolled into the public square and beheld the beautiful statue of the poet—a wonderful piece of workmanship, speaking and lifelike. His face seems almost transfigured with grace and gentleness.

They say, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." This seems to apply to Robert Burns in a way, for while he is beloved and honored in his own country, he seems to be loved and equally honored in America to-day.

We all know from hearsay and from reading his history the best and worst of this wonderful man.

During his short life he was constantly fighting with adverse circumstances, and when he became famous, naturally he was a target for criticism. His paths were full of peril. Temptations assailed him on either hand, which seldom came to the ordinary man. He was made much of, and his society was eagerly sought for. What might have passed unnoticed on the working garb of Robert Burns, the farmer, became a deep stain on the robe of Burns, the poet.

He drank heavily, but we must remember that in his age drinking was fashionable—yes, as fashionable as Bridge is with us to-day. The greatest men, occupying high offices, thought nothing of it, and even the clergymen were not averse to a "wee nipple." His wit and cleverness added a keener relish to that wonderful punch that he brewed evenings at the "Globe." It was

often high noon when he awoke the following day, but as he expressed it, he always paid for his share of the night's fun with a "slice of his constitution," all of which told on him and caused him to die before he had run his race. He had succeeded as a writer, but in all things else failure seemed to follow his footsteps.

Although he loved and delighted in nature, it was often nature in its most gloomy and somber aspect.

If Robert Burns had lived in a city he might never have achieved the success that he won in the country, for there he was born and bred, and he loved it well. That is why his verses breathe into our very soul the odor of new mown hay, the picture of apple blossoms, and we can see the smoke ascending from the low thatched cottages in the little hamlet nestling among the purple hills. We can almost hear the church bells chime the hour for evening service, and the one faint call of the whip-poor-will.

His Chloe and Strephon do not smirk and make love in Arcady, nor do they sit on mossy banks and idle their time away, but they work, and work faithfully and hard, through heat and cold, from morning until night. They earn wages, attend markets, go to church, and if indiscreet often receive public admonitions from the pulpit, for Robert Burns is real and his men and women are actualities.

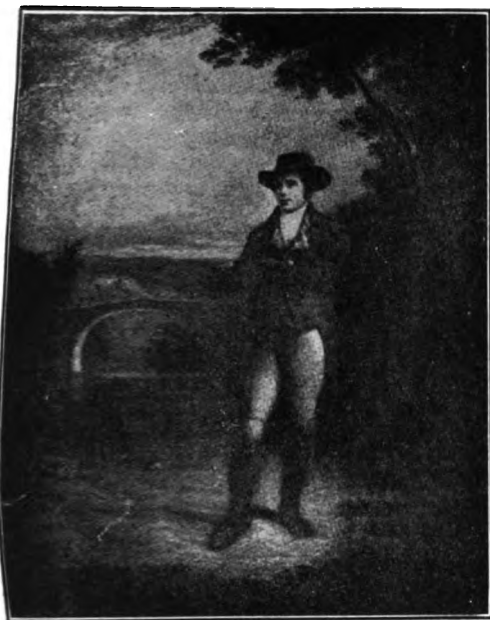
To him a poem was often the composition of an hour. Like Minerva, it had no childhood, but sprang from his wonderful brain full grown and complete. One of his most famous pieces—"Tam O'Shanter"—was written in one day.

"The poet seemed to like character better than nature"—so says one of his biographers. "An old soldier in tattered scarlet interested him far more than an ivy-covered ruin. A twisted and gnarled character had for him more charms than a twisted and gnarled tree."

Since his day, no countryman of his, whatever may be his mood, need be lonely, for if sad, upon opening a volume of Burns he will find a verse that will sigh with him. If happy, behold! he may read a song as merry as himself, for among his poems one may find contentment, companionship, sentiment, love of country, independence, conviviality, and a jolly table surrounded by jolly fellows. And lastly, he had no fear of death.

Robert Burns might have erred, but he erred openly and in broad daylight. He was honest, generous, frank, and sensitive, with a keen wit and sense of humor.

But in spite of all his faults, to-day he stands a man set apart,—a great and wonderful genius,—a poet of tremendous sympathy. To the wretched and unhappy, outside of the Bible there is no such solace and sympathy as the verses of Burns, for he is



Lord Byron has put this lovely 'verse at the head of his "Bride of Abydos," and Scott has said that "it is worth a thousand romances."

The verses "My Nannie O" and verses pertaining to "Nancy" were doubtless written for her, while some of the letters are most tender and impassioned.

In the novel of which I speak this woman is saved from Burns by a young girl who is a guest in her house, and who enters the room at the moment when the infatuated woman is about to yield to his entreaties,

It tells also of his love for, and marriage to, Jean Armour—the great grandmother of Jean Armour Burns Brown.

There is another interesting story called "Nancy Stair," written by the late brilliant novelist, Elinor McCartney Lane. That also is mostly of Robert Burns and his loves. Still, as all novels are obliged to be exaggerated in order to make them the more interesting, we must throw the mantle of charity over the love affairs of Robert Burns, as he was no worse, and perhaps far better, than the most of us, and certainly than the men of his day.

one of them. His genius comes to their hovels. It enters into their lives, lifting them up and sympathizing with them, and giving them comfort like the soft touch of a friendly hand.

The "Love life" is told in many biographies and novels.

The most interesting one that we have read is called, "The Rhymer," by one Allan McAulay, and published in 1900. It tells of his infatuation for a Mrs. McLehose, a beautiful woman unhappily married and eventually deserted by her husband. His letters to her are in many biographies. They call each other "Clarenda and Sylvander" in their letters. Some of his notes are models of epistolary art, and some are over superficially sentimental, showing a lack of genuine love for the woman which is proven most conclusively when he weds Jean Armour in the midst of his affair with Mrs. McLehose, who had been expecting that he would make her his wife as soon as she should be freed, either by the death of her husband or by divorce, and she was freed later by death.

The correspondence is most interesting, and it was to her that he addressed some of his loveliest songs—one especially,—the fourth stanza in the song beginning, "One fond kiss and then we sever":

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

"The Poet Burns," says one biographer, "found the songs of his country indelicate, and he left them pure. He drove immodesty from love, and coarseness from humor, and not only did he purify the then existing Scottish poetry, but added to it all that it now has of the best and rarest, and by so doing he has conferred the greatest benefit and boon to his countrymen that it is in the power of a poet to confer."

When he had become convinced that his end was approaching, and that he was about to depart for the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," he called Jean, his wife, to him and said:

"Don't worry, for I shall be far more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present."

And so ended the stormy life drama of Robert Burns, whose words to his wife have come true, and the poet passed, as Mr. Carlyle has said, "Not softly, but speedily into that still country where hallstorms and freshowers do not reach, and where the heaviest-laden lays down his load."

Last Christmas it was my good fortune to receive from Miss Jean Armour Burns Brown her autograph on her photo. I laid it beside an excellent print that I had cut from a Sunday paper, and then I knew that the resemblance I had noticed in Dumfries between the poet and herself was not fancied, but real.

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMIESON.

CHAPTER I.

On the rising ground, before the Murray River, and its brushbordered banks, a squatter of Highland birth lived, kept to his own level and was satisfied. Sometimes this man rebelled against a far extended quiet; but to-day held the promise of an old friendship that would be happily renewed.

The sky had been clear since morning, but at sun set clouds had risen in the west and now they were dove-grey and rose. Donald Ross, the master of the handsome station, on the banks of the broad Victorian river, was tall and broad; made in the comeliness of his strength, the delight of one woman's eyes. His body had a fine interplay of muscle, although his face was toughened by out-door life.

It was early summer. In Victoria it seemed to have been summer a long time, to the man who stood by the great, grey horse, stood there with a hand on the horse's flank. From time to time, the handsome animal had to be steadied by a confidential word. His master loved him and drove him understandingly, when he strained and leaped until the long run cooled his blood.

The train ran in to the Spenser street station, and a passenger alighted and came swiftly out across the platform. He was a big Scotchman with distinction in his walk.

"Norman;" called Donald Ross, "Welcome."

The Squatter's voice was low, but significant and it thrilled upon the newcomer with the sweetness of dim memories. He felt like a laddie again, assailed by the pathos of youth, its pain and longing. The two men laughed, as they fronted each other in pure pleasure.

The grey horse showed his old spirit in Spencer street and carried his burden proudly. "So, speed, so;" his master would say, "steady, boy, steady." There is a singular understanding between dumb animals and men who speak. The dumb animal is dominated by its master, as

one in authority. From the first, one can summon and the other answer.

This friend of noble presence regarded the country with delighted eyes. He seemed to be breathing in the air with pleasure as the grey horse threw up his head and plunged at a pretty pace on to Linstead. When he quieted into a steady gait, Donald Ross said to his guest, "Do you know it's twelve years since we parted in Glasgow?"

"I know it, and do you know I'm fifty years old to-day, Donald?"

Donald Ross laughed and said "In Victoria we don't think much about age."

"How is your wife," the stranger asked.

"Unchanged, absolutely unchanged; not one grey hair on her head, Norman, but here we are, there's the house."

Norman leaned forward a little and his lips parted as if they took in something eagerly desired. Donald Ross's home, a great Australian mansion, on a slope, where there was breathing space and an amplitude of light and air, and yet, where no harsh wind could beat on it, nestled as in a cup. The house was approached by a driveway from the road—near a wide plateau of fertile fields.

They had turned into the drive way and Norman MacIver put on his air of Scotch courtesy, when Donald Ross said, "There they are—my wife and daughter."

They were strikingly alike, this mother and daughter, each dowered with a secondary lustre through the other's presence.

"At last," said Mrs. Ross, giving Norman her hand, "Welcome to Linstead."

"This is delightful;" was Norman's reply, while he turned to meet Nellie Ross.

"There, Norman," Mrs. Ross said, as they went together into the house. "You are at home, among the Wattle and old friends."

Norman's eyes were grey, deepening to darkness. They lay like jewels under their dark lashes, and the Highlander used them honestly. He had a low voice consistent with the look in his eyes. It promised some intensity. His hair was aggress-

sive in its early silver beauty, and the hands notably fine, creating a delusive distinction. Such friends, often enchain our hearts when kinship fails.

"Come Norman," said Donald Ross, "I'll take you to your room. My wife has been getting it ready for a week, you can see your own face in it." This room was a harmonious bit of the whole house, its furniture bespoke prosperity although everything bore the air of having been used in the daily habit of life.

The two men, were somehow strikingly alike and they felt the keenness of their friendship, although Norman had been tossed here and there by varying breezes; yet he had a child-like trust in Donald Ross when he put out both hands and placed Norman's within them with disarming frankness, saying, "You are so welcome," and motioned him to a chair. It was a wide one, comfortably cushioned, it had been drawn up before the asbestos fire, for its occupant was welcome and expected.

CHAPTER II.

An Australian first night, who can forget! A night sweet with summer stars and the moonlight, with no darkness in it, the Murray running soft with its quietest murmur, and the birds beguiled to sleep with the scent of the Wattle coming round the corner of the house on the faint breeze.

What a delightful sense of rest and well being came to MacIver's mind! He found refreshment after weariness, ease after fatigue. He had come to a Bethel where life was made happy, where intruding memories of past mistakes and experiences, must banish and die away before the asbestos fire and its wearing harmonies and pleasant crackling sounds.

Some friends, known in our youth, we carry in memory, on in life. They come out and sit by the fire with us when we are lulled by the quietude of some places, especially if we are near the hearths where the roots of our lives have started. Norman was a man whom no one approached very closely, but the silence and the illusive splendor of the moon gave his face a softness not his own and he was surprised when his host said, "This is home, it's got lots of room in it, sky spaces and plains, it will be the making of you if you stay."

"You believe in Australia still, don't you?" was Norman's reply.

He spoke with that simple gravity that marked their confidences.

"Yes, and we want you to stay, I want it very much," Donald Ross answered quickly, "if you want to."

"I can't do that, it would be like the old life," said Norman. "Give me the same old life, I cannot conquer my love for its spring, it makes me happier in anticipation."

The Squatter's daughter looked at Norman in friendly wonder, and she was amazed.

"I'll tell you," said Ross, "I thought I was happy years ago, but it was only trying to fit my life into the niche where I thought it ought to be. I have learned there's nothing better than renunciation, and that in this the sharp pangs of longing dull away like the dreams of the early morning. Hard circumstances, Norman, often make what we call destiny. I can remember how love of the old country enslaved me and how it haunted me, especially in my dreams—the region where the unreal lurks and beseeches us; but I will yet go back and look up old land marks."

It seemed to the two men just such a desirable thing to be together as it had been years ago, when one thought was in both their minds.

The master of Linstead wandered about the house like a man given an unexpected holiday, doing the little things that made a luxury of his friend's visit. How he would lay an asbestos log on the hearth, then sit down in his chair by his own hearth-stone and let the place of friendship sink into both hearts. Looking upon his school-mate's face, he found it comforting and he settled down into much gladness.

"Stay here, Norman," Ross would say, "right here and grow old in peace."

"I don't know," was the reply. "I had to screw up my courage to come, I came entirely for your sake, just to see you, I was perfectly aware that I'd got to go somewhere."

"Yes, I understand—you wanted change because you were in grief after many changes."

"Yes, I saw I'd got to tear myself up by the roots—I'd got to knock about. There

are times when we can't do any real good, but a change like this keeps one well poised and healthy."

"Don't think about the past, Norman," Ross cried, "We're alive and this is rich, lovely Australia. Forget what lies behind."

As they rose from the fire-side, these two looked amazingly alike, more from subtle minor resemblances than any chance of line and color. There seemed to be no reason why they should not ask each other anything out there in the Australian home.

Next day they drove miles and miles, until they dipped into deep woods where the road lay in thick green shadow.

"Smell the Wattle," the squatter said. "I've driven through here when I came out first, when they smelt like incense."

"Did all this cause you to forget Scotland, Donald?" Norman asked, "Were you contented here?"

"Not for a long time. I had everything I could bring to remind me of Scotland."

"Then why did you stay, Donald?"

"I am not sure why, but I stayed. I felt a great desire to build a home with the things our Scotch women yearn for, and Nellie had laid her finger on my life and all the time I thought of her and the thought made me happy. Her love overlopped my life, I longed for her companionship in the solitude, where I could hear the grass grow and the roots stirring, I believed in my mother's God! Yes, It is very simple this faith. We are his children, He decides, and I submitted. Yet I never forgot the old land, although my cup is over-brimming, filled with the sunlight of love. The wealth of the country makes a temptation."

"Oh, yes, and love made you learn to submit, and your belief in higher things, and His power. But I feel sure that at times it was more than difficult. I fancy I'm rather different in some ways. To you, Ross, the small things and the great in life always meant God. Your belief was so simple, so human. You were born saner than I and Nellie loved you. Your beautiful visions and old dreams gave you sweet knowledge, promising much in your future that would and did make the web of your life complete."

"You see, Norman, the world still went on though I came here. I cared about home and I moaned over it for months, but the tension of years breaks much. When Nellie came we fought it all out, we both have a great deal of confidence in things that are lived out on the spot. The doubts of our first years were soon over," and then breaking off abruptly he added. "We will soon get to the gully where I built our first home."

He gave the word and the grey horse flew; but only for half a mile. A turn in the road, and then the smoke of a little, low house.

"Now, let me get the horse under cover, as he is overheated and is safer in his stall, and then we can go into the house.

(To be continued.)

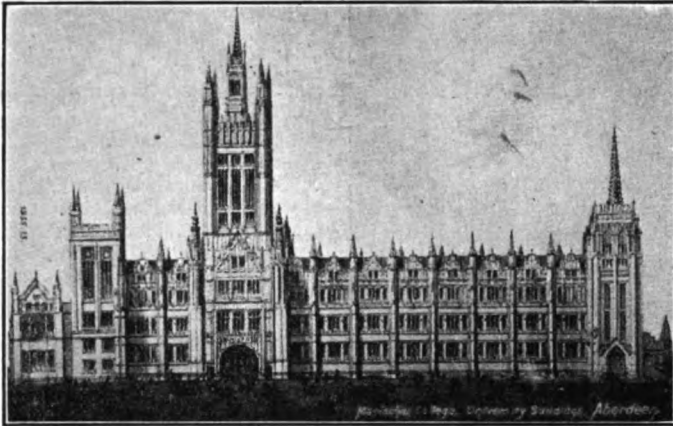
Mrs. Jamieson is the author of "Three Kerry Pearls," and "The Old Lewis Guard," etc.

HE FOUND DONAL.

The commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony recalls many anecdotes of the great divine. The following is one of the best:—Before he left Glasgow on his visit to India he called on an old Highland woman who was a member of the Barony. She said to him, "When you go to India you'll be seeing my Donal', that went away to sail to India ten years ago and never wrote a scrape of a pen to his mother since." "But, Katie, India is a very big place, and how can I expect to find Donal?" "O, but you'll shust be asking for Donal,' what for no?" So the Doctor promised. At various points en route he made enquiry among British ships without any result. As his steamer went up the Hooghli an "outward bound" passed close by, and Dr. Macleod, who was standing at the bow, saw a sailor leaning over the bulwarks of the other vessel, shouted out, "Are you Donald Mactavish?" To his surprise the man replied that he was, and the Doctor had only time to shout "You're to write to your mother," when the vessels drew apart. The old woman was in due time rewarded by receiving a penitent letter from her forgetful offspring."

Address of Andrew Carnegie

Lord Rector of Aberdeen University



MARISCHAL COLLEGE.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL. D., delivered his Rectorial address on Thursday, June 6, to the students of Aberdeen University.

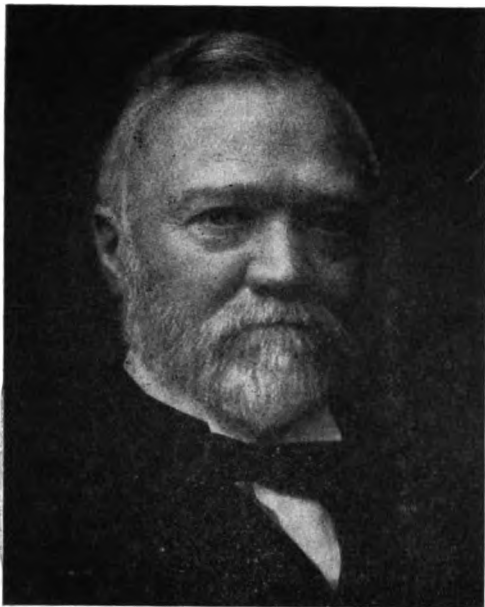
Mr. Carnegie, in the course of his address, said: "It is safe to assume that most of the students I see before me, both men and women are destined to pursue in some department or other one of the professions—a noble career. Assuming that you have already made choice of a profession or educational career 'according to your bent,' and subject to existing conditions, you will naturally devote yourself primarily to the acquisition of needful knowledge bearing upon your choice—not that all varieties of knowledge are not helpful in any profession, for all of these will prove complimentary as you march on, and the possessor never fails to find them of unsuspected importance, for all knowledge naturally gravitates into the circle of service. I never pay any regard to trifles, said one, while the other agreed he never would either—if he only knew what was a trifle when he met it. Not seldom assumed trifles carry the key to victory. A few words, sometimes a small service, a quotation or passage pointed out in a book, or a mere nod of recognition proves the open sesame; hence the conquering power of seeming trifles.

"Most of you are probably to choose one of the professions, where wealth has second

place, in which lives of constant but elevating toil are certain, but with the gratifying fact that you will have the proud satisfaction of knowing you are in a region of effort in which service rendered, not pecuniary reward, is the primary aim. Your aim is high; possibly you may make some discovery which enlarges the bounds of human knowledge, renders improved modes of operation possible, or you may shed light upon what has hitherto remained obscure. There are many brilliant examples of professional men making the world their debtors. Much better that you should indulge such dreams, for even if these never be realized you will at least have had your dreams, which is always something to the good.

"There are many aims and pursuits among men, and not the least the desire for wealth. 'Put money in thy purse' its motto. Not a high aim this, although, in the case of the poor young man, a high duty, and it may be the highest if he has aged parents or near kin dependent upon him. He has his call to

Gather wealth by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to put it in a hedge
Or for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Should any of my hearers enter into business and become millionaires, they can be at no loss how to refine the dross acquired, by transforming it into some agency for the benefit of their fellows. Many of the universities in the United States, the first two, indeed—both Harvard and Yale—were founded by merchants, and we have at least a dozen others which bear the names of men of affairs who thus refine their dross by endowing it with a soul. There are innumerable modes of serving mankind and leading it upward. Hence, you can lead very useful lives even in the business career, if the wealth be finally devoted to noble ends.

"My experience with young men pursuing their careers soon led me to the conclusion that the use of liquor was the rock upon which more were hopelessly wrecked than on any other. Such has been our experience; striking this rock means almost certain ruin. The young man who drinks or smokes voluntarily handicaps himself in the race of life. That he does either or both shows that he lacks something; he does not know how best to train himself for the race. The coming man leaves nothing to chance, nor, mark you, does he spend his slender means foolishly; certainly not if he is to prove the coming millionaire. You find him stripped for the race, carrying no superfluous weight on the day of trial. 'Trifles these,' no doubt some of you may be thinking—especially smoking—but, remember, it is almost impossible to know what are

trifles. In the race of life a foot ahead wins the race; a pin turns the scale. A very small difference indeed creates the victor. The poor young man entering upon his career, which has either service, fame, or fortune for its aim, should remember that the horse wins the race only because it arrives a neck ahead of competitors. 'The little more' does it. It is duty done and the 'little more' that always tells.

"The young man, if he is one of the coming partners in business, must know his department even better than his employer. Shame to him if he does not. And if ever opportunity offers to any Aberdeen student to prove this, never fail to to prove it then and there. Differ becomingly, but leave no doubt in voice or manner that you can give the millionaire points, and if ever an opportunity offers when you are satisfied a wrong step is about to be taken, or one less advantageous than that you favor, whether you have been invited or not, speak boldly, now or never; play Nelson on a small scale, death or Westminster Abbey—dismissal or partnership—here at such a crisis it is well to remember you are Scottish, and stick dourly to your own opinion. If you win your point, consider partnership within sight."

THE CHARACTER OF PROGRESS.

"I see before me the most interesting audience possible—young men and women upon the shore, preparing to plunge into life's stormy sea. There seems no limit to the progress and elevation man may ultimately reach, even in this life, and it is from this point of view the progress of our day should be regarded. Progress involves change; hence the agitation prevailing throughout the civilized world among the masses, who are through superior education increasing in knowledge and rapidly awakening everywhere to the gross inequalities of human life—millions upon the verge of poverty, uncertain where or how food and raiment can be obtained for wives and children, in contrast with one here and there overburdened with riches. This cannot remain permanently. These and other inequalities are destined to be steadily lessened.

"Man has from the first been slowly upon the upward march. He was created with an instinct for ascension, and in our age he seems to be flying upward and onward. He is becoming master of the elements and of all knowledge, and we find what Confucius said twenty-five hundred years ago is being confirmed: 'There being education, there can be no distinction of classes.' From presidents, emperors and kings to the educated workman, all are equally fellow-citizens. We must expect, therefore, no cessation in the march upward to equality of citizenship. Hereditary rank is doomed, because unjust, nor can we or should we expect the present unequal accumulations of wealth to endure. The co-operative system of production, with its thousands of owners, is the entering wedge. In the United States

Steel Corporation there are to-day more than 30,000 workmen shareholders, and the number is rapidly increasing. Here lies, I believe, the true and final solution of the problem—capital and labor pulling together in the same boat as joint owners.

"My object in directing attention to the rapid changes which have occurred is to impress upon you that these are not only inevitable, but salutary, since they are bringing our race throughout the world to a common standard, making us a homogeneous and, I believe, irresistible agency for the wise, because progressive, government of man, ever tending to equality of citizenship. So far from the new conditions created from time to time being dangerous, they are progressive; not revolutionary, but

evolutionary, the last stage being better than what it displaced. The cheering fact is that our race everywhere is marching side by side, each part giving of its best to the other parts, and in some important fields is leading the whole world in the march upward and onward.

"Much has been said in past centuries about serving God, who needs no aid from us. We can render him no needed service, hence there is appearing more general acceptance of the doctrine that 'the highest worship of God is service to man,' and that the best and surest way to deserve heaven in an after life, is to make our present home as much as possible a heaven here upon the earth."

GRAND SCOTTISH TRYST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Scots of Utah celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn, on Thursday, June 20th, by holding a great Tryst or gathering at Lagoon, the most popular resort and the prettiest spot in Utah. All the Scottish societies in the State united this year in this event, and the result was a huge success. A special train left Salt Lake City at one o'clock for Lagoon laden with "Britten Scots," while at the same hour another train left Ogden enroute for the same destination. Trains were run every hour after from both points till far in the evening. Sports were held in the afternoon and keen competition was witnessed in the different numbers—in a corner aside a number of "auld cronies" engaged in a game of quoits. After an interval for lunch and to allow old acquaintances to meet together, a Scottish concert was held in the pavilion; Mr. James A. Anderson, Mr. D. Henderson in the chair.

U. S. Marshal, delivered a stirring address on the "Battle of Bannockburn," which was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience present. Samuel C. Park, mayor of Salt Lake City, who was to give an address of welcome, was unavoidably detained in town, but his place was ably filled by James A. Smith, Salt Lake Caledonian Society. A long program was gone through consisting of selections by the pipe band, songs, part songs, recitations, and no lack of Highland dancing. The day's proceedings finished up with a ball, which was kept going until near the "wee sma' oor."

Altogether this has proved one of the best and most successful gatherings ever promoted by the Scots in Utah, and great credit is due the committee who worked so hard to bring matters to a successful issue.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

"The Caledonian," extends hearty congratulations to Mr. Peter Kerr, Royal Secretary, of the Order of Scottish Clans in the United States and Canada who on June 30th completed twenty-five years of faithful service in this office. He was elected in Chicago June 30th, 1887, and has witnessed the growth of the Order from thirty-one clans and 1,500 members to 154 clans and 15,000 members. Mr. Kerr is to be commended for the successful manner in which he has discharged the difficult duties of secretary for so many years.

A GENEROUS PRIZE.

Our esteemed Pacific Coast correspondent, Alexander G. Findlay, Royal Tanist of the Scottish Clans, has offered a prize of \$25 to the clansman bringing in the largest number of new members to the Order from June 15th to September 22d, during the absence in Scotland of the Royal Chief, John Hill. This prize is offered in the hope that there may be a handsome increase in membership to report to the Royal Chief on his return.

RECEPTION TO ROYAL CHIEF O. S. C.

Mr. John Hill of St. Louis, Mo., Royal Chief O. S. C., was given a reception in St. Dennis Hotel, New York, on Thursday evening June 13th, by Royal Deputies, Chiefs and Past Chiefs of the clans of New York and New Jersey, and Royal Treasurer David King. Mr. Hill a few days later sailed for Scotland to spend his summer vacation. Past Royal Chief Walter Scott acted as Toast Master and the speeches lasted several hours.

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XVII.

THE PEDLAR FROM THE BOSS.

Here was the pedlar at last. Fraser raised the flabby length of him, legs trailing, to a mossy bank near by, and endeavored to set him against a tree-bole, but the man responded too limply and fell sideways like one drunken. A thick sweat was on his hot hands; his tongue lolloped big and horrible from his mouth; a wisp of long hair hung over one eye, and, moving his limbs uncertainly, he whimpered like a snared animal. The surgeon sought for a forgotten flask of spirits, and repeatedly wetting his fingertip in the liquid he touched the tongue of the sick man with it. But the patient was now stertorous and whining by turns; and so for a full hour of the chill night, Fraser squatted in the dark undergrowth, moistening a swollen tongue, until at length there came a drowse that stilled the wailing and the hands' tremulous movements. It was a slumber of over an hour's space and when the wail wakened, the surgeon ran down to the Lussa for some water, his hat serving for a picher, from which his hollowed hand helped the poor black tongue to a lapping. Then to sleep once more.

By this time a thin fall of snow was come, dusting finely through the spare branches above; beyond the edges of the wood, Fraser saw the rock and heather were turning white. Then a wind sighed among the birch and hazel, the water ran less quarrelsome, while the snow flakes fell faster and bigger. The surgeon grew anxious as he watched the weather change, for the sick man's chest was rising and falling in the shallowest of fashions. But the wind did not rise and as the snow flitted down in heavier and more insistent lines, the chill air passed. Worn as he was with the previous night's adventure, Fraser never wavered in his attendance; sometimes water, sometimes brandy, he held to the cracked lips, so that frequent short naps followed, and by daylight the pedlar could speak.

"'Sowl!" he said, "but 'tis lovely this is."

Very gently Fraser coaxed his story from him, and with intervals of delirium his tale was soon told. It was what the surgeon had expected. The sick man had taken byways and quiet paths off the beaten track, it seemed, seeking, when occasion demanded, shelter from the wind, rain and darkness. But the word had gone before that he was plague-stricken and the shut door awaited him everywhere. Sometimes he found food set by the wayside; sometimes none; and all the while there hung over him the terror of his loneliness and his illness, of the winter night and the wild hills. The last two days were nearly all blackness; up till then he could clearly recount the weary rec-

ord of his staggerings and stumblings by corrie and glen.

Once he paused in his story taking in the air hungrily with short breaths, and the surgeon sighed as he felt the pulse and found it fluttering.

"Will I manage it, sir?" asked the sick man.

Fraser turned away his face, for the beat at the wrist was weakening rapidly. The dawn was breaking now, and the tracery of snow-laden twigs above lent a shadow that made the features of the pedlar more ghastly still, as he read his answer in the other's silence.

"Mother av Hivin! 'Tis a pore country will lave a man die on the roadside. 'Twas not so in the ould days when the holy wans were in yon place beyond the Ross."

Fraser looked at the dark west where the dying man's gaze lingered. Behind the glens and the hills, and set in the sea at the end of the road which this poor man had trod, lay the holy place of Scotland. For centuries, and by this very track it might be, the preachers of the cross had come from Iona, and so to wider lands beyond. And this was the fruit of the travail of their souls—this stricken man dying by the wayside at the end of his awful pilgrimage? This—? Was this all?

But his reverie took another flight: a dream of the little sister in Londontown came to him, and he saw himself and the child under the trees at Richmond. It was a sunny day and warm and the flecks of light streaming through the sycamores in full leaf fell golden on Muriel's hair as she danced everywhere on the sward, making chaplets and posies of daisies. And here was this black thing, Life, waiting for her so fragile. Oh, if he could but gather her and all things tender and fair in arms compassionate to shield them from this nightmare of a world! Then, besides the little sister's face came another, aureoled also in hair of gold. Morag! Morag! What of defeat or disaster could the future hold for her that he would not withstand to the uttermost, if she but gave him the right! Of a sudden, his musing was broken in upon by the croaking voice of the pedlar—

"There's something still to say—something I forgot, sir—'Tis these black fits that send me all astray; look in the box, your honor. It was early yesterday before the faintness came on my spirit that the dark thing happened. Just above Insh'ff it was that I saw it, a chase and a fight and a lady cruelly done by. (Water, sir). Just above Insh'ff it was, and me spent and helpless on a rock on the hill. There were six or seven wild fellows crying and shouting, her pony running free, and her maid wailing. And

'twas the devil himself in a long cloak with wings that called them on like so many hounds, a fat beast of priest he was. And the lady, God love her, the poor creature— But in the box, sir * * *

"What else, man, what else?" said Fraser, nipping the wrist savagely, and testing the pulse again.

But the dying man smiled vacantly and silently, and slid down in collapse, and the surgeon saw the end was coming. He sprang to the red box, and opened it by its strap and buckle. On the top of a heap of ribbons and trinkets lay a long fold of grey muslin, and Fraser, with a face as white as the pedlar's recognized the tissue of the pelerine with whose breast-knot Morag's hand had toyed so daintly many a time. He had but marked it for hers, when the man astraddle the bank beside him suddenly gave a quavering heave of the chest. The surgeon glanced quickly at his face and waited, listening. There came a second gasp and a third, and then the pedlar had gone on a longer journey than any he had yet known.

And so Fraser scraped the snow from the turf under the birch and hazel shaw, and made a shallow grave, and built a little cairn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE.

Six miles west of Craig, and thirteen from the grave of the dead pedlar, stood Kinloch Inn on the shore of Loch Scridain, and facing Ben More. As night fell the snow and the winds possessed the little hostelry. No matter if the depths of the glen were quiet, winds were ever at Kinloch, for the great bulk of Ben caught every ocean blast, and sent it swirling back on this little two-story building, all narrow gables and high chimneys.

Kinloch was busy at seasons, for the drovers from the Ross made much use of the Inn on their way to Grasspoint Ferry. But to-night there was no stir about the place, no smell of cattle in the air, and where often the whole six windows blazed cheery and heartsome, only two were alight. Into the upper room a giant of a landlord came and went, the handsomest of figures had he worn the philabeg, yet handsome enough in trews, his features a trifle heavy, but a good-humored mouth behind the great beard. He had placed candles on the sideboard as an additional grace to a room already well lit by a roaring log fire, and by dripping cruises hung on the mantel. Pennyfuaran and Drumfin sat on either side of the great open chimney place; between them the landlord pushed a little table set with heavy colored glasses, and then retired at the sound of knocking below. He reappeared with a steaming punch-jug and a small envelope of leather.

"Twill be for you, sir," he said, handing the packet to Drumfin, and the exile unfas-

tened the button, and took out a parchment superscribed: To Mr. Oliver. With all Haste.

"Yes, it's for me," he said. "Send the man up."

"'Twas a woman left it, sir, and she's gone.

"Was there not a pedlar with her?"

"No pedlar, sir; but I was to say that he was ill, and would have delivered yesterday, had he but been able."

"Ill, poor devil. Where, I wonder?"

"The woman is gone, sir, and in a great hurry, too. I do not even know her."

"Queer," said Drumfin. "But I wish she had but left the pedlar's direction. Ill, poor devil! * * You may leave us, MacKay."

"Your pleasure, sir," said the landlord, and slipping a little dish of silver on the cloth, he withdrew.

As the door closed, the exile looked at the letter, and then at Pennyfuaran. "It's Cousin Peggy, again," he said.

"It's you are the happy man," sighed the chieftain. "Read on, man, read on. Ne'er fash about a poor trimmer like me."

Drumfin broke the seal, and found the letter in a cipher he knew well. He translated it slowly. As he did so his face hardened, and when he had finished, he sat gazing into the red of the fire. But of a sudden his eyes grew moist, and his lean brown hands went up to his face. It was only for a second, however, and then he was himself again; yet the sight of an emotion so unusual in his friend, unmanned Pennyfuaran.

"God! What's wrong, Drumfin?"

"All," said the other. "Read that—or rather, listen, while I translate. Here it is 'Destroy all lists and papers. Thurot useless now. Confans beaten, his ship, the 'Soleil Royal' and the 'Heroee,' stranded at Croisic. Seven ships are come in. Ten are flying at sea.—C. P.'"

"What does it mean?" asked Pennyfuaran.

"A new rising and a new failure. This is the chief of the two fleets that were to have aided, and it is scattered to the four winds."

"As black as that!"

"May it be no blacker before the affair finishes," said the exile. "You will keep secret regarding this, lad. For the note is but ten days old, and it will be another ten days before the news is public."

"You may trust me, sir," said Pennyfuaran, fiercely. "King's man or no, you may trust me."

"Delay means the safety of many, you'll understand," said Drumfin, abstractedly, taking up the tiny chalice of silver which the landlord had laid beside the punch.

"What's that?" asked the chieftain.

The dish of metal had a bowl no larger or deeper than the hollowed palm of a man's hand, and from either side of it a littler flat handle projected. There was a scroll of oak leaves running around the margin, and when the exile saw this, he bent his head and kissed the cup reverently.

"It's the Lochalsh stirrup-cup," he said. "It seems MacKay has recognized me."

"You tell me?" cried the young man, and springing to his feet in ecstasy, he spilled some punch into the silver and, gasping and coughing, tossed off the draught. "Pity me! The man's no backward for an inn-keeper," he went on, "I'll speak him fair about guarding his tongue."

"Pennyfuaran, man, let him be," said Drumfin. "You go the very way to injure him deeply. If he is an inn-keeper, still and on he is Highland, and on the right side, else how does he come by this cup? Besides he is a Lochalsh man, you see. I'm safe, man, safe, and I'd be quiet and resting, if you'd let me." He turned to his favorite occupation of watching the fire's red heart.

Unheeding the rebuff the young man sat down, and filled himself some punch, calling on the other to join.

"And the Prince quaffed you, you limmer," he said, toying with the cup of silver. "The darling Prince! And what though he fails a hundred times, he's still my darling! A toast, Drumfin! 'The days that are by wi't' "

The Jacobite replied with a nod only.

"You're scarcely companionable," protested the youth. "Take your glass, man."

"It's the memories I'm having, Pennyfuaran," said the exile. "Let me be, lad, for the little time I'll have in the glens of remembrance. It's sore thinking I am of the old days—the days when everyone but the king's man wore the tartan." He glanced meaningly at the other's dress.

Pennyfuaran reddened, and reached for a fresh supply of punch.

"The kilt and the plaid?" he said, swinging his haunch and looking down at the dress. "And thanks to Mr. Pitt for them. But King's man or no, Drumfin; Charlie's man or no, try me; there's none other will do better by your exile than Kenneth MacKinnon, of Pennyfuaran. Haud till't, and I'll play you a spring that'll send black sorrow flying."

He went to the door, and called loudly in Gaelic, and some distant sounds replying, he said.

"Lend me your pipes, MacKay."

"There's a new reed, sir," answered the landlord.

"New reed or no, bring them to me, you sinful man."

MacKay brought the pipes, and the chieftain taking them, swung the bag to his outer. The room was big, but all too small for the tuning of the drones that followed; blaring and roaring they sounded, a storm for fury and discord. Then at last the melody came, and away went MacKinnon with a swing and a lilt to his step, the streamers of his pipes and the fringe of his plaid sweeping the wood-lined walls, as he turned in the far corner. High and clear and piercing, the air held the big landlord on the stairs, the apple of his throat gulping. High

and clear and tremulous now, and still the silent man on the hearth sat gazing into the midmost red of the fire. Lost faiths and passions of old time; the wind in the firs and the roar of many waters; love and death and battle; the march of the clans; the holiness of morning and the tenderness of the afterglow; the salute to the victorious, the lament for the fallen; the hopelessness of the exile, and the cry for the far land of home—the land of soft mists and seaborne hills, of the green straths where the deer came in the dawning; it was these the wild magic of the pipes recalled to life in the chambers of imagery. In reverie the man by the fire saw again Lochshiel on the day of his Prince's splendour; and again he beheld the heights above Glenfinnan alive with the waving tartan. But the vision faded, it flashed and faded; and high on the pass where the clansmen had thronged, empty now and silent, there rose to the pines and the stars a single note of beauty, despairing yet exultant, mingled of sadness and joy, prophetic of fulfilment, aspiring. Drumfin saw and heard it all; then the close came in discord and wail, and the player laid the pipes tenderly aside.

"You're a King's man, Pennyfuaran; and you can do yon?" said the exile. It was an eye of fire he turned on the youth.

"Be damned to the King," said the other, busy with the punch again. "I'm for Pennyfuaran on either side, and no forfeiture." But he reddened, and added after a pause: "Yet it's well you ken, Drumfin, where my folk would have been in my father's time, if it weren for Duart's arrest. And we'd have made as good Jacobites as some, I wot."

The flush passed from Drumfin's face, and the kindling from his eye, and he turned again to his gazing at the flames of clear orange in mid-fire, murmuring to himself: "Like his father before him, the play-actor aye uppermost."

Young MacKinnon sat moodily silent now, for the emotion bred of his playing had passed, and in the patch of white on his forehead the red flushings were coming and going, for it was always thus with Pennyfuaran when he had had a spell of piping and drinking. After a little he retired to a shady corner of the ingle, and screwing his practice chanter together, he tooted and buzzed and squeaked at grace-notes and little runs of airs for a while. There was only a hint of a melody now and again, dismissed as soon as caught, and a new one sought for, and this he would elaborate with an artist's ease, to be forgotten in a moment in the next elusive air he fashioned.

"Is it Moy again for you to-morrow?" he asked Drumfin in a pause of the practice.

"Moy? Yes," said the exile. "Had I foreseen this snow, I'd never have left it."

"I thought as much, I was for Moy myself."

(To be continued)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Fifteenth Lesson.

(Continued).

THE POWER OF UNITED PRAYER.

"Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father, which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. XVIII 19, 20.

One of the first lessons of our Lord in His school of prayer was: Not to be seen of men. Enter thy inner chamber; be alone with the Father. When He has thus taught us that the meaning of prayer is personal, individual contact with God, He comes with a second lesson: You have need not only of secret, solitary, but also of public, united prayer. And He gives us a very special promise for the united prayer of two or three who agree in what they ask. As a tree has its root hidden in the ground and its stem growing up into the sunlight, so prayer needs equally for its full development the hidden secrecy in which the soul meets God alone, and the public fellowship with those who find in the name of Jesus their common meeting place.

The reason why this must be so is plain. The bond that unites man to his fellow men is no less real and close than that which unites him to God; he is one with them. Grace renews not alone our relation to God, but to man, too. We not only learn to say "My Father," but "Our Father." Nothing would be more unnatural than that the children of a family should always meet their father separately, but never in their united expression of their desires and their love. Believers are not only members of one family, but even of one body. Just as each member of the body depends on the other, and the full action of the spirit dwelling in the body depends on the union and co-operation of all, so Christians cannot reach the full blessing God is ready to bestow through His Spirit, but as they seek and receive it in fellowship with each other. It is in the union and fellowship of believers that the Spirit can manifest His full power. It was to the hundred and twenty continuing in one place together, and praying with one accord, that the Spirit came from the throne of the glorified Lord.

The marks of true united prayer are given us in these words of our Lord. The first is *agreement* as to the thing asked. There must not only be generally the consent to agree with anything another may ask; there must be some special thing, matter of distinct united desire; the agreement must be, as all prayer, in spirit and in truth. In such agreement it will become very clear to us what exactly we are asking, whether we may confi-

dently ask according to God's will, and whether we are ready to believe that we have received what we ask.

The second mark is the gathering in, or into, the Name of Jesus. We shall afterwards have much to learn of the need and the power of the Name of Jesus in prayer; here our Lord teaches us that the Name must be the centre of union to which believers gather, the bond of union that makes them one, just as a home contains and unites all who are in it. "The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into and escape." That Name is such a reality to those who understand and believe it, that to meet within it is to have Himself present. The love and unity of His disciples have to Jesus infinite attraction: "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them." It is the living presence of Jesus, in the fellowship of His loving, praying disciples, that gives united prayer its power.

The third mark is, the sure answer: "It shall be done for them of my Father." A prayer meeting for maintaining religious fellowship, or seeking our own edification, may have its use; this was not the Saviour's view in its appointment. He meant it as a means of securing *special answer to prayer*. A prayer meeting without recognized answer to prayer ought to be an anomaly. When any of us have distinct desires in regard to which we feel too weak to exercise the needful faith, we ought to seek strength in the help of others. In the unity of faith and of love and of the Spirit, the power of the Name and the Presence of Jesus acts more freely, and the answer comes more surely. The mark that there has been united prayer is the fruit; the answer, the receiving of the thing we have asked: "I say unto you, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

What an unspeakable privilege this of united prayer is, and what a power it might be! If the believing husband and wife knew that they were joined together in the Name of Jesus to experience His presence and power in united prayer; if friends believed what mighty help two or three praying in concert could give each other; if in every prayer meeting the coming together in the Name, the faith in the Presence, and the expectation of the answer, stood in the foreground; if in every church, united effectual prayer were regarded as one of the chief purposes for which they are banded together, the highest exercise of their power as a church; if in the church universal the coming of the kingdom, the coming of the King

Himself, first in the mighty outpouring of His Holy Spirit, then in His own glorious Person, were really matter of unceasing, united crying to God;—oh! who can say what blessing might come to, and through, those who thus agreed to prove God in the fulfillment of His promise.

In the Apostle Paul, we see very distinctly what a reality his faith in the power of united prayer was. To the Romans he writes (xv. 30): "I beseech you, brethren, by the love of the Spirit, that *ye strive together with me* in your prayer to God for me." He expects in answer to be delivered from his enemies, and to be prospered in his work. To the Corinthians (2 Cor. 1:11), "God will still deliver us, ye also helping together on our behalf by your supplications." Their prayer is to have a real share in his deliverance. To the Ephesians he writes: "With all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit for all the saints and on my behalf, that utterance may be given unto me." His power and success in his ministry he makes to depend on their prayers. With the Philippians (1:9), he expects that his trials will turn to salvation and the progress of the gospel "*through your supplications* and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." To the Colossians (4:3), he adds to the injunction to continue steadfast in prayer: "Withal praying for us, too, that God may open unto us a door for the word." And to the Thessalonians (2 Thess. 3:1), he writes: "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may run and be glorified, and that we may be delivered from unreasonable men." It is everywhere evident that Paul felt himself the member of a body, on the sympathy and co-operation of which he was dependent, and that he counted on the prayers of these churches to gain for him what otherwise might not be given. The prayers of the church were to him as real a factor in the work of the kingdom as the power of God.

Who can say what power a church could develop and exercise, if it gave itself to the work of prayer day and night for the coming of the kingdom, for God's power on His servants and His word, for the glorifying of God in the salvation of souls? Most churches think their members are gathered into one simply to take care of and build up each other. They know not that God rules the world by the prayers of His saints; that prayer is the power by which Satan is conquered; that by prayer the church on earth has disposal of the powers of the heavenly world. They do not remember that Jesus has by His promise consecrated every assembly in His Name to be a gate of heaven, where His Presence is to be felt, and His power experienced in the Father fulfilling their desires.

We cannot sufficiently thank God for the blessed week of united prayer, with which Christendom in our days opens every year. As proof of our unity and our faith in united

prayer, as a training-school for the enlargement of our hearts to take in all the needs of the church universal, as a help to united persevering prayer, it is of unspeakable value. But very specially as a stimulus to continued union in prayer in the smaller circles, its blessing has been great. And it will become even greater, as God's people recognize what it is, all to meet as one in the Name of Jesus, to have His Presence in the midst of a body all united in the Holy Spirit, and boldly to acclaim the promise that it shall be done of the Father what they agree to ask.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Blessed Lord! who didst in Thy high-priestly prayer ask so earnestly for the unity of Thy people, teach us how Thou dost invite and urge us to this unity by Thy precious promise given to united prayer. It is when we are one in love and desire that our faith has Thy Presence and the Father's answer.

O Father! we pray for Thy people and for every smaller circle of those who meet together, that they may be one. Remove we pray, all selfishness and self-interest, all narrowness of heart and estrangement, by which that unity is hindered. Cast out the spirit of the world and the flesh, through which Thy promise loses all its power. Let the thought of Thy Presence and the Father's favor draw us all nearer to each other.

Grant especially, blessed Lord, that Thy church may believe that it is by the power of united prayer that she can bind and loose in heaven; that Satan can be cast out; that souls can be saved; that the kingdom can be hastened. And grant, good Lord! that in the circle with which I pray, the prayer of the church may indeed be the power through which Thy Name and Word are glorified. Amen.

AND SO TRUE TOO.

"Father was walking to Sunday school with little Johnny and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Johnny repeated it after his father several times and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday school the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now son" he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more without any help from me."

This is what he got from Johnny. "Whatsoever a man sews always rips."—Harper's Bazar.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This is the mid-summer issue of "The Caledonian," including the months of July and August. The next issue will be the September number.

SOME LEGENDS OF HEISKEIR

To the south-west of the island of North Uist lies a small island called Heiskeir, or Monach Isle, i. e. the Isle of the Monks, by which name it is known in the Admiralty Chart to distinguish it from a group of rocks in the neighborhood called Hashkeir. Heiskeir is low-lying, and is composed principally of sand exposed to the turbulency of the wild Atlantic, and little to be coveted for a habitation except by seals, sea-birds, or any such monsters as the one about to be described. Inhabited, however, it is. It has so been from time immemorial. Five or six families of small tenants have always lived there (and formerly double or treble that number) in the enjoyment of plenty, comfort and ease, who would be very sorry to exchange their "ocean home" for any other place. Solitary they never find it, even in winter when they are shut out almost exclusively from the world.

The soil produces excellent crops in great abundance, and they have also good black cattle; indeed, the little lone island is something of an elysium to its small population. At one time it was the abode of a gentleman of no mean standing among the gentlemen of the outer islands—Mr. Mac-Donald, a grandson of Clanronald, who, for one human act in particular, is spoken of with admiration wherever his name is mentioned. Having learned about the massacre of Glencoe, he was so shocked by the atrocity of the deed, and so moved with compassion for the suffering widows and orphans of the murdered clan, that he got his sixteen-oared galley at once equipped and laden with barley grain—the produce of the little fertile isle—which he despatched to their relief—a deed, be it observed, more worthy of its length and breadth upon the page of history than that royal one which gave occasion to it.

The stone coffins which are at times exposed by sand-drift and by the action of the waves, show that this island which at one period was much greater in extent than it is at present, was inhabited by the ancient Caledonians. Nay, if I may credit living witnesses, there are indications of its having been inhabited by an earlier race than even they. Be that as it may, however, certain it is in the minds of the inhabitants that, at a period dating many generations back, Heiskeir was not a very desirable place to live in, or to die in rather; for live they could not there, and death did not come in the course of nature. A reign of terror threw its gloom over the mind of man and beast, occasioned by the too close proximity of a very ugly neighbor—a neighbor who would seize upon, tear up, and devour any living creature that he could lay hold of. His depredations occasioned many a wall of woe for several years. So powerful was this scourge that no means of destruction devised against him was of any avail.

I have heard of many terrible fellows of

the Each-Uisge tribe; but never did I hear of a more relentless, more destructive, more voracious rascal than the Heiskeir Each-Uisge. Others that I heard of in story could at times be soft, feeling, even noble, and it was not an uncommon thing for them to go a great length in order to enjoy the smile of a fair one of the human race. In this they sometimes succeeded through the stratagem of metamorphosing themselves into the shape of a handsome young man. As for the Each-Uisge in question, however, he was a monster amongst his monstrous race; for the only question that rose within him at sight of any object, however fair or lovely, was, Is it eatable? There are monsters of the human family who to this question add just another, Is it pocketable? But the Heiskeir Each-Uisge had only one receptacle for all things.

When their calamities had come to their full height from the ravages of this fearful, remorseless brute, the poor Heiskeirians—such of them as remained, that is to say—held a solemn council to determine what steps they ought to pursue in order to rid themselves of the enemy or to rid the enemy of them. After much unprofitable discussion—long vain deliberation—they at length came to a deadlock. Their wits were completely baffled. They were as wise at the end as at the beginning. Their enemy was too formidable for any machinations they might contrive for his destruction. The only resource that remained was "to make good flight by timely speed," and leave their little all to be devoured by the huge monster. At this juncture a bold woman of the name of Nic Leoid came forward and volunteered her advice, which was readily listened to. "Well," says she, "I have been revolving this matter in my mind these seven years back. I have been feeding and pampering a powerful bull during all that time, and for some years he has not set foot on green grass. He is as wild as the very enemy of mankind. Let us set him against the foe, and see whether his horns may not have some effect with our tormentor." All applauded, all were eager for a trial of the experiment, although they were not very sanguine as to the result. They thought it worth while to put the matter to the test at any rate. No time was lost. The monster had his abode in a small lake near their dwellings. Nic Leoid led forth her black, sleek-piled long-horned giant from his confinement to do battle. She stood at a short distance while her favorite grazed quietly by the brink of the lake. He was not long engaged in this peaceful pastime when he was disturbed by a commotion of the waters beside him. Nic Leoid no sooner observed him begin to exhibit signs of fury than she commenced to urge him on, as she knew well how to do. As the enemy was emerging out of the water covered with weeds and mud, the champion, unaccustomed as he was to the sight of any living creature except that of his nurse, as Nic Leoid might be

called, began to tear up the ground with his hoofs and horns and to utter fearful roarings and bellowings. The combat was not long in commencing—a combat not to be described. The marks of it are to be traced upon the ground on the margin of the lake till this day. For a long time victory could not be observed to incline to either side. At length signs of exhaustion began to betray themselves in both, and the Each-Uisge, cunning by nature and finding that he had met with too powerful an antagonist, was seen to begin a retrograde movement towards the element which was natural to him. This seemed to inspire additional courage in the bull, who followed him closely, but, unfortunately for himself, followed him too far. By this stratagem the Each-Uisge got upon vantage ground. He was at home in his own element, but the bull was out of his. The combat raged, however, with the greatest fury. They so dashed the water about and raised it in such splashes into the air that they could only be seen occasionally, and at last they disappeared altogether. For a short while, however, the water was in the most awful commotion, an occasional glimpse of a foot or a horn appearing for an instant above the troubled waters until, after the whole lake had been turned into one thick mixture of mud, sand, and weeds, all became silent, and it was evident that all was over. Nothing more was seen of either the bull or the Each-Uisge. A pair of lungs floated ashore the following day; but they were so mangled that it could not be conjectured whether they belonged to the bull or not.

The Each-Uisge was not the only enemy that disturbed the peace of the Heiskeir people. At times they found enemies, and cruel enemies enough too, amongst their own species. Remote from any friendly aid, unaccustomed to warlike exercises, and possessing some worldly substance in the shape of sheep, cattle, etc., they offered a tempting bait to the rapacity of some of their more powerful neighbors. Upon one occasion a party of Lewismen organized an expedition against them. After due preparation these marauders launched upon the deep in a large galley, and sailed along the west coast of Harris and North Uist, with the view of ravaging Heiskeir, and despoiling it of everything they could carry away, their destination being, of course, unknown to all who observed their progress. The weather turning out less favorable to their undertaking than they had calculated upon, it was anything but agreeable to them to recollect that they had no efficient pilot, particularly since they were well aware of the extremely dangerous character of the coast all around Heiskeir, and that there were no harbors. Portroy is the only place (except in the finest summer weather) where a boat can land with any degree of safety. Even this is inaccessible except in tolerably fair weather, and whatever the state of the weather may be, the precaution is invariably

taken of hauling up boats above high-water mark, as they cannot ride at anchor without constant risk. Under the circumstances the Lewismen were obliged to land in North Uist, in order to procure a pilot. They were fully alive to the great difficulty and risk of securing such a convenience, since the object of their cruise could not but be too clear to any one they might come in contact with, wherefore they resolved upon kidnapping the first likely individual they met. A short distance from the place where they landed—Portscolpeg on the shores of Balranald—they noticed a lonely, miserable hut, which had the appearance of being inhabited, and towards it they directed their steps in the first place. On entering this humble domicile they found it contained but one solitary inhabitant, and such a pale, poverty-stricken skeleton that it would be the direst necessity that would make them turn him out to act as their pilot. Finding, however, that there were no people near at hand, and knowing how dangerous it would be for them to venture inland, or present themselves amongst houses, they made up their minds to make the best of the subject before them. If the wretch could spin out the thread of his existence until they arrived at their destination that was all they cared for. For the sake of his personal safety they thought he would pilot them faithfully and to the best of his knowledge and skill. So to this anatomy it was proposed that he should accompany them as their guide to Heiskeir, with the promise of a share of the booty that would reward their expedition if he did his duty well. The reason why the poor fellow had been banished to this spot of loneliness was that he had typhus fever, from which he was now slowly recovering. With all the strength and earnestness he could summon to his aid he pleaded his sad case, and begged of them not to urge him to accompany them, as it would be the very death of him, the weather, too, being so intensely cold. "You will not die until we reach Heiskeir at any rate," said they; and with that they seized upon him and dragged him along with them into their boat. Anchors were up, sails were spread, and in a trice the galley was scudding away before the gale at a rapid rate. Niel, as the young man's name was, was stationed in the bow, on the look-out, and—well admonished as to his duty—there he sat, an unwilling fixture, like any other figure-head—quite as hard too—his teeth discovering only too well with what reluctance his emaciated limbs embraced the uncongenial, cold wind. His body was somewhat idle, certainly, but not so his imagination—his mind; and we shall see, by and by, what the results of his lucubrations were. The galley was little more than half way across the channel when a very heavy and thick fall of snow came on. Niel was constantly urged to vigilance, and notwithstanding his familiarity with the neighborhood wherein he was now making his way, he was as con-

stantly at his wits' end. He succeeded in piloting the boat well notwithstanding, till at length his quick ear detected the roar of the sea breaking upon the shore of the small islet of Stockay, lying close to the east end of Heiskeir and not far from Portroy, whither they were bound. His care now was to steer clear of a zigzag, dangerous rock that lies in the way of one making direct for the port from the head of Stockay, and called the Eel on account of its tortuous turnings. This he succeeded in accomplishing, not without great difficulty, for the snow fell so thick that he could scarcely see the man at the helm when he turned round to give him instructions. During the voyage Niel had his thoughts much engrossed with his own unfortunate circumstances. He was calculating upon the all but absolute certainty of a relapse, and, if a relapse, the equally certain issue in death. Revenged he would be upon his oppressors, if he only knew how or by what means. He devised a bold scheme for their destruction, the execution of which the thick fall of snow favored vastly, while it allowed a chance, bare as it was, of his own escape at the same time. All knew that they were now close to some shore; but Niel had persuaded them that the entrance to the port, which he represented as very narrow, was still some distance ahead. Lulled in their security, and wrapped up in their plaids, the easy Lewismen were sitting upon the ballast, waiting until the call should be given, acting upon the instructions of the pilot, the steersman was quietly sitting at the helm, and the latter, perched upon the bow like a cormorant upon his rock, was all in readiness for the emergency which he had predetermined in his own mind, when crash! suddenly comes the boat against the wild rocks, a little to the south of the entrance to the port. But before she had actually struck Niel was already clinging desperately to the crags of the rough shore. As soon as the wave receded he rushed up to dry land, and was out of the reach of all immediate danger. On turning round he could see the ill-fated Lewismen struggling in the surge amidst masts, sails, ropes, oars and miscellaneous pieces of the wreck; but he wanted all inclination to render any assistance, even if it were possible. So the unfortunate crew all perished, and perhaps it was as well for poor Niel's carcase that such was the case. The most of the bodies were, sooner or later, cast up by the sea, and were interred by the people of the island, without much ceremony, close by the shore, and a little above the place where they lost their lives. A few erect stones still mark their graves.

As for Niel—the treacherous guide, the unfaithful pilot—he received such attention at the hands of the grateful people whose property, it not lives in many cases, he was the means of saving, that he was far better off than if he had been left in his old hut.

He speedily recovered his health, having experienced no evil effects from the voyage. Ever after this adventure he went by the soubriquet of *Niall a Chathaidh* (properly *Cathaidh*) which means Niel of the snow-drift.

In the course of time Niel married and became the father of a family, and the head of a tribe known in North Uist as "*Sliochd Niel a Chathaidh*" (the race of Niel of the snow-drift). Many of them emigrated, but not a few of them are still to be met with in North Uist. Niel is a family name amongst them.

The men of Lewis have at all times been celebrated as seamen. They take to the sea as to an element that is, in a manner, natural to them. It would appear that they retain in their veins, especially in the northernmost parts of the island, a large mixture of the blood of those famous marauders of the north, who, for so many generations, were the terror and the scourge not only of the British Isles, but of the whole of the western sea-coast of Europe. The trade was only natural, therefore, to their kinsmen or descendants in the island of Lewis, whom we find every now and then indulging in the same discreditable, though to them noble and enjoyable pastime upon a small scale. In those good old times, known to us now only through the unceratin channel of tradition, any gentleman of notoriety, or any daring fellow who could command influence among his neighbors, could have no difficulty whenever he so desired in organizing a marauding expedition into the territories of those whom he considered a likely prey for his rapacious villians. These were always ready, and waited only for the signal to start upon any cruise that promised them booty. Donald Cam (Donald the one-eyed), the son of Dougall, who is so intimately associated in Lewis traditions with the strong old fort or Dun of Carloway, near the famous "Druidical temple" at Callernish, affords a notorious instance of this class of genius; and the well known "Britheamh Leoghasach" (Lewis Brieve or Judge) himself could not always boast of going about in the world with clean hands. It is alleged of him that he had a finger in many a dirty pie. The name of the others of the same class is legion. Expert at sea, fearless and bold, the Lewismen possessed great advantages over their neighbors of the Long Island, who, brought up as they were to the more peaceful occupation of cultivating the soil, were, comparatively speaking, but mere "land-loupers," with the exception of the Barra men at the other extreme of the Long Island. The want of good harbors on the west coast of the two Uists, along which, as affording the only soil suitable for crops, the inhabitants were scattered, may account to some extent at least for their disregard for that "unstable element the sea." Not that they were altogether unaccustomed to boating upon a small scale,

but they have always fallen vastly behind their neighbors farther north in everything that appertains to seamanship. Bolder or better seamen than the Lewismen could not be found in this country or perhaps in any other.

Upon one occasion a party of these gentlemen concocted an expedition of the kind above referred to, and fixed upon the island of Tarinsay, situated without the entrance to the harbor of West Loch Tarbet, in Harris, then under cultivation and well stocked with sheep, black cattle, and horses, as a place where they could, without fear of any great opposition, it being wholly unprotected, reap a good harvest. How many boats and men the expedition consisted of the story does not record, but of the latter there could not have been less than forty or fifty. They met with little or no inconvenience on the voyage, and reached the island whither they were bound somewhat early in the morning. They dropped their anchors near the east end of it, in a small exposed creek or "port," as it is called, where boats are always hauled up high and dry, even in the most peaceable weather in summer, unless their stay is to be of but a few hours' duration. This "port" is neither so exposed as Portroy in Heilskeir, alluded to in the story preceding, nor is it so dangerous in its approach. They effected an easy landing, no opposition being offered, and lost no time in setting about the accomplishment of the object of their visit. The pillaging commenced. Sheep, cattle, and whatever they considered it worth their while to lay hands upon, were being gathered into one place at the port for shipment. At first they were somewhat surprised at the passive behavior of the Tarinsay people, who looked on, "silent and sullen," while strangers were despoiling them of their little all. But their surprise subsided when they recollected that they themselves, well armed and pretty strong in numbers, looked formidable enough to their victims, whom they now set down for a parcel of poor, inoffensive islanders, unaccustomed to the sight of such invaders, as well as to the use of arms. But they calculated entirely without their host, for there was one genius on the island, John Mor MacRory, who was actively engaged in planning a fearful retribution, all unobserved. He was keeping out of sight with the main strength of the island, until the spoiler should be off his guard, and the tide should rise at the port, for it had been low water when the Lewismen came to anchor; the latter circumstance, not less than the former, being calculated to aid them in asserting their right to their own property by force of arms. The time they were waiting for at length arrived. The invaders were scattered in small bands, unconcernedly, all over the eastern portion of the island and

the tide had risen to near the full, when suddenly rushed out of their concealment John Mor with his myrmidons, well equipped with bows and swords, and stoutly determined to punish the spoliators in a manner they were now not very well prepared for. John Mor was soon joined by those who had hitherto been to all appearances but mere weak spectators of all that was going on. The carnage commenced. Those attacked gave the alarm, and began to form themselves into such order as their circumstances enabled them. A number of them were slain before the fray could properly be said to have assumed the character of a battle. They were taken quite by surprise, and during the whole time the engagement lasted they could not be said to have regained their confidence. They fought however, with great bravery, though circumstances plainly showed that they fought not so much with a view to victory, as to the preservation of their lives, and flight; for they were gradually falling back in the direction of their boats, while at the same time they fiercely contended with their opponents. John Mor was too wide awake for them. All along he had been alive to the importance of securing the port. Their best stand the Lewismen made a little to the west of this place; but alas! in spite of all they could do, they found after a severe and bloody struggle that retreat to their boats was hopelessly cut off, and even if not, the tide being now high, the attempt must end in their almost utter extermination. Opposite the spot where, as has been observed, they had for some time held their ground so firmly, there is a rock with a few yards of green grass on the top of it, which is joined to the land at half tide, but is cut off from it at high water; and finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, and so unmercifully dealt with, they fell back, step by step, into the waves towards this rock, hoping there to defend themselves the more successfully, still fighting, however, in good order, and with the courage of despair. Once on this rock they could get nearer their boats than was otherwise possible. The contest now raged with terrific fury in the water. Many of the Lewismen fell here, as did some of their opponents also. The retiring party, once they gained a footing on the rock, regained courage and galled the boldest of their pursuers; but, alas! though they fought like demons, and, for a considerable time kept the enemy at bay, yet their numbers were so woefully reduced that they could only look to being cut off to a man. The last half-dozen of them scorned to ask for quarter—probably because they thought it would be in vain—and, with the exception of one of their number, shared the same fate with their comrades.

—*The Celtic Review.*"

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH. By John S. Black and George Chrystal. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price \$5.00.

William Robertson Smith was born at Keig, on Sunday, November 8, 1846, and died at Cambridge, April, 1894. His father, the Rev. Dr. Pirie Smith, was the parish minister, a distinguished scholar and preacher, and labored in Keig for thirty-five years. William was not a strong healthy boy, but had frequent illnesses, which retarded his early education. All the children of the family were taught at home by the father and mother, both of whom had been successful teachers, and William never attended a public school until he matriculated as a student of the University of Aberdeen at the age of fifteen (1861). During his course in the university, and his four years in New College, Edinburgh, he excelled in every subject studied, and the professors were unanimous in declaring him the most distinguished student they had ever had. In the last year of his divinity course, he was asked to allow his name to be presented as a candidate for Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Aberdeen. He consented, and was appointed by the General Assembly in 1870, at the age of twenty-four. During his course at New College, Mr. Smith had spent his summer vacations studying in Germany, and at these times had written extensively on Biblical questions, so that he was well known to the German professors, who considered him an authority on Semitic and Biblical subjects.

But unfortunately, soon after the close of his second year as a professor, an article on Bible which he had written for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, brought upon him the censure of the General Assembly, and two months later another article on Arabic customs led, in the following year, to his suspension from the chair of Hebrew, though this was done contrary to the vote of the leading scholars of the Free Church. A minority protest against the finding of the Assembly was signed at a breakfast given to him by three hundred of the members of the Assembly, who put on record that he was the foremost servant and loyal son of the church. A few months after his suspension he delivered a course of public lectures in Glasgow and Edinburgh, on "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," which was well received. During the next two years he was a busy man as editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, and also lecturing and writing. Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities offered him professorships. He accepted one from Cambridge, where he endeared himself to both students and professors during the remainder of his brilliant service to the church.

The four large volumes of W. Robertson

Smith's lectures and essays, just published by A. & C. Black, of London, are authority on Old Testament literature, and the library of a Biblical student is incomplete without them.

His biography is a treasure. No one can read it without being instructed and inspired. He was acknowledged to be the foremost scholar of his generation by the leading educators and professors at home and abroad. The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen, of which he was once a member, placed on record their sense of the greatness of his attainments, "the gentleness and Christian humility of his character." The obituary notice adopted by the Free Church Assembly, spoke of "his brilliant career as a student, distinguished alike in classics, in science, and in philosophy, and the rapid steps by which he advanced to a foremost place among the Biblical scholars of Europe are still fresh in the memory of the church and of the community. His intellectual energy and industry, his quick apprehension, his singular command of his varied knowledge, along with a rare power of clear and felicitous expression combined to rank him among the most remarkable men of his time." Professor Bevan said that "No historical writer of modern times has shown greater originality," and Ambassador Bryce, his personal friend, remarked: "No one could help feeling that one of the strongest points in his intellectual character was his power of grasping the historical as well as the philological side of every problem."

EDINBURGH REVISITED. By James Bone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price \$5.00.

Of the making of books there is no end, but another book on Old Reekie seemed to be superfluous. Mathew Arnold, after studying a certain subject, became so much absorbed in it that he exclaimed: "I must write a pamphlet or burst." Mr. Bone, after a long stay in England, revisited Edinburgh, in 1910. He was so impressed with the changes and early recollections of old scenes that he was constrained to write and add another book to the great library. His descriptions of old and modern Athens are fine. The city to-day, as of old, is superior to any city in Europe for picturesque beauty. So far as the topography and general design of the book are concerned, it is a most attractive specimen of the publisher's art, and will form an elegant and interesting addition to a family library. In such a work strict attention to originality is out of the question, and all that the author can expect to achieve is to present old facts in a new dress. This the author has succeeded in doing in his loving tribute to the most beautiful and picturesque city in Europe.

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF. By Arnold Haultain, New York, The MacMillan Company. Price 50 cents.

In this book the author shows his enthusiasm for great Scottish game, which, especially during the last decade, has been become so popular in the United States and Canada. In the multitude of rules he gives, he seems more theoretical than practical, and though there are many excellent points made, yet the skillful golf player would find these rules a handicap rather than a help.

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND. By William J. Gibson, New York, Longmans, Green & Company. Price \$1.00.

This is a most comprehensive handbook of the history of Scottish education. It traces the development of education from the fourth century to the twentieth. It relates how the educational torch has been passed down from the Celtic monks and bards, mediaeval chancellors and rectors, 16th century preachers and bishops, university regents and professors, parish and borough school masters, and how all had their part in the great work of Scottish education. The author says: "In no other land has there been through centuries the same continuous recognition by the State of its duty toward the education of its future citizens. Four hundred years ago Scotland led the van of Europe by passing the first compulsory education act on record; two centuries ago it declared for a school in every parish; four decades have passed since it provided machinery for a system of compulsory education, universal in its distribution, popular in its management, and with no "elementary" restriction in its range.

To-day in our country it is almost true to say that there is no boy or girl of good natural ability, however poor or straitened in circumstances, however remote or isolated the home, who cannot break a way into the mysteries of the highest learning that the universities supply.

THE WISCONSIN IDEA. By Charles McCarthy. New York: MacMillan Company. \$1.50.

This elegantly bound volume just issued, presents an inviting external aspect, and is also typographically praiseworthy. As to the excellency, or otherwise, of its contents, opinion will differ. Some may find it interesting and instructive; many more will probably peruse it with a tired feeling, and lay it down with pleasure. An introduction to the book by Colonel Roosevelt appears, and the following brief extracts from it will, at least partially, convey an idea of the subject matter. "All through the Union we need to learn the Wisconsin lesson of scientific, popular self-help, and of patient care in radical legislation. The American people have made up their minds that there is to be a change for

the better in their political, their social and their economic conditions."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July is "the first of three notable picture numbers." The leading article "For a Good Boy," by J. J. Bell, is a real "Wee Macgregor" story. "Germany as a Sea Power," by Commodore W. H. Beehler, "The Olympic Idea," by William M. Sloane, and "Safety at Sea," by Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee are instructive and timely.

THE JULY REVIEW OF REVIEWS—gives as always a most comprehensive summary of current events in the "Progress of the World." Among the leading articles we notice "The New Methodist Bishops," by Ferdinand C. Iglehart; "What the West Expects from Panama," by Agnes C. Laut; "The New Woman of the New East," and "Japan's Task in Korea."

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—For July contains a sermon by Charles E. Jefferson, D. D. on "The Spiritual Ministries of Nature;" "A Summertime Time Talk," by Margaret E. Sangster; "The Fatal Penny," by Mary Heaton Vorse, and "The Friendly Summer Teas," by Frank A. Waugh. Kathleen Norris continues her story of "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," Eleanor H. Porter writes an amusing story "Escorting Harriett;" "Tempting Hot Weather Duties," by Fannie Merritt Farmer, contains excellent suggestions.

CALEDONIAN GAMES—

DINNA FORGET!

The approach of Labor Day (September 2) reminds Scotch folk in and for many miles around New York that the annual games of the New York Caledonian Club take place on that day at Washington Park, near Maspeth, L. I. The gathering has always been most enjoyable. Friends meet there who hail from various districts of "Bonnie Scotland," and their "cracks" are very interesting.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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OBITUARY NOTICES.

WILLIAM B. DUNCAN.

Mr. William Butler Duncan died of pneumonia on June 20th, at his residence, Fifth avenue, New York, in his eighty-second year. He was in excellent health until within a few days of his death. Mr. Duncan was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 17th, 1830, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University, and when his family emigrated to America and settled in Providence, R. I., he continued his studies at Brown University.

The funeral service was held on Monday, June 24, in Grace Church, and was largely attended. His remains were buried in Providence, R. I.

Mr. Duncan was descended from the Duncan family of Lundry, Forfarshire, and one of his most distinguished relatives was Lord Viscount Duncan, Admiral of the British fleet at the Battle of Camperdown.

Mr. Duncan had been prominently identified with the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York since 1854, and was president of the society for three years. On the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding—November 22, 1903—he was presented with a beautiful loving cup by the ex-presidents of the society. Mrs. Duncan, who was Miss Jane P. Sargent, of New Orleans, died in 1905. Mr. Duncan is survived by a son and two daughters.

The deceased had entertained at his Fifth avenue home King Edward, when Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught and many other distinguished people.

He was a prosperous business man, holding important positions in railroads, telegraph and trust companies, and president of Butler Exchange Company, Providence.

Mr. Duncan was a noble, large-hearted Scotsman, kind and genial to all, and will be greatly missed. He has been a subscriber to "The Caledonian" for over ten years, and a few months ago renewed his subscription for five years in advance.

CHARLES KENNEDY.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Kennedy, of San Luis Obispo, California, on the 13th of last month. Many of the older Scots resident in the East will remember Mr. Kennedy as an accomplished all around athlete, while in the West and Southwest he was well known as a railroad man, having filled the position of roundhouse foreman, general foreman and assistant master mechanic on the Union Pacific & Southern Pacific Railways. For several years he was Chief Engineer of the City of Santa Barbara, in California, and while in the discharge of his duties was severely injured by a natural gas explosion, and from the effects of which he never completely recovered. Mr. Kennedy was a native of Forfarshire, Scotland, and at an early age he came into marked prominence as an athlete.

REV. MURDO MACKENZIE.

The death of the Rev. Murdo Mackenzie, pastor of the Free North Presbyterian Church, Inverness, in June, has removed one of the best known Gaelic ministers in Scotland. His funeral was largely attended by all the congregations of the town. The stores were closed during the impressive funeral service in the church where he ministered for twenty-five years. There was a spontaneous respect shown to the memory of an honored clergyman. Mr. Mackenzie was a delegate two years ago to the Pan-Presbyterian Conference, which met in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. He preached a Gaelic sermon in the Scottish Presbyterian Church, and in English in the Reformed Church. He was seventy-five years of age.

NORMAN MAC-LEOD.

The centenary of the birth of the Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod was celebrated on June 3rd, at the Barony Church, Glasgow, of which "Norman" was minister for twenty years. The morning service was attended by the leading men of the city. "The Great Norman" won the heart of the Scottish people by his work for the poor. He established the first Congregational penny savings bank; he opened places for refreshments for the working men: he built needed schools.

Queen Victoria and the royal family loved him. The Queen gave two memorial windows to Crathie Church as a testimony of her admiration for his work. The late Professor Drummond said that he was one of the three greatest men of the nineteenth century, which Scotland produced. The other two were Thomas Chalmers and Thomas Carlyle.

At Ardrishaig, Scotland, recently a monument was unveiled to the memory of James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea, by Principal Sir Donald MacAlaster, of Glasgow University.

Tamate as the natives called him, was one of the foremost missionaries of his generation. Of him Duke of Argyle said: "And he was a credit to his country." Between him and Robert Louis Stevenson sprang a strong attachment. Stevenson's letters to Tamate are loving and tender. To quote: "My dear Tamate, I wish I could go with this letter; but it's no good talking. All I can say is, my most sincere affection goes; and when you have done your day's duty, may we both live to meet and have a crack in the evening. I wish there were more like you. You do me good. I wonder if I am of any use? Well you have been of use to me. * * * But oh, Tamate, if, I had met you when I was a boy and a bachelor, how different my life would have been. Farewell! Forgive my failure. I live in the hope of seeing you again. I pray God to watch over you. Your sincere friend, Robert Louis Stevenson."

JAMES C. SINCLAIR.

On Thursday evening, June 6th, James C. Sinclair died at his home in Cheshunt, England, at the age of forty-eight. He was a native of Caithness, Scotland, and in 1888 came to Canada, and located at Brandon, where his industry and business ability gained for him a large measure of prosperity. He travelled extensively through the United States and Canada, and a few years ago took a trip around the world, spending considerable time in China and Japan. Mr. Sinclair was also located at Toronto, where he was highly respected. A year ago he retired from business, and purchased his late home at Cheshunt. He was a kind-hearted Christian man; his widow, aged father, five brothers and three sisters survive him. One of these brothers is Mr. D. G. C. Sinclair, of New York, who was called to England by cable on June 3rd, and arrived in time for the funeral, which took place at Latheron, Caithness.

REV. JAMES R. MILLER, D. D.

Rev. Dr. James R. Miller of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, Pa., died on July 2nd, at the age of seventy-two, after a lingering illness of two years. Dr. Miller was prominent as a writer on religious subjects, and many of his books have been translated into foreign languages.

WILLIAM R. SMITH.

William R. Smith, Superintendent of the National Botanical Garden and owner of what is probably the finest collection of Robert Burns's works in the world, died at Washington, June 7th. He was 84 years old and for sixty years had been head of the garden. He knew many of the great statesmen of bygone days. Andrew Carnegie presented to him many of the books and reviews for his collection. Mr. Smith was a native of Scotland, a contributor to "The Caledonian," and a subscriber for eleven years.

Ministerial Bureau

It is generally admitted that Evangelical Denominations have no uniform and effective method of bringing pastorless churches and churchless pastors together.

To meet this situation, we have established a Ministerial Bureau in the Bible House, a central and accessible place, where both churches and pastors may enroll their names and state their wants, and will receive prompt attention.

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.

The Bureau is under the management of Rev. Daniel Gregory, D. D., LL. D., and Rev. Donald MacDougall, B. D., member of the Presbytery of New York, to whom application may be made.

Address: MINISTERIAL BUREAU,
THE CALEDONIAN.
Bible House, New York.

References:

Rev. David James Burrell, D. D., LL. D., New York.

Rev. John F. Carson, D. D., New York.

Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D. D., LL. D., New York.



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

The twenty-third anniversary of the founding of the American Order of Scottish Clans, was celebrated Wednesday evening May 29th by a re-union concert and ball at Intercolonial Hall.

James P. MacDonald was chairman of the committee of arrangements, ably assisted by Past Royal Chief William White Ferris as secretary, and Robert Bruce as treasurer. Other experienced members of the committee were past Royal Chief Harry W. Fisher, William Patterson, George Adam, Daniel Duncan, John Mutch, and J. Frank Newcombe.

It was the hottest 29th of May in 18 years, still the Boston members of the order, with their wives, sweethearts and lady friends turned out in great numbers, filling the large hall with a banner crowd. Royal Chief James T. Campbell welcomed the members and their friends and gave a short address on the club's object, and prosperity of the order.

The concert program was exceedingly enjoyable, the contributing artists being Miss Edith Grant, Mr. Harry D. Newcombe, Mr. Harry Morgan, Miss Frances McLaughlin and Piper David Ferrier. John B. Chamberlain and William Wardrope acted as floor directors with an efficient corps of aids. It was unanimously voted by those attending that no more sociable, enjoyable, or happier gathering had been held in Boston during the season closed by this entertainment.

THE SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY in the year 1841, purchased at a total cost of \$2,243.38 a burial lot at Mount Auburn Cemetery. By 1892 this lot was completely filled and closed for interments. The society then purchased a lot at Mount Hope Cemetery, paying \$900.00 for the lot and \$565.00 for a monument and headstone. This lot has now become over crowded, no fewer than six interments being made during the past four weeks. An option has been obtained on another lot in the same cemetery, comprising 2,000 feet, at a cost of \$3,000. This lot was viewed by a committee of the members on Memorial Day, who seemed to be favorably impressed with the location. The cemetery authorities have agreed to name the road-

ways leading to this lot *Caledonian Road* and *Scotia Avenue*, so that it will be made as near like *home* as possible to those fortunate or unfortunate enough to be buried there.

PRESIDENT JAMES POTTINGER, of the S. C. S., entertained at the City Club, Friday evening, May 24th, fourteen of the recently elected members of the society. Vice President Alexander C. Nixon, Secretary John N. Jordan, Thomas Bell and Robert E. May, representing the older members, were also of the party, and the younger members were assured that although in the past it had often seemed to newly elected members that the Scots Charitable Society was a close corporation, and the hauteur of the older members conveyed the impression, that they must not for years to come, desire active participation in the Society's affairs, or expect to join the Board of Government, that these days were gone for aye, and that the advice, council, and good works of the younger men were sincerely desired by those now in authority.

REV. PETER MACQUEEN F. R. G. S. of Boston and a member of the S. C. S., at present traveling in East Africa for an American Newspaper syndicate, has this to say in a recent issue of "The Congregationalist."

"The market place of Zanzibar recalls some of the saddest history in the world and one of the brightest triumphs of the Christian church. Here for four hundred years stood that symbol of man's brutal selfishness, the slave-block. It is estimated that more than eight million slaves were sold from this block in that time. In the church near by amid the sunshine and the singing of birds, the slave-block stands as the high altar of the church, founded here by David Livingstone.

A walk along the northern shore brought us to a big white Arab house looking out towards the dusky coasts of Africa. The Arab boys who carried my camera were Mohammedans and cared nothing about Christianity; yet they stood with reverence in front of the old white walls, took of their caps, and said in their native language, "*Bwana Ingreza mzuri sana mzungu pasha*"—"The great Englishman was a good master."

These boys had told me they would not change their religion for a million dollars.

Such men as David Livingstone can never die. Their memory can never be forgotten. They tell us that Livingstone hardly ever carried a weapon in Africa. So far as I know, he never killed a wild beast. A lion attacked him once, but God delivered him. He never slew a man. He never saw the whip on the beaten back of his fellowman without lifting his hands to the God of justice. And David Livingstone's name to all succeeding time will be as sweet as songs the reapers sing in harvest fields when they bring home the yellow sheaves. "If thou deal out thy bread to the hungry, if thou satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness shall be as the noonday." David Livingstone is the head and front of that great missionary band of men and women whom history and tradition have so often flouted and traduced, but who have always to the end walked undisturbed the solitary heights of duty, and of everlasting service to mankind."

The Lord Provost of Glasgow has recently appointed a committee to take steps regarding the proper celebration of the centenary of the birth of (the great Englishman), David Livingstone who was born at Blantyre near Glasgow in March, 1813.

JAMES HAYES a charter member of Clan MacKenzie No. 2, and a life member of the Caledonian Club died at his home in Jamaica Plain, Sunday, June 16th. He was the last surviving charter member of this old clan and a large delegation from the clan and the club attended the funeral services. Mr. Hayes was one of the alas! fast disappearing typical old Scotsmen, whom to know, was to respect and honor and admire. Hard-headed, stout-hearted, dogmatic occasionally, but not obstinate. The remains were at his express desire cremated at Forest Hills.

THE FIRST ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE of the Grand Clan, Order of Scottish Clans, was held at Faneuil Hall, Sunday afternoon, June 30th, with an attendance of several hundred.

Grand Chief Alexander MacKenzie presided. Addresses were made by Peter Kerr, royal secretary; Walter Ballantyne, counselor; the Rev. William MacNair of the Prospect Street Congregational Church, Cambridge and the Rev. James Todd of the South Boston Presbyterian Church.

The musical program was as follows: Solo, "Come Unto Me," by Miss Mary Ogilvie; trio, "Lead, Kindly Light" by Miss Ogilvie, James Singer and A. W. Browning; and a bagpipe selection, "The Land o' the Leal," given by David Ferrier in full Highland costume.

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN LETTER.

The Scottish St. Andrews Society held a smoker and social in the Banquet Hall of the Foresters' Temple, Thursday evening

June 6 in honor of Brother McBeth, who leaves shortly for Canada. Mr. McBeth was for a number of years president of this society and a very active worker. After the refreshments the following very interesting program was given. Brother Arthur D. Taylor as toastmaster:

Remarks, Hon. President Ure; Song, "Bonnie Mary of Argyle," Brother James McDonald; toast, "Our Society in the Past," Brother William Smith; song, "Be Kind to the Auld Folks," Brother McBeth; Original Poem, "Mac" Brother Andrew Reid; original song, Brother Robert Robertson; toast, Brother Duncan Adams; song, "The Anchor's Weighed," Brother James Smith; presentation speech, Brother John R. Smith. On behalf of the society Brother Smith presented Mr. McBeth with a sole leather suit case. Reply, Brother McBeth; song, "Highland Mary" Brother Robert Douglass; toast, "Hands Across the Border," Brother A. Robertson; song, Brother Joseph Dollochan; song, "Annie Laurie," Brother James McDonald; remarks—Brothers R. Duncan, James Duncan, A. Abbott, President McNabb, treasurer A. Liddle, secretary F. A. Anderson.

The older members were well represented and nearly all took advantage to wish "Mac" success in his new home across the border under the Union Jack. During the evening Brother Robert Robertson gave several bag pipe selections. We then joined hands around the festive board and sang our closing ode "Auld Lang Syne."

FRANK A. ANDERSON,
Secretary.

EASTERN OHIO LETTER.

ANOTHER BABY CLAN.

Clan MacLean, No. 214, O. S. C., was instituted at New Castle, Pa., by Special Royal Deputy Best, assisted by Royal Deputy James Thompson, of Pittsburg.

A delegation from Pittsburg clans, numbering about seventy-five, came with the Pittsburg Bagpipe Band in a special street car a distance of fifty miles.

Ten officers from Clan MacKenzie, Akron, O., including Chief Alexander Guthrie, Past Chief Charles F. Carson and Secretary Thomas C. Henderson came to participate.

The parade along the main streets headed by Past Chiefs Robert Mills and David Will, of Clan MacPherson, created much excitement among the citizens, who gathered for the event.

Delegations from Youngstown and Sharon fell in line on Washington street. A political speaker with an audience of five hundred was left all alone as the marchers passed the Square. Chief Andrew Wilson, of Clan McIntyre, Sharon, Pa., and several of his officers together with officers from Pittsburg clans initiated the candidates, numbering eighteen.

Royal Deputy Thompson installed the officers, who are as follows: Past Chief, C. F.



HUGH W. BEST.

McDowell; Chief, George R. B. Houston; Tanist, Robert B. Lowden; Chaplain, James Morgan; Secretary, John Kinnon; Treasurer David A. Paterson; Financial Secretary, Thomas Stewart; Sr. Henchman, Robert Duff; Jr. Henchman, John Speer; Sentinel, Charles A. Watson; Warder, David Morgan; Seneschal, James H. Cameron; Trustees, H. C. Anderson, Oscar L. Slack, M. H. Callender; Examiner, C. F. McDowell; Standard Bearer, L. F. Morrison.

The baby clan starts off with bright prospects for the future.

Royal Deputies Thompson and Lightbody made brief addresses relative to the O. S. C. Past Royal Deputy Alexander Blackhall made an address giving good advice to the New Clansmen. During the latter part of the evening an impromptu social hour followed.

**THISTLE READING CIRCLE OUTING,
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.**

The ladies of the Thistle Reading Circle, Youngstown, Ohio, held their tenth annual outing in Lincoln Park, Wednesday, June 19th, the husbands and the children being guests. They included: Mr. and Mrs. Erskine McDougall Maiden, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacPhee, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacPhee, Mr. and Mrs. William H. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Best, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Finnie, Sr., Mr. and

Mrs. George Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Black, Mrs. R. Unger, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker.

The president, Mrs. Angus MacPhee was presented with a beautiful pin as a token of appreciation for her services during the past year. The first meeting of the fall season will be held at the home of Mrs. Hugh W. Best, 113 Warren avenue.

The Caledonian Club, Greenville, Pa., expect to have a field meet this summer. The annual outing of the clans in the Pittsburg district will be held on Saturday, August 3rd, at Kennywood Park.

The change from Friday to Saturday, will no doubt insure greater attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Miller, of Youngstown, went to Cambridge, Mass., this month, to attend the Commencement exercises at Harvard College. Their son, Clansman Alexander W. Miller, is a member of Clan MacDonald, No. 39, and graduates with this year's class. They will spend some time in the east before returning home.

HUGH W. BEST.

CLAN MACDUFF, No. 81, NEW YORK.

While additions to the clan roll are not so large during the summer months as they are in fall and winter, still progress continues, and seldom a meeting passes but one or more candidates are initiated. On the 8th of June, we had one new member, and on the 22nd of June, the ranks were swelled by four more.

Much of the valuable time of the clan is taken up in debates upon subjects that merely require a proper knowledge of the constitution to decide, and members uninformed upon questions relating to their privileges in the order would do well to study those sections bearing upon the question at issue before entering their grievances, and thereby save both time and probable friction.

The method of holding an open meeting on the fourth Saturday of each month has grown into popular favor. The oratorical and musical talent that the committee has been able to secure, has been a delightful surprise to the members and their friends. On Saturday evening, June 22nd, the Battle of Bannockburn was fittingly celebrated. Past Chief James Kennedy delivered an eloquent and strong discourse on the great battle, and on introducing the subject, pleased the large audience with some snappy anecdotes at the expense of the English, who, he claimed, had been the cause of nearly all the troubles that had occurred between the Scots and English. He briefly explained the causes that led up to Bannockburn, and after tersely describing the terrible combat, so appalling disastrous to English pretensions, he closed with a glow-

ing eulogy of Scottish valor and love of liberty.

Mr. George Albert Fleming, the eminent baritone, sang at intervals, selections from the best of the war songs of Scotland; among which were Burns' "Gae bring tae me a pint o' wine," and "Scots Wha Wae," and Walter Scott's "Blue Bonnets O'er the Border" and others. Mr. Fleming was in excellent voice, and his rendition of the fine selections was received with great enthusiasm. To say that both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Fleming did their parts nobly is putting it mildly. They are a great team, and, like good wine, they improve with age.

In the enforced absence of our regular pianist, Miss Murray of Lady MacDuff Lodge, Daughters of Scotia, did the honors with great credit to herself, and added considerably to auld Scotia's soul-stirring melodies. Representatives from Clan MacKenzie, Clan MacDonald, Clan Graham, Clan MacInnie, Pittsfield, Mass., were present, many ladies being among the number. A delegation from the advising committee of the Scottish Home Rule Association was also present, and addresses favoring Home Rule for Scotland, were made by Miss M. A. Smith and Duncan MacInnes, of Clan MacDonald.

R. W. WATERSON, Secretary,

A GALA NIGHT WITH THE MACDONALDS, OF BROOKLYN.

Clan MacDonald, No. 33, continued the celebration of its silver anniversary by a social and package party Friday night, May 31st, at the Johnston Building. About five hundred clansmen, their wives, families and friends were present and a very delightful evening was spent. All present were the guests of the Past Chiefs' Committee, who had charge of the silver anniversary.

Pipe music during the evening was furnished by Messrs. Cooper and Dow; Highland dancing by James Hoey and Maxwell Ritchie, and songs were rendered by Miss Elizabeth Davidson, Miss Jean Sllimon, Mr. John Ritchie and Mr. William Ewing.

During the evening Mrs. Kerr, president of the Flora MacDonald Society, presented Chief Anderson with a check for one hundred dollars toward the clan's regular fund, also presented Past Chief Walter Scott with a check for one hundred dollars for the Clansmen's Permanent Fund, which was received with hearty applause by those assembled. Truly the Flora MacDonalds have been of great assistance to the clan.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, who was chairman of the meeting, presented a silver souvenir medal of the anniversary, bearing the coat-of-arms of the MacDonalds and hung on MacDonald ribbon, to each Past Chief as follows: Mr. Duncan MacInnes,

Mr. William Haldane, Mr. Fenwick W. Ritchie, Mr. William Davidson, Mr. Bryce Martin, Mr. William S. Mann, Mr. William McCree, Mr. John Ritchie, Mr. Peter Watt, Mr. Robert R. Lumsden and Mr. James F. Simon. Chief Alexander Anderson also received one of the medals.

The packages which were furnished by the committee and also by those who attended, were auctioned by Past Chief Scott, assisted by a number of clansmen, and much fun was derived therefrom, on account of the contents of the packages, and no matter what was paid for a package or what it contained it was received in the same spirit in which it was sold. There were many articles of all descriptions, from a baby's bottle to a suit of boys' clothes. One package contained a box of lemons. About \$150 was realized from the auction, which amount was added to the Clansmen's Permanent Fund.

During the evening Past Royal Chief Walter Scott presented Past Chief Duncan MacInnes with a silver loving cup, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to Past Chief Duncan MacInnes on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Clan MacDonald, No. 33, O. S. C., by Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, as a token of appreciation and esteem of his loyal friendship for a quarter of a century, his untiring and unceasing work for Clan MacDonald, and for originating and perfecting the Graded Assessment Plan, thereby placing on a basis of solidity the Order of Scottish Clans."

After ice cream and cake were served and the floor cleared, the grand march began, which was led by four of the original charter members, headed by Past Chief Scott and Miss Williamson, of Chicago.

It was nearly morning when Auld Lang Syne was sung.

CLAN MACDONALD.

The usual semi monthly meeting of Clan MacDonald, was held at the Johnstone Building, on June 15th, and the enthusiasm which has characterized their meetings since this year commenced was maintained. Three new members were added to the roll, and also several more propositions received, and it is expected that before long the membership will have exceeded 500. The meetings are being made as interesting as possible, so that the young clansmen will take an active interest in the work of the clan, and Chief Anderson and his hard working officers are at present devising new ideas in the way of amusement, so it is not to be wondered at that the moot room is well filled at every meeting.

R. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, Box 76, Farmington, Conn.

Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14.

Torrington, Conn., June 18, 1912.

Lady Stewart Lodge is still working steadily for the good of the Order. We have held two meetings since our last report. The communication in the May number from our Grand Secretary has been an inspiration to our own Lodge, and we trust it has been to others. Plans for our tenth anniversary are well under way, and a good time is expected. We held our memorial services, Sunday, June 2, and the largest delegation we have ever had, turned out. Owing to the hot weather we have discontinued the afternoon teas, which were so popular. They will be resumed in the fall.

ADA HAMILTON,
Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7.

Meriden, Conn., June 20, 1912.

On Tuesday evening of June the 18th, the Marjory Bruce Lodge, No. 7, D. of S., held a very interesting and enjoyable meeting.

During the course of the evening the Chief Daughter, Sister Young, presented Sister MacDonald with a handsome ivory toilet set, which, in a measure, showed our appreciation of the kind hospitality so often extended to us by Sister MacDonald. Her many friends will be delighted to hear that on June the twenty seventh, Sister MacDonald will leave Boston for a two months' visit in Scotland, and they too will join us in wishing her "Bon Voyage."

A very interesting Scotch reading was given by Sister Archie Fulton, after which we all enjoyed a dainty lunch of strawberry short cake and tea. As a tribute to our departing sister, we closed one of the most enjoyable meetings we have ever held by the singing of that well known Scottish ballad, "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?"

MRS. JENNIE FULTON,
Secretary.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO 19.

Kearny, N. J., June 18, 1912.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the regular meeting of Balmoral Lodge, on June 4th, the occasion being the official visit of our Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Henderson. We were pleased to have our Grand Past Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson; Grand Conductor, Sister Mitchell, and Grand Deputy Sister Barclay, also a large number of visiting sisters. Our Chief

Daughter Sister Laird extended to all a cordial welcome, and hoped they would spend a pleasant evening, which no doubt they did. On behalf of Balmoral Lodge Sister M. Kennedy presented to our Grand Chief Daughter and Grand Past Chief Daughter beautiful hand painted vases and to Grand Deputy Chief Daughter, a cut glass bonbon dish, after which remarks, songs and recitations were enjoyed. A dainty lunch was served, when "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with a feeling that the evening was well spent.

ELIZABETH G. YOUNG,
Secretary.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE.

Yonkers, N. Y., June 19, 1912.

Helen MacGregor Lodge have had three meetings since last report. Mrs. Magee Chief Daughter presiding. On May 21st the regular business was gone through, one member being initiated. A social time was enjoyed.

At the meeting on June 4th, one application was received and one member reinstated. The lodge is in a very healthy condition and the meetings are well attended. After the business the meeting was open. Mrs. A. L. Livermore, president of the Yonkers Suffrage Association addressed the meeting. She explained that since politics entered into home life to such an extent today, in the matter of public health and protection, women's interests are necessarily in politics. She cannot care properly for her home without an interest in politics. Mrs. Robinson, vice president, discussed the development of "women's rights."

It was decided to have a "clipping social" on June 18th (instead of the regular meeting). There was a good attendance. Refreshments were served and music was furnished by Prof. Tondra. The arrangement committee were, Miss Marion Denison, chairman; Mrs. Vanderwende, Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Stevenston, Mrs. Orr, Miss Tessie Gressick, Miss Joan Clark, Miss Tina Munro, Miss Bella Robertson.

SUSAN S. BRYCE,
98 Ash Street.

LADY McLEAN LODGE, NO. 34.

Passaic, N. J., June 12th, 1912.

Lady McLean Lodge have held several meetings since last report, and have also removed to a beautiful new hall. Our meet-

ing nights are changed from the first and third Thursdays to the first and third Fridays of the month. At our last meeting, June 7th, we are pleased to report a visit of our Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson and staff, who are Grand Past Chief Daughter Mrs. Christina Robinson, Grand Conductor, Mrs. Catherine Mitchell and our own Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Marjory Smith; we also had with us delegations from Flora McDonald Lodge, of Paterson; Bonnie Donn, of Newark; Balmoral, of Kearny; Argyle, of Harrison; Lady Hamilton Graham, of New York, and Lady MacKenzie, of New York. We initiated three new members and after the business session we had an address by our Grand Chief Daughter on the work of the order, and the good work that is being done by all the lodges of the D. O. S. We also had a few remarks from Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson; also Grand Conductor, Sister Mitchell, and Lady McLean's Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Marjory Smith; Chief Daughter, Sister Leadyke, of Flora McDonald; Sister Hayden, Chief Daughter, Sister Laird of Balmoral, Chief Daughter Sister Dunn, of Bonnie Doon and others. Songs were sung by Grand Conductor Sister Mitchell, Sister Harkness, Sister Fleming, Sister Grace Gibbons and others. Sister Riley of Flora McDonald, favored us with a recitation. Chief Daughter, Mrs. Susan Yosh in behalf of Lady McLean Lodge, presented Our Grand Chief Daughter with a cut class bouquet holder. She thanked the lodge in a few well chosen words. The refreshment committee served cream and cake, and a very pleasant and social time was spent by all present. Our amusement committee are planning an ice cream social in the near future.

MRS. RENIE M. HOWARD,
Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE,
NO. 26.

The ladies of Hamilton Graham Lodge held their first meeting for June on Wednesday, the 5th, with an overflow meeting and requests for extra chairs. We had four applications and three initiations. I remarked before that many would wish to emulate us. I reiterate. We were honored by the presence of Chief Daughter Robertson and Past Chief Daughter Wallace, of MacKenzie Lodge, New York. Both responded with neat witty speeches. The Brass Kettle Joke is worthy of repetition. We were sorry to miss the Grand Deputy, but know what a busy woman she is, so attribute the cause to her popularity. God has been most merciful; there have been no sick members on list. The time assigned for the good of the order was passed in songs and recitations.

Sisters MacCool and Taylor did well; compared w/ their singing Italian trills would be tame; Sister E. M. Davis recited.

The amusement committee reports every-

thing in fine shape for pic-nic on the 24th of August. I trust many of the sisters are training for the races for that day. "Dinna Forget." The prizes are a revelation. Ice cream and cake came as a welcome change, and one and all seemed at peace with the world. (I'd rather have the Caledonian); poor joke, but I'm English. So wi' a guid hand shake we partied, Deo Volente to meet again June 19th.

Yours fraternally,
EMELIE M. DAVIS,

By request:

D. O. S., 26.

Dare to be true and loyal,
Only for right maintain;
Search life's paths
For all that is good.
Our's in the end the gain,
Give your hand to a sister
Of joy and sorrow be one;
O'er life's rugged paths go hand in hand
Till the sands of life be run.

E.M.D.

A WEE BIT O' HEATHER.

Its only a wee bit heather,
But it brings back thochts tae me
Of scenes of home and loved ones,
Far, far ayont the sea,
Though in distant lands I wander,
Frae auld Scotland's dells sae free,
Tis this bonnie bit o' heather
That wakes memories dear o' thee.
Heather bells, Oh, waft your sweetness,
O'er the mighty main tae me.
Fill my longing eyes with gladness
Ever are my dreams o' thee.
When the gloaming turns to darkness,
And I thy beauty may not see,
Wee bit heather
Bear your sweetness
Through the vale of peace for me.

"To my dear friend, Effie Garden."

By Emelie M. Davis.

HEATHERHILL LODGE, D. O. S., HOMESTEAD, PA.

Heatherhill Lodge, D. O. S., Homestead, Pa., had a fine open meeting on Wednesday evening June 12th, at which members of Clan MacKenzie and friends were present. The evening was pleasantly spent in games. Songs were sung by Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Rowe and the Irish song "Mush Mush!" by Mr. Ian Forbes, was very much enjoyed.

A cup o' tea and light lunch was served, after which, Grand Deputy P. C. D. Mrs. Nellie A. C. Forbes welcomed the Clansmen and friends. She explained the objects of the Order, giving a brief history of Heatherhill Lodge.

Two applications for membership were received and the meeting closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

LOUISE CAMPBELL.

Torrington, Conn., June 20, 1912.

The members of Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, and a number of friends, gave a surprise party to one of their members, Mrs. Mary Miller, Tuesday, June 18, as the occasion of her birthday (she wadna tell her age). The Chief Daughter Mrs. Calder, in a neat little speech, presented Sister Miller with a pretty gold pin with a topaz setting. The other friends gave her a silk umbrella. She was so taken back she would not speak (something unusual I assure you), so someone suggested she would 'greet', which she did, just to oblige them.

Refreshments of tea, scones, fruit cake, currant buns and Scotch pancakes w/ marmalade (made by a body frae Elderalie), and other things too numerous to mention were made and served by the members. Songs and duets were sung by Sisters Agnes Currie, May Campbell, May Miller, Jeanie Miller, and Mrs. William Walker and Miss Madge Murray, whom we hope to see members of Lady Stewart in the near future.

Jamie Miller, a poor lone clansman among all these Scotch thistles, gave a selection on the cornet. After a very happy evening all joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne, and departed wishing sister Miller many happy returns of the day.

"ONE OF THE CROWD."

LADY MACKENZIE LODGE, NO. 31, NEW YORK CITY.

June 20, 1912.

Since our last report we have had our Shirtwaist and Leap Year Social, which was a decided success, and four regular meetings in our new hall, with which everyone seems to be pleased.

On May 6th, we had present with us the Grand Treasurer, Sister Duffes and the Chief Daughter, Past Chief Daughter and Sub Chief Daughter of Braemar Lodge. We received three applications and initiated three into membership.

On May 20th, we had present with us Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson, the Grand Conductor, Sister Mitchell and Worthy Deputy Sister Laing, all of whose remarks were enthusiastically received and much appreciated. There were three initiations.

On June 3rd, we had Grand Chief Daughter Sister Henderson; Grand Treasurer, Sister Duffes, our Worthy Deputy Sister Laing and the Chief Daughter of Helen MacGregor Lodge. We were very happy and honored to have the Grand Chief Daughter with us and to hear her report of the splendid condition of the affairs of the D. O. S. Our Deputy, Sister Laing presented in the name of L. M. L. No. 31, D. O. S., to the Grand Chief Daughter, a silver belt buckle as a remembrance of her first visit with us, and we sincerely hope it will not be her last, whether officially or socially. Worthy Deputy Laing rendered her remarks in her

usual interesting and witty way which makes them always so enjoyable and entertaining. Sister Duffes was very quiet and averse to making any remarks, but was prevailed upon for a few words.

There were two applications received. After the meeting was adjourned we had refreshments and a general social time.

On June 17th, we had a pretty fair attendance considering the weather and initiated three into membership. We are anticipating quite a large attendance at our Annual Outing to Rockaway, on August 3rd.

ISABEL MASSON.

Secretary.

ARGYLE LODGE NO 25.

June 19, 1912.

The last two meetings of Argyle Lodge very encouraging to all. We held our Shirt Waist Social on May 28th and favorable reports were given by Sister Smith, chairlady of committee.

At our last meeting on June 11th, we initiated five new members and received an application for another one. It looks as if Argyle Lodge is going to have a good report at the convention. We were favored with the presence of Past Grand Chief Daughter Sister C. Robinson, also Grand Conductor Sister C. Mitchell and Chief Daughter Sister Dunn, of Bonnie Doon Lodge, and a delegation. A very enjoyable evening was spent. A few remarks were given by Sister Robinson and Sister Dunn. Sister Mitchell gave us a song which was very much enjoyed.

We held our Memorial Services on Sunday June 16th. There was a large turnout of sisters from Balmoral Lodge and Argyle and a delegation from Clan Campbell. We all enjoyed the lesson given by Rev. Mr. Dawson of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Kearny.

MAGGIE ANDERSON,

Secretary.

NOTICE.

It is requested that all reports of Scottish societies and Daughters of Scotia for the September "Caledonian," be in the hands of the editor from August 10th to 18th. Any contributions received after that time will be too late for the September number.

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SCOTTISH FAMILY MOTTOES.

BY A. L. MOIR.

MAC ADAM.

"Steady."

MAC ALISTER.

"Fortiter."

Boldly

"Per mare per terras," By sea and land.

MAC ALPIN—MC ALPIN.

"Culmhnick bas Alpin."

Remember the death of Alpin.

MAC AULAY.

"Dulce periculum."

Danger is sweet.

MAC ARTHUR.

"Fide et opera."

By fidelity and labor

MAC BEAN—MAC BAIN.

"Toujours fidele." Always faithful.

"Vires in arduis." Strength in difficulties.

MAC BETH.

"Conjuncta virtuti fortuna."

Fortune is joined to bravery.

MAC CAUSLAND.

"Audaces juvo."

I favor the brave.

MAC CONACHIE.

"Arde choille."

The woody hill

"Defend and spare not."

"His nitimur et nitimur."

We rely on and are strengthened by these things.

MAC CLELLAN—MAC LELLAN.

"Sapit qui reputat."

He who considers is wise.

"Superba frango." I humble the proud.

MAC CORMACK.

"Sine timore."

Without fear.

MAC CREA—MAC REA.

"Delectat et ornat."

It delights and adorns.

"Fortitudine."

With fortitude.

MAC CRUMMIN.

"Permitte coetera divis."

Leave the rest to the care of the gods.

"Cogadh na sith." Peace or war.

MAC DONALD, MAC DONNELL,

DONALDSON.

"Caelestia sequor." I follow heavenly things.

"Craggan an fhithich."

The rock of the raven.

"Cuidich an righ."

Assist the king.

"Cuislean mo chridhe."

The pulsation of my heart.

"Dh' amdheoin co theireadh e."

In spite of whom would gainsay.

"I beir the bel."

"My hope is constant in thee."

"Nec tempore, nec fato."

Neither by time nor fate.

"Nulli inimicus ero."

I will be an enemy to none.

"Per mare, per terras." By sea and land.

"Promptus." Ready.

"Pro rege in tyrannos."

For the king against tyrants.

"Prudenter vigilo."

I watch prudently.

"Sure."

"Victoria vel mors." Victory or death.

MAC DOUGALL.

"Fear God."

"Vincere vel mori." To conquer or die.

"Virtutis laus actio."

Deeds are the praise of virtue.

MAC DOWALL.

"Fear God."

"Pro Dea, rege et patria."

For our God, our king, our country.

"Pro rege in tyrannos."

For the king against tyrants.

"Victoria vel mors." Victory or death.

"Vincere vel mori." To conquer or die.

"Virtus in caducis." Virtue in adversity.

MAC DUFF.

"Deus juvat."

God assists.

MAC EWAN.

"Reviresco."

I grow green.

MAC FARLANE.

"Laboranti numen adest."

God is with him that endeavors.

MAC GILVRAY.

"Touch not the cat without a glove."

MAC GREGOR.

"Arde choille."

The woody hill

Eadhow dean agus na caomhalm."

Even do and spare not.

"E'en do and spare not."

"E'en do bait spair nocht."

"Firrinneach gus a chrìch."

Faithful to the last

"In libertate sociorum defendenda."

In defending the liberty of allies.

"Spare not."

MAC GUFFIE.

"Arma parate fero."

I carry arms in readiness.

MAC INTOSH.

"Prenez garde."

Be on your guard.

"Touch not the cat, but with a glove."

MAC INTYRE.

"Per ardua."

Through difficulties.

"Troimh chruadal." Through hardships.

MAC KEAN.

"J'ai bonne esperance." I have good hope.

MAC KENZIE.

"Always faithful."

"Amore vici."

I conquered by love.

"Amore vinci."

Vincible by love.

"Cuidich an righ."

Assist the king.

"Ferendum et sperandum."

Enduring and hoping.

"Fide parta, fide aucta."

By faith obtained by faith increased.

"Fides unit."

Faith unites.

"Firma et ardua." Bold and dangerous.

"Lucco non uro." I shine, but not burn.

"Pulchrior ex arduis."

More illustrious under difficulties.

"Recta ad ardua." Act rightly in difficulties.

"Sine labe nota." Known without dishonor.

"Virtute et amore." By virtue and love.

"Virtute et valore." By virtue and valor.

MAC KINLEY.

"Not too much."

MAC KINNON.

"Audentis fortuna juvat."

Fortune assists the daring.

MAC KIE—MAC KAY.

"Labora."

Endeavor.

"Manu forti."

With a strong hand.

MAC KNIGHT.

"Fac et spera." Do and hope.

"Omnia fortunae committo." I commit all things to fortune.

MAC LEAN.

"Altera merces." Another reward.

"Virtue, mine honor."

MAC LAREN.

"Forward."

"Frango." I break.

"Pille mise gu muler." I will return to sea.

MAC LEOD.

"Hic murus aheneus." This is the brazen wall.

"I burn well, I see."
"Loisgim agus soilleirghim."

I burn and shine.

"Luceo non wro." I shine, but not burn.

"Quocunque jaceris stabit." Wherever it is thrown, it shall stand.

STAMFORD, CONN.

Stamford, Conn., celebrated Independence Day, July 4th, by a splendid parade in which societies, churches and business firms took part. The Scottish section of the procession was the most attractive of all. President John Brown, of the Scottish Society, led, followed by the members, some in Highland costume. The Yonkers Pipe Band played tunes. Chief Taylor, of the Caledonian Club, New York, and Captain William Reid, of the Highland Guard, made a great hit. After the parade a reception and luncheon was given to the Scottish Guard in the Royal Arcanum Hall, by the Ladies' Auxilliary. A pleasant time was spent in speeches and songs.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

At Port Chester, N. Y., on the Fourth of July, a monument surmounted by a ten-inch shell, recovered from the wreck of the Battleship Maine, was unveiled in honor of Newell Rising, a townsman who lost his life when the ill-fated warship was blown up in Havana Harbor in 1898. There was a parade of 3,000 men, consisting of military and fraternal organizations, in which Clan Gordon, headed by the New York Scottish Highlanders' Band, took part. The "Kilties" took the town, being applauded all along the line. Newell Rising's mother, Mrs. Jemima Rising, was born in Linlithgow, Scotland. She pulled the ribbon that unveiled the monument to her son. The "Kiltie" Band occupied a prominent place, and as a tribute to the dead sailor played a dirge during the services.

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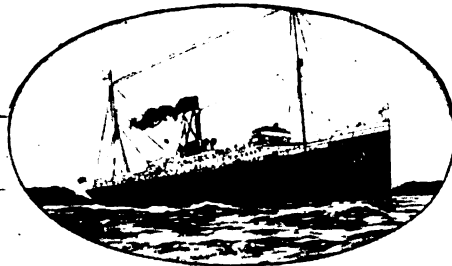
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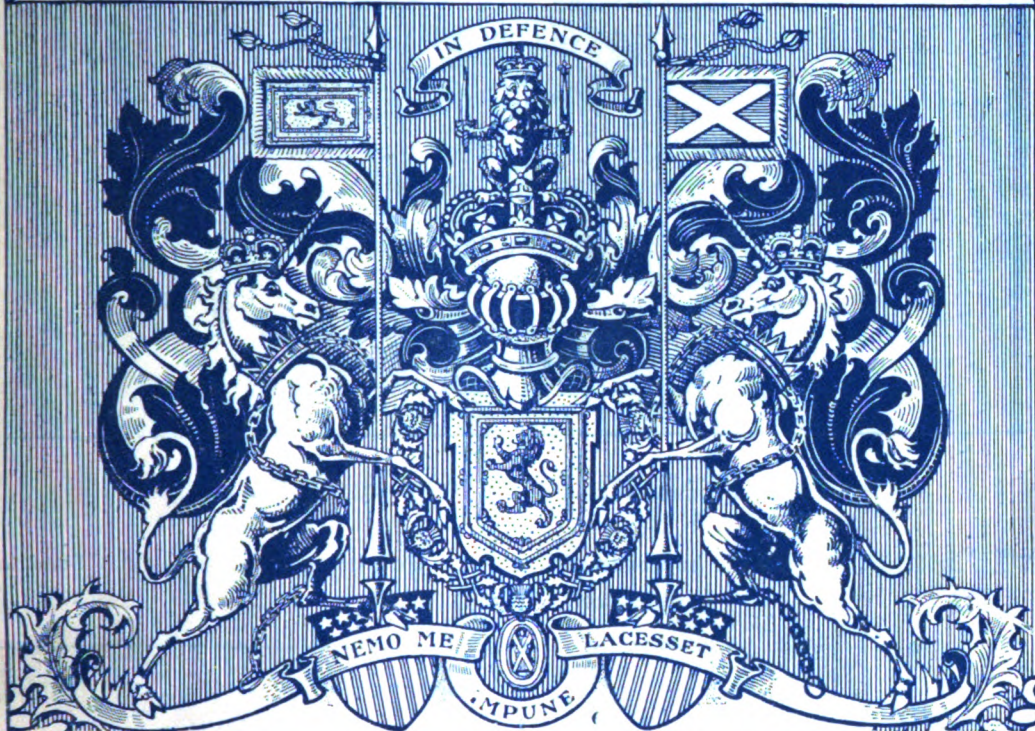
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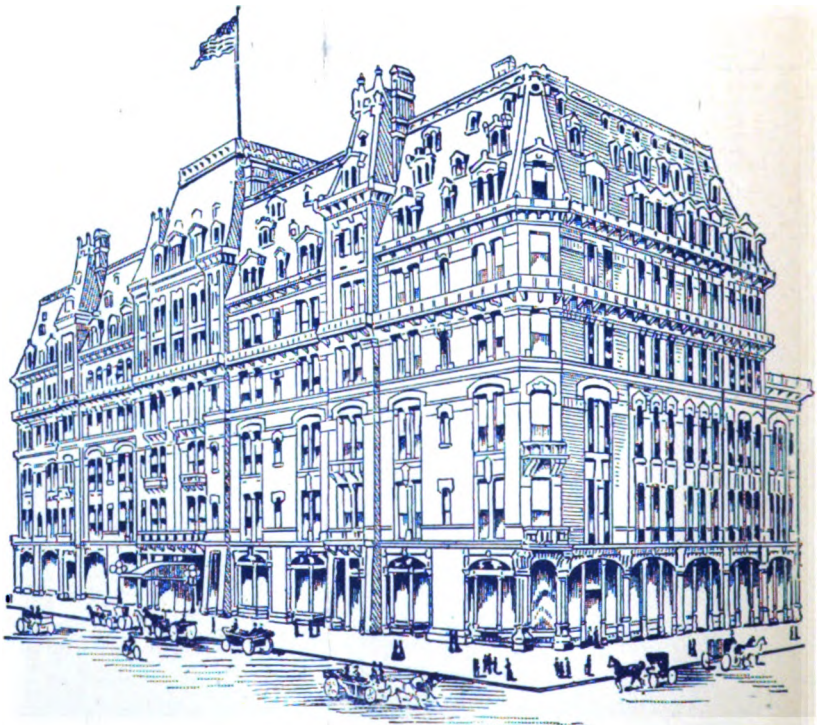
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By a recent Supreme Court decision the Trustees of Sailors' Snug Harbor, New York, are authorized to sell some of their large property in that city. This result was largely obtained through the efforts of Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, who was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Snug Harbor.

As the Presidential campaign progresses it is becoming daily more certain that the contest for the chief political office in the United States is to be fought largely between Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. President Taft is generally regarded as being practically eliminated as a possible success.

CANADIAN.

The population of Winnipeg is increasing at so rapid a rate, that it promises ere long to reach 500,000. Over \$13,000,000 are being invested this year in new buildings there.

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It is stated on good authority that the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince Albert will pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, at Ottawa, next summer.

The last fiscal report issued by the Government shows a marked increase in the revenue, a fortunate state of affairs marking such reports for many years past.

During the three months ending June 30th, 175,341 immigrants arrived in Canada, of which number about 121,000 arrived at ocean ports, the rest coming from the United States.

The Duke of Sutherland, accompanied by his wife and his son and daughter, are in the northwest, where the Duke owns extensive sections of farm land. He intends to have the land occupied by Scottish farmers, preferably.

The Patricia, the Royal Yacht Club of

Toronto's sloop, won the International Challenge Cup in the final race of the series, against the boat representing the Chicago Yacht Club.

BRITISH.

The foundation stone of a memorial tower to be erected on the spot, to which the Mayflower was moored, before starting for America, 300 years ago, was laid at Southampton, August 15. The event marked the second annual celebration of Pilgrims' Day.

Dr. Duncan MacKenzie, who went to Palestine in behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has reported discoveries of historical importance in the ruins of Bathhemish, one of the principal cities of the Phillistines.

Captain William Dumbreck, who fought at the battle of Trafalgar and at Carunaa, died recently, at Glasgow. He attended the funeral of Sir. John Moore.

A monument is to be erected in honor of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in his native city of Dunfermline, the expense to be borne by the residents of the city. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Carnegie well merits this mark of public recognition on the part of the people of Dunfermline.

Louis Botha, former Commander-in-Chief of the Boer army, and now Premier and Minister of Agriculture of the Union of South Africa, was appointed by King George, on August 14th, an honorary general of the British Army. That such an honor and a dominant share in regulating the affairs of the South African Union should be permitted to a recent foe could only happen under British rule.

The Canadian Premier, the Hon. Robert D. Borden, had the freedom of the City of Glasgow, conferred on him by Lord Provost Stevenson, August 16. In his speech on the occasion, Mr. Borden said that the responsibilities now assumed by the Imperial Parliament must be shared by the great overseas dominions.

Mrs. Drew, who died, aged 101, at Helensburg, Scotland, on August 15, lived in the reign of six British monarchs. She remembered talking to Sir Walter Scott when she was eighteen years old.

The British Association meets this year at Dundee, and the opening meeting will be held on September 4. Prof. Schafer, of Edinburgh, in his Presidential address before the association, will have as his subject the question of the origin of life. Important results are expected by men of science to follow the discussion of this and other profound topics.

Duart Castle, the ancient stronghold of

the Macleans in the island of Mull, is to be completely restored. Sir Donald Fitzroy Maclean, Bart, unfolded his banner on the old castle on August 24. After being in the possession of others, the place finally became the property of Sir Donald, the chief of Clan Maclean. A general gathering of members of the clan was held there.

The Master of Ellbank has been appointed Governor General of the South African Union, and has in consequence resigned as member of Parliament for Midlothian.

THE DEATH OF DR. HENDERSON.

The recent death of Dr. George Henderson, the eminent Gaelic scholar, at Rutherglen, in the forty-seventh year of his age, was greatly regretted by a wide circle of friends, especially by those to whom the language of their race was dear. Dr. Henderson was born in Aird, Inverness-shire. Graduated M. A., in Edinburgh University he won many honors and scholarships elsewhere. In 1906 he was appointed to the lectureship of the Celtic language in Glasgow University. He wrote Gaelic books and was one of the most noted scholars in that language in Scotland.

THE DEATH OF ANDREW LANG.

The recent death of Andrew Lang, the noted Scottish author, has been very generally regretted, perhaps as much in other countries as in that which gave him birth. He was one of the most versatile and popular writers of his time, and subjects entirely dissimilar were favored by him, and in all his peculiar talent was equally displayed. His literary activities extended to a period of nearly forty years, and continued without interruption until a few days preceding his death. Possessed of an assured income the deceased author had none of those pecuniary difficulties to contend with, which harass so many others in the efforts to attain success in literary pursuits.

Mr. Andrew Lang was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1843, and his death occurred at Banchory, Deeside on July 20.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

It is with pleasure that we announce that Mr. Allan MacDougall, New Zealand Rhodes scholar for 1909, has been awarded first class honors in English and literature by the Oxford University, at his final examination in July, 1912. Owing to his achievements and high standing at Oxford, two lectureships in research work have been offered him. Mr.

MacDougall was born at Horisary, Lochmaddy, Scotland, and is a nephew of the Rev. Donald MacDougall, editor of "The Caledonian." He went to Wellington, N. Z., at the age of eleven, fifteen years ago, with his late uncle, Alexander MacDougall. The boy then could speak Gaelic better than English. A private tutor was engaged to fit him to enter the Terrace School, and from thence he pass-

ed to Wellington College, and completing his studies at Victoria College. He was considered by his New Zealand professors as the best scholar that ever graduated from the Victoria College. By examination, he won the Rhodes scholarship three years ago, and has been since studying at Oxford.

COUNCILLOR FRANK I. COHEN.

"The Caledonian" had a pleasant call last week from Councillor Frank I. Cohen, who has been a member of the Town Council of the City of Glasgow for the last fourteen years, having been elected by the largest majority given to any candidate, and now holds the position of a master of works, his appointment being made by the City Council. He has been induced to prolong his stay in New York by warm friends, and has now under consideration the project of starting business in New York, and undoubtedly would be a valuable acquisition to the business community. Mr. Cohen has made a large circle of friends in this city, and has been the recipient of several loving cups.

ROOSEVELT'S SINCERITY AND HONESTY

The fundamental trait in Theodore Roosevelt's character is an earnest sincerity; he had this in his youth, and has it to-day. Despite accusations of political rivals, the fact remains, as a child, and as a youth in college, eager in his acquisition of facts, absorbed in his studies of geology and zoology, he manifested the same love of reality which, later in life, crystallized in his demand for a "square deal."

The first time I saw him was in the transcript of Memorial Hall, at Harvard, where he was holding his own, in a group of four, in the discussion of some question of athletics. Little did he himself look the athlete—pallid, near-sighted, thin-chested, spindle-legged; but, as we early found out, on the football field and in the sparring bouts, his frail body held an iron will. Game he was, to his last ounce of strength; a true sportsman all ways; and when W—, in the sparring contest, struck him after "time" had been called, and the crowd howled in protest at the "foul" blow, Roosevelt, with nose bleeding, shouted to the referee: "Don't rule him out! He didn't hear you. He couldn't have; he's all right." Then the anger of the crowd turned to admiration, and cheers went up for "Teddy Roosevelt."

His devotion to truth—as also his disregard of scholarship marks—was evident to classmates many a time, as they met and frolicked in some student's room, Roosevelt sitting oblivious through it all, absorbed in some line of reading, perhaps quite outside the prescribed courses of study.—Review of Reviews for September.

Flora MacDonald in North Carolina.

Flora MacDonald, whose name is ever fresh and revered in the minds of her countrymen, was only twenty-four years old and almost unknown except among a circle of friends when the wave of fame carried her on its bosom high up as a woman of sterling character and undaunted courage. This was owing to her daring adventure, when she stepped forward and undertook to save Prince Charles Edward Stuart from falling into the hands of his enemies. For this heroic work she has been justly considered one of the most patriotic women of her generation. This event took place between June 26th and 30th, 1746, in South Uist and Skye. But Flora's noble enterprise at the age of twenty-four went into history; yet Flora MacDonald as a leader and commanding figure at the age of fifty-four in North Carolina, shows greater power and personality, than when she saved the Prince who brought trouble and death upon thousands of her countrymen.



FLORA MACDONALD.

Her grand-daughter, Mrs. Wild, and Alexander MacGregor have written her life, and the press also has given many biographical sketches of her, but they only touched upon her career in America. But two years ago, Flora MacDonald's life in the United States was brought to light by Prof. John MacLean of Ohio, a distant relative to whom admirers of the heroine owe much. A review of it appeared in "The Caledonian."

In order to understand the character of this remarkable woman, we will take a bird's eye view of her life in both Scotland and America.

Flora was the daughter of Ranald MacDonald of Milton, South Uist, and of Marion MacDonald, a daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Angus MacDonald, and was born at Milton in 1722; she was the only daughter, but had two brothers. Her father died when she was six years old, and soon after her mother married Captain Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, Skye; Flora stayed with her brother at Milton. She was known as an intelligent and vivacious girl, and was educated at the family seat

at Ormeclate for three years and afterwards studied at Edinburgh. Owing to her mother's residence in Skye, and her frequent visits to that island, she became an intimate friend of Sir Alexander MacDonald, Lord of the Isles, and his wife, Lady Margaret MacDonald.

After the defeat of the Prince and his Highland army at Culloden on April 16th, 1746, he had been chased through the Highlands by the government with a reward of \$150,000 for his apprehension, and it is ever to the honor of the poor Highlanders who knew of his whereabouts that they would not betray him nor take the reward. His arrival in the Long Island created great excitement. The government took every precaution to cut off his escape to France; warships were guarding the Minch to prevent any strange ship carrying him to the continent, while the islands were swarming with redcoats. Charles was expecting a warship from France to come for him, with the hope of raising an army there to

try once more for the crown of his ancestors.

It was at this time that Flora MacDonald was visiting the MacDonalds at Ormeclate for a few weeks after her return from Edinburgh. Old Clanranald sided with the government, but the MacDonalds of Ormeclate were in sympathy with the Prince. The latter was a few miles away, hiding in caves and huts, and cared for by shepherds and fishermen. His wretched condition, exposed to cold and hunger, was rehearsed to Flora and her sympathy was aroused. After due consultation with others, she formed her plans to save him from the redcoats by escorting him to Skye, and from thence he could escape to the continent. Her training and acquaintance fitted her for the task. On her return from Milton, after informing her brother of her plans, she was arrested and kept for a night as a prisoner, but was released next morning by her step-father, Captain Hugh MacDonald, who gave her a passport to Armadale, allowing her to take with her her servant, Neil MacDonald, a lad of sixteen, her Irish spinning-maid, Betty Burke, and a crew of six men. On June 26th, Flora was escorted to the cave where the Prince was hiding. She told him that she was willing to undertake the task of saving him from his enemies by escorting him to Skye, if he would be willing to be dressed as her Irish spinning maid, Betty Burke; to this he consented. On June 27th a boat with six oarsmen was waiting on the shore of Loch Iornernth, a distance of two miles from Ormeclate; Flora and Lady MacDonald walked along the shore, where, according to appointment, the Prince, dressed as Betty Burke, and her servant, Neil met her, and within an hour Flora and her company embarked on their dangerous voyage across the Minch to Skye, a distance of thirty miles. The whole channel was guarded by warships, but somehow the little boat managed to escape their notice.

On the way across the boat encountered a thunder-storm, which threatened to sink the craft. At dawn, on June 28th, they reached Vaternish, but were prohibited from landing by MacLeod's men, who riddled the sails with bullets, but owing to the expert seamen, they were able to pull

the boat out beyond the reach of the showers of bullets, and proceeded around Dunvegan point until they reached, on the 29th, Kilbride, within a short distance of Monkstadt, the seat of Sir Alexander MacDonald, the Lord of the Isles. Flora being a familiar friend of Lady MacDonald, she and the servant, Neil, went to Monkstadt, while the prince was conducted to a cave near their landing place. Flora informed Lady MacDonald of the secret which greatly alarmed her as there were a number of soldiers in the drawing room, among them Captain John MacLeod in command of a company of Militia. On learning that they had come from Uist, his suspicions were aroused, but though he examined the boat, he failed to find Betty Burke. Notwithstanding his misconduct and questions to Flora, her deportment and fascinating manner throughout the ordeal, won the esteem of the officer, and she had the honor of being escorted by him to dinner. Lady MacDonald advised that the prince should at once be removed to the house of Kingsburgh, the factor of Lord MacDonald some miles away; this was instantly carried out at the time Flora was conversing with her hostess and the soldiers at the table. Within an hour, Flora arose from the table and intimated that she must hasten to Armadale to her mother who was ill. Lady MacDonald felt concerned, and reluctantly allowed her young guest to leave. Part of the way Flora and her servant Neil were accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald of Kirkibost and two servants, all five riding on horseback. Flora requested the party to ride faster in order that they should not see the route of the Prince. One of the servants said that he looked like a man dressed in woman's clothes. After several hours riding through the rain, Kingsburgh, Flora and the Prince arrived safely at Kingsburgh's residence late at night. Next morning the three, the Prince, Flora and Kingsburgh journeyed on foot to Portree, a distance of fifteen miles; about the middle of the way, the Prince with Kingsburgh went into a secluded place, where the Prince changed his female dress for a suit of a Highland gillie, after which Kingsburgh returned home. The Prince and a herd boy proceeded to Portree, Flora taking a different route for the same place. At Portree the Prince bade fare-

well to Flora, saying, "For all that has occurred, I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James yet." He never communicated with her afterwards, nor recognized the obligation due her, though he lived for forty-two years after parting at Portree.

Flora, after leaving the Prince, spent a few days with her mother at Armadale, and then went back to her brother's home at Milton. On the return of the boat to Uist, the crew was arrested, examined and the facts became known. Flora was summoned to return to Skye to give an account of her conduct to MacLeod of Talisker. Her friends urged her to ignore the summons and hide herself in the mountains, but she declined, declaring that she had done nothing of which she was ashamed, and was ready to appear before any government official, and answer any charges that might be instituted. Unprotected and alone, she responded to the summons of Captain MacLeod, who permitted her to visit her mother at Armadale, but on the way she was arrested by a party of soldiers, and conveyed a prisoner on board the *Furnace*, where she remained twenty-two days. After this she was confined for ten days at Dunstaffnage Castle, where she was treated with kindness by the Governor and his family. From the castle she was taken on board the *Bridgewater*, which conveyed her to Leith, and from Leith she was taken to London. Flora by this time had become famous, and was regarded as a heroine, and treated with the utmost courtesy. After a short confinement in the London tower, the government feeling that the British people sympathized with the fair prisoner, knew that it would be unwise to commit her to the common gaol, and therefore turned her over to the custody of friends, who became responsible for her appearance when demanded. For a year Flora remained a prisoner; on the passage of the Indemnity Act in 1747, she was set at liberty. On receiving her freedom, she became a guest of honor of Lady Primrose and was there visited by the most respected people. A purse of £1500 was presented to her as well as dresses and many other gifts of great value.

Before leaving London she succeeded in gaining the liberty of Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who had been for a

year a prisoner in Edinburgh for giving a night's lodging to Prince Charlie. Finally Flora with Neil MacDonald, in a coach and four started for Edinburgh, and from "Auld Reekie" she went to Inverness, and thence on horseback she journeyed to her mother at Armadale. After resting for several weeks with her mother, many friends were visited, and Sir Alexander MacDonald and Lady Margaret rejoiced to see her. She visited Kingsburgh and many other familiar places, and received a royal welcome from all.

Between Flora and Allen MacDonald, the son of Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh there had been a fond attachment from youth; it was arranged by Lady Margaret that they should marry, and on November 6th, 1750, the loving couple were united at Flodigarry, the festivities lasting a week. Flodigarry was known as one of the most romantic spots in Skye, and at this place they remained until the death of Kingsburgh (Alexander MacDonald), when they removed to the old homestead. But the father had sustained heavy losses in consequence of the part he had taken in the Prince's cause; he was imprisoned and his property confiscated. Allen as the representative of his father became involved in serious financial difficulties. He was highly respected and known as one of the most handsome and powerful members of the MacDonald family. Boswell and Dr. Samuel Johnson visited Kingsburgh, being attracted by the fame of Flora, and spoke in high terms of the host and hostess. Dr. Johnson said: "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. MacDonald and his lady, Flora MacDonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners and elegant presence." Boswell states of Allen of Kingsburgh that he "was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks, which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character."

Bishop Forbes described Flora as having "a sweet voice, she sings well, and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than she. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her forti-

tude and good sense are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

The MacDonalds' financial losses led them to think of coming to America, and Flora was willing to sacrifice everything for her husband's comfort, and to follow him wherever he could better himself. North Carolina had been for a long time a tempting field to Scotchmen, and soon after the rising of 1715, many shiploads of Highland settlers founded their homes at Cape Fear, and after the Battle of Culloden in 1746, a great immigration was led by MacNeil of Jura, the people having been driven from their homes by oppression. These immigrants were of the best type, strong, enterprising and deeply religious. Previous to this in 1739, Neil had brought from Argyllshire, three hundred and fifty, and settled them near Cape Fear; others came to North Carolina, and settled on Cross Creek. There was a North Carolina mania for emigration which pervaded all classes. It is stated that as many as fifty-four vessels full of emigrants from the Western Highlands sailed for North Carolina between April and July in 1770. In 1771 five hundred from Islay and adjoining isles sailed for America. In 1772 the great MacDonald emigration commenced and continued until the outbreak of the American Revolution. At this time the MacDonalds outnumbered any of the other clans in North America. A person passing through North Carolina inhabited by the Scotch Highlanders would meet with many a warrior who had fought at Preston, Falkirk and Culloden.

The MacDonald emigration swept Allen and Flora MacDonald into its current. In making their domestic arrangements, a son and daughter were left with friends, the other children accompanied their parents. They sailed on board the ship "Baliol" from Campbellton, Kintyre, for North Carolina in August, 1774, and after a favorable voyage landed at Wilmington. Flora's fame was as great among her kindred in this country as in Scotland, and a royal welcome was given to her; a large ball was held in her honor at Wilmington. Soon after landing, the family proceeded to Cross Creek, the capital of the Highland settlement, and as they approached the

Highlanders came out in great numbers, and with the sound of the pibroch, escorted the heroine into the town. The laird of Kingsburgh had decided to become a planter, and going further into the country, bought land, and settled on the estate which he called Killiegrey. Here the family established itself, and Flora felt assured that she and her family could spend their remaining days in peace and happiness. She and her husband were the most commanding figures among all their people, and their influence was everywhere felt and acknowledged. They worshipped in the old kirk with their clansmen, having as their minister Rev. John MacLeod, and Flora was an earnest member.

THE RISING OF THE HIGHLANDERS IN 1776.

But Flora was scarcely settled in her new home when the storm of the American Revolution burst in all its fury, and the MacDonald family did not long remain neutral.

On the breaking out of hostilities, the Scotch Highlanders became an object of consideration to the contending parties; they were strong in number and their warlike spirit was known to all. British messengers were sent among them to enlist their sympathy; though it was known that they were strongly inclined to the royal cause, yet they did all in their power to secure their goodwill, even appealing to their religious natures.

On the other side the Highlanders were visited by American patriots, among them General Lachlan MacIntosh of the Georgia Highlanders, who was born at Badenoch, Scotland in 1725, but had been in America since the age of eleven. He used every argument in his power to induce his countrymen to remain neutral in the impending conflict, as the wisest course for them. While the agents of the British government appealed to their love of their native land, and reminded them of the oath of allegiance taken by their fathers and brothers after the battle of Culloden, General MacIntosh reminded them that they had no attachment to the reigning House of Hanover, that they had come to another country to better their condition, and advised them to remain quietly at home, and he would guarantee them safety and peace. Though his appeal seemed to have won

them over, yet some of the young men of Clan MacDonald and Clan MacLean, assisted by Kingsburgh and others, overturned the good that had been accomplished.

Located at Cape Fear among the Highlanders, were wise, patriotic and public-spirited men, who were determined to resist all encroachments, and they became active in impressing upon their neighbors the duty of maintaining their liberties and resisting the oppression of the British government.

The King's governor went so far as to enroll the North Carolina settlers into active British service; money, positions of trust, land, as well as other inducements were promised to those who would rally to the British flag.—Editor.

(To be continued.)

MR. ARCHIBALD MURRAY RICHMOND.

Mr. Archibald Murray Richmond, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of East Orange, N. J., died on July 2d, in his ninetyeth year, at the home of his son, Rev. Dr. George L. Richmond, Boonton, N. J. Conscious that the time of departure was near, a few weeks previously, he went to Boonton to spend his last days in happiness with his children and grandchildren, and when the end came, he passed away in peace, trusting in the Lord. The day before he died, he would not allow his son to assist him to his armchair, some eight feet away, saying "I can do it myself," and he did, and when he had sat looking out of the window for more than half an hour, he walked back all by himself, refusing any assistance—which was an index to his Scotch independence through life. Mr. Richmond was a representative Scotsman, a lover of what was true and noble, and a great admirer of his native land. We will miss his genial face and wit and humor, for he seldom came into the office without a smile, and left leaving us all laughing. The world is made better by having such men as dear Mr. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond was born in Cumnock, Scotland, in 1823, and came to this country with his parents at the age of nine years. Like many of the Scotch boys of that time, he was employed by the Hartford Carpet Company, then became a clerk in Frederick Ely's store, and soon after became engaged in business for himself.

In 1860 he removed to New York and founded the business which is now carried on under the name of Richmond Brothers' Company of Newark, N. J. Of sterling integrity



ARCHIBALD MURRAY RICHMOND.

and Scotch perseverance, he was eminently successful, and continued to be actively engaged in the business to the very last.

In 1844, he was married to Margaret Law, who was also born in Scotland, and with whom he lived in loving union for sixty-four years, and who died only three years ago. Four sons and one daughter were born to them, the late H. Murray Richmond, of East Orange; the Rev. George Law Richmond, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Boonton, N. J.; Arthur A. Richmond, of Chatham, N. J.; the Rev. Charles Alex. Richmond, D. D., LL. D., Crancellor of the Union University of Schenectady, N. Y., and Mrs. James Turnbull, of East Orange. Sixteen grandchildren and two great grandchildren unite in doing honor to his memory.

Mr. Richmond was a member of the Central Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J. Of decided convictions and confident faith, he lived an upright life and died a triumphant death. Two sayings which were often on his lips were, "It might be waur" and "Nil Desperandum." This union of Scottish and Latin proverbs is an index to the controlling motives of his life.

GENERAL BOOTH IS DEAD.

All churches throughout Christendom mourn the departure of the head of the Salvation Army, on August 22. He was the greatest organizer of his generation.

The Scotch Education Department.

BY COUNCILLOR F. J. ROBERTSON, EDINBURGH.

The Caledonian:

Scotland, since the days of John Knox, who laid the foundation of our public schools, has been famous all over the world as a centre of education. The Education Act of 1872 saw the disappearance of a large number of voluntary schools, which were succeeded by a national system, under the dual control of a locally elected school board, subject to the Scotch Education Department. It is a long standing grievance that the headquarters of this department should be situated in England. The proposal to transfer the head office from London to Edinburgh is so reasonable that one is surprised at the obstacles which are continually flung across its path. Public opinion in Scotland is decidedly in favor of Scotsmen having fuller control of the administration of educational affairs. Expression was given to this demand when the Scottish Education Act of 1908 was under consideration in Parliament. The Speaker ruled that the change could be effected as an administration act, without legislation. His opinion appears to be perfectly sound, and has never been challenged.

Those who had expected to change the towns by statute thereupon diverted their activities, and resolved to approach the Secretary for Scotland. A memorial was presented to him in 1909, signed by a large majority of the Scottish members of Parliament. He was urged to transfer the department to Edinburgh, but no action was taken at the time. Another memorial was recently presented to the present Secretary for Scotland, in the name of forty-seven Scottish representatives. It stated that the signatories had satisfied themselves that the great majority of Scottish school boards desired the change, and that when the supposed objections were inquired into, the balance of advantage and disadvantage would be found fully in favor of the transfer.

The reply given by Mr. McKinnon Wood, the Secretary for Scotland, was disappointing. He took up the position that the department could not be removed to Scotland until she obtained the restoration of her Parliament. Two reasons led him to this conclusion. First of all, he contended that if the department removed to the capital of Scotland, leaving the responsible Minister in the capital of England, it would develop into the worst form of autocracy. Of what substance is this extraordinary prediction? The worst form of autocracy resides in the present system, whereby one man is exalted

above the legislature, invested with political power which transmutes his ministers into statues, who is able to defy the people and mesmerize his responsible minister. This individual is Sir John Struther, the Chairman of the Scotch Education Department in London, who has the authority to upset the decisions of the popularly elected school boards, and thus dictate the educational policy of the nation. It is against autocratic action of this kind that Scotsmen justly rebel.

But we have recently seen evidence that the Liberal Government does not share Mr. McKinnon Wood's principles. The National Insurance Act provides that the headquarters of the Scottish Insurance Commission shall be in Edinburgh. This is a great triumph for those who claim that Scottish administration should be managed in Scotland. If health insurance, which affects over one million persons in Scotland, can be attended to by a head office in Edinburgh, there is no reason why public education cannot be similarly administered from the capital.

The other reason adduced by the Secretary for Scotland in explanation of his undemocratic attitude is that Dover House, in London, is convenient for a handful of Scottish members of Parliament.

Forty-seven supported the transfer to Edinburgh, and only six were against, yet Mr. McKinnon Wood supports the unpatriotic minority. The few members who visit the department in London do so in behalf of their constituents who would never trouble their parliamentary representatives if the head office had been in Edinburgh. Rate-payers and school board members who require to confer with the officials could then do so directly, instead of by proxy. Large sums of public money spent in sending deputations to London would also be saved.

It is not surprising that public opinion is in favor of having the head of Scottish education in Scotland. Educationalists have for years objected to a system which places absolute administrative authority in a single paid official outside the country. Those who are opposed to the present system recognize that Sir John Struthers has done excellent work, but he is invested with powers which cannot continue. The elected representatives of Scotland must have fuller control of the education department, and when this is achieved, our system of education will be in reality national.

The Celts and Their Religion.

The Celts are an old and historic race, known and acknowledged by the Greeks as a war-like people dwelling "beyond the pillars of Hercules in Spain" 500 B. C. Aristotle knew that they had captured Rome, and another described the "Celts as practising justice and righteousness." About 500 B. C., the Celts conquered Spain from the Carthaginians. A century later they were in war with the Etruscans, in northern Italy. The Latin poets spoke of their valor. Dr. T. R. Holmes, in his Celtic research, locates them first at the Danube—but spread their dominion over mid-Europe, Gaul, Spain and Britain in 600 B. C. In nearly all their wars and conquests, we find them in alliances with the Greeks. They were important factors in the victorious armies of Alexander the Great. They were described as men of haughty bearing and great stature. Alexander asked them on one occasion what they most feared. They replied: "We fear no man; there is but one thing that we feared, namely, that the sky should fall on us; but regard nothing so much as the friendship of a man such as thou." Alexander bade them farewell, and turning to his nobles, whispered: "What a vain-glorious people are these Celts!" The Celts acquired skill and knowledge in their contact with other nations, so that they were not savages. Both Greek, Latin and German blood were in their veins. However close their associations were with the Germans, they could not impose on the subjugated German tribes their language and their religion. "In these two great factors of race-unity and pride lay the seeds of the ultimate German uprising and overthrow of the Celtic supremacy." The names of the German are different from those of the Celtic deities, and their funeral customs. The Celts buried their dead; the Germans burned theirs.

From the year 300 onward, the Celts appeared to have lost their political power. Their tribes scattered; some went to northern Greece; another went into Asia Minor, and founded the Celtic State of Galatia. A large number of them went all over to mid-Europe and the British Isles.

By the beginning of the Christian era, Gaul and Britain fell under the yoke of Rome. It is from the Romans that we have to acquire particularly their religion, institutions, art and literature. Caesar has given a picture of them as he knew them in Gaul and Britain, and Strabo, who died 24 A. D., told about the Celts in Gaul. "The women," he says, "were prolific, and notably good mothers, and the men were war-like, passionate, disputatious, easily provoked, but generous and unsuspecting. They showed themselves eager for culture and Greek letters and science had spread rapidly among them. A public education was established in their towns." The epistle of Paul to these Celts in Galatia, who embraced Christianity, shows how intense and earnest they were in their devotion to their Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, but as to their former religious belief, we are kept in the dark.

In regard to the Celts in Britain, we learn also that from the end of the second to the fifth centuries, that they had embraced Christianity. In the second century, the fame of the Celtic Church in Britain had reached Tertulian, in North Africa. The four great apostles of the Celtic Church in Britain were St. Ninian, who labored in the fourth century, among his native countrymen, the Picts, in Gallogway; Kentigern, or St. Mungo, labored among the Britons of Strath Clyde; St. Patrick, labored for forty-four years in Ireland, and Columba, who labored for thirty-four years among the Picts in the North of Scotland. These men were Celts themselves and did wonderful work in converting the Celts to embrace Christianity. Wherever a church was founded there was a school. Their piety, learning and missionary zeal were known all over Christendom. But they left nothing on record as to the nature of the religion they supplanted. We learn far more about the Celtic belief from Julius Caesar, who approached them from another direction. Caesar tells that there was a well developed religious system among the Celts in Gaul, and tells also that the authorita-

tive centre of their system was in Britain. In Britain, the Romans in their conquest were bitter against the Druids, but the religion of the Celts was not merely Druidism. There was a body of popular superstitions and observances which came from a deeper and older source than Druidism, and outlived it. The religions of primitive peoples mostly centre on rites and practices connected with the burial of the dead. The megalithic people, the earliest people inhabiting Celtic territory in the west of Europe, were the builders of dolmen and cromlechs,—“that is a rough monument of one or more large stones supported by others”—of which more than three thousand have been counted in France alone. Dolmen are found in many parts of western Europe. The primary intention of the dolmen was to represent a house or dwelling of the dead. Druidism existed in the British Islands, in Gaul, in fact, wherever there was a Celtic race. The Druids believed in immortality, transmigration of the soul. “The soul does not perish, and after death it passes from one body into another.” They worshipped many deities. Sometimes human victims were offered as vicarious propitiatory sacrifices. The elements of fire, earth, water and vegetation, etc., were objects of worship. The other world was to them a place of happiness.—Editor.

THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN

December 11, 1899.

Dark was the night at Magersfontein,
In the war between Britain and Boer
When the Highland Brigade, the bold and
the brave,
Hastily marched at the cannon's roar.

Led to the foe by the dashing Wauchope,
A soldier of grace and renown,
The Highlanders sprang to arms on the field,
Ready to die for country and crown.

Up on the rocks the Boers lay entrenched,
In the dead and darkness of night,
For the murky sky and the gloom of the
morn
Had hid the stars of light.

Out from the rocks came bullets galore,
From the enemy hid as by stealth
While the kilties charged through blood and
flame,
Then fell in the zone of death.

They buried there by the side of the hill,
Where the valley of death has been rent;
No clansmen were there, nor pipers to play,
Nor sweethearts, nor wives to lament.

But off in the Highlands, by mountain and
glen,
When they speak of the valorous and
brave,
Their names are remembered, embalmed in
the heart,
For they perished, the Empire to save!

Scotia mourns sadly her Highland Brigade,
And their sacrifice truly gives pain,
But peace to their ashes as they sleep on
the veldt,
While the Nation weeps loud for the slain.

—JOHN JOSIAH MUNRO.

MEET ME IN THE GLOAMIN'.

Meet me when the gloamin' spreads its man-
tle o'er the lea,
Meet me at the trystin' place, by the auld
birken tree,
When the mavis 'mang the bushes chants its
joyous lay,
Its mellow notes proclaiming the closing of
the day.

Meet me in the gloamin' when the fairies
lightly glide,
Clad in green an' gowden vesture, along the
dingle side,
When the lav-rock, tired wi' warblin' thro'
the lee lang day,
Rests snugly in its nest, 'neath the gowans
gay.

And in that hour o' calmness, when Nature
gangs to rest,
And the sun's gowden pathway is fading in
the west,
To you, my dearest lassie, my love I will re-
veal,
For the burden o' my heart, I nae longer can
conceal.

Then meet me in the gloamin' when the
blossom-scented breeze
Softly blows o'er flowery lea an' thro' the
leafy trees,
And we will share together the ecstasies of
love,
Earthly foretaste o' the bliss o' the bonnie
world above.

—W. A. DUNBAR.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMIESON.

(Continued.)

Chapter III.

"Come in!" the old shepherd in the house said cordially; "come in; take this chair."

It was a morning clear and cold, for Australia. There had been wind for two days in the gully district, and now it had died, leaving peace behind it.

The Shepherd who met them at the little house with a genial welcome, sat in his own chair, outlined against the light, his shepherd's crook laid upon his knee. He looked sad.

Norman, in the midst of his wonder over everything, felt a pang of sympathy for this old Highlander, a man who sometimes inquired curiously into the future, and saw possibility of more happiness of a tranquil kind, in growing old, in feeling his pulses beat more and more slowly, and his blood run cooler with the Australian sun. He had played the game of life, tasted much and lost.

Men and women in the Bush were wonderfully clear to him. He was sensitive to life; he could respond with ease and intelligence to people, without being affected by them, though he felt safer and more confident with Nature and his flock of sheep and his old Kilbride collie dog. He put his head up and listened, and his face lighted with joy, when Donald Ross tapped the window in passing to the door, and came in without ceremony.

"You have forgotten us, Duncan," Ross said, in a tone of affection and restraint. "I came with an old friend to remind you."

The Master and the Shepherd touched hands without speaking, and Duncan Matheson looked at the newcomer's face in a wondering way, as if he walked out of a dream, only his eyes were very much alive.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me, Duncan," said Norman MacIver.

"Look at him, Duncan," Ross insisted. "Look again."

"Yes," said the old Shepherd softly; "I see."

Norman was standing by his side, silent, but very near.

"You are Ivor MacIver's son—I've carried his memory on, in this still life, that has varied with years."

"His was a fine character. I hope his son is a compound of his fine qualities. Have you given up the Crask?"

"I can't, Duncan," Norman said, lightly, tossing back his silvery hair.

"Well do I remember its woods," said the old man in delight. "Your father was such a man as some of the higher sort of women dream of, but men rarely met."

Every word the old Shepherd said had the charm of perfect and fearless honesty in utterance; every word revealed his state of mind. Between him and the squatter existed true friendship and sincere confidence. The emigrant who retains these Scotch qualities fixes for life the roots of success through character.

There was no white man on this "Station" when Duncan Matheson came as overseer. Gentlemen passing that way to the plains used to stop and occupy places at the Highlander's table, an event always welcomed as a pleasing interruption in the loneliness of the house. The hospitality of the overseer had been notable since he came.

Donald Ross could recall a time when the laughter of Duncan's wife had made the little rooms vocal with her merriment. Duncan Matheson at one time was a man of strong will, of boundless personal ambitions, and he was regarded as the most powerful leader in his native strath. His personal habits were in many ways simple, and clean to a point. His wife had been secure in his love—she accepted the turn of bad luck in his fortunes, simply and graciously. Marriage had engulfed her whole being and life.

Donald Ross told Norman how the tender light had died out of Duncan Matheson's eyes when their sacrament of unity in life was over, the unity that for years made them one. They made it manifest to the world and the untamed eyes of the natives in the Bush. No legal words could add to the union of their two souls.

"This must be the supreme happiness of human experience," was Norman Mac-

Iver's remark, and he wondered if ever again there could come to himself the dawn of a perfect love. The bride his boyhood had pictured slept in old St. Andrews, the historic old Capital of Fife, and it still preserves many fragmentary memorials of its ancient importance.

One green grave made the old city on the verge of the sea dear to Norman. He made a large place for himself in the heart of the old Shepherd, although at first they seemed to come so strangely to the gully; but the father's son took firm root in Duncan's affection. They found much in common, and the friendship begun on the first day grew all the time stronger. This old man was so unlike the rest. He spoke of St. Andrews to Norman as the educational and intellectual Capital of Fife-Shire and the Golf Capital of the World.

Even if a frown clouded Norman's brow for an instant, when his eyes feasted on the decaying splendor of the old "Leader," the frown would melt into a smile. What a picture in the little room, the master of Linstead, standing beside his personal friend—standing silent and thoughtful, with his arms folded across, his head poised high, erect as an arrow, while the old Shepherd's face was tragic in its seriousness; his mouth earnest and solemn. He knew the "Carse," near Muchcross, well—the monastery and the church.

"The harvest was ready to gather in," said he, "when I saw your mother, Norman, last, with the regal bearing of a queen; she could look at people in her home, thoughtfully, and without many words. In the old times—how she could sing Gaelic melodies—simple, tender and full of mysterious beauty. I saw her arrayed in her bridal dress—she gave me my first lesson in perfect ease and equality of will. Once she came from the Western Isles to be mistress of the "Carse," life itself became an ever-growing wonder to your father, and an existence of joy."

"Yes, Duncan," Norman said, quietly.

"My boy," the old man cried, his voice quivering with remembrance, and yet in it a happy ring, "there can be nothing more certain than that my picture of her is true—MacHenry's bonnie, handsome Margaret, who never lived a lie until death do us part, is the marriage law of her father's land." The old man's voice rang

like a silver trumpet as he said: "Cherish, honor, love and protect, is an eternal vow, and goes beyond death."

Donald Ross and Norman were surely charmed listeners. The Shepherd had revealed to his Master a new phase of his character. This old Highlander had taken the Christ for his model, instead of erring human beings. In that Australian starlight this man could follow and divine what he could scarcely express to anyone else. In sorrow he turned to the God of his fathers for sympathy, and he triumphed. His were ripe, rich clusters of fruitage, with the birthright of freedom burning on his alter, making a clear light of sunrise and sunset. The blood of the Mathesons beat in his old veins, and he never could be bound by icy fetters. The chains would be intolerable. When the two friends came to his home in the gully, Duncan's only day-dream was gratitude for a friendship that would span his life. His tenderness, underlying nature, added strength to his charm. He had a pathetic way of looking at the "squatter," a look of love and worship. His voice throbbed with earnestness when they said "Good-bye." One of them knew that Duncan Matheson was the soul of truth.

"I always," he said to Norman, "uncover my head when I come to the gully. I feel I am on holy ground, and in the presence of a man to whom 'God gave a new life.'"

"Yes," said Norman, "I feel that myself."

"Oh, MacIver," Ross broke in, "Nellie and I love him as the nearest and dearest friend on Australian earth. His love for his wife was so pure, almost divine. It still hallows his life—the life and love in days of storm and stress, that taught them both to live. She loosed many bars for Duncan, with the tender touch of her pure woman's hand, and her low voice, with its dreamy Highland notes, she who showed this strong man a path among the stars, helping him to see God's face—spending days and nights on altars of sacrifice—her watchword always 'Trust in God,' in her full voice strength and encouragement. Tenderness in her clear Scotch eyes as she said 'Farewell to the past.'"

Chapter IV.

Memories housed in such shrines as Alice MacKay's never crumble to ashes. Duncan and she had fed their lights together, when the winds of change robbed them of so much. The barriers built and taught them in Scotland's glens were firm and sure. They held the key to doors that nothing else could open, and deep down in her heart Alice MacKay guarded the lights on many shrines. She often entered to pray—lifting her soul to a sacred place of waiting until the "Master" came and called her—called her from the little Australian home, that spoke so eloquently of her good taste and love. This, a home where no false note rang, a home that had a soft note of its own—near where the branches touch the water with a rustle and a swaying motion—with touches of her national refinement, pity and love, and rich, homely humor, this girl-wife from our western shores had set her seal on many attractions and the tasks given her to do on new soil. Yet she remained true to herself and the homes of her fathers.

Sometimes the intermeddling of outer influences change the swift, smooth course of life's current, although the past is interwoven with the present, with a thousand voices, but in Donald Ross's home at Linstead, no past bereft the "wattle" of its perfume—although the Bush and its jungle may lurk in the uplift of many feet—for some Australians are cat-footed, lithe and strong, with body and spirit in perfect accord. But many Scotch lassies came to Victoria, and with them love, softened, clear, cold eyes, making them misty and warm, and all advance with the tiny sparks of true affection. These good, pure women went across the sea to partake of life with men whom they linked with earth's strongest chains, man's true love, men who found their comradeship enticing from the first, then luring and compelling—yet without demand or clamor—drawn by a power without them and beyond them. How the eyes of the "Master of Linstead" could dim and fade, or well up at his Nellie's words until his full orbs were flooded with a glowing radiance. They were unlike in many ways and high conceptions.

Helen Ross was supremely happy in her Australian life. She gave an interest to

her husband's being—this woman rejoiced in its sacrifices and shared mightily in its toils and triumphs—she cared, at first, very little for the life of ease and luxury that was marked out for her evening of life, but she cared intensely for a life of high endeavor. How much she had lived since promising on that glorious June morning when the leaves strewed the ground in Scotland to promptly obey Donald Ross's call to come to Australia, called to come to the man that loved her as he never dreamed of loving any woman while he lived. She knew how thoughts of her had colored all his thinking and shaped every plan he had formed in Victoria, although he often reflected that it might not be a suitable life for his Scotch lassie.

She came from a home not far from Anstruther, the fishing capital of the "Kingdom of Fife," not far from the birthplace of the great Mr. Chalmers; with its air so bracing—more so than towns on the most westerly portions of Scotland's southern coast.

Golfers often took the beautiful road over the hill to the golf course not far from the farmhouse that was then Nellie's home, near the sloping ridge, under the shelter of the nestling woods, with its foreground of agricultural lands, beautiful when clothed in its green mid-summer verdure, or golden with the ripening tints of autumn.

She was then a lassie full of girlish playfulness, but assumed quiet and a gentle dignity, which became her even better than a gayer mood, making her ten times more popular and more sought after. Our Scotch lassie was fond of her ancient home—its owner bearing proudly a very long descended name. How could she leave the unpretentious old house, with its heavy doors and huge chimney places, with bright fires on the hearths, when the evenings grew cold, chilly and long, and when the autumn rains were falling upon the roof? No other home could rob this one of its antique charm and learned quiet; but she must quit it all and go to her post, although the journey might weary her. "Don't you want to go, Nellie, dear," her father had said, "or don't you care?"

"I do care, father, dear," said she; "I care more, a great deal more, than I can

ever tell." She was the apple of this father's eye, but apparently she was destined to be "Mistress of Linstead" and of its master's heart, and she put all her heart in going—she gave Donald Ross of her very best, saying "Adieu" to the old home and to many old-time customs of her forefathers—men and women who had looked with little toleration upon the "new fangled notions" of our present generation.

Chapter V.

Norman made Ross promise that they would all cross the sea once again to see the old land, with its grand old beauty, where children play, light-hearted, free and careless, under the shade of stately woods, and a coast that retains much of its primitive look, an old-world look in burghs and sea-villages with an expanse of fields or billowy links, near small trading towns, that have not assumed a modern guise. They have retained primitive picturesqueness.

The things Donald Ross and his wife had not spoken of for years were now told. Norman MacIver's friendship and his coming to "Linstead" made them all warm up with an over-plus of life. As lads, in the first days of their knowing each other, there was a strange communion between them, so that one could summon and the other answer. To Flora Ross—Donald's only sister, who slept in fair St. Andrews—Norman MacIver had told many things, sometimes without words, in a delicious confidence. And this man satisfied his heart's desires in dreams of his beloved dead. Very often Ross would open his eyes by the asbestos fire and see his wife in the other chair, before Norman came. She would put on another log of the asbestos, and the blazing flame would be brighter. Nellie looked paler then, but her face had that beautiful calm. They were so happy near the warm, sweet fire-light—full of the red of much happiness. Often at night they would wander out into the familiar clearing and sit on a Victorian knoll, from which they could see the moon—these were moments of happiness. This Scotch lassie who had come to Victoria to be his wife, had taught this man to know things he did not know. She seemed to hold him and teach his pulses a firmer beating, and he adored her for it, but his sister, whom MacIver loved, was

often in his mind. His heart called for her, but it became a dream.

Few men can spare the time to go back to Scotland from Australia; they cannot spare time from the bread-winning—that is, if they have a wife and family—the obligations that restrain them. They may still cherish love of home and a purpose, but closer obligations must be discharged. Donald Ross found a mission in love and Australia worthy of its object, and he glorified the mission. Nellie's mind busied itself with the thought "How can I best help?" and she helped toward that end which others saw to be inevitable—a glorious future,—and they would return in comfort to a spot where the shadows crept over the Firth of Fay to a house in an old town built on the shore, where the German ocean would bound their view in the distance beyond the bay of old St. Andrews. Her taste was developed early. How her bird voice filled every nook and corner in Linstead. In the church near their station she was winning golden laurels, from one, who was often among the audience, a man whose heart was wholly gone on the Squatter's daughter, and on the Sabbath he had eyes and ears for little else but the lassie from Linstead, with the soft-toned, silvery voice. He had met his destiny and he felt it in every throb of blood which went rushing through his veins.

There was more than mere beauty in their lassie's face; eloquence was there; good-breeding, fitting her to take a high position in society; she was now on the threshold of a new life, for they were going home by Clyde—going to see Glasgow with its forest of ships, quays and docks and hammering yards. Glasgow, with its silent city near an old green knoll and the banks of the Molindar of St. Mungo—the resting place of many who were the center and the soul of the city. The Clyde, with its lochs and sounds, and the charm of an open sea and land-locked waters—the lofty reaches of the Grampians. They could trace the Fay miles and in the starlight they could wander near towers and steeples, where cowed monks once passed in and out of splendid scenes of gorgeous processions and ceremonies, stalking in the Scotch twilight of the music of the mass and of the organ. St. Andrews had

castle gates, where at one time kings arrived—when the blast of the bugle and the beat of the drum called the Scotch to serve King and Country.

They were all coming in the summer time to their fathers' country. Norman MacIver told his friend's daughter how Scotch lassies watch for the note of the cuckoo calling from the depths of the woodland glades when spring came to the coast. The spring in old Scotland, with its thousand voices that seemed often inalterably interwoven. Where the breeze and the air is full of some new perfume in spring, when nature gave utterance to varied notes with the herald of the dawn.

This young Australian girl, in her Victorian home, was fond of music; it was one of the pleasures of her life; she forgot all else when she sang; her taste was both vocal and instrumental.

Chapter VI.

The father and mother in Linstead loved their lassie well, and they knew that many things had worked together well. MacIver's tales of mountain and lowland people brought back to them both sweet memories of Kyles, of peculiar loveliness, rocky, wooded islets, varied and charming. Arran with its green hills, regions now full of life—lochs, such as Lomond and Katrine changing vistas—scarlet pictures to many out of their past time. In a land where people can be good, yet fashionable.

There is something in Gaelic which has ever a strange spell for man or woman born in the north; soft as is its utterance, it bears that subtle magic of command which superiority of character and language always confers—aweing a coarser nature into silence. But it is easier to drain some hearts of their life-blood than their love of this sweet language and the homeland. Many coward natures quail before men who love this language. Strong men with concentrated passions that flash from calm and melancholy eyes in new worlds, but they can speak Gaelic softly, more timidly than English, and it often smoothes down the coarseness of a natural tone.

Donald Ross loved his country and its people's language, and he came out victorious in many worldly fights, when the

game seemed in other hands. No price was too much to pay for the happiness of his wedded wife, with her dark, fond face, pleading for his joy and their child's to go home with Norman and see the old shores and the beloved companionship, the sympathy of thought and feeling, all that makes existence of value and of beauty; his love for his sister was inextinguishable; it would burn within till stilled in the cold slumber of the grave. But his wedded vows were the most sacred that his lips had framed. He loved his wife, since and before he stood with her by the altar, with her hand in his; she was his better angel, still, with her love clear, fond and true. This Highlander loved her well, better than life itself. With all the knightly and high souled thought that often sleep beneath a quiet exterior. How his heart trusted her, and what pleasure he had in beautifying Linstead! Refinement helped him in this, blended with his tender love, and his friend, Norman, gave every day in Victoria a freer rein to the spirit of his nature; never had he so completely surrendered himself.

He had won a new happiness. Sweet hours they all passed together in Linstead. He loved this home as we rarely love a new place. This man had a natural part in his character, which the world had never discovered, and he loved Donald Ross. His sister had been dearer than himself. How many fond words they had spoken in the perfect union of their hearts!

Ah, yes! and until now, for many years, time had leaden wings for this man. Every moment since they laid his darling away was—or had been—waste of life, and loss of happiness.

Donald Ross re-echoed his every wish in Australia, though often his words were silent. His friendship was changeless and cloudless, triumphant over any power on earth, often a silence that is sweeter than any words supplied their broken eloquence—for MacIver's "yes" gave Ross many answers fuller than words—for words are cold interpreters at best of the heart's deepest utterances.

(To be continued.)

WHY SCOTSMEN LOVE THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

"There is no special loveliness," says Robert L. Stevenson, "in that grey country, with its rainy, sea beat archipelago, its unsightly places, black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking coonlands, its quaint, grey castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not know that I desire to live there, but let me hear in some far land a kindred voice sing out O! Why Left I My Hame? It seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, could repay for my absence from my country. The love of country is in the Scotsman's blood, for good or evil, he cannot get rid of it."

The wimpling burn in yonder valley where he waded barefooted as a boy; the heath clad hills rising above the sheet of dark blue water, over which he roamed when his heart was young and gay; the rugged peak with its frowning precipices which chimed in that distant summer morning, frightening the hazel eyed deer; and the humble homestead on the green knoll, the scene of many tender recollections of boyhood. All are to the Scot as dear as though they were endowed with life. The wonderful love of country is perhaps the finest attribute in the character of the Gael. Though met with in all parts of the world, he is not by nature of a reckless or roving disposition, and wherever the fight for existence may cast his lot he never ceases to love and dream of his dear Highlands, or to pray that his bones may ultimately rest there to mingle with the dust of his forefathers. The Gael sings of his country as often as he sings of his sweetheart, and some of his finest songs are written in praise of the land of his birth.

He has more reason to be proud of his

country than any other. He alone of all the Britons, is the descent of all the original stock that possessed the country, while the blood of the Englishman is a blend of the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman, in the veins of the Highlander flows blood as pure as the dew of Ben Nevis.—The Highland News.

IN THE SCOTTISH LAND OF FAERY.

"I was out all night in Tobermory Bay, worshipping, Pagan-like, the heavenly host; then off at three in the morning, past Ardnamarchan, with the biggest and most blazing of morning stars, and presently the sun rising up. I never saw such a scene. We were in a sort of extempore heaven—earth and sky and sea and imagery—and the hills of Morven and the enchanted hills of Skye, Rum Eigg and Glen Muck, all in unspeakable beauty and strangeness.

"The Coolin hills are not to be spoken of with one's hat on. I am forever dreaming of them and the glorious Cornish. It was perfect; first gloomy, the ridges hidden by fleecy mist; then they revealed their awful faces, and were seen clear against the sky in their wild, tragic forms; then shrouded again; and then looking out here and there as if to say: 'Don't presume; we are all here.' It is a wonderful place for power and a certain weird solemnity; we were quite filled with the glory of the place."—Letter by Dr. John Brown.

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My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XVIII.

A little smile flickered on Drumfin's features. The chieftain saw it.

"You smile, Drumfin," he said, "and I ken what makes you. You jalouse I was but going there for hints of how the wind would blow from London or Paris. You think I speak the truth when I call myself a trimmer?"

Drumfin did not answer.

"You think I keep in touch with you for the sake of being on the side of the dog that's uppermost, sir? And the damnable thing is that you're right."

"I guessed as much, laddie. And you ken now, without a journey to Moy, which dog is uppermost."

"I ken, I ken, God pity me! * * * And Drumfin, man, you're sorry for me, are you you not? Say you're sorry for me, sir."

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"And, by God! it's me that's sorry for myself * * * You'll believe me, Drumfin, when I say that?"

"Yes, I believe you, Kenneth."

The insistent Highlander was somewhat appeased by these admissions, and set to his tootling and squeaking once more, a lit-

the film of moisture in his eyes. All his airs were now more melancholy and piercing than ever, and each broke abruptly and was replaced by something yet more poignant and appealing. But in the midst of his practice he suddenly ceased, for there came the sound of a loud and masterful knocking below, and the landlord's voice was heard in converse.

Chapter XIX.
THE TACKSMAN.

"It's busy we are to-night, Drumfin," said MacKinnon dryly, as he rose and went to the door. "Is it bad luck I've brought with my chanter? I trust it's no red-coats, for King's man or no, I'm with you. Have your hanger ready."

Opening the door, he listened at the top of the stair.

"It's Callum from Inshriff, the fox!" he said, "I must see what brings him this gate." And he went downstairs.

Callum it certainly was, rubbing his hands in air, and cringing on the kitchen's sanded floor.

"It's me you'll be wanting, MacQuarie?" said Pennyfuran.

"Your honor, yes. Will it please you to come outside and look at horse?"

It was past midnight now, and round all the four walls of the house the Ben More squalls were sweeping. Yet the two men went out into the dark and flurry of the storm, and passing unnoticed the pony at the nose ring, walked shorewards.

"Well, well sir," said McQuarie, halting at last. "You'll be wondering at me bothering you?"

"I make no doubt but you've good cause," said Pennyfuran, and his tone was that of conciliation—of submission even, for somehow he felt that it was this the man's attitude demanded.

"Good cause—good cause? Well, Pennyfuran, it's you'll be the judge. You'll ken Miss MacLean of Aros, sir?"

The chieftain started at the question, but a hand on his elbow gave an intimate shake, at once waggish and impertinent, and signified that the tacksman knew his innermost thoughts in the matter.

"Well, well sir, is it so? I just thought as much."

Pennyfuran could not see the little ferket eyes, but he knew they were trying to read his emotions, even in the dark, and trying, too, with some measure of success. It was as if he had made full confession of all his passion to this fellow at his side, cringing and masterful at once.

"Ay, ay, sir, I thought as much and, you see, thinking as I did Pennyfuran, I guessed that if I could put it in your way to do the lady a service of some importance, you'd stand in better favor than you do. You see, I'm speaking freely, sir."

"Yes," said Pennyfuran, breathing quickly. "Damn you."

"Well, well, sir, you'll no be angry now?"

The chieftain could imagine the smile apologetic in the dark. "It's only poor old Callum."

"Go on, man, go on."

"And Murdoch and I we said: 'We'll do it; we'll help the chieftain; and then when the lady is won—well, maybe Pennyfuran will let Inshriff go rent free to Callum. And indeed, he might be doing something for Murdo, too.' You see, sir?" Again the shake of the elbow.

"Go on, man, go on."

"But you see, sir, that's just what Murdo and I were thinking—we were just thinking of it, sir."

"It's more than Inshriff I'd give for that same winning, Callum MacQuarie," said Pennyfuran through his teeth. "But I ken you'll part with nothing till you have my promise; and I give it."

"Well done, sir and something for Murdo, Pennyfuran, something for Murdo: Torness now, or Benadd, sir?"

"Either, man, either, he'll have either, I tell you, if I have success in the affair."

"Then here's the way of it. It was Murdo was taking the hill this morning, home from Glencannel he was coming, when he saw Deaf Alan and some of his wild Three men hiding in the wood of Benadd, and he watched them for a bit. You'll ken Alan's errand as well as me, sir, I'll warrant, a hunt for Angus MacLean, tacksman in Tیره, and second cousin to Aros. And it seems that neither plague nor soldiermen has put him off his purpose."

"Yes, yes. But Miss Morag, Callum?"

"Well, well you're quick at taking a point, sir. She was with them."

"With them, MacQuarie?" cried Pennyfuran in an excited whisper. "Is it kidnaping?"

"'Tis just that the fools! I believe she was on the road for Moy, coming down from Aros by Glenforsa. But they are fools, sir, fools or mad! They must have some wild notion of holding her for a hostage until Aros gives up cousin Angus. And yet the Sidler Roy are everywhere! Well, well!"

"The fools?" said Pennyfuran. "The devils, you mean!"

"Well, well sir, both," said MacQuarie. "But where's the ill wind that blows nobody good? The snow had come by the time Murdo gave me the tale, and so I followed their tracks. You take me, sir? The lady is in danger, and who but Pennyfuran to the rescue? And it's Callum MacQuarie that kens her prison."

"My Callum!" cried the chieftain delightedly. "The best of rogues!" And he shook the tacksman affectionately one hand on either shoulder. "Now tell me, where, where?"

"You'll mind Inshriff, Pennyfuran?"

"Rent-free, yes. And a swatch of Torness for Murdo. Where is she?"

"Well, well, sir, but it's you that's hasty. She's in Cameron Cave."

"And yet, sir, my story is not ended. For here but three hours gone this very night, there comes to Inshriff a man asking for Miss Morag. All the airs of a gentleman he had, and a broken arm, for by."

"Hell!" said Pennyfuaran. "It's Fraser."

"Well, well, sir! And is Fraser his name? But Miss Morag is safe, sir, where this Fraser will never find her. And the safer, too, that Belle is with her. Belle? Well named, say I, deafening even Alan with her ongoings. Did I not hear her, as they lay in Cruach Ardura waiting for the dark? Such a tongue, sir!"

"Yes, yes," said the other, "but it's of the man with the airs of breeding and the broken arm, I'm thinking."

"Fraser, sir, I doubt not. To judge by his bearing he was at ease in these parts. What's to be done, sir?"

"To be done, to be done?" repeated MacKinnin abstractedly, "It's myself must manage it. No outside help, if I am to stand well in the affair. Now if Drumfin were not here—"

"Drumfin!" cried MacQuarie, his ferret eyes beads of piercing brightness as he suddenly came into the slant of rays from the inn window.

"Drumfin? Yes, you toad!" cried the chieftain, his hands on Callum's throat, and there was no question now who was master. "What have I said? Have I let it slip my foolish tongue! But if you breathe it, I'll—" A hand went to the knife in his stocking.

"Canny, Pennyfuaran, canny," gasped the tacksman, escaping his hold. "Well, well! What business is it of mine? If Drumfin cares to leave France, if he cares to risk his neck, let him. He'll be none the worse of me, sir."

The young man still glowered at him, his hand on his knife. "Remember," he said.

"What's your will, then, sir," said the other crossly, adjusting his coat collar. "What's to do in your own affair?"

"Belle is with her, you say? Have you a watch on the cave in case they move?"

"I have set Rob the Tinker, sir."

"Then back to Inshriff with you, until I get quietly clear of the inn here. I'll come on to you there some time to-night, late or early as I find it safest. And, Callum, see. He put a finger to shut lips, and tapped his black knife meaningly.

"Well, well, sir," said MacQuarie, exposition in his accents. And Pennyfuaran went indoors.

A moment later the landlord came out and found the man with the ferret eyes doubled up in a fit of silent laughter beside the horse's head. At sight of the innkeeper, however, he started erect, and asked for a cup of ale. Then he swung on to his pony, and went cautiously off through snow and wind and darkness, and so into the mouth of Glenmore. But so obsessed

by one idea was he, that the fury of the elements troubled him but little, and he laughed low as he rode. "Drumfin" he repeated to himself, and chuckled softly.

Chapter XX.

THE CAVE AT CAMERON.

It was daylight full and fair when Fraser came to the cross roads at Strathcoil, two miles west of his last night's resting place. At the cottage here the old folks were kindly and asked no questions about a pedlar, but gave the wanderer a meal beside a log fire, and straightway packed him to bed. For this old man and his spouse one thing only was evident: here was a traveller spent and famishing, and the remedy was clear. Who he was mattered little; and they pattered around him with slow feet and bent backs, their courtesy ungrudging and delicate.

When at last the surgeon slept it was deeply, and evening shades were fast thickening ere he wakened to the sound of a well known voice in the next room. Springing out of bed, he dressed hastily, and came ben to find Charlie Ruapais crouched over the peats, a bowl of broth on his knee.

"God!" cried Charlie at sight of him, and laying down the vessel hastily, he caught Fraser's uninjured hand and burst into a fit of the most passionate weeping. Concernedly the old folks looked on, lifting their hands in air, shaking their heads, and whispering in Gaelic.

"Oh, sir," cried Charlie. "The black day, the black day!"

The surgeon tried to soothe the little man by patting and hushing, but to no purpose.

"Have you a horse, sir?" sobbed the wizard face. "Oh, sir, have you by any chance a horse?"

"Never a horse, Charlie. Why do you ask?"

"She is at Cameron, sir, Miss Morag, I mean. I've caught my pony afresh, and were you but mounted, we'd be at her side within the hour."

In the light of the pedlar's story, Fraser saw the little man's meaning, and so, turning to his frail host, he explained, in what Gaelic he could command, his instant need of a horse. So impressed had the old man been by the tears of the Ruapais and the grave bearing of Fraser that he doubted little but that a matter of importance was in hand, and forthwith he took the surgeon to a shed where a little garron stood. The saddle was of course grass, the stirrups naught but looped ropes of woven bent, but Fraser was in no cavilling mood and mounted at once. One of his few guineas went to the old fellow; Charlie trotted out his pony, and they were off with all speed on the road to Cameron.

They dismounted five minutes after setting out, however, for here the track led over Ardura Brae; and as they led their panting beasts up the steep, Charlie breathlessly told his story.

About noon on the previous day, Miss Morag, with Belle for maid, and himself for gillie, had set out from Aros for Moy. They had gone by the way of Glenforsa to In-shriff without mishap, save for some bogging of Belle's pony. But just at the entry to Glenmore some six or seven rough fellows had started from the heather, one attempting to seize the bridle of Morag's garron. Whipping the fellow's face, she freed herself, but mired her beast at the river-side, and so was carried off. Belle was also seized, despite resistance with nails and tongue. As for himself a leg grip had unhorsed him, yet he was left behind in the chase of the others, and his bolted pony having returned, he captured it, and sought to flee homewards. From the manner of the spreading of the assailants over the country, however, he had no choice but to head away from Aros, and take the Strath coil road, full drive. Then, just as he out-distanced pursuit, his pony in turn got bemired, and there was nothing for it but to take to his heels, leaving the beast to struggle free as best it could. He sought refuge in the wood to which Fraser and the pedlar came some few hours later, and as he hid here close and still, the kidnapers passed on the march for Ardura, Miss Morag and Belle on their garrons, and riding beside them a stout man who wore a coat of many capes and showed wool plugged ears.

At that time the snow was too light to help his tracking the troop, and so he had to skulk far in the rear, following thus for miles. At last, the falling dark and his ignorance of the strange country side forced him to give up his tracing of the enemy; but he knew enough of the larger features of the district to hazard a guess as to their goal. Surely the oncoming night would drive them to shelter, if only for the lady's sake; and what more likely than Cameron Cave? And so he found. From the wet sands he had watched the guarded glimmer of their camp fire in this cavern throughout the night; and, bitter of heart, had lain among weeds and shingle the long forenoon. But no movement had been made; so thinking his quarry safe to lie quiet in the daytime, he had harked back, impatient and hot foot, making for Craig and looking for Fraser, and just as he reached Strathcoil, had encountered his pony wandering in the brae face of Ardura.

"And the trouble is, sir," concluded poor Charlie, plaintively, "that a smack may land them all in Lorne before we can whistle. The black day, sir, the black day!"

Ian Fraser's heart beat fast and angrily. Was this indeed King George's own kingdom, that a man should be hunted like a beast of the chase, and a woman of gentle birth kidnaped as if she were a Carolina slave girl? His wrath was such that when he had mounted his little sted at the head of the step rise, he unwittingly dug his heels with savage force into its sides, and

the garron went off at full gallop down the woody track, Charlie's voice squealing terror far behind. Such a way was on the beast that Fraser could not hold him, and so they thundered over full burns, and round sharp angles of the road, and always under a tunnel of trees, till sweeping clear of the fringes of oak and hazel, they emerged in sight of hill and sky once more, on a gentle fall of country, with a sheet of water in its midst.

Twilight had fallen, and a wan and fading gleam lay on the waters of Loch Spleve. A wild country this, and desolate. The track stole furtively along the shore between the still waters and the upsweep of the hills, and keeping by it, they came, as the night closed, to the cliffs and pines of Loch Uisg. A mile or so farther on they tethered their mounts in a thick wood of spruce, for Cameron lay only three miles off, and they must now approach with greater caution.

It was here that Fraser first removed sling and splints from his arm to find that five weeks' rest had knit the bones fairly, if not strongly, but had stiffened the joints; and now he set about suppling these, as further advance was made towards Moy.

(To be continued.)

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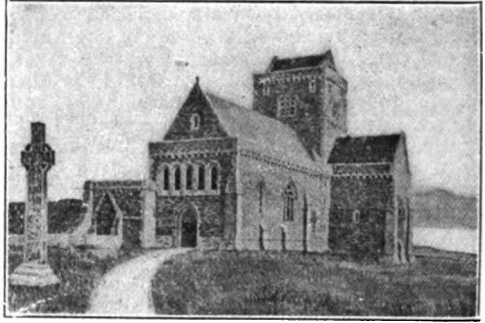
BY ROBERT JAFFRAY.

In close proximity to the western coast of Scotland lie a number of islands which are known collectively as the Hebrides or Western Islands. One of the largest of them is Mull, at the mouth of the Firth of Lorne; and off the outer coast of Mull lie two small islands of special interest—Staffa and Iona. The neighboring shores of Mull are rocky and desolate, and to the westward one can see little if anything except the broad sweep of the Atlantic Ocean; so these small islands seem remote and lonely, but they are, in fact, quite accessible, being made the objective points of daily excursions from Oban.

The course is taken around the island of Mull in opposite directions on alternate days. If one chooses to take first the inside passage through the Kyles of Mull, he enjoys a couple of hours of picturesque scenery—particularly on the right, where the Morven hills of Argyllshire present good examples of that peculiar style of beauty so often seen in the heathercovered hills of Scotland.

Near the entrance of the Sound are the ruins of Duart Castle, the ancient stronghold of the MacLeans. A little farther, on the Morven shore, is the site of Ardtornish Castle, where Edith, "Fair Maid of Lorne," came to wed Ronald, Lord of the Isles. Other points of similar interest are revealed as the steamer passes up the Sound. In fact, this excursion, like so many others in Scotland, derives additional interest from the legendary history of the neighboring country. It is a land of legends; and the border-line between these legends and the authentic history of the nation is often so obscure as to be undistinguishable. However, this legendary feature cannot be eliminated without causing the loss of one of the greatest charms of Scotland.

After rounding the northern shore of Mull, the course is taken to the southward towards Staffa, where an hour is allowed for visiting Fingal's Cave, that singular formation whose aspect is so well known. The landing is effected in life-boats, and the place of disembarkation is changed from day to day, according to the direction of the wind and the condition of the sea. The approach to the cave is by a pathway over rocks which are often so slippery as to interfere considerably with a proper appreciation of the phenomenal character of the island. A sudden turn reveals the mouth of the cavern; and when the sea is smooth, those who are venturesome may penetrate to its farthest recesses. The tall basaltic columns which line the sides, and the vaulted roof which they seem to support, combine to give an ecclesiastical aspect to this wonder of nature. It has been well described as



IONA CATHEDRAL.

... that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minister to her Maker's praise.

Staffa presents no other feature of special interest, so the voyage is soon resumed and after a short sail the steamer drops anchor at Iona, where the field of interest is much broader. Many centuries of civil and ecclesiastical history furnish material for research, and at the focal point, towards which the lines of inquiry all converge, stands St. Columba.

Iona belongs to the Duke of Argyll. It is of small size, about three miles long by about one mile wide; and the part which the excursionists see is only that which is covered by the little village extending along the shore by the landing. The superficial observer finds merely an island without natural beauty, in fact of rather barren appearance, containing a cluster of little houses, a few ruins, and an ancient looking church, partly restored; but the island bears a different aspect when we realize that it was one of the most influential centres for the civilization and conversion of Scotland—a spot considered so sacred that kings were taken there for burial, and so important as to have been a bone of contention between Scots, Danes, and Norsemen. It has been referred to as "for two centuries the nursery of bishops, the center of education, the asylum of religious knowledge, the point of union among the British Isles, the capital and necropolis of the Celtic race."

A special interest in this little island is created by its close connection with St. Columba, that wonderful man whose life-work is deeply engraved upon the history of Great Britain. Columba was an Irish monk of royal descent. Tradition states that he became involved in a controversy which ended

in a sanguinary war; and that he was ordered to leave Ireland and to remain away until he had converted to Christianity as many persons as had fallen dead by the hands of himself and his followers. Taking twelve companions, he left the home that was dear to him, and headed for the coast of what we now call Scotland. Tradition says further that he stopped first at the Mull of Kintyre, and later at the islands of Oronsay; but, finding that even at this place he could still see the shores of Ireland, he pressed on, and landed at Iona, where he decided to remain. A little bay on the southern shore is pointed out as his place of landing, and just above it is a cairn which marks the spot, where, finding that his native land had passed from sight, he was ready to take up his new work, an exile but an enthusiast. The incident occurred in the year A. D. 563, thirty-four years before St. Augustine landed in Great Britain. It is generally believed that Iona had been, and perhaps was then, inhabited by Druids. The ancient Gaelic name of the island was *Innis nan Drùineach*, the Isle of the Druids.

Columba cannot be regarded as the first Christian missionary who came to this region, as there are indications of an earlier migration from Ireland to these shores, and a possible occupation of Iona by Celtic Christians. In any case, Columba appears to have obtained peaceful possession, which was confirmed later by Conal, the King of the Northern Scots, to whom the island belonged. Columba and his followers began their work promptly; and their activity and vigor soon brought wonderful results. From this centre they carried on a beneficent work, which was in time widely extended all over Northern Britain. Many churches and monasteries were founded; and Iona came to be a centre of great influence. Its fame as a holy place spread far and wide; and when, after the death of Conal, his cousin Adian became King of the Scots, the new monarch came to Iona to be crowned by St. Columba. The stone on which he sat, the "stone of destiny," was thereafter used at the coronation ceremony of the Kings of Scotland. It was later taken to Dunstaffnage and to Scone, and in 1296 it was moved to London. It may still be seen in Westminster Abbey, fastened under the seat of the chair in which the monarchs of Great Britain are crowned.

An interesting reference to this incident is found in a little book, long since out of print, which was written by the Duke of Argyll about forty years ago, under the title "Iona."

The author writes as follows:

"Hither came holy men from Erin to take counsel with the Saint on the troubles of clans and monasteries which were still dear to him. Hither came, also, bad men, red-handed from blood and sacrilege, to make confession and do penance at Columba's feet. Hither, too, came chieftains to be bles-

sed, and even kings to be ordained—for it is curious that on this lonely spot, so far from the ancient centres of Christendom, took place the first recorded case of a temporal sovereign seeking from a minister of the Church what appears to have been very like formal consecration."

It affords a good illustration of the far-reaching interest which attaches to this little island.

There is also a tradition that this stone is identical with the stone of Luz, on which Jacob rested his weary head; but one may be pardoned for feeling a little skeptical when tradition oversteps so far the bounds of probability.

In time, the island came to be known as Icolmkill, "the island of Columba of the Church," or "the island of Columba of the burial-place"—both translations being given as the English equivalent of the Gaelic title.

Columba died in 597. It is stated that, when he saw death approaching he spoke prophetically of the future of Iona, assuring his associates that their insignificant little island would be one of the honorable places of the earth; and that the kings and people of Scotland and of other nations would reverence the spot. This prophecy has been well fulfilled. In addition to the monastical work carried on by the successors of Columba, a special interest in Iona was created by its use as a burial-place for dignitaries of Church and State. Here for centuries were brought the bodies of kings, warriors, chieftains, and ecclesiastical rulers, that they might rest in this sacred place.

One who visited Iona in the sixteenth century gives a description of a burial-place in which there stood three tombs of stone, built like chapels, and each bearing an inscription. On one were the words *Tumulus Regum Scotiae*, and in this were buried forty-eight Scottish kings, including Duncan and Macbeth. On another tomb were the words *Tumulus Regum Hiberniae*, and this contained the bodies of four Irish kings. The third tomb was marked *Tumulus Regum Norwegiacae*, and here lay buried sundry Norwegian rulers, who, if not literally Kings of Norway, were at least Kings of Norwegians. The Hebrides were more or less subject to Norway for about four centuries, and their rulers bore the title "King of the Isles." Within the burial place lay also the bodies of most of the Lords of the Isles, those rulers who held sway, with more or less independence, in the centuries following the Norwegian occupation. The tombs referred to have disappeared, but the burial-place—in part, at least—is still to be seen. Its ancient name was *Reilig Orain*, the burial-place of Orain or Oran. Considerable doubt exists about the identity of the Saint after whom it was named. He is reported to have been Columba's brother, but the oldest existing list of Columba's companions does not include his name. Some think the name is that of an Irish saint who died before Columba came to

Iona. Numerous grave stones are found, most of them lying flat on the ground. Several of the most interesting ones have been gathered together and laid side by side, and surrounded by iron railings for protection from hunters of relics.

The gravestones are worthy of much more careful examination than is possible in the hasty visit of the excursion parties. They bear carvings of a curious character, comprising a wide variety of designs. There are representations of animals, and of galleys, swords, crosses, geometrical designs, and and various symbols and devices of a mysterious character. Some of the stones are covered with elaborate traceries. Many bear figures of the dead cut in low relief; and others have similar figures in the shape of effigies raised up on the face of the stones. In many cases the stones can be identified; and these are mostly commemorative of chiefs of Scottish clans who died between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries inclusive. The older monuments have disappeared. One stone in the enclosure is said to cover the body of a King of France.

The burial-ground was, in the ancient times, approached by a road which led from a bay where the funeral parties landed. This road was known as the Street of the Dead, and although it is now obliterated, there are landmarks to indicate its general direction through a part of the village. It takes but little imagination to picture the sad processions of men of high degree which passed along that path in the days when Iona was looked upon as holy ground.

There are other points of interest for the antiquarian, besides the graveyard mentioned above. The ruins of a nunnery, which was founded about the end of the twelfth century, are shown as one passes from the landing to the graveyard. St. Oran's chapel is a ruined building, about thirty feet long, concerning which little appears to be known. It stands within the enclosure of Reilig Orain, and was probably built about the eleventh century. Across the burial-yard and near the shore of Iona Sound, stands the Cathedral. It is a stone building of about the thirteenth century, measuring about 150 feet in length, and having a square central tower. The style of the building is simple, but impressive. The choir has undergone a process of restoration in recent years. The nave is in ruins. Adjacent to the Cathedral are the ruins of the monastery buildings.

Near the Cathedral door stands St. Martin's Cross, a relic of considerable interest to those who are versed in Celtic antiquities. It is about fourteen feet high, of a gray stone, and similar in general appearance to others still to be found in Great Britain and Ireland. It is quite different in style from the Latin cross; the arms are short, and they are connected with the head of the cross by an attached circle. The cross was erected to the memory of St. Martin of Tours, and it is believed to date from the twelfth century, or

earlier. Another cross, MacLean's, stands nearer the village, but is considered to be of a much later date.

It is to be noted that the only relics of antiquity now visible are of a much later age than that of Columba. Various localities are pointed out as connected with the incidents of his life, and apparently with a considerable degree of accuracy; but a detailed consideration of them would only be of interest to the compilers of guide-books or to those who desire to make a complete study of the Saint's life and times.

It would be difficult if not impossible, to give in brief compass a satisfactory account of the great work which was either carried on personally by Columba and his associates, or may be attributed to their influence and inspiration in the lives of those who followed them. Picts, Scots, and Britons came under the spell of those earnest men, who did not confine themselves to the mainland, but visited also the distant Hebridean islands, and even went, according to report, as far as Iceland. After Columba's death the influence of this old Celtic church became even more widely extended. Oswald, King of Northumbria, asked for a missionary from Iona to labor among his people, and Aidan was sent. He established himself upon the island of Lindisfarne, off the Northumbrian coast; and so by degrees the influences which originated at Iona spread out over the southern half of Great Britain.

During the two centuries after Columba's death, the monastic work of Iona passed through various vicissitudes, mainly theological. In the following two centuries there were stormy times from other causes, as the Island was frequently ravaged by the Danes and the Norsemen. In 1074 the Western Islands came under the rule of Malcolm Canmore, a Scottish king, whose queen, Margaret, is said to have restored the monastery at Iona from the demoralization resulting from these times of war. For several centuries after this time, comparatively little is known of the island's history.

A full consideration of Iona's place in literature would require more extended treatment than is appropriate to this sketch; but it is desirable to note two interesting features of her literary history—one in the remote past, and one in our own times.

It is a remarkable fact that we have a biography of the Saint of Iona written by one who was born only a few years after Columba's death, so that the book has almost the value of a contemporary work. Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba" was no doubt a book of great interest to those who lived in the seventh century, but it does not appeal to the literary tastes of our own times.

The book is divided into three parts. Generally speaking, the first part treats of the Saint's prophetic revelations; the second part tells of his miraculous powers; and the third part relates the angelic visitations

which were granted to him, and also describes his last days upon earth. The foregoing divisions are not, however, strictly maintained, and it is necessary to discuss them separately and in detail.

If we were prepared to believe one half of the incidents related, we should need no further proof that Columba was one of the most remarkable men the world ever saw. It is stated that he cured men of diseases, drove away demons, controlled wild beasts, quieted stormy waves, turned water into wine for use in the Mass, mended broken bones, caused grain to ripen early although sowed late, and lastly, that he even raised the dead. It is stated that on one occasion he received requests for favorable winds from two men who wished to sail at the same time in opposite directions, and even this was accomplished by his power. Adamnan evidently thinks it necessary to fortify this last incident against any possible doubts, so he takes pains to explain that the power of Columba's prayers was great, and reminds the reader that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

Many incidents are given of Columba's prophetic powers, not only in foretelling future events, but also in apparently seeing events occurring at the time in places beyond the range of human vision. Here, although still skeptical as to details, we are forced to acknowledge the possibility that there may be some truth in the incidents related. The gift of "second sight" has been for many centuries more or less common in Scotland. Some have considered it merely the product of an overwrought imagination; but others have claimed for it some degree of reality. All that need be said here is that we need not consider these manifestations of Columba's powers as necessarily based entirely on fable.

The most interesting part of the book is found in its closing pages where a detailed account is given of Columba's last days upon earth. The wonderful stories mentioned above, which have taxed our credulity are soon forgotten as we read the simple and yet graphic narrative of the premonition of death, the long farewell, and the sorrowful assembly of the monks in the church when the aged man passed away at midnight on the altar steps. In fact, leaving aside the references to supposed prophetic and miraculous powers, there is throughout the book a singular attraction in the story of the simple life of benevolence which was lived by these monks of Iona.

It has been said that Adamnan thought in Gaelic and wrote in Latin. While, therefore, the Latin form disappears in the translation, it is not strange that we should, nevertheless, still recognize in this work the highly developed imagination and the love of the supernatural which are so closely associated with the Gaelic nature. These characteristics, it may be noted, have not passed away from the modern representatives of

that ancient race; and no doubt their preservation is to some extent due to the continued use of the Gaelic as a living language in the Hebrides and the Scottish Highlands.

The same spirit of fable and legend which permeates Adamnan's stories of the distant past, is still hovering about this little island in our own times; and it is especially manifested in the writings of that one recent author who, more than any other, speaks for Iona in modern romantic literature, Fiona Macleod. The interest which Miss Macleod's works themselves create is much increased by the facts about her which have recently been revealed. She was understood to be a lady of Hebridean or Highland family, whose identity, for reasons of her own, it was necessary to conceal. It follows, therefore, that little could be ascertained in regard to her.

The late William Sharp claimed to know Miss Macleod; various statements were attributed to him with reference to her; and it is even said that he presented to some of his friends a lady bearing that name. Since his death it has been authoritatively announced that the name "Fiona Macleod" was a pseudonym, and that Mr. Sharp was himself the real author. Even with this knowledge, however, it will never be possible to dissociate these writings from the name over which they appeared. Miss Macleod may not have existed in the flesh, but she is, nevertheless, in the literary world a distinct and living personality, with strongly marked characteristics. The hand that wrote was the hand of William Sharp, but it held a woman's pen.

An enthusiastic interest in the Gaelic people, their legends, and their folk-lore, is manifested in this writer's work. Its field covers all the Hebridean islands, but the central point is Iona. It is not, however, the quantity of the material referring to this island, but rather its quality, which attracts our interest.

Two articles about Iona over the signature of "Fiona Macleod" appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* during the year 1900; they were afterwards revised and enlarged and published in book form, under the appropriate title, "The Isle of Dreams." The following extract from that book is not only characteristic in style, but also singularly expressive of the author's point of view:

"A few places in the world are to be held holy, because of the love which consecrates them and the faith which enshrines them. Their names are themselves talismans of spiritual beauty—of these is Iona.

"But to write of Iona, there are many ways of approach. No place that has a spiritual history can, to those who know nothing of it, be revealed by facts and descriptions. . . I have nothing to say here of Iona's acreage, or fisheries, or pastures; nothing of how the islanders live. These things are the accidental. There is small difference in simple life anywhere. Moreover, there are many to tell all that need be known.

(To be continued.)



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

"ENGLAND WILL DEMAND THAT SCOTLAND SHOULD HAVE HOME RULE," WHEN?

Read what a writer in the Kilmarnock Standard has to say about it:

Some months ago I quoted in "The Caledonian" several complets from a menu of a Scottish supper, given at Lynn, Mass., under the direction of Chief William J. Hamilton of that city. A copy of this menu reached Kilmarnock.

I invited "Caledonian" readers to help in the translation and received several communications, but a few of the old Scottish words quoted, proved to be stickers for all my friends. The Kilmarnock Standard correspondent however, by the aid of Jameson's Scottish Dictionary, found that a "peellie-wallie dwybe" was a thin, wrinkled, overslender person. "Glittle pads the wame calsonter," was another line that I stumbled over, but when you find out that "glittle" means smooth, and of course pads are feet, pigs feet for instance, and "calsontre" stands for caulked, and caulking is the process whereby the seams in a ship's deck are closed up, you got an inkling of the meaning.

"Fat chuckies in the oven scowder'd.
Aneath their tentet feckits howder'd."

As translated into modern English by the Kilmarnock Standard man, it means that the roasted chickens being eaten, were hidden beneath the already stretched waistcoats of the diners.

"Twa google dows, wale o' a lachter"; for google, read unfledged,
"Wale o' a lachter," means pick of the batch, and there you are.

The writer hopes that the chair of Scottish language and literature, in Glasgow University, will soon be filled, and the sooner the better, so that the coming race of Caledonians may recognize peellie-wallie dwybes when they see them coming along the street, and when our Burnsites calsontre their inner man till their feckits are stentet, with only room remaining for a stiever of roast beef or twa google dows, before they rise up to do justice to the immortal memory. And I'm thinking when we can talk glibly like that, England will demand that

Scotland should have Home Rule. Never mind if she does. We shall be the "wale o' the lachter."

THE SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY'S quarterly meeting held Thursday, July 18, at Young's Hotel, was, as is usual at mid-summer meetings very sparsely attended. Many enquiries have been made by those unable to attend, regarding what action was taken with the proposed amendment to the constitution, raising the annual dues. I am glad to state that final action was again postponed, and I hope that all members interested (and every member should take an interest in this very important matter), will attend the October meeting.

THE BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB has also been working hard during two meetings, on the proposed amendments to the constitution brought in by the committee on revision. The club however, is a very conservative body. It has been in existence for fifty-seven years, and has prospered greatly. It requires a three-fourths vote to change some of its old fashioned methods, and there is usually over a fourth of its old fashioned or non-progressive (and these words are not synonymous) members present. A few of the amendments proposed have been passed, but the most vital have either been or are still under discussion. No matter how the final outcome may stand, the club will never be allowed to go backward, it will still continue to go on and prosper, and make a success of its games, its Burns' celebration and any other project it may undertake.

THE ANNUAL GAMES of the club were held at Caledonian Grove, Saturday, August 4th, over 6,000 persons being present. The morning parade, headed by the band and pipes of the Highland Dress Association, was one of the best seen in recent years, large delegations in full Highland costume being present from New York, Providence, Pawtucket, Lawrence, Lowell and other cities. One of the first arrivals at the hall in the morning was Honorary Member Walter Scott, of New York, and from that early hour until the clock struck midnight, Mr. Scott was virtually on the job, and at the service of the club. He marched with the paraders, he assisted the ring-masters; he was continually in demand as a judge of the sporting events; he held receptions and was introduced and

re-introduced to hundreds upon hundreds, interviewed by the press and feted by the club.

In the morning the games and reception committee tendered a banquet at the Hotel Brewster to the members of the New York delegation. Chief James Sinclair presided. After reviewing the events of the day, he thanked heartily the members of the New York Caledonian Club, for the large and representative delegation of their members present with them during the day. Amid great enthusiasm, he presented to Mr. Walter Scott, a solid gold honorary member's badge, voted him by the Boston Caledonian Club, thanking him on behalf of the club for the great interest he had taken in their games for many years. Mr. Scott responded in his best vein. He was in a reminiscent mood and spoke of his boyhood years spent in Boston. He told of a vacation spent in Scotland several years ago, and of his emotions when for the first time, in the city of Inverness he saw a Highland regiment, and the impression made upon him by their proud martial bearing as they marched past, keeping step to the tune the pipers played. Inspired by that sight, he had ever since, done all he could to encourage the wearing of the Highland dress, bagpipe playing and Highland dancing.

Chief James Taylor responded for the New York Caledonian Club, and Captain William G. Reid for the New York Highland Guard. Ex-Chieftain Thomas McNab and Ex-Chieftain Alexander Tasker, also spoke on behalf of the visitors, and Ex-Chiefs William A. Riggs and George Scott of the Boston Club voiced their appreciation of the fine bearing and appearance of the New York Clansmen. Speeches and songs by the others, and bagpipe selections by Piper Low and Sorlie of New York, added to the evening's enjoyment, and before the hour of twelve was struck, Auld Lang Syne was sang with an enthusiasm and good-will, which was certainly surprising, considering the arduous events of the day, which had been participated in by every one present.

DEATH OF WILLIAM R. SMITH, OF WASHINGTON, D. C. We hope that some "Caledonian" contributor will send to the editor a sketch of the life of this truly remarkable old-school Scotsman. It will interest all of us to know what is to become of the largest collection of Burnsiana in the world, gathered together during his eighty-four years of existence. I had corresponded with him for years, but was unaware of his death till I read the very short obituary notice in the last issue of "The Caledonian." I believe that for over forty years Mr. Smith had without a break, either presided or spoken at annual celebrations of the birth of Robert Burns. Some of the most noted orations on the poet have been delivered under his auspices or at his suggestion, such as those by the late Ex-Senator George F. Hoar, most frequently quoted, Ex-President Garfield, the

Hon. "Sunset" Cox, Hon. W. P. Frye, Hon. J. Proctor Knott and others.

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS, is the next city to come into line in the endeavor to raise a monument to Robert Burns. A large and representative body of Scottish residents of that city have formed the Fall River Burns Club, and if they continue as enthusiastic as they appear to be now, in years to come the result of their labors and enthusiasm will, we hope, become manifest. The greatest difficulty they will encounter is not the lack of enthusiasm, but the lack of the power of enthusiasm to draw the reluctant dollars from the pockets of those who are most loud in their praises of what Robert Burns has done for them, for Scotland, and mankind generally. For years the dearest wish of Mr. Smith's heart, was that before he died, he might behold in the City of Washington a statue erected in memory of the poet he loved so well. Surely some other lover of the poet in that city, will work as he worked, but more successfully, to that end.

JAMES JARVIS, a young Scotsman full of promise, and also of talent, talent attained by hard work and perseverance; a modeler and carver of great ability, approaching genius, was struck down by peritonitis, and died in Boston, Wednesday, August 7th, after a week's illness. His parents live in Glasgow, and he had only been in this country a few years, but during that time he had made a name for himself, and a place in the hearts of everyone who knew him. He was a splendid product of Scotland, and a standing rebuke to those who consider Scotland is no longer turning out the men she once did. Rev. Dr. James Alexander conducted the funeral service, and interment was at Forest Hills Cemetery.

ROBERT EARLE MAY.

LETTER FROM WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Seeing that the "Caledonian" kindly gives space to communications from several clans of the O. S. C., I, as a member of Clan Stewart, No. 92, take the liberty of sending you a few notes relative to this clan which we believe is not the least important of the many clans which now constitute, among Scotsmen the deservedly popular Order of Scottish Clans.

Clan Stewart, No. 92, was organized by Deputy Royal Chief W. J. Ross, on September 22nd, 1891, with a charter membership of twenty-five. It is worthy of note that two of these original members still remain active members of the clan; seven have crossed the Great Divide, and eight have, chiefly from force of circumstances, allowed their membership to lapse.

Our first Chief was Mr. G. P. Robertson, Provisional Librarian, who is still with us, and there is not a more enthusiastic Scot probably in existence, and there are very few who are better posted in general Scottish lore than our ain J. P. Our clan, like every other similar organization, has had its al-

ternate seasons of prosperity and depression; but throughout all its vicissitudes consequent upon internal and external influences, it has always maintained a high position in regard to the quality and number of its members. It is true that our membership has at times exceeded our present number of 220; but the unstable population of Winnipeg is, to a great extent, responsible for the fluctuation in our membership. Our moots are well attended, especially during the winter season, when we have a syllabus or program of entertainments, which is very much in evidence once a month.

Our present and seventeenth Chief is Mr. W. S. Allan, manager of the large Quebec shoe store. It is with pleasure I state that much of our present good fellowship and success is due to the kindness, suavity and executive ability of our respected chief.

We intend celebrating the coming of age of our clan on the 22d of September, in a manner befitting the occasion. We will at least drink to the long life and prosperity of our clan, and to the noble order of which it is a unit. Not "wi' a' the honors three," but with true Highland honors. "Nunn e, nunn e, nunn e; nall e, nall e, nall e; suas e, suas e, suas e," Hooch! An' more whatever.
W. A. DUNBAR.

CLAN MACDUFF, NEW YORK.

On Saturday afternoon, August 3d, under splendid weather conditions, Clan MacDuff held its picnic and games. About six hundred persons attended, and Cameron's Westchester Grounds put on a festive appearance.

There were many entries in the various sports. In the six-a-side football tournament, Clan MacDonald, No. 33, Brooklyn, N. Y., carried off the honors, each player of the team receiving a handsome kit bag. The one mile relay race was won by Clan MacDuff, the four winners being the recipients of beautiful stickpins.

The national characteristic of the games—Highland dancing and bag-piping—proved to be the feature of the afternoon, and among the competitors there were two well known names. Piper Donald Graham took first in the piping contests, while George Mackenzie was second.

The Highland Fling and Sword dances resulted: First, Master James Hoey; second, Miss Isabella Davidson. Those who competed and failed to carry off the coveted prizes, furnished delightful entertainment for the spectators present, and to that degree their efforts were highly appreciated.

Tanist Peter Martin was manager of the field events, while Clansman Alexander Mill presided over the dancing and bagpipe contests.

Much credit is due Mrs. Smith, Chief Daughter of Lady MacDuff Lodge, and her efficient bevy of beautiful matrons and maidens, who so ably pioneered the refreshment and of the games to financial success.

The regular meeting of Clan MacDuff was

held Saturday, August 24. Much important business was disposed of, and the prize offer of Clansman Donald MacDougall, editor of "The Caledonian," to present the clansman being responsible for the largest number of candidates over five, by December 31, 1912, was accepted with appreciation.

ROBERT W. WATERSON,
Secretary.

UNITED CLANS' ATHLETIC GAMES.

The annual athletic carnival of the United Clans of Greater New York and vicinity took place at Celtic Park, L. I., on the 27th ult. There was a very large attendance of clansmen, Daughters of Scotia and the general public, and to all of them it was a time of unalloyed enjoyment. The weather, fortunately, was all that could be desired. The committee in charge of the day's proceedings included Bryce Martin, A. Carnachan, D. Wilkie, F. W. Ritchie, William Davidson, John Kirk, Alex. Dunn, J. Richardson, J. Barclay and James McQueen. Their arduous duties were performed with marked ability. The open events included foot races, putting shot, a bicycle race, jumping, etc., and were keenly contested. The winners of the prizes certainly deserved them.

In superintending the closed events, Past Royal Chief Walter Scott displayed an energy and enthusiasm that made him "the observed of all observers." That gentleman takes a deep interest in encouraging bagpipe music, wearing the "garb of auld Gaul," and Highland dancing, and his interest takes the practical form of providing handsome prizes for the winners.

There were three solid gold medals given by Mr. Scott on this occasion, which were as follows:

Piping (strathspeys and reels)—There were five competitors, and it is seldom that any such piping has ever been heard in this country. The medal was won by J. Dow.

Highland Fling and Sword Dance (for adults only)—There were many competitors. Gordon Fraser had the most points in the two dances, and won the medal.

Highland Dress Competition—This was a very poor competition—far too poor for the magnificent prize, but there were four competitors, and it was won by Walter Armstrong.

The old men's race was a great feature, and was won by D. Anderson, eighty-eight years of age. Everyone was delighted at his success.

The dancing of the children was fine—way ahead of previous years. The girls who gained prizes were Hazel Peterson, Bella Davidson and Marion Hamilton. The successful boy competitors were J. Fraser, J. Hoey, P. Taylor and R. Crandell. The ladies' race was won by Miss J. Slimon.

The shades of evening were falling when the last competition was decided.

Highland Dances.

The dances which are to-day considered exclusively Highland are the Sword Dance, the Reel, or "Hulaichan," the Strathspey, and the Highland Fling. The "Foursome, Reel," is not exclusively Highland, for it is also practised by the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, and, moreover resembles an ancient dance of the North American Indians. Of all these dances the "Ghillie Callum," or Sword Dance, somewhat Pyrrhic in character, takes undoubted precedence both for grace and agility, being accompanied in the old times by a song recounting warlike deeds and heroic exploits, rousing thereby the children of the Gael to excellence in arms.

THE SWORD DANCE.

The Sword Dance can be performed in three ways. The first is the "grand dance," used only on specially solemn occasions; the second is a test of skill and agility between two or more dancers; and the third or present day method is an exhibition of dancing by one person alone. The form of the dance is divided into nine distinct "figures," there being several "sets" or varieties of the modern Sword Dance. First of all the claymores, or Highland broadswords, are laid cross wise on the ground and the dancer stands between the points facing the centre and in the first position, namely the right heel against the ball of the left toe; he holds himself erect and perfectly free so that he can always look down with ease at the centre of the crossed swords. In the first "figure" there are four bars, equal to eight beats; in the first bar you advance the right foot about six inches to the right in two beats of the music next place the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe in one beat, slightly bending the right knee, then raise the right foot; now place the right foot down again in the same position in one beat, and half a bar is completed, to be followed by the left foot advancing instead of the right. In the second bar the same steps are repeated, first with the right foot leading. The second: the dancer having completed this in twenty-four beats is ready for the fourth and final bar; the next eight beats are for the "setting" step, which is done by springing up from the first position, placing the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe; then by springing up and placing the right against the left, the time being repeated twice for this step.

THE HIGHLAND FLING.

Perhaps the most graceful dance after the sword dance is the Highland Fling which must never be confounded with the skips and sprawls of the so-called Highland Scottish or Fling in the society ball-room. The Highland Fling should be executed very "neatly," the dancer keeping to one spot all through, never raising one foot higher than the lower edge of the knee cap of the oppo-

site leg, as a rule letting the one foot mark time for the other. In this dance there are eight figures, each having a "back step", and another important point in the performance of this dance is the use of the arms in balancing the body while the time of the dance should average sixteen bars in from twenty-four to twenty-eight seconds.

THE STRATHSPEY.

Not unlike the Highland Fling in time and measure is The Strathspey, so call from the district where it originated. In the beginning of this century it was called a "twosome" dance, because it was first danced by two persons. Now-a-days it is a "foursome" usually two ladies and two gentlemen taking part. It is divided into two sections, the first or "reel" consisting of eight bars, and the second or "setting" step, of eight bars. The ladies standing on the right lead off the dance after the introductory bowing to partners. In doing the reel part, in moving to the right the right foot is advanced, followed closely by the left, then the left foot is brought down behind, and the right raised, then two hops, concluding with the same "setting step" as the Highland Fling. Lastly we have the Reel proper, world-famed, brisk, and lively dance, and allied to it is the "chief of Highland dances."

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

Both are danced in conjunction with, but after, the Strathspey. The tune of the Reel is quicker, however, and in the Reel pure and simple the same number of bars are danced, both in the "reel" and "setting" parts. In the Reel of Tulloch, after the first "reel" part, a series of "setting" to partners takes place as follows: The couple "set" four bars, then, each grasping the other by the rear part of the arm with the right hand, turn to the left in two bars, then change hands, dancing two bars in the reverse way, the gentlemen meet in the centre and set as before, the partners resting, and thus alternately to the end. The Strathspey and the Reel are the most popular of the Highland Dances, and in a quaint volume entitled Sketches Relative to the History and Theory more especially to the Practice of Dancing, published at Aberdeen in 1805, we find the principal steps of each dance plainly and clearly described.—Dr. Norman Hay Forbes.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTLAND.

Toronto, August 15, 1912.

White Heather Camp, No. 1, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, held its annual picnic in St. Catherine's, Ontario, on Wednesday, July 17. The weather being perfect, the trip both ways on the water was greatly enjoyed. The Daughters and their friends returned well satisfied with the day's pleasure.

CLIPSHAM.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clanamen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, Box 76, Farmington, Conn.

Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.

Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

GRAND LODGE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA

Farmington, Conn., July 29, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodges of the Daughters of Scotia—Greeting:

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Daughters of Scotia will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall, Broad street, Bridgeport, Conn., on Wednesday, September 18, 1912. Morning session will be promptly called to order at 9 a. m. The doors of the Convention will be closed at 10 a. m. until the business of the morning session is finished. Afternoon session will convene at 1:30 p. m. The doors will be closed at 2 o'clock until the completion of the business of the Convention.

Past Chief Daughters, to be initiated into the Grand Lodge, Delegates and Alternates, must have credentials of their good standing in the Order.

Secretaries must send in a full list of Past Chief Daughters and Past Officers' names to the Grand Secretary, Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church street, Torrington, Conn., making special mention of those not initiated into the Grand Lodge, not later than September 10th, 1912.

All subordinate Lodges must send, if possible, Past Chief Daughters, or Past Officers as delegates.

The Grand Secretary and Credential Committee will be in the Convention Hall at 9 a. m., to receive credentials.

Sisters arriving in Bridgeport the evening before the Convention will be given a very cordial welcome at Arion Hall, 62 Cannon street, by Hawthorne Lodge, No. 9, D. of S.

Members arriving by train and boat will be met by the Reception Committee of the Lodge in charge, providing they send notice to the Chairlady, Miss E. Anderson, 60 Nash street, Bridgeport, Conn., one week previous to the Convention.

Hawthorne Lodge has made arrangements with the proprietor of Atlantic Hotel, opposite the railroad station, to accommodate visitors. Bed \$1.00. Breakfast extra.

Members of the Grand Lodge who are to attend the Convention will kindly notify the Secretary of Hawthorne Lodge, Mrs. Elsie Robertson, 290 Stillman street, Bridgeport, Conn., not later than one week previous to the Convention.

Meals, dinner 50 cents, and will be served at Convention Hall.



MRS. HENDERSON.

Miss Lisa C. Henderson, Grand Chief Daughter of D. of S. organization, is a native of Forfar, Scotland. Fifteen years ago, she came to this country to marry Past Chief Henderson of Clan Gordon, Hartford, Conn. She is a charter member of Ellen Douglas Lodge, and served from 1904 to 1907 as grand secretary, and for the last two years has been acting as the Grand Chief Daughter, the highest honor that the order can confer.

Entertainment and Reception will be held in the evening at Masonic Hall, 1,001 Broad street. Both halls are quite convenient to Hotel and Railroad Station.

All sisters are promised a hearty welcome and a good time in the Park City by members of Hawthorne Lodge, No. 9.

Fraternally yours for A. L. S.

LISA C. HENDERSON,
Grand Chief Daughter, D. of S.

Attest:

MARY MILLER,
Grand Secretary, D. of S.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Dear Sisters.

It was after I came home, and began to review my week of visitation with the sisters in New York and New Jersey Lodges that I realized just how many pleasures I had had, and how many kindnesses and courtesies had been extended to me.

As I know you are all interested in all my doings, I shall herein summarize my work of the last few weeks. Where I have been, where I am going, and what is taking place at headquarters.

June 1st, Saturday, I left Farmington, Conn., and journeyed to Firthcliffe, N. Y., where I spent a pleasant evening with the sisters of Gleniffer Lodge No. 33, D. of S. We were entertained at "Good of the Order," by specially interesting remarks from the Rev. Dr. Fulton and also many good songs.

June 3rd, I visited with the Lady McKenzie's of New York city. This is one of our most successful new lodges. They do good work and have a splendid membership, the sisters being energetic in securing quality with quantity. A hearty welcome was extended me by Chief Daughter, Mrs. Robinson, her associate officers and members, and again I had the pleasure of listening to some splendid music and kindly words of encouragement to our Order by Royal Deputy Wallace and Chief John McLean of Clan McKenzie.

June 4th. I spent this evening in Balmoral Lodge, No. 19, D. of S., meeting many old time friends and also many new sisters. It was good to be welcomed as G. C. D., but better to be remembered as having been grand secretary many years ago. A very pleasant social and instructive evening was enjoyed by all present.

June 5th, was an important date for me, for I had the pleasure of instituting Craiglelea Lodge, No. 43, D. of S., auxiliary to Clan McKenzie, No. 204, O. S. C. in Plainfield, N. J. The New Jersey sisters certainly gave a royal welcome to this new lodge and I was supported by a full staff of Deputies in the work. I fully appreciate the honor of having had the assistance of this staff and their work deserves the highest praise. In attendance also were P. G. C. D. Mrs. C. Robinson, Grand Conductor Mrs. C. Mitchell, Grand Trustee Mrs. M. Smith and many more whom I sincerely thank for their being present. If space permitted, but, "I would that you could all have been there to see."

June 6th. I visited with the Marjorie Bruce Lodge sisters in New Rochelle. I had the pleasure of seeing the work done in a very efficient manner by Chief Daughter Mrs. Bonnington and her associate officers. This lodge is working hard and building up nicely—harmony and prosperity being with them.

June 7th. I finished up my week of visiting by spending this evening with the sisters of Lady McLean Lodge, No. 34, D. of S. in Passaic. Here we had a most enthus-

iastic gathering of sisters from various lodges, who, I am sure all thoroughly enjoyed witnessing the work done by Chief Daughter Mrs. Gosh and her associate officers.

July 24th. I visited the Lady Stewarts in Torrington and again enjoyed the welcome that these sisters know how to give. It makes one feel that life is worth while after all. Keep it up sisters.

August 2nd. I made a visit to New London and spent the evening with the sisters of Lady Aberdeen Lodge, No. 12, of D. of S. They initiated one member and five applications for membership were read, which shows that the work is going along nicely with them.

August 12th. I am on the eve of journeying to visit with the Flora McDonalds in Paterson, and August 14th, I go to Frankford, Pa., to institute No. 44, D. of S. The remaining weeks will be busy with auditing and various other matters, to be got ready for September 18th, when I shall hope to meet many of you again, and with greeting to all

I am,
Sincerely and fraternally,
LISA C. HENDERSON,
G. C. D., D. of S.

HAWTHORNE LODGE.

Bridgeport, Conn.

Preparations are now almost completed for the reception and entertainment of the delegates to the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge of the Daughters of Scotia, to be held in this city, September 18, 1912.

It may be mentioned here, that arrangements have been made with the proprietor of the Atlantic Hotel and ample accommodation will be provided for all who wish to avail themselves of this means of stopping over. This hotel is in close proximity to the railroad station being just across Water street, on the corner of Fairfield avenue. On Tuesday evening, September 17th, Hawthorne Lodge meeting room will be thrown open for the reception of visiting sisters. This is the Arion Hall in the Lincoln Building, 62 Cannon street, and is within a few minutes walk of the depot.

It is pleasing to note that Hawthorn Lodge has realized the ambition mentioned several months ago to reach the century mark in membership. It now numbers 101. They all anticipate having a splendid time during the visit of the Grand Lodge and will do all in their power to make this Convention a pleasant and memorable one.

JESSIE JAPP.

August 14, 1912.

VICTORIA LODGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

At the last regular meeting of Victoria Lodge, No. 1, D. O. S., it was voted to invite our Deputy to visit us at our August meeting. It is always a pleasure to meet and to entertain Mrs. Kate Miller, of Torrington,

Conn., she having the honor of being our Deputy.

In July we held a picnic at the home of Mrs. Brown, of Whitneyville. There was a large gathering, and all enjoyed the good things provided.

This month there was a picnic at Light-house Point, and a good crowd attended. Everybody voted having a good time. Victoria Lodge is wide awake and has a number of candidates.

Respectfully,
MRS. A. E. BRADLEY,
New Haven, Conn.

LADY GORDON NO. 32.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady Gordon Lodge is still going ahead, though you have not heard from them for some time. We have been initiating one and two new members each meeting night. The members are still keeping up their good attendance. We are over the 100 mark now and will soon be celebrating our second anniversary. The Lady Gordons had a picnic at Burholme Park, on July 4th. An invitation was sent to Clan Gordon to which they all heartily responded. They also donated a good number of the prizes for the races.

All the children who took part received a prize. All who were present enjoyed themselves to the full. The social committee were responsible for the tea and ice cream and they all got plenty of work to do. But each did their part willingly, and to them we extend our thanks.

We held our first Package Party on July 25th, which was a great success. Many thanks to Clansman Alexander and the rest of the Clan for their help. Clansman Alexander consented to be auctioneer and a right good one he was too. Altogether we spent a most profitable and enjoyable evening.

ANNIE CARMICHAEL,
Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE.

New York, July 6th, 1912.

The ladies of Hamilton Graham, D. O. S. Lodge, No. 26, are keeping to the front ranks of prosperity. Initiated three at first meeting of month, and four applications received and acted upon. We were honored with a visit from our P. R. C. Daughter Robinson, and gained much by her visit. The lodge extended a hearty vote of thanks for same. She is always the bright star of the firmament. "God bless her!" We also had our deputy, Miss Crawford. She, too, gave us some good pointers and many compliments. But we are quite used to bouquets now. They never phase us. I remarked some time ago that many a one would wish to emulate us. I really believe my prophecy is coming true. There has been much sadness in our midst lately, and many partings. The Grim Reaper has gathered in quite a number from our beloved Order, and I take this opportunity, through your valuable paper, to extend our

heart-felt sympathy to the sister lodges. I read these lines just recently. I think them so applicable:

Comfort one another,
For the way is often dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is a heavy burden bearing
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes;
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

With every good wish for future health and happiness, believe me with best thoughts,
Yours sincerely and fraternally,

EMELIE M. DAVIS, Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM.

New York, August 12th. 1912.

The ladies of Graham D. O. S., Lodge No. 26, to use the sporting vernacular, are holding their own. The meetings for the summer month's have not been what you might call colossal, but they have been most enjoyable. Visitors galore. Sister Lang frae Hartford, aye cheers us wi' her jokes. Bye the way, jokes seem tae be the order o' the day, short and sweet, eh? Like the Cuddy's gallop, "The women and children first please." All journeyed to Rockaway on July the 31. My but it was a ground sight. The fair, the fat, the lean, the tall were gathered a' taegether. The prizes were brau, and well earned. Its mighty hard tae run on wet sands when you've been used to the cinder paths. Is it no, champions? The officers of our lodge had the extreme pleasure, too, of having a motor boat trip to Cow Bay, Long Island, on August 12th. Past Chief Daughter Bruce was our hostess. She knows how to be generous. Having her own motor boat, she makes (with the assistance of her congenial husband, Robert) many a one happy. "Cast your bread on the waters." Kind deeds, like kind words, never die. We are working hard for our picnic on August 24th. I want to remind the sisters how much pleasure I derive from the anticipation of getting "The Caledonian." It is such a treat to get words of greeting from the sisters far and near.

We are all using sapollo, so that we can be bright for the coming convention. I hear this is going to be one mighty gathering. Shoulder to shoulder, sisters! Boom the good cause. "D. O. S. forever!"

With kindest thoughts and best wishes for every sister,

Yours fraternally,
EMELIE M. DAVIS, Sec'y.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27.
Yonkers, N. Y.

Helen MacGregor Lodge has had two meetings since our last report, Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. At the meeting of July 2nd, the lodge was favored by an official visit from our Grand Deputy, Mrs. Christina Laird, of Balmoral Lodge, Kearney. The Past Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Christina Robinson, of Blue Bell Lodge, Jersey City, was also present, besides a delegation from Lady Hamilton Graham, Bronx. The visiting sisters made short speeches, giving counsel and encouragement to the members. Sister Murdoch, of Balmoral Lodge, gave a recitation and songs were rendered by Sister Harkness, of Argyle Lodge, and Sister Mills, of Lady Graham Lodge, all of which were greatly appreciated by the members. Refreshments were served. July 16th, there was a good turnout of members. One application was received, and one member initiated. A social time was enjoyed. The Amusement Committee have arranged for a barn dance to be held August 30th, in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

LADY ABERDEEN LODGE, NO 12.
New London, July 8, 1912.

At the last meeting, the following resolutions were adopted and to be sent for publication in "The Caledonian":

At the last meeting of Lady Aberdeen Lodge, No. 12, Daughters of Scotia, the following resolutions were adopted in behalf of our late sister, Mary C. McPherson, who died May 29, 1912:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our sister, Mary C. McPherson, we bow to the will of Him Whose ways passeth understanding, and while we deeply deplore the loss of our sister, we rejoice when we realize that her labors on this earth are over; therefore be it

Resolved, That in this sad bereavement we tender to her family our sincere sym-

pathy; be it further

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Lady Aberdeen Lodge, No. 12, Daughters of Scotia, as a token of our esteem, drape our charter for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and relatives, and that they be spread upon the records of our lodge.

Isabel McQ. Austin,
Robina B. Lamond,
Nellie B. Terrell,
Committee.

C. W. JOHNSON, Secretary.

LADY ABERDEEN LODGE, NO. 12.
New London, Conn., August 7, 1912.

At our meeting on August 2, five applications for membership were received, and we feel greatly encouraged by our gain in membership this year. Since January we have initiated seven candidates. We had the pleasure of having Grand Chief Daughter Sister Henderson and Deputy Chief Daughter, Sister Scott, with us for the evening. We initiated one candidate, so they witnessed our floor work, which pleased them very much. Grand Chief Daughter Henderson gave a very interesting talk during the meeting, and Sister Scott, also. At the close of the meeting, the clansmen came in the hall, and a social hour was enjoyed by all. Ice cream and cake were served, and all departed, wishing our visitors and the clansmen to come again for Auld Lang Syne.

CHARLOTTE M. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25.
Harrison, N. J., July 16, 1912.

There were a good many members present at the last two meetings of our lodge, considering the hot weather. We initiated a new member and received applications for three others, also one sister by transfer. We are now over the one hundred mark, and are expecting more after the hot season is over. After business, we had our ice cream and chat, and social time.

MAGGIE ANDERSON, Secretary.

A PLEASANT OUTING.

On Wednesday, July 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wallace, of New York, entertained at their summer home, Leslie Beach, Atlantic Highlands, N. J., a number of friends who are connected with Lady MacKenzie Lodge, Flora MacDonald and the Caledonian Hospital Society. The guests were Mrs. Robert Bruce, Bronx; Mrs. James Bruce, Brooklyn, Mrs. P. M. Kerr, Mrs. J. F. Kerr, Mrs. A. Garden, Mrs. W. Robertson, White Plains; Mrs. Peterson, Master H. Peterson, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. James C. Lambert, Mrs. J. Ritchie, Miss

Jessie Stirling, Miss Elizabeth Wallace, Miss Marion Davidson, and Miss Anna Briton. On their arrival at the Highlands, they were met by the hostess and her son, Andrew Wallace, Jr., and driven to their home, where a very delightful luncheon was served. After luncheon, the company had a motorboat sail, which was enjoyed by all present. A pleasant time was spent on the beach, returning to the house for tea, before the departure by steamer for New York. Mrs. Wallace presented to each of the ladies present a beautiful maple leaf brooch which she had secured for the purpose on a recent visit to Canada.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

The Flora McDonald Lodge, No. 21, D. of S., Newport News, Va., held their regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, July 30th. Four new members were initiated and we hope to be initiating more ere long.

On July the 4th, the Clansmen of D. of S., of Newport News, held their annual picnic, which was a great success and a very enjoyable day was spent by all. With the bag pipes and Scotch music, in fact it was "just like being at home." We also had a very pleasant evening on August 2nd. A musical program of "Auld Scotch Sangs" was enjoyed by all, after which refreshments were served. We also raised a handsome subscription on a pillow top for the Flora McDonald Monument Fund at Killmuir Skye, Scotland, and we are getting along splendidly with our lodge and trust we can give a good report for next month's Caledonian.

MRS. S. WALLACE BOWMAN,
Newport News, Va.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14.

Torrington, Conn.

Lady Stewart Lodge held its first annual meeting at Savin Rock, New Haven, Conn., on Thursday, July 11th. The outing was a celebration of our tenth anniversary, and was attended by seventeen members. The trip was made from Waterbury by trolley, and a delightful day was enjoyed at the popular summer resort. The members returned home to Torrington in the early evening, all wishing the trip to be repeated next year. At our next regular meeting we expect to have our Grand Deputy, Janet Duffies, with us, and it may be possible that the Grand Chief Daughter will also be with us.

ADA HAMILTON, Secretary.

BALMORAL LODGE.

On July 16th, a very well attended ice cream and clipping social was held, which was well patronized by sister lodges. Features of the evening were comic selections by Mr. William Cook and Mr. Murdock, and recitations from Sister A. Murdock, which were very well received. In the course of the evening, Sister E. Arnot was escorted to the Chief Daughter and presented with a gold D. O. S. pin. We deeply regret losing her, as she was a faithful member, but is leaving here to make her home in Wisconsin. On August 2nd, a delightful meeting was held, Chief Daughter Sister C. Laird presiding. We were glad to welcome a number of old members, who have not been to meetings in some time. They said it did them much good to be with us again. Four new members were received.

ELIZABETH G. YOUNG, Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7.

Meriden, Conn., August 16, 1912.

Tuesday evening, August 6th, Marjory Bruce Lodge held their regular meeting. We had as our guests the members and officers

of Lady Wallace Lodge of New Britain, and Grand Sub-Chief Daughter, Sister Middlemas, who is also our deputy.

Our Chief Daughter, Sister Young, extended to all a cordial welcome, and hoped they would spend a pleasant evening with the sister lodge. A few remarks were given on the work of the order by Grand Lodge Deputy Sister Middlemas, Grand Deputy Sister Johnson, and Chief Daughter Sister Patahnle of Lady Wallace Lodge.

After the business meeting a play entitled, "Making a Sister," was given by the following sisters: Sisters Jeanie Porter, Bella Gorr, Isabella W. Fulton, Janet Kay, Agnes Norrie, Jeanie Fulton, Bessie Norrie, Eva Hart, Marion Liddell and Millie Beuvie. The play was most pleasing and entertaining, and great credit is due all who took part. Solos were rendered by Sisters Agnes Meiklem, and Jeanie Fulton, after which ice cream and cake were enjoyed. A enjoyable evening was brought to a close by all joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

MRS. JEANIE FULTON,

Secretary.

MARJORIE BRUCE LODGE, NO. 35,
NEW ROCHELLE.

Since our last report in "The Caledonian," Marjorie Bruce Lodge, No. 35, D. of S., held three regular meetings, which were well attended despite the fact that the majority of our members are out of town for the summer months. Five of them enjoying a trip to the old country.

At the June meeting we were pleased to welcome our Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Henderson, whose kind advice was enthusiastically received. It fell to her lot to instal our treasurer elect, Sister Dougall, who was to finish the term in place of Sister Gorrod, who had to resign owing to unforeseen circumstances. Unfortunately however Sister Dougall was unable to fill that capacity. Owing to the death of her mother it became necessary for her also to resign.

Sister Blakley was then elected and when Grand Deputy Sister Guest paid us an official visit at our August meeting, she performed the installation ceremony. After the business part of the meeting was over a very unusual and interesting ceremony took place. Sister Guest presented Sister McDonald with a silver mug, subscribed for by the members, for the first daughter born to a sister of the lodge named after the lodge. Sister Guest in making the presentation said that had the members known that such a handsome present was to be given no doubt there would have been more competition.

Sister McDonald suitably replied thanking the members for their kindness, and said she was only sorry that she did not have two; she would have named them both after the lodge. After the mug had been filled a few times (with tea) the meeting was closed in the usual way.

CHRISTINA BISSET, Secretary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOK OF FACTS. Issued by the Syndicate Publishing Company, New York.

The "Standard Illustrated Book of Facts" contains within a small compass a great variety of interesting facts, which make it a valuable book of reference for inquiring minds. The whole range of knowledge is included in its scope, and, while the subjects are necessarily treated with brevity, sufficient information is conveyed to satisfy the curious, and to stimulate research on the part of those desiring a larger knowledge. In treating of scientific topics the book is especially valuable, from the fact that it contains the most recent discoveries and deductions, which have practically revolutionized certain sciences during recent years. Not the least of the merits of the work is an elaborate appendix, which has many new and striking features of its own. The book was ably edited by H. T. Peck, Ph. D., LL. D., late of Columbia University, and by Associate Editor Robert Campbell Ould, F. C. S., University of Aberdeen. The volume is profusely and finely illustrated.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Frederic J. Haskin. Published by J. J. Little & Ives Co.

This book, which may be regarded as a comprehensive review of the actual work of the Federal Government of the United States, conveys much interesting information regarding the most important phases of the subject of which it treats. The author did not design the book as an exposition of the science of government, nor does he attempt to explain the peculiar political structure of the United States. He simply endeavors to relate what the government does, and how it does it. Limited as this scope may seem, the author conveys much information which cannot fail to prove interesting to the general reader, and especially so to persons engaged in public affairs and politics. Many illustrations adorn the pages of the volume.

"THE HISTORY OF CRIEFF." By Alexander Porteous, with an introduction by Professor W. P. Paterson. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1912. 21s.

This handsome volume is comprehensive, and tells everything about the Town of Crieff that is worth recording, from the earliest times to date. It contains 409 pages, divided into sixteen chapters, with forty fine illustrations of men and places of interest, including map and index. The plan of the book is excellent. The first four chapters, which embrace the history of ancient Crieff, are very instructive, especially the parts that refer to the Roman invasion—Picts, Scots, ancient kings and Celtic Earls. Three chapters are given to the ecclesiastical history of the town, and other chapters are devoted to education, industry, municipal, military, social and biographical sketches of distinguished citizens. The book is a whole library of the Town of Crieff.

THE EVIL OF DIVORCE.

The August number of "The Gospel of the Kingdom," Dr. Josiah Strong, editor, is given wholly to the appalling evil of the annual increase in the number of divorces granted in the United States—an evil which is threatening to disrupt the very foundation of our social system, and to make the home as we knew it in the past merely a reminiscence. That this deplorable disregard of the sacred obligations imposed by the relationship of marriage is viewed with complacency by pictures of the situation. Indifference or approval on the part of the public in view of the magnitude of the evil, reflects adversely upon the moral character of the community. It is estimated that in the United States in 1910 there were granted 91,000 divorces. Dr. Samuel W. Dike, in an interesting article, discusses "What to Do" relative to the decrease of marriages and the increase of divorce, and George E. Howard refers to the bad social conditions as the fundamental causes of divorce, which may be remedied.

MOTTOES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

The favorite motto in the British Army is undoubtedly that of "Nec Aspera terrent," "Difficulties do not dismay us," this being borne by the 3rd Hussars, King's (Liverpool) Regiment, West Yorkshire Regiment, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Second in pride of place comes the one borne by those regiments who distinguished themselves at Gibraltar, "Montis Insignia Calpe," "The Insignia of the Rock of Calpe," this being the motto of the Suffolk, Essex, and Northampton Regiments, and the Highland Light Infantry. Following these comes "Quis separabit," "Who shall separate us?" adopted by three Irish regiments; "Nemo me impune lacessit," "No one provokes me with impunity," borne by three Scottish regiments; and the "Quo fas et gloria ducunt," "Where duty and glory lead," of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment). Strange to say, all the mottoes in use in the British Army, except six, are in the Latin language. The Seaforth Highlanders cling to the Gaelic "Cuidich'n Rìgh." "Help the King," the Royal Irish Fusiliers to the Erse "Faugh-a-Ballagh," "Clear the way," and the Welsh Regiment to their proud "Gwell angau na chywilydd," "Rather death than shame." The three remaining mottoes are English, and are almost of world-wide fame, being, the famous "Or glory," under a Death's head, of the 17th Lancers, the "Second to None" of the Royal Scots Greys, and the plain but expressive "Firm" of the Worcestershire Regiment.—Military Mail.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Sixteenth Lesson.

(Continued).

The Power of Persevering Prayer.

"And He spake a parable unto them to the end that they ought always to pray, and not faint—And the Lord said, Hear what the unrighteous judge saith. And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry to Him day and night, and He is long-suffering over them? I say unto you, that He will avenge them speedily." Luke XVIII. 1-8.

Of all the mysteries of the prayer world, the need of persevering prayer is one of the greatest. That the Lord, who is so loving and longing to bless, should have to be supplicated time after time, sometimes year after year, before the answer comes, we cannot easily understand. It is also one of the greatest difficulties in the exercise of believing prayer. When, after persevering supplication, our prayer remains unanswered, it is often easiest for our slothful flesh, and it has all the appearance of pious submission, to think that we must now cease praying, because God may have His secret reason for withholding His answer to our request.

It is by faith alone that the difficulty is overcome. When once faith has taken its stand upon God's word, and the Name of Jesus, and has yielded itself to the leading of the Spirit to seek God's will and honor alone in prayer, it need not be discouraged by delay. It knows from Scripture that the power of believing prayer is simply irresistible; real faith can never be disappointed. It knows how, just as water, to exercise the irresistible power it can have, must be gathered up and accumulated, until the stream can come down in full force, there must often be a heaping up of prayer, until God sees that the measure is full, and the answer comes. It knows how, just as the ploughman has to take his ten thousand steps, and sow his ten thousand seeds, each one a part of the preparation for the final harvest; so there is need-be for oft-repeated, persevering prayer, all working out some desired blessing. It knows for certain that not a single believing prayer can fail of its effect in heaven, but has its influence, and is treasured up to work out an answer in due time to him who persevereth to the end. It knows that it has to do not with human thoughts or possibilities, but with the word of the living God. And so, even as Abraham through so many years "in hope believed against hope," and then "through faith and patience inherited the promise," it accounts that the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation, *waiting* and *hasting* unto the coming of its Lord to fulfill His promise.

To enable us, when the answer to our prayer does not come at once, to combine quiet patience and joyful confidence in our

persevering prayer, we must specially try to understand the two words in which our Lord sets forth the character and conduct, not of the unjust judge, but of our God and Father, towards those whom He allows to cry day and night to Him: "He is *long-suffering* over them; He will avenge them *speedily*."

He will avenge them *speedily*, the Master says. The blessing is all prepared; He is not only willing but most anxious to give them what they ask; everlasting love burns with the longing desire to reveal itself fully to its beloved, and to satisfy their needs. God will not delay one moment longer than is absolutely necessary; He will do all in His power to hasten and speed the answer.

But why, if this be true, and His power infinite, does it often last so long with the answer to prayer? And why must God's own elect, so often, in the midst of suffering and conflict, cry day and night? "He is *long-suffering* over them." Behold! the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being *long-suffering* over it, till it receive the early and the latter rain. The husbandman does indeed long for his harvest, but knows it must have its full time of sunshine and rain and has long patience. A child so often wants to pick the half-ripe fruit; the husbandman knows to wait till the proper time. Man, in his spiritual nature too, is under the law of gradual growth that reigns in all created life. It is only in the path of development that he can reach his divine destiny. And it is the Father, in whose hands are the times and seasons, who alone knows the moment when the soul or the Church is ripened to that fulness of faith in which it can really take and keep the blessing. As a father who longs to have his only child home from school, and yet waits patiently till the time of training is completed, so it is with God and His children. He is the long suffering One, and answers speedily.

The insight into this truth leads the believer to cultivate the corresponding dispositions: *patience* and *faith*, *waiting* and *hasting*, are the secret of his perseverance. By faith in the promise of God, we know that we have the petitions we have asked of Him. Faith takes and holds the answer in the promise, as an unseen spiritual possession, rejoices in it, and praises for it. But there is a difference between the faith that thus holds the word and knows that it has an answer, and the clearer, fuller, riper faith that obtains the promise as a present experience. It is in persevering, not unbelieving, but confident and praising prayer, that the soul grows up into that full union with its Lord in which it can enter into the possession of

the blessing in Him. There may be in these around us, there may be in that great system of being of which we are part, there may be in God's government, things that have to be put right through our prayer, ere the answer can fully come; the faith that has, according to the command, believed that it has received, can allow God to take His time; it knows that it has prevailed, and must prevail. In quiet, persistent, and determined perseverance it continues in prayer and thanksgiving until the blessing come. And so we see combined what at first sight seems so contradictory; the faith that rejoices in the answer of the unseen God as a present possession, with the patience that cries day and night until it is revealed. The *speedily* of God's *long-suffering* is met by the triumphant but patient faith of His waiting child.

Our great danger in this school of the answer delayed, is the temptation to think that, after all, it may not be God's will to give us what we ask. If our prayer be according to God's word, and under the leading of the Spirit, let us not give way to these fears. Let us learn to give God time. God needs time with us. If we only give Him time, that is, time in the daily fellowship with Himself, for Him to exercise the full influence of His presence on us, and time, day by day, in the course of our being kept waiting, for faith to prove its reality and to fill our whole being, He Himself will lead us from faith to vision; we shall see the glory of God. Let no delay shake our faith. Of faith it holds good first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Each believing prayer helps to ripen the fruit and bring us nearer to it; it fills up the measure of prayer and faith known to God alone; it conquers the hindrances in the unseen world; it hastens the end. Child of God! give the Father time. He is long-suffering over you. He wants the blessing to be rich, and full, and sure; give Him time, while you cry day and night. Only remember the word: 'I say unto you, He will avenge them speedily.'

The blessing of such persevering prayer is unspeakable. There is nothing so heart-searching as the prayer of faith. It teaches you to discover and confess, and give up everything that hinders the coming of the blessing; everything there may be not in accordance with the Father's will. It leads to closer fellowship with Him who alone can teach to pray, to a more entire surrender to draw nigh under no covering but that of the blood, and the Spirit. It calls to a closer and more simple abiding in Christ alone. Christian! give God time. He will perfect that which concerneth you. 'Long-suffering speedily,' this is God's watchword as you enter the gates of prayer: be it yours, too.

Let it be thus whether you pray for yourself or for others. All labor, bodily or mental, needs time and effort; we must give up *ourselves* to it. Nature discovers her secrets and yields her treasures only to diligent and

thoughtful labor. However little we can understand it, in the spiritual husbandry it is the same; the seed we sow in the soil of heaven, the efforts we put forth, and the influence we seek to exert in the world above, need our whole being; we must *give ourselves* to prayer. But let us hold fast the great confidence, that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

And let us speedily learn the lesson as we pray for the Church of Christ. She is indeed as the poor widow, in the absence of her Lord, apparently at the mercy of her adversary, helpless to obtain redress. Let us, when we pray for His Church or any portion of it, under the power of the world, asking Him to visit her with the mighty workings of His Spirit and to prepare her for His coming, let us pray in the assured faith: prayer does help, praying always and not fainting will bring the answer. Only give God time. And then keep crying day and night, "Hear what the unrighteous judge saith. And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry to Him day and night, and *He is long-suffering* over them. I say unto you, *He will avenge them speedily.*"

'LORD TEACH US TO PRAY.'

O Lord my God! teach me how to know thy way, and in faith to apprehend what The Beloved Son has taught: 'He will avenge them speedily.' Let Thy tender love and the delight Thou hast in hearing and blessing Thy children, lead me implicitly to accept Thy promise, that we receive what we believe, that we have the petitions we ask, and that the answer will in due time be seen, Lord! we understand the seasons in nature, and know to wait with patience for the fruit we long for. O fill us with the assurance that not one moment longer than is needed wilt Thou delay, and that faith will hasten the answer.

Blessed Master! 'Thou hast said that it is a sign of God's elect that they cry day and night. O teach us to understand this. Thou knowest how speedily we grow weary and faint. It is as if the Divine Majesty is so much beyond the need or the reach of continued supplication, that it does not become us to be too importunate. O Lord! do teach me how real the labor of prayer is. I know how here on earth, when I have failed in an undertaking, I can often succeed by renewed and more continuing effort, by giving more time and thought; show me how, by giving myself more entirely to prayer, to live in prayer, I shall obtain what I ask. And above all, O my blessed Teacher! Author and Perfecter of faith, let by Thy grace, my whole life be one of faith in the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me in whom my prayer gains acceptance, in whom I have the assurance of the answer, in whom the answer be mine. Lord Jesus! in this faith I will pray always and not faint. Amen.

(To be continued.)

Scottish Family Mottoes.

BY A. L. MOIR.

(Continued)

- MAC MILLAN. I hope.
 "Age aut perforce." Act or achieve.
 "Miseris succurrere disco." As it increases, it becomes famous.
 I learn to succor the unfortunate. MUNRO—MONRO.
 MAC NAB. With wings and mind.
 "Timor omnes abesto." "Badamy."
 Let fear be far from all. "Caelestia sequor."
 MAC NAIR. I follow heavenly things.
 "Labor omnia vincit." "Dread God."
 Labor conquers all things. "Non inferiora." Not inferior things.
 MAC NEIL—NEILSON. "Time Deum." Fear God.
 "Per virtutem scientiam." MURRAY.
 By courage and knowledge. "Deum time, Deum timete." Fear God.
 "Praesto pro patria." "Ex bello quies." Rest from war.
 I undertake for my country. "Fidel signum." The sign of my faith.
 "Vincero vel mori." To conquer or die. "Fertes fortuna adjuvat." Fortune favors the brave.
 MAC NICHOL—NICHOLSON. "Fortes fortuna juvat." Fortune favors the brave.
 "Post praelia praemia." Reward after battle. "Functa virtute fides." Faith having exhibited valor.
 MAC NISH. "Hinc usque superna venabor." Henceforward, I seek heavenly things.
 "Animi non astutia." By courage, not by strategem. "Imperio." By command.
 "Fortiter et strenue." Boldly and strenuously. "Macte virtute." Blessings on your valor.
 "Sorti aequus utrique." Equal to each condition. "Malo mori quam faedar." Death rather than disgrace.
 MAC PHERSON. "Noctes diesque praesto." I perform night and day.
 "Creag dhubb chloinn Chatain." The black rock of Clan Chattan. "Nosce teipsum." Know thyself.
 "Qui me tangit paemitebit." He who touches me will repent it. "Pacis mincla." The messenger of peace.
 "Touch not the cat. but the glove." MAC QUARRIE. "Paritur bello." He is prepared for war.
 "Be true." "Placeam." I shall pacify.
 "Turris fortis mihi Deus." God is a strong tower to me. "Tout prest." Quite ready.
 MAC QUEEN. OGILVIE.
 "Quae sursum volo videre." I wish to see the things which are above. "Ad finem spero." I hope to the last
 MAC READY. "Bene paratum dulci." Well prepared for good fortune
 "Semper Paratus." Always ready. "Cum periculo lucrum." Gain with danger
 MAC TAVISH. "Ex unguibus leonis." From the claws of the lion
 "Ne obliviscaris." You must not forget. "Fortiter et suaviter." Boldly and with suavity
 MAC TAGGART. "Forward." Never despairing
 "Ditat Deus." God enriches. "Nil desperandum." "Praeclarum regi et regno servituma," Honorabe service to King and Country
 MAXWELL. "Pro salute," For safety
 "Curo dum quiesco." I am on my guard while I rest. "Pugno pro patria." I fight for my Country
 "I am ready." "Quae moderata firma," Moderate things are permanent
 "I'll bide broad Albine." "Quo duxeris adsum," Whither you shall lead, I am ready
 "Non dormio." I do not sleep. "Secundat vera fides." Real fidelity prospers
 "Non sine usu." Not without use. "Stand fast"
 "Prospero, sed curo." I make haste, but am cautious. "Tcut jour," Always
 "Revirescit." He revives. ROBERTS.
 "Reviresco." I grow green. "Dux vitae rates," Reason is the guide of my life
 "Semper virens." Always flourishing. "Successus a Deo est," Success comes from God
 "Tendit ad astra." He goes towards heaven. ROBINSON.
 "Viresco et surgo." I flourish and revive. "Sola in Deo salus," Safety in God alone
 MENZIES.
 "Fortem fors juvat." Fortune favors the brave.
 "Scopus vitae Christus." Christ is the end of life.

- "Tute tua tuta," Your safe things safely
 "Vince malum bono," Overcome evil with good
 "Virtute non verbis," By virtue, not by words
 ROBERTSON.
 "Dima wauken sleeping dogs,"
 "Hac virtus mercede digna," Virtue is worthy of this reward
 "Intemerata fides," Uncorrupted faith
 "Perseveranti dabitur," It will be given to the persevering
 "Post funera virtus," Virtue survives death
 "Quaque favilla micat," Every spark shines
 "Ramis micat radix," The root moves with the branches
 "Robore et sapore," With strength and taste
 "Securitate," By security
 "Virtutis gloria merces," Glory is the recompense of valor
 "Vitae faciendo nemini timeas," Fear no one in performing life's duties
 ROBSON.
 "Justus esto et non metue," Be just and fear not.
 ROSE.
 "Armat spina rosas," The thorn is the rose's arms
 "Audeo," I dare
 "Consilio ac virtute," By wisdom and valor
 ROSS.
 "Agnoscar eventus," I am known by the issue
 "Cautae et sedulo," Cautiously, not treacherously
 "Floret qui laborat," He prospers who labors
 "Magne et adamas," The magnet and adamant
 "Magnus et animus," And a great mind
 "Quo spinosior fragrantior," The more thorns, the greater fragrance
 "Spe aspera levat," He eases difficulties by hope
 "Spem successus alit," Success nourishes hope
 "Spes aspera levat," Hope lightens dangers
 SCOTT.
 "Anno," I love
 "Amo probos," I love the virtuous
 "Amore patriae," By the love of our country
 "Ardenter amo," I love fervently
 "At spes non fracta," But hope is not lost
 "Aut tace, aut face," Either be silent, or act
 "Crescendo prosim," Let me do good by increasing
 "Domini factum est," It is the work of the Lord
 "Do well and let them say,"
 "Facundia felix," Happy eloquence
 "Fear to transgress"
 "Fidelitas," Fidelity
 "Fortis et placabilis," Brave and easily appeased
 "I increase"
 "In tenebris lux," Light in darkness
 "Me fortem reddit Deus," God renders me brave
 "Mihī lucra," My gain
 "Nemo sibi nascitur," No one is born for himself
 "Nescit amor fines," Love knows no end
 "Pacem anno," I love peace
 "Patior origine virtus," Virtue rather than lineage
 "Pro amore patriae," For love of country
 "Prudenter amo," I love wisely
 "Ready aye ready,"
 "Recte faciendo meminē timeo," I fear none in doing right.
 "Reddunt aspera fortem," Dangers render brave
 "Regi et patriae fidelis," Faithful to King and Country
 "Reparabit cornua Phoebe," The moon shall fill again her horns
 "Sidus adsit amicum," Let my friendly star be present
 "Sperandum," To be hoped for
 "Spe verus," True in hope
 "Spe vires augentur," Strength is increased by hope
 "Tace aut face," Keep silence or act
 "Tenebris lux," Light in darkness
 "Watch weel,"
 SINCAIR.
 "Aspera virtus," Rugged valor
 "Candide sed caute," Openly but cautiously
 "Commit thy works to God,"
 "Credo," I believe
 "Cruce delector," I joy in the cross
 "Per ardua virtus," Virtue through difficulties
 "Promptus ad certamen," Ready for the contest
 "Quocunque ferar," Whithersoever I may be led
 "Rinascē plū gloriosa," To be renewed more vigorously
 "Sic rectius progredior," Thus I go more honorably
 "Te duce gloriamur," We glory under thy guidance
 "Via crucis, via lucis," The way of the cross is the way of light
 "Vinculo temno," I despise bonds
 SKENE.
 "Gratis a Deo data," Given freely by God
 "Sors mihi grata cadet," A pleasant lot shall fall to me
 STEWART-STUART.
 "Avant," Forward
 "Beati pacifici," Blessed are the peace makers
 "Candide," With candor
 "Christus mihi lucrum," Christ is my reward
 "Condide," Be secret
 "Dant priscae decorum," Ancient things give renown
 "Deo juvante vico," I conquer by the help of God
 "Fide et opera," By fidelity and labor
 "Fixus ac solidus," Fixed and solid
 "Forward,"
 "Furth fortune and fill the fetters"
 "God will provide"
 "Integritate stabis ingenuus," You will stand free by integrity
 "Juvant aspera fortes," Dangers delight the brave

Scottish Quaint Sayings.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER DRAM.

One wet day, her late majesty, Queen Victoria, took refuge in the cottage of one of her Balmoral tenants. The guid wife brought a glass of whiskey to the queen, which the royal lady graciously put to her lips. With Highland hospitality the good woman asked the queen to take more, to which her guidman rejoined: hoots wummun, dinna press her Majesty, she mabbe, had a drap afore she came here.—Exile Scrapbook.

THE FIFE MINISTER AND THE WAGS.

The minister, when taking his morning walk, was accosted thus by three loafers: "Good morning father Abraham," said the first. The second one followed with, "Good morning, father Isaac," where upon the third man chimed in with "Good morning, father Jacob."

The minister was silent for a moment, then exclaimed "I am neither Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Kish, looking for my father's asses and lo! I have found three of them."

On another occasion the same minister was greeted by two youths, who asked him if he had heard the latest news—viz. that the devil was dead. "Well," answered the minister, "the news you gave me about the death of your father is very sudden. I must rush away home and pray for his two fatherless bairns." —Exile.

A teacher was examining a class on that part of the Old Testament bearing on eastern salutations. Receiving no answers, he tried to make his questions clearer by asking, "What do two friends do when they meet in the street?" "Go and have a drink, Sir," was the quick reply.—Exile.

"The swift wind is said to be as quick as the changing passions of the light-headed woman."

"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and laughter."

"A man sought to break off his engagement to a girl, and sent word to this effect by a companion. The girl replied only, 'It is a mote in my eye.' Not certain whether she had understood, he sent again and she answered, 'It is a little particle sticking between my teeth to me.' He sent the third time, and she replied, 'It is a pebble in my shoe to me.' The young man thought her words over. His conscience smote him, and he returned to his allegiance."

"Let the loan be laughing going home," i. e. treat well what is borrowed.

A young clergyman in the North of Scotland was reproving a parishioner for his habits of intemperance. He represented to him that whiskey was his greatest enemy. "Are we not told in Scripture to love our enemies?" said the parishioner. "Yes, John," responded the minister, "but it is not said that we are to swallow them."—Ex.

A young Englishman at a party, mostly composed of Scotsmen, made several attempts to crack a joke, and failing to evoke a smile from his companions, he became angry and exclaimed, "Why, it would take a gimlet to put a joke into the heads of you Scotsmen." One of them replied: "Ay but the gimlet wud need tae be mair pointed than thae jokes."—Ex.

A Scotchman got married, and shortly after the event, was walking out one day, when he met a friend.

"I hear ye're married, Sandy," said his friend. "That's fine, mon."

"Oh, that's nae so fine," retorted Sandy. "That's nae so fine."

"Why, how is that?"

"She's got a bad temper," said Sandy.

"That's too bad," sympathized the other.

"Oh, that's nae so bad," said Sandy; "she's got money."

"Oh, that's fine."

"Nae so fine, nae so fine; we've lost it."

"Well, that's too bad."

"Nae so bad, nae so bad; we bought a house."

"Fine, fine."

"Oh, nae so fine, nae so fine; the house burned down."

"Ah, that's too bad."

"Oh, nae so bad; she was in it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

HOME REMEDIES IN VERSE.

The head of a family, who thought to save some of his hard-earned dollars by trying out simple home remedies when one of his household became ill, came in a few nights ago with a book under his arm, which he handed to his wife, remarking:

"Here is a work on burns. I found it at an auction this afternoon. As one of the children is almost sure to get burned on the Fourth, I thought it would be a good investment. Look it over carefully, and be prepared in case of an accident."

The wife opened the volume dutifully, and then exclaimed: "How odd! It's all poetry." —Kansas City Star.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.

New York Scottish Home Rule Association held its meetings and added to its membership during the summer season, the last gathering being the largest. The meetings are held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at eight p. m., 480 Central Park West.

The object of the Association is to assist the Scot at Home to secure self government that the nationality of Scotland may be preserved. All Scots and sympathizers are cordially invited to join in the movement.

Plans are now being made for the reception of Dr. W. A. Chapple, M. P., for Stirlingshire, who expects shortly to be in New York. The exact date of the reception will be published in the daily newspapers.

MARION A. SMITH,
Corresponding Secretary.

August 16, 1912.

The Master of Elibank, M. P., who has been the Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, received a very enthusiastic ovation at the recent Home Rule demonstration in Dublin. In the course of his remarks, he said: "We in Scotland are determined not to rest until we have obtained the control of our own local affairs. In Scotland as in Ireland, an overwhelming majority of the people are in favor of Home Rule, and we Scottish members stand shoulder to shoulder with you in this great national aspiration of yours. I rejoice that you in Ireland are about to realize her national spirit and in the strength so found would also be found the strength of Great Britain and the strength of the British Empire."

At the same meeting another Scot, the Right Hon. Eugene Wason said in his ad-

dress: "I can assure you of this, that we in Scotland, begrudge neither Autumn sessions, late sittings, nor anything which the Prime Minister or the Chief Whip lays upon us, in order that your bill goes through the House of Commons. I represent the 'Land of Burns,' who is our greatest national poet, and our greatest national song is, 'A Man's a Man, For a' That.' I believe the effect of this Home Rule Bill for Ireland—and when we get it, Home Rule for England, Scotland and Wales, will be to realize Burns' prophecy. 'When men the world o'er a' should brithers be, and a' that.'"

M. A. SMITH.

A HAPPY REUNION.

On June 7th, 1912, a happy reunion took place at the home of David Ross, No. 45 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn.

The outcome of this reunion was the meeting of this gentleman and his sister, Mrs. Fletcher, who had not seen or heard of one another for thirty-two years. Mr. Ross, a native of Dundee, Scotland, when a young man twenty-two years of age, escorted his sister from Edinburgh to Glasgow, to bid her good-bye, on leaving for America, and since then lost track of one another.

Mr. Ross, on coming to America, five and a half years ago, instituted a search for his long lost sister, and his hopes were just realized through Clan Graham, of the Order of Scottish Clans. It appears that his sister's husband, Mr. John Fletcher, is a member of this clan, and it was through this medium that they came together again. It is worthy of note that during the five and a half years that Mr. Ross has been residing in Brooklyn, he was within two miles of his sister's residence.

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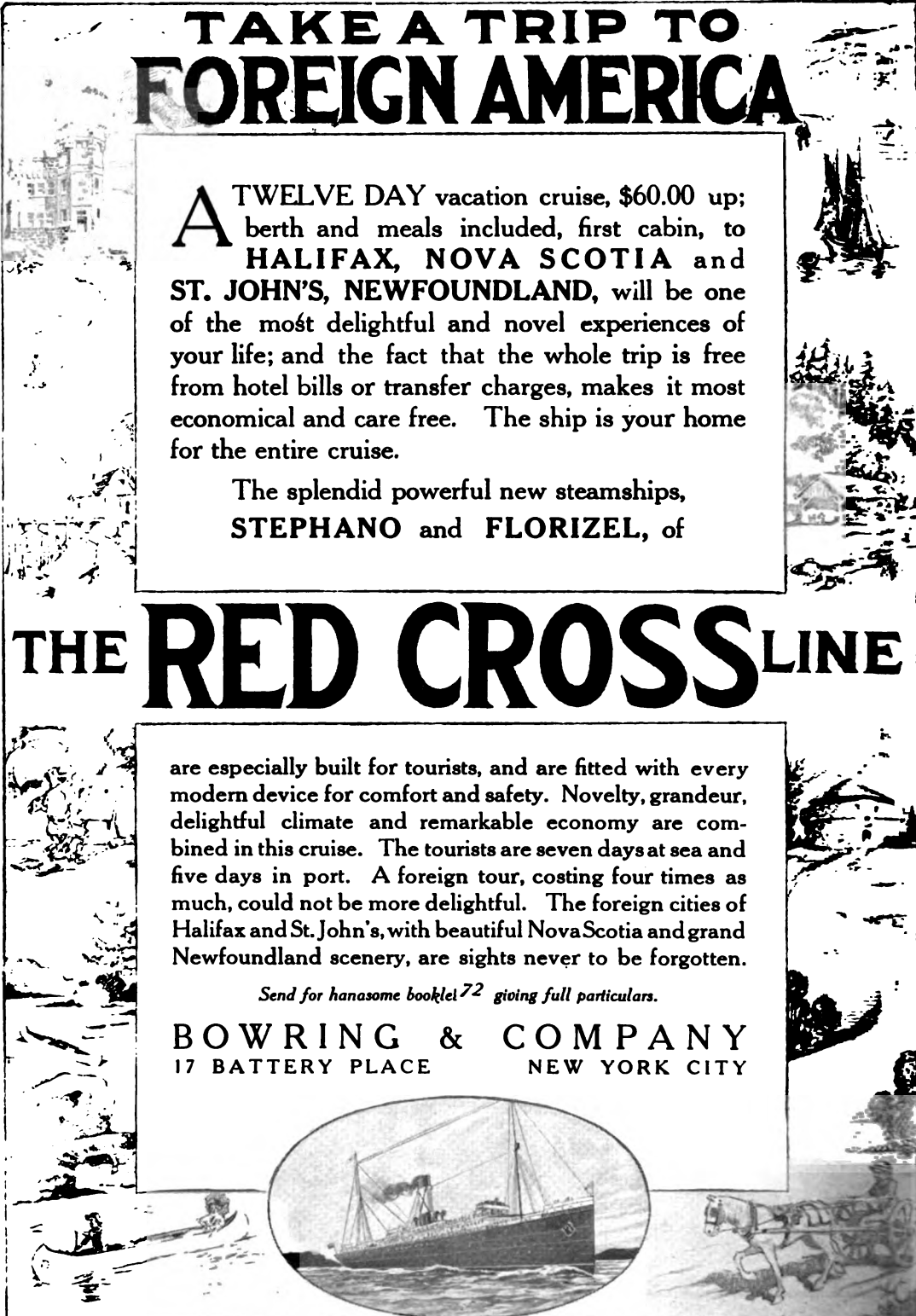
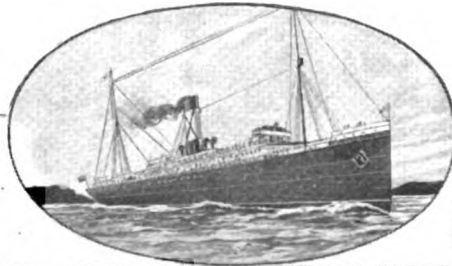
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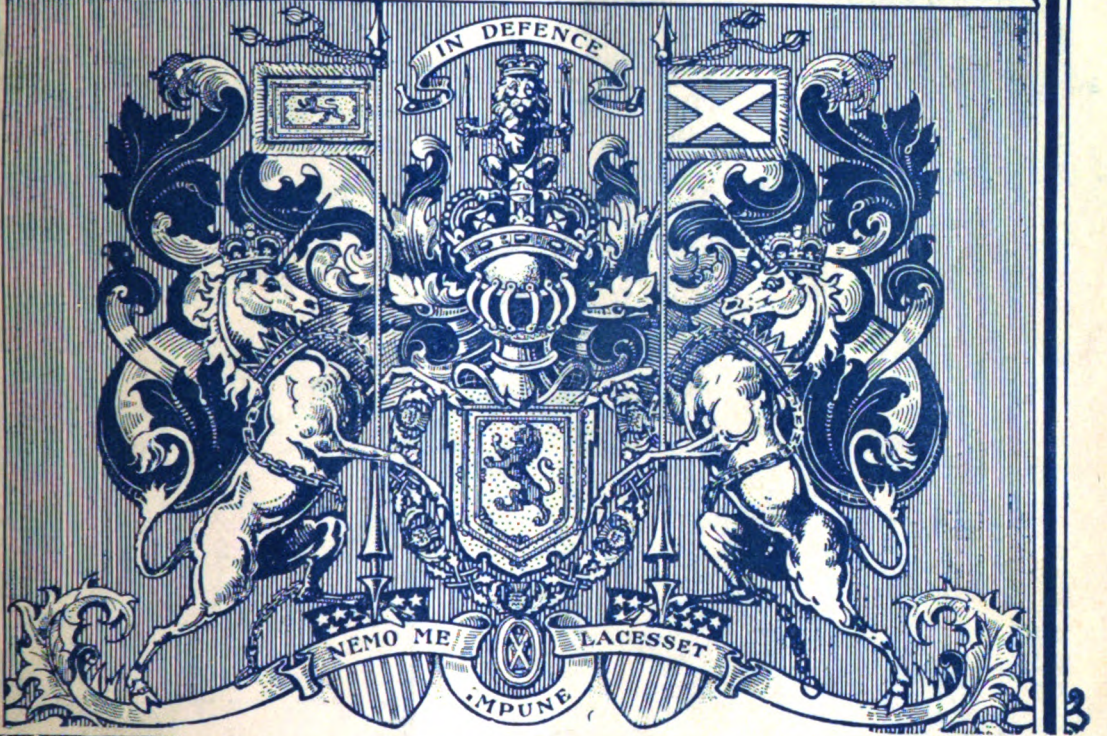
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Flora MacDonald in North Carolina.

(Continued)

On June 30th, 1775, Governor Martin in a letter to Lord Dartmouth said he could collect among the emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland 3,000 men, and begged permission to raise a battalion of a thousand Highlanders, and asked leave to recommend Mr. Allen MacDonald of Kingsburgh as Major, and Alexander MacLeod as Captain, "who being men of great worth and good character, have most extensive influence over the Highlanders."

Previous to this the American patriots only sought a redress for grievances, and few saw the outcome. The Highlanders had viewed the matter from a different standpoint; they failed to realize the craftiness of Governor Martin in compelling all who had recently arrived to take the oath of allegiance, which with all the sacredness of religion, they felt to be binding. The Declaration of Independence had not yet been proclaimed, Washington was in Massachusetts near Boston, and patriotic Americans were continuing their petitions to the British throne to take knowledge of their trouble. The Highlanders failed to realize the condition of the country, they lacked foresight, and seemed to have forgotten the injuries and oppression they had received from the House of Hanover who had hanged their fathers on the gallows. And further they seemed to have forgotten the kindness and assistance rendered to them by the colonists at the time of their landing in a new country. Some of these Highlanders had been destitute; it is recorded that a shipload of Highlanders were stranded in Virginia, and were received with the utmost kindness by those who now were the American patriots, many of whom were their own countrymen.

Flora MacDonald and Kingsburgh, her husband, should have refrained from participating in this conflict. Allen's age and past experience should have induced him to remain neutral; but instead of that he and his wife took the wrong side in the struggle, and, as we shall see, brought disaster and ruin upon themselves and their

family, though doubtless they acted conscientiously.

The British authority in Boston sent Donald MacDonald to take military command of the Clans, and for several months he worked hard gathering the settlers together; he was commissioned by Governor Martin as Brigadier-General, with Allen MacDonald second in command, as Major General. MacDonald issued a manifesto as commander of his Majesty's forces, for the time, in North Carolina. It was like the Fiery Cross over the sand hills and pine forests, summoning the Clans to the standard of the King. Night balls were held that the people might come together, and be properly enthused. "The war spirit of Flora MacDonald was stirred within her; night after night she attended the meetings, addressed the men in their native Gaelic, and urged them to enter the King's army. During the day on horseback with her husband, she went from house to house, and used her persuasive powers to excite the slow, the indifferent and the doubtful to action. To her personal appeals the success of the gathering was largely due."

At last the time came for the gathering at Cross Creek; the Highlanders had come from far and near, from the wide plantation and the lonely pine forests, with the claymore at their sides. It is estimated that from two to three thousand assembled. When dissension and discouragement were shown, Flora MacDonald arose equal to the emergency; on the public square, near the royal standard, she made a powerful address in Gaelic, in which she dwelt at length upon the loyalty of the Scots, their bravery, and the sacrifice her people had made; she urged them to duty, and was successful in exciting all to a high military pitch. When she had concluded, the piper asked her what tune he should play; like a flash she replied, "Give them 'Leather Breeches.'"

On February 18th the Highland army took up its march for Wilmington, and as the regiments filed out of Cross Creek, Flora MacDonald reviewed them from un-

der an oak tree. Then mounting her snow-white charger she rode up and down the marching columns, encouraging the soldiers. She had given freely for the cause; Allen, her husband was major, her son Alexander was captain, and Alexander MacLeod, her son-in-law, was colonel. The soldiers marched gaily along, with drums beating, flags flying, and pipes playing, as they sang the songs of their native land.

Flora MacDonald continued with the army for four miles, and it was with great difficulty that her husband at last persuaded her to return. Then she bade him adieu, with tears, and an earnest prayer that he might be kept in safety, and soon returned to their home at Killiegrey. Then once more encouraging the soldiers, she turned back to Cross Creek, and soon went to her home at Killiegrey, where she remained till the estate was confiscated by the Americans, and she removed to a plantation on Little River, with a Mr. Black and family; this was her residence until she left America.

BATTLE AT MORRIS CREEK BRIDGE,
FEBRUARY 27, 1776.

The army of the colonists under General Moore, took possession of Morris Creek Bridge, and gained an advantageous position. With a larger army they forced the Highlanders either to fight or retreat. General MacDonald called a council of war, and the majority of the officers were opposed to facing the enemy, which was two-thirds stronger in number than themselves, and was defended by entrenchments, and protected in front by a stream that was impassable except by a narrow bridge. But the younger officers would not yield, and at dawn they faced the enemy, and about seventy of them rushed over the bridge in front of the army, and sword in hand, stormed the works. About twenty passed the bridge, but were killed on the other side. It was impossible for the remainder of the army to follow; the Highlanders lost seventy, killed and wounded, while the patriots had none killed and only two wounded. The victory was complete and lasting; the power of the Highlanders was broken, and there fell into the hands of the Americans eight hundred and fifty prisoners with all their arms, and a box of guineas amounting to \$75,000. Some escaped from the field by

breaking down their wagons, and riding away. All the soldiers taken were disarmed, and ordered to return to their homes immediately. Nearly all the chief officers were made prisoners, Allen MacDonald of Kingsburgh and his son Alexander among them, and were confined in the jail at Halifax, North Carolina.

THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

This was the first battle fought on North Carolina soil; it kindled the flames of patriotism among the Americans, and animated them with fresh hope and increased valor, and yet the leaders of the patriots treated the Highlanders with the utmost consideration.

But it is not our purpose to enlarge on the result of the victory, but to call to mind the effect it had upon Flora MacDonald, her husband and family. Allen MacDonald, his son Alexander, fifteen captains, one lieutenant, and five minor officers were sent as prisoners to Philadelphia and from there to Reading. In August, 1777, Allen was permitted to go to New York to arrange an exchange for himself and his son. Kingsburgh proceeded to New York, and during the month of November, succeeded in getting an exchange, and in the fall of 1778, he left New York for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and joined the Royal Highland Regiment; he remained with this regiment till 1783, when he returned to Skye as a captain on half pay.

Flora MacDonald felt the disaster of the Highlanders, and the imprisonment of her husband and son most keenly. She was denied the privilege of visiting her husband, and never saw him again in America. And yet, notwithstanding the reverses and ruin, there was not a word of bitterness nor unforgiveness uttered by her. Her character is worthy of admiration; she had helped bring on the conflict, all her sons were in the British army, her only married daughter was settled in a home of her own, and her daughter Fannie, was an invalid, and too young to sympathize with her in her distress. Her position was most trying, she was an object of suspicion, and her every movement was noted. She was not arrested, but was summoned to appear before the Committee of Safety; during her examination she "manifested a spirited behavior," and was permitted to

(See Page 247)

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NO. VI

Flora MacDonald

(Concluded.)

return home in peace. However, if any person was seen in her company, it was sufficient evidence that the party was disloyal to the American cause. Added to all her trials, she was called to mourn the loss of a son and daughter, aged eleven and thirteen, who died of typhus fever, and were buried at Killiegrey.

Under all these adverse circumstances Flora continued calm, peaceful and resigned. Her husband managed to have a letter delivered to her in which he advised her to return to Skye. It was her wish to remain in America, though in distress, but she yielded to her husband's desire, and left at the earliest opportunity. She secured a passport from Cross Creek to Wilmington, thence a passage by vessel to Charleston, South Carolina. Not having enough money for her journey, she sold some of her silverware which was given her when a prisoner in London. In 1779, accompanied only by her invalid daughter Fannie, of all the ten children born to her, she left Charleston on board a British vessel. Crossing the Atlantic the Scottish heroine met with another misfortune; the ship, in which she sailed, en-

countered a French war vessel. During the engagement that followed, Flora refused to go below, but remained on deck. When the courage of the men began to fail, she ascended the quarter-deck, during the fiercest of the battle, and encouraged them to stand by their guns. She was thrown violently down during the fight, and her left arm was broken, but she still refused to leave, and did not cease her encouragement of the sailors until the French had been routed.

On reaching Scotland, Flora went at once to her brother's home in Milton, and after her husband's return at the close of the Revolution, they went back to Kingsburgh House, where she remained until her death on March 5th, 1790, at the age of sixty-eight. Her funeral was the largest ever held in Skye; the procession was a mile in length. Her husband died five years later, and was buried by the side of his wife, Flora, "who honored him with her heart, and for forty years lavished on him all the wealth and all the generous impulses of a truly noble and generous nature."—Editor.

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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

The du Pont Company of Manhattan, with a capital of \$12,000,000, was incorporated at Albany recently, for the purpose of financing the largest office building in the world, which is to be erected on the site of the Equitable Life Assurance Society at 120 Broadway. The new building will be thirty-six stories high and with its site will cost \$29,000,000.

Police affairs in the City of New York are being investigated in such a variety of ways that perhaps, after all the fuss and excitement, the results may be merely negligible.

Mrs. John S. Kennedy, whose husband left large bequests for charity and religious purposes, is going to establish a home for Christian workers at Gramercy Park, New York, at a cost of \$400,000. The home will be for mission workers and nurses of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. The Rev. Dr. A. F. Schaufier, a Presbyterian minister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Kennedy, is president of this organization, which is largely Presbyterian in its membership.

The Federal Bureau of Labor, after a tour of investigation through thirty-two states reported recently, that the cost of living had advanced 50 per cent. in the last ten years. Such a state of affairs requires to be remedied.

It is rather a sad commentary on the progress of humanity and the hoped for dawn of universal peace, that science is perfecting new weapons of warfare. Colonel Lewis of the U. S. Coast Artillery has just devised a special form of gun to be fired from an aeroplane. The flying aerial battery is looming in the no distant future as a possible efficient adjunct in warfare.

The Right Rev. William Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon from 1884 to 1911 and clerk of the closet to the King, arrived in New York recently on board the Baltic. He was made clerk of the closet by King Edward in 1903. Bishop Carpenter will deliver a course of lectures at Harvard University during his stay on this side.

Foreign mission gifts from American Protestant churches now aggregate nearly \$13,000,000 a year, the largest amount sent out by any country. England comes next with not quite \$10,000,000. American home mission gifts are \$40,000,000.

CANADIAN.

Towards the close of last month a movement was started in Ottawa, the object of which was to remove the naval policy of Canada from the sphere of party politics. A large petition signed by prominent adherents of both the Conservative and Liberal parties has been prepared to promote this result. Needless to state, Premier Borden's naval policy is more agreeable to the mother coun-

try and to the English speaking people of Canada than that of Sir. Wilfred Laurier was.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, on September 16, dedicated a Y. M. C. A. building at Cobalt, Ont. This thriving town is in the midst of a rich mining country, and doubtless such a new centre of light will have an illuminating moral effect.

After Premier Borden's recent return from England, the leading Conservatives of Ottawa gave a banquet in his honor. At it he said, that he and his associates had been met with by the members of the British Government with all possible frankness and courtesy, and that they found in Great Britain the same steady, virile men who developed in these islands the greatest people the world had ever seen.

The Duke of Connaught, in his recent tour of the country, to the Pacific coast, was surprised at the amazing progress and development he witnessed in his travels. The royal Governor General predicts a glorious future for the Dominion.

The movement to make Galway on the west coast of Ireland a transatlantic port, to connect with Canada and the States, seems about to culminate in practical results. Toronto capitalists are much interested in the project.

BRITISH.

The Rev. Gavin Lang of the Inverness School Board recently resigned after a continuous membership of 25 years.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie recently paid a high compliment to Emperor William in a reply he wrote to the editor of the Nobel Prize book, as follows: "It gives me great pleasure at your request to confirm Herr Fried's opinion of one of the foremost rulers of the world, the German Emperor, as being intensely in favor of international peace. This I have long known. Sobriety has in the Emperor its strongest advocate. He is, indeed, a model monarch."

The Federation of Burns' Clubs, of Scotland, England and Ireland had their annual meeting at Carlisle recently. The number of delegates present was 200 representing 83 clubs. The Federation will endeavor to prevent the sale of Burns' house at Dumfries, with the relics it contains.

Mr. D. C. Hamilton, a director of Clyde Shipping Company, died suddenly at his residence at Pollackshields, Glasgow, on September 13. The deceased was well known in engineering and shipping circles.

Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

The four British armored ships to be begun this year will be fitted not only with overhead armor for protection against aerial attack, but also with guns of high elevation

for attacking aircraft. The gun is a combination of an antitorpedo craft and anti aircraft weapon. At a distance of four and a half miles it can send a shell to a height of 13,000 feet.

A few days ago a monument erected at Elderslie, Renfrewshire, in honor of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, was unveiled by Lord Rosebery, with appropriate ceremonies. Elderslie was the birthplace of Wallace, who was often designated the "Knight of Elderslie."

King George recently honored the famous Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), by consenting to become their Colonel-in-chief.

The herring catch on the east coast of Scotland has been the largest in twenty-five years, and the fisher folk were, as a consequence jubilant to no ordinary degree.

It is a significant fact that none of the leaders of the Irish Nationalist party would accept office in any British Cabinet. This would be too English to suit their aspirations. Doubtless the fears of the Ulster men are not groundless.

A recent report of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland, on the harvest, was disappointing. Such a statement was not unexpected owing to the prevalence of wet weather during the season. The generally prevailing potatoe blight has increased the discouraging outlook.

A new industry, that of lace making has been started at Lochfynside. Miss Campbell, of Stonefield, recently founded a school to furnish instruction in the art, with a view of providing the families of fishermen with employment during the winter months.

Among other desirable reforms lately introduced by the Board of Admiralty is the abolishing of petty punishment in the navy.

It has been remarked that Mr. Straus, the Progressive candidate for Governor of the State of New York, proved very efficient under exceptionally difficult circumstances while United States Minister to Turkey. Doubtless he would prove equally capable as Governor of New York, and the Progressives have acted wisely in nominating him.

Sometime ago an official order was issued forbidding the wearing of religious garb or insignia in the Indian schools by the teachers. Some of these members of Roman Catholic sisterhoods, objected to the restriction, and were sustained by Secretary Fisher. Recently President Taft issued an order upholding the Secretary's ruling. The majority of unprejudiced people, it is certain, would maintain that the Valentine restrictive order was right and that of the President wrong.

Sir George McCrae, head of the local government in Scotland, arrived recently in New York. He will attend the International Congress of Hygiene to be held at Washington, D. C., as a representative of the of the British Government.

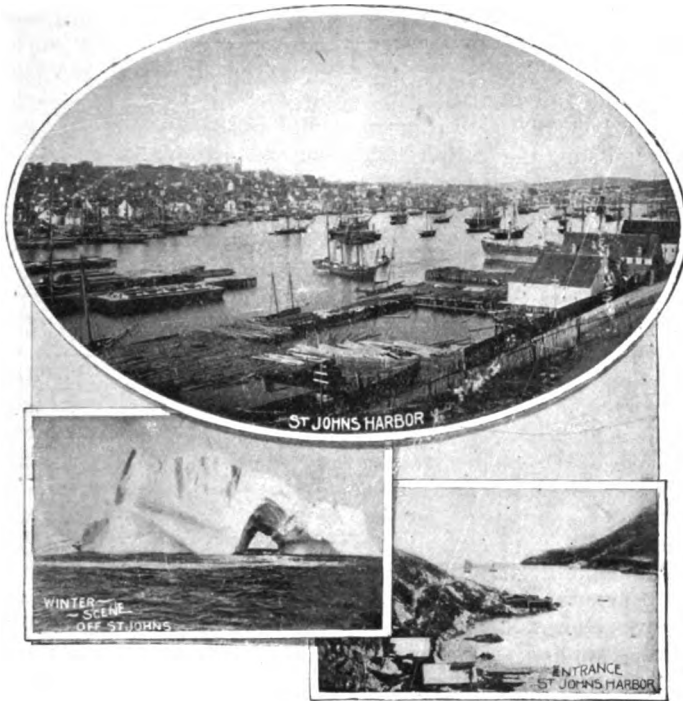
Col. Roosevelt at Denver, Col., September 19, declared his willingness to have the recall extended to the President of the United States. This, with other startling political changes, may be expected if he is elected President, as he has declared in that event, his intention of calling a special session of Congress immediately after his inauguration, to put into effect the Progressive party's program for social and industrial legislation.

The Salvation Army in America proposes establishing, as a memorial of General William Booth, a training school for social workers to cost \$250,000. The school will be in New York city, and Commander Eva Booth reports that a large sum has been already raised for that purpose.

Sir George H. Reid, once Prime Minister and now High Commissioner of Australia in London, was the guest of the Merchants' Association of New York, September 20, at luncheon at the University Club. Sir George is a native of Scotland, gave an interesting account of Australia to his auditors at the banquet. He stated that with all their progressiveness, the Australians were thoroughly loyal and devoted to the mother country. Among other things he said: "Our working classes seems to me to live under ideal conditions. You see, Australia is a country in which rest and recreation belong to the working classes in a measure not visible elsewhere. The cost of living is not high, the men work only eight hours a day. Then there is so much room. We have only 4,600,000 souls in a country larger than the United States."

Keir Hardie, M. P., representing the labor party in the British Parliament, has been busy lecturing in different parts of this country. Mr. Hardie has created a favorable impression among others as well as Socialists and members of labor unions.

An old Scotch woman lay dying. The sorrowing husband sat holding her worn hand in his, and seeing she was soon to leave him, broke through his lifelong Scotch reserve by saying earnestly: "Janet, if ever a woman was loved, I love you." The weary eyelids were raised, and a radiant smile overspread the pale face as Janet replied: "I aye kened it, John, but O to hear ye say it!" Jesus knew that Peter loved him, but repeated his question that he might hear it from his own lips. How much we often lose by not saying it!—
Dr. Whyte.



IMPRESSIONS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A sea voyage by the Red Cross Line to St. John's, Newfoundland, is a most delightful and restful trip for a tired person. For several days one is removed from the rush of the busy world, and nature has a chance to recuperate. The distance from New York to St. John's is 1,120 miles. Halifax, Nova Scotia, is about half this distance, and a full day and night are spent each way at this famous seaport, thus breaking the monotony of the journey. Nearly three days are spent at St. John's, giving ample opportunity for visiting places of interest in this quaint old city.

We left New York on Saturday, September 7th, on the steamer "Florizel," a fine steady boat of 3,000 tons, and reached Halifax Monday noon. On Tuesday at five p. m., we sailed for St. John's, arriving there Thursday morning. There were sixty passengers in the first cabin, who soon became well acquainted and interested in each other's welfare. Captain Clifton Smith was most successful in his efforts to make

his large family happy, and was ably assisted by his first, second and third officers and purser. The stewards and crew were courteous and obliging; the food and service were most satisfactory, and everyone seemed delighted and well pleased with the orderly conduct on board. Public worship was held on the first Sunday by Rev. M. W. Keyes, of South Africa, and on the second Sunday was conducted by Rev. D. MacDougall, of "The Caledonian," the passengers joining heartily in the service.

ST. JOHN'S.

No one can fail to be impressed by the grand view as the steamer approaches St. John's. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, not more than 500 feet wide, and is guarded by a hill on each side, rising perpendicularly to a height of five or six hundred feet. The harbor is a little more than a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is filled with steamers and vessels of various sizes, with a British cruiser in the center, making an imposing

appearance. The city is built on the slope of a hill, located in the eastern portion of the island, and is sixty miles from Cape Race, which is the extreme eastern point of America.

St. John's was founded in 1580, and has now a population of 36,000. It is the "Hub" of Newfoundland, the center of trade, and of the political, financial and industrial life of the colony; the terminus of the railway; the point from which all local steamers sail, and the port of arrival of all steamers from Great Britain, Canada and the United States, and as the capital of the island, is a busy city.

There are fine stores on Water street, the leading thoroughfare, and we especially noticed four large book stores, which indicate the literary taste of the people. There is a trolley line, and though there are electric lights, the streets were rather dark at night. We noticed some imposing buildings, as the Roman Catholic and Episcopal cathedrals, the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, the Court House, Post Office, Museum, Colonial Building, Governor's house and the railway station. At the head of the harbor is a large drydock, 600 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 25 feet deep. It was built at a cost of \$550,000, and is owned by the Reid Newfoundland Company.

There is no public school system, but each religious denomination has its own school, with a superintendent in charge, who inspects and examines the work of the school. There is also a board of education composed of representative men. The government makes an annual appropriation, which is divided among the denominations according to the number of pupils. Nearly one-half of the population of St. John's are Roman Catholics, but two-thirds of the inhabitants of Newfoundland are Protestants. Sectarian rivalry is not bitter, as the present Prime Minister, Sir Edward Morris, is of the Roman Catholic faith, and as an independent candidate won by a large majority over three regular nominees. The usual rivalry between Roman Catholics and Orangemen is not so evident, and it is said that there are 15,000 of the latter in the island, and two lodges in St. John's have over six hundred members. All denominations are very strict about Sabbath observance and attending public worship. There are several social organizations in

the city. We had the pleasure of meeting a number of prominent Scotsmen, of whom there are several hundred in St. John's. Two years ago they organized a St. Andrew's Society, which now has two hundred members. Their first annual athletic games, held last summer, were largely attended. There are four daily newspapers published in the city, and each appears to be prosperous.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS RESOURCES.

The island is irregular in shape, and is surrounded on the north, east and south by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is about 320 miles long, and nearly as wide, and has a seacoast of 6,000 miles, and the area is 46,000 square miles, about twice the size of Nova Scotia. One-third of the island is taken up by rivers and lakes, and a mountain range two hundred miles long extends north and south, the highest peak being 2,000 feet.

THE REID NEWFOUNDLAND COMPANY has, during the last twelve years, opened up the country by building and operating a railroad seven hundred miles long, through the heart of the island, from St. John's to Port-au-Basques. They maintain a daily service between these two points, and a mail steamer from Sydney, Cape Breton, meets the railway at Port-au-Basque, thus making connection with every part of the world. The Reid Company also has a number of steamers for service along the coast. These all have Scottish names, as Glencoe, Argyle, Dundee and Clyde, as Mr. Reid was a native of Scotland. They have also established a saw-mill, opened a granite quarry, and coal mines, and have charge of many other enterprises. "The Reid Company is the largest paymaster to-day, next to the government itself." The founder, Sir Robert Reid, has passed away, but his sons carry on the work with energy and ability.

The inhabitants of the island (about 250,000) are mostly fishermen, and live near the shore. Eighty per cent. of the total exports are fish, and the codfish alone yielded \$7,500,000 last year. There is no doubt that the interior has unexplored riches. It is full of wild beasts, birds and fish, and timber, coal and iron are in abundance. It has wonderful attractions for hunters and anglers. A writer says:



“Newfoundland’s claim to be considered the sportsman’s paradise lies in the fact that hunting and trapping are to be enjoyed at all seasons of the year. Of big game there are bears, wolves and caribou in abundance; of fur-bearing animals there are the fox, lynx, marten, otter, beaver, mink and muskrat; and of the other game, migratory and indigenous, the hare, rabbit, ptarmigan, spruce partridge, Canada goose, brant goose, woodcock, curlew and plover. Finally, its trout and salmon are among the finest in the world, and are found in immense quantities in all its numerous brooks and rivers, while the more adventurous can seek excitement in the seal hunt or the modern form of whale fishing.”

F. C. Selous, who accompanied Colonel Roosevelt in his African expedition, says:

“I think I never enjoyed an outing more than my last trip to Newfoundland. I got off the beaten track, found plenty of caribou, and of the five stags I shot, two carried very fine heads, and two others very fair ones, the fifth being a small one. The wild, primeval desolation of the country, and the vast, voiceless solitudes, where the silence is never broken, save by the cry of some wild creature—have an inexpressible charm all their own. You feel that you stand on a portion of the earth’s sur-

face which has known no change for countless centuries, a land which may remain in its natural condition for centuries to come.”



J. G. Millais, the famous explorer, author and painter, writes:

“In no country have I experienced such enjoyable hunting as in Newfoundland. Game I have always found when once the distant hunting grounds were reached. Newfoundland is a most attractive place, with its thousands of lakes and pools; picturesque streams teeming with salmon, trout and ouananiche; great open moors and marshes dotted with the ever restless herds of caribou; a wild seacoast inhabited by thousands of seabirds; dense forests of varied and beautiful trees, all contributing to make the island one of the most delightful of all wild countries to the sportsman and the lover of nature. There

is more than a little fascination, too, in knowing that here is land, within a few days of England, a great part of whose interior has never been trodden by the white man, even by government surveyors, and that you can plunge into this beautiful wilderness and feel all the delights of wandering at will through the recesses of an untrodden waste; where deer-stalking—and such deer, too!—may be pursued with gratifying success."

Another authority says:

"But it is as a deer country that Newfoundland excels. The noble caribou roam over its uninhabited interior in countless herds. They are so numerous that the most indifferent sportsman, if well guided, need not return home without skins and antlers, secured by his own bullet. The caribou is the North American rein-deer; it is larger than its relations in Lapland. A full grown stag will weigh 500 and frequently 700 pounds. The months for stalking them are September and October, by which time they have begun their annual migration southward for the winter."

The waters both in and around Newfoundland are well stocked with fishes of various kinds, such as cod, herring, salmon and lobsters. Every harbor has its fishing village, and the fishing places line the shore. In the spring, no less than 15,000 people, men, women and children, leave their homes in Newfoundland for the summer fishing in Labrador. The men trap codfish, which the women salt and dry on the shore. The herring fishing is mainly prosecuted on the west coast of the island, in the autumn and winter. The annual catch is about 100,000 barrels, valued at \$250,000. It is estimated that 7,500,000 lobsters, worth \$400,000, are caught each year.

The seal fishing on the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador far exceeds that of Behring Sea, for during the six weeks of the spring, when it is carried on, about 300,000 seals are killed, worth nearly \$1,000,000, and there is little diminution of the herds. Mr. P. T. McGrath, in his book, "Newfoundland," in 1911, says:

"The young seals grow rapidly. At birth they weigh about five pounds, but within a month they are about fifty, at which weight they are fit to kill, their coat of fat being three to four inches thick, though



their only sustenance is their mother's milk during all that period. They are in their prime by the middle of March, and when that month opens, the sealmen gather at St. John's to join their ships. These sail on March 13th, and the men will walk fifty or sixty miles through snow-drifts and biting frosts, with kits on their backs, to secure 'a berth' to the ice, as the local parlance puts it. Each ship is filled with coal when leaving, which is thrown overboard if she gets among the herds and has a chance to fill up (coal being worth about \$4 a ton and seal \$80), but is consumed in cruising among the floes for scattered batches of pinnipeds, if she is unlucky at the outset. An ample stock of food is also put on board, for occasionally a ship is 'jammed' in some remote bay by the ice, and held fast for weeks, so that this contingency must be provided against."

One of the most recent industries of Newfoundland is the pulp and paper mills at Grand Falls, operated by the Harmsworth Co., of London. Nearly one thousand men are employed, and the wages amount to \$60,000 a month.

The Albert Reid Company, of London, is carrying on extensive paper mills at Bishop Falls, eight miles from Harmsworth Company. These mills are three-fourths the size of those at Grand Falls. Last year 35,000,000 feet of timber were cut by the Harmsworth Company for the use of its pulp and paper mills. It is said that the lumbering industry is worth to the colony a year \$750,000, and the paper and pulp industry \$1,250,000 per annum. Newfoundland has extensive forests of timber, mostly located along the railway line, or near the ocean.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES of the island are among the richest deposits known. It is recorded that the iron mines of Bell Island, in Conception Bay, eighteen miles from St. John's, produce over a million



tons annually. The Dominion Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company are shipping their ore to smelters at Sydney and to various markets in Europe and the United States.

These mines at Bell Island were discovered by accident.

"About twenty years ago, a fisherman, sailing in his smack from one of the coves there to St. John's, ballasted his boat with lumps of reddish rock that cumbered the strand. When he unloaded this on the wharf at St. John's, an Englishman on a schooner lying at the pier saw that it seemed to be highly mineralized, and took a portion of it across the Atlantic, where he had it assayed, and its value determined. The original holders of the property received \$120,000 for it from the Nova Scotia Steel Company, which in its turn was paid by the Dominion Steel Company \$1,000,000 for the larger of the two beds, and of these companies is now producing

500,000 tons of ore annually, and selling the same at a profit of a dollar a ton."

Mr. McGrath, editor of the "Herald and Mail," remarks: "During the past decade, among a quarter of a million people, there has not been a murder or a serious affray. The Colonial Penitentiary is often scarcely occupied, so few are the offenders. For the past eighteen months, the Supreme Court of St. John's has had but one important case on its criminal docket, and the magistrates around the coast are rarely required to deal with other than civil suits. The moral character of the people is very high, and their kindness and hospitality are proverbial. As church goers they are probably unexcelled. They will not under any circumstances engage in fishing or other work on Sunday." These British inhabitants of Saxon and Celtic races are God-fearing and law-abiding, courageous and energetic people. They own their own homesteads, and pay rent to no landlord.—
Editor.

THE CALL TO A SCOT.

BY RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING.

There came an ancient man, and slow,
Who piped his way along our street—
How could the neighbors' children know
That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,
And jeered the pipes in mirthful file;
But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt
That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller, playing in the street,
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
But his old measure stirred her feet,
That baby with the Scottish face.

She squared her shoulders as she stood,
To watch the piper 'round the turn—
Nor dreamed what beat within her blood
Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn!

Iona, The Sacred Isle.

(Continued.)

BY ROBERT JAFFRAY.

"There is one Iona, a little island of the West. It is but a small isle, fashioned of a little sand, a few grasses, salt with the spray of an ever-restless wave, a few rocks that wave in heather, and upon whose brows the sea-wind weaves the yellow lichen. But in this little island a lamp was lit whose flame lighted pagan Europe, from the Saxon in his fens to the swarthy folk who came by Greek waters to trade the Orient. Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home, when the shadow of the sword, lay upon all lands, from Syracuse by the Tyrrhene Sea to the rainy isles of Orca. From age to age, lowly hearts have never ceased to ease their burthen here. To tell the story of Iona would be to go back to God, and to end in God. There is another Iona of which I would speak. I do not say that it lies open to all. It is as we come that we find. It we come bringing nothing with us, we go away ill-content, having seen and heard nothing of what we had vaguely expected to see or hear. It is another Iona than the Iona of sacred memories and prophecies—Iona the metropolis of dreams. None can understand it who does not see it through its pagan light, its Christian light, its singular blending of paganism, and romance, and spiritual beauty."

The reader quickly finds himself in an atmosphere of legends, dreams, and imaginations. Some of these are of a religious nature, such as the belief current in some quarters that Christ will appear again upon Iona; and a legend that Mary Magdalen was buried in a cave on the island; and a strange and indefinite expectation that there will be on Iona a further manifestation of the work of redemption through the advent of a Divine Woman.

Other legends are of a secular character, in most cases touching the underworld of mystery and magic. We are told of the Sidhe or People of the Hills, who, though found in some of the lonely isles, have their kingdom in the Far North. It is related that one of Columba's monks sailed towards their country; and he sailed and sailed for nine years, and then lived with the Sidhe for three hundred years, and finally came back to Iona. He related his adventures to the monks then on the island, but when he began to tell of the lovely creatures he had seen in that far distant land, he was promptly buried alive!

Shonny, a sea god, is mentioned—evil in his ways, and greatly feared. There is also another sea god, Menaun by name, who sometimes lives in the sea, fashioned in a mysterious shape, and sometimes goes ashore in the guise of a human being. We read also the legend of Black Angus, who was turned into a seal; and we are told of a monk who preached the Word to the seals along the shore. There are also tales of "second sight," and various stories of life on Iona and the neigh-

boring isles,—all having a local color which invests them with a great charm.

In another book the author tells a legend of St. Brighid or St. Bride, who has always been dear to the Gaelic heart under her name of "Muime Chríod"—the Foster-Mother of Christ. Briefly, the story relates how Brighid and her father were shipwrecked on the shore of Iona. The little girl was welcomed by the Druids, who recognized in her the fulfilment of a prophecy. She grew up beautiful in appearance and in character. One day, at the Fountain of Youth, on Dun-I,*

* A hill on Iona.

she saw a vision of a woman of great beauty. Soon afterwards a white dove appeared who led Brighid far away, over distant desert lands, to Bethlehem, where her father was keeping an Inn.

In the father's temporary absence from the inn, an elderly man with his wife asked for shelter. The wife addressed Brighid in Gaelic, and Brighid recognized her as the lovely woman who had appeared in the vision on Iona. The pair were lodged in the stable, and there the Babe was born. Brighid nursed the Child while Mary slept. Towards morning Brighid fell into a deep sleep, and when she awoke the travellers were gone. She set out to follow them, and finally caught a sight of the city of Jerusalem; and then suddenly was transported back to Iona and to her old life.

Aside from the anachronism of referring to St. Bride as living at the time of the Christian era, there are other matters which a friendly criticism must overlook. We cannot think of the Scriptural incident taking place at an inn called "Rest and Be Thankful"; nor does it accord with our ideas to read of collies and pipers, and of people drinking ale and eating oatcakes and scones, in Bethlehem. But these features are only incidentals; the essential part of the beautiful legend remains, and its beauty is enhanced by the graceful way in which it is related.

Another legend of the island tells how Columba conversed one day with Ardan, an ancient Druid, about their respective religions. Ardan stated in the course of conversation that the birds all knew the mystery of the Cross. Columba meditated long over the idea; and the next day, to test the statement, he called to the birds to gather at Iona. They came from every quarter, from distant moors and lochs, and mountain sides; and Columba said Mass for them as they sat around him.

Among the various tales of Iona—ancient and modern, sacred and secular—found in Fiona Macleod's works, there is one which is worthy of special mention. The Sin Eater, Neil Ross, after a long absence, is returning to Iona, unrecognized through the changes which the lapse of years have wrought. He

hopes for a chance to stop on the way and curse to the face his old enemy, Adam Blair. From an aged woman, who finally recognizes him, he learns that he is too late, for Adam has just died, and is laid out for the burial. As Neil is in sore need of money, he is persuaded to earn a fee, in accordance with a current superstition, by taking upon himself the sins of the dead man. This could be done by an entire stranger, who naturally bore no grudge in his heart; and in such case he would be gradually purified of the sins by the air of Heaven. Neil accordingly eats some bread and drinks some water which had been placed on the breast of the corpse, receives his fee, and departs. He had been told that even if the Sin Eater had a grudge, he could, nevertheless, find a way of easing his burden of sins by casting them into the sea. It appears, however, that the sins could not be thus disposed of if the Sin Eater was concealing a crime; and Neil soon found he could not get rid of the awful burden he had assumed. He crossed over to Iona to live in his old ancestral home, but he found his homecoming was very different from his anticipations. Shunned by the inhabitants, who seemed to suspect some deep mystery, he went deeper and deeper into the horrors of madness; tried again and again to prevail on the waves to take his burden; called himself Judas; and finally was drowned, tied to two pieces of wood fastened together in the shape of a cross.

This brief resume gives no idea of the graphic style in which the narrative is told. The scene at the death watch, when one old woman tells another that the mice have left the house because the soul of the dead man, loth to leave, is trying to hide in the dark corners and behind the walls; the description of the mysterious rites according to which the Sin Eater performed his task; the account of how the corpse laughed when the mourners saw Neil going away; all these are examples of word-painting which must be read to be appreciated.

It is a pleasure to turn from an awful tale like this to some of the other stories which show the beautiful side of Gaelic folk-lore—such, for instance, as the story of The Anointed Man. Alison Achanna was not understood by his neighbors. He was "fey." He could always smile, even when surrounded with distress and suffering. Once he explained to a little girl why he was thus. Years before when lying on the ground with his face buried in the heather, two tiny hands had pressed something soft on his eyelids. He had been touched with the Fairy Ointment and thereafter all the world and all its inhabitants were beautiful, and there was no more sin, nor ugliness, nor distress.

Surely no further examples are necessary to prove how appropriately this little island is called "The Metropolis of Dreams"; but only the original writings themselves can show the perfection of the local color which adds such a charm to the gifted author's works. A phrase, or a brief sentence, alludes to some aspect of nature or some manifesta-

tion of its forces, and one immediately recognizes the accuracy of the Hebridean picture.

The direct references to Iona are, of course, only incidents in the consideration of the broad field of Gaelic tradition and folk-lore; but it is made clear that there is no other spot in Scottish Gaeldom which can compare with Iona in the absorbing interest which it inspires—whether viewed from the standpoint of history, of religion, or of romance. In fact it is the peculiar combination of Christianity, Paganism, History and Romance associated with Iona, which makes this interest so great. The author's power comes from a deep affection and admiration for the Gael, and a soulful sympathy with all that is sad and mysterious, as well as all that is beautiful, in his nature and in his literature.

Leaving the island, the homeward course lies first to the southward, among the numerous reefs and rocky islets of Iona Sound; and then, rounding the corner of Mull, the steamer passes from the open sea into the Firth of Lorne, towards Oban. On the left lie the rocky shores of Mull—desolate, and yet picturesque, since the granite rocks are streaked with red, and covered here and there with patches of green moss. There is no sign of life except the great flocks of gulls, and the puffins, cormorants, and other birds which are moved to flight at the approach of the steamer.

The voyage is ended at Oban towards the close of the afternoon; and the picturesque view of the town and its vicinity which is afforded by the approach up the Firth of Lorne is a pleasant incident in this enjoyable and unique excursion.

Yes, the voyage is over, but the memories it rouses will not soon pass away. We have been on the borders of Dreamland, and have learned something of its mysteries. Let us not, however, be so fascinated by our experiences in this respect as to overlook that which is substantial and enduring.

It has been necessary to take a distant view into centuries long past, in order to obtain an adequate impression of the important part which this island has played in the history of Great Britain.

One should not visit Iona with the expectation of seeing beauty of landscape or of architecture; her great claim on the traveler's attention lies rather in her far-reaching historical interest, and in her sacred associations. When one thinks of the distant centuries during which this little island was like a beacon light standing for Christianity, civilization, and useful knowledge; when one appreciates the fact that beneath the sod lie the bones of kings, chiefs, abbots, monks, priests, and others who, in their generation, were important factors in the civilization and the religious and civil government of the country; it is then that one realizes Iona is a place of more than ordinary interest. For the early years of the nation's history it is the Westminster Abbey of Scotland.



SIR WILLIAM JAPP SINCLAIR.

The death is announced last month of Sir William Japp Sinclair, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology in Manchester, England. Sir William was born at Forfar, in 1846. The family shortly afterwards removed to Lawrencekirk, where William received the first part of his education in the parish school. Entering King's College, Aberdeen, he gained a bursary, and graduated with high honors. He acted as resident-physician in Aberdeen Royal Infirmary for a time, and went to Vienna to study obstetrics and gynecology. Settling in Manchester, England, he was immediately recognized as among the leading surgeons in England, and in 1888 he was appointed Professor of Gynecology in the Victoria University, a position he held until his death.

Sir William was a voluminous writer on medical subjects. He interested himself in the condition of the poor, and was a highly respected and popular figure in the community. In spite of his large medical practice, he found time to interest himself in local and national politics, and was associated with Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in maintaining the principles of the Unionist party. In 1904 he was knighted by Edward VII "for services to medical science." He was a brother of Dr. Angus Sinclair, the well known engineering writer and pub-

lisher of Railway and Locomotive Engineering. J. K.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, M. P. for Stirling Burghs, Scotland, made a hurried visit to New York on his way back to Auld Scotia, for whence he sailed Wednesday, September 11th, on the *Mauretania*, by way of Liverpool. He rushed through from Vancouver, B. C., after a protracted tour in Canada.

Dr. Chapple was the guest of the Scottish Home Rule Association Tuesday evening, at the Caledonian Club Hall, at a reception given in his honor, where about two hundred persons met to hear him speak on the subject most dear to members of the association, viz., "Home Rule for Scotland," and to wish him *bon voyage*.

Among those present who also spoke were Counsellor Frank I. Cohen, Master of Works, Glasgow Town Council; Walter Scott, James Kennedy, Dr. James Law, M. D., and Angus Sinclair, S. E., president of the association, who presided.

In the course of his remarks, Dr. Chapple said in part:

"There has been an unbroken policy in Scotland ever since the Union of 1707 in favor of self-government. No doubt it had ebbed and flowed, but its leading statesmen have continually advocated that policy. All confederate forms of government have failed. It was not until the federal idea evolved itself in the minds of American statesmen, and found practical application in the American Federal Constitution that the great problem was solved. So successful was the Federal Union of the United States of America that it was followed by a federal union in Canada in 1867, in Germany in 1871, in Switzerland 1874, in Australia 1901, and in South Africa in 1908."

In continuing Dr. Chapple said that had the Scots people been given true political union, Scotland would have retained her authority over all matters relating especially to Scotland. She would have had a Parliament situated in Edinburgh, with an executive charged with management of purely Scottish affairs, and subject to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. That Scotland was being depopulated by

an outward stream of emigration, owing to her iniquitous land laws. He believed that while people ought to be free to migrate as they will, they should not be forced to leave their country because of the injustice of the laws under which they live, and that deer and other game ought not to take the place of men on the land.

In conclusion Dr. Chapple showed how much valuable time and money were spent in trying to push petty legislation through the "House" to the exclusion of important matters—that could better be dealt with by a local parliament or the municipal authorities; how educational measures were often side-tracked, while large sums of money were many times voted without

proper consideration. "It is just a matter of time now," he said. "Once Ireland has her wrongs redressed, Scottish home rule must come to be a fact."

An interesting and entertaining program of Scottish songs was ably sustained by Miss Elizabeth Merson, a well known soprano, who recently returned to New York from the South. The dramatic and expressive rendering of Scotia's patriotic songs at once captivated the audience, and she was frequently pressed for encores.

Miss Merson has grace and buoyancy of manner, and she interprets with a subtlety born of expert knowledge.

R. W. WATERSON.

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XX.

Save for the sound of breakers on Cameron Sands, thunderous in onpour, musical in backwash, the night had fallen marvelously still. Behind them lay Moy township, a dozen dots of light plainly to be seen, around the base of Ben Bule's mass, but from where they lay, the intervening woods hid the Castle tapers from view. Overhead, the stars seemed farther off than was their wont, small and uncertain in a violet haze; yet a clear scud of light showed far on the horizon, between the twin headlands of the bay, and by its aid the searchers went on towards the cliffs that rose in front, knobbed, scarred, fantastic, every second head a giant's face grimacing.

At last a flickering gleam, faint and rosy, indicated the cave, and its bivouac, and having looked to their weapons, Fraser and his companion began their troublesome crawl through the whins. The task was not quite noiseless, for the ground was stony to a degree, but the murmur of the surf was constant, masking the sound of knocking pebbles, and they soon lay breathing quietly before the cavern's mouth. A stone dyke, dry-built, had been made across the opening of the hiding place, for three-

quarters of its length, forming a partial outer wall. This was but a foot across, and only some four feet high, so, removing his tricorne, the surgeon got to the angle where rock and wall met, and peered over.

The rich dim light from a peat-fire, all aglow and almost smokeless, fell on Morag's face. She sat on a heap of bracken, a screen of tartan drawn around her, her hands clasped over her knees, her gaze on the fire's red embers. At once the strategist in Fraser gave way to the lover, and for a little while he failed to note the disposition of the enemy, for he had eyes only for the light flashing and falling on the girl's cheek and brow—on the clear profile of a face as untroubled as ever it had been in Aros, and as lovely in this place of peril as in the home garden amongst the October roses. Wrapped in a plaid, Belle lay slumbering beside her mistress, and in the obscurity of the cavern's rear two old crones were hunched. Three rough looking fellows sat with their backs to the loosely built wall, passing a snuff-mull at intervals to one another, and Fraser recognized in one the oddities of garb that had characterized the Three men he had seen at the Fairies' Castle. All were silent, and an air of constraint sat on the men. The flame

flickered, and with each of its leaps, the white roof of the cavern seemed to close down suddenly on the prisoner, and eerie, threatening shadows to fall on her from the crossed sticks over the fire.

The surgeon retired to crouch in the furze and hold counsel with Charlie. Then, up-standing side by side, they started to race across the intervening ground, and came with all their bodies' weight on the piled stones of the wall. With a clatter it gave inwards on the heads of the men sitting below, and what further rubble they could seize, the attackers pushed over the fellows sprawling beneath the ruck of the downfall. Fraser, grappling with one of the men, was clouted on the head by a further toppling of stones brought about by the over-zealous gillie, and Charlie himself was impeded for a little by unexpected falls of stone. Morag had now started to her feet in alarm, while in the far corner Belle and the old women were whimpering.

But the fortunes of the fight were soon evident. One of the kidnappers had been stunned by the tumble and now breathed deep and snoring as in an apoplexy; another had been knifed by Charlie with a venom scarcely to be expected of one so puny, and now lay in a daze of terror that rendered him powerless. As for Fraser's man, the surgeon's left hand had already well-nigh throttled him. Indeed, the task was easy beyond imagining—easy to the verge of ridicule, when one remembered the expense of spirit that had gone to the undertaking; and kneeling with his hand still on the neck of his opponent, Fraser was able to look up at Morag and see her face lit by another glow than that of the firelight, for she had recognized him.

"Quick, Belle! Quick Charlie!" cried the surgeon. "Quick! To the sands, and make for Moy! I'll follow."

They hurried from the cave, and he was left with the old dames mumbling excitedly, and the only life-like man of the three fast growing weaker under his cramped fingers. He waited until his enemy's twitchings passed into stupor, and then released his grasp. But scarcely had he risen to his feet when he was overborne by the rush of a fresh assailant, who suddenly entered the cave. From the first Fraser felt that the newcomer's grip was that of a trained wrestler: The clutch of the left arm, and the passage of a hand under it to lever the neck downwards told him that this was not an encounter of so easy disposal as the last. He flung himself flat on the earth, therefore, and rising again instantly, disengaged his head. But his left arm was still held powerfully, and at an attempt to grip his opponent's left, his weak right arm held so feebly that when he essayed haunching his man, he missed. He gripped anew and haunched anew, when he had freed his sound arm, however, and getting the fellow

back to back, he threw him with a supreme effort, clear over his shoulders. The man fell heavily; Fraser was kneeling on him next moment, and pouring with sweat and breathing in short gasps like beasts of the forest that war to the death, they now lay close to the fire, its faint glow revealing their faces to one another.

"MacAllister!" cried the surgeon. "What takes you this gate?"

"Mr. Fraser? And it's you," replied the gypsy in surprise.

"It was indeed one of the plague-stricken men, whom the surgeon had nursed back to life at Tigh-ban some weeks before.

"And it's you, sir?" said the fellow, sitting up as Fraser released his hold. "Alas, alas! To save my life and then break my bones, sir!"

"You wrestle well after such an illness, Rob. But why were you here?"

"Och, I'm just anywhere, sir, at times."

"Why, Rob, why?"

"Well, sir—Och, yes, I'll aye mind you at Tighban—Och, yes, I'll just tell you why."

"Tell me, then."

"Och, yes. It was for the big tacksman I watched the cave—MacQuarie, sir, I ken the lass and I like her—Miss Morag, that is. And Inshriff was to bring help, you see, to get her away. But you werena counted on; and not kenning you, sir, I couldna help a fing at you—and asking your pardon."

"MacQuarie of Inshriff?" said Fraser. "An old man with grey hairs and a ferret look in the eyes?"

"The same sir. Man, you have him—a ferret, you said—a ferret."

"So MacQuarie knew," said Fraser, musing. "Well, Rob, tell him when he comes that the lady is safe in Moy."

"Och, I'll never face him now, sir. It's mad he'll be * * * Moy- * * * Och, is it there you go, sir? Then take poor Rob. It's Moy Dance, and oh, but it's grand. Take poor Rob—take poor Rob."

"Moy Dance?" said Fraser, caressing his stiff arm.

"Ay, sir, ay. Och, take poor Rob. For it's to-night you'll see gentrice, I tell you—enough to fill half Edinburgh. A' airts they've come, sir—Kinlochaline, Lorne, Ard-gour, and Drimnin. And there's a deer-tinchel the morn, and you'll think a town was set hereabouts instead of caves and fisher-lads."

"Come then, Rob," said Fraser. "It's quite a raree-show we'll have."

The foolish fellow squealed in delight at the invitation, and went off in front over the sands, whistling and making little goat-like skips this way and that, while Fraser followed slowly through the whins, and at last the high and distant tower of Moy showed litten windows against the violet sky.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DANCE AT MOY.

Till he was won back to London town, Fraser never thought to see so many candles alight as he beheld some hours later, when he entered the assembly room at Moy. He understood now the mock pageant he had beheld as he came from the cave—a group of barefoot half-clad children dancing under the spruce trees on the fringe of the Castle grounds, and carrying burning sticks of fire: poor cold little revellers of the night, mimicking the radiance here. Radiance there assuredly was in the longhouse, as the dancing pavilion was named; but above the lights were high glooms also, where still and darkling, the portraits of three old-time warriors looked out on the brilliance and movement below. Gloom and shadow deeper still were on the old music-gallery at the far end of the hall; and out of this dusk, and over the oak of the gallery-screen, swung midwise a little silken banner with the Moy device, the seals supporting, and the scroll: *Vincere vel Mori*. But the armorials of the other MacLeans were not wanting, for between the sconces set around the hall, albeit flapping dangerously near the tapers, were embroideries with variants of the arms of the clan—Coll, Ardgour, Dochgarroch, Brolass, Scallasdale, and Treshnish, they ran.

Fraser stood at gaze. Outside were the night and the hills; and here was something so different from the wild life of wood and shore he had been leading of late. The shout of the dancers and the beat of their feet in the time of the reel sang in his ear, and the sight of the strutting player skirling away as he swung his pipes on a little platform under the music gallery—these were like strong wine to a famished man. It was a figure of eight in the reel now, and double time, too, fingers snapping, heels light, thirty couples if there were one, and fingering impatiently at the lame arm, again in a sling, though unsplinted, he looked eagerly about him for Morag. But for his injured limb, he thought, she would scarce recognize him: bathed and shaven, his hair knotted afresh in a broad black ribbon, he felt as if he had but newly come to himself from a land of nightmare. The younger Moy had provided him with a costume of his own that fitted perfectly, and clad in a court-suit of murrey-colored cloth with stockings of thread to match, he looked not unhandsome, despite his plain features. For the first time in months, also, he wore a solitaire and ruffles of lace, and not unconscious of the grandeur of his raiment he stood in the doorway and looked round, his heel tapping the floor in rhythm with the music.

Cloze by him were gillies—among them Rob MacAllister, perspiring and gleeful—cottars, crofters, tacksmen, and their women-folk, vigorous in the swift motions of the dance. Yonder, under the little banner

of Moy, the more graceful and restrained movements betokened the gentry; and yonder, too, an occasional kilt and plaid among them told of the presence of an officer from Stirling or Inverary, an ensign of the Black Watch, or a lieutenant of Keith's Highlanders.

A portly figure in Highland dress descended from a seat at one side of the dais where the piper stood straining mightily—Moy himself, and treading daintly between the dancers' heels and the candle-drippings, he came down the hall to Fraser. The surgeon, remarking his approach, saw him to be a man of over fifty, light of foot for all his weight of body; a humorous grey eye, a shaven cheek, ruddy and smiling; his manner that of a courtier, and his bow graciousness itself.

"Mr. Fraser, I believe? A King's man, I hear, and of the Navy? Nay, nay, you look at my kilt, and now you think me of the army. But no, 'tis only a little liberty I take with the law."

"Surely, sir, there's some talk of the Act's repeal?" said Fraser.

"I've heard as much, sir. But no matter for your politics, no matter for your service of the Hanoverian, sir, I claim your better acquaintance for your timely aid to my niece of Aros, and it's my thanks I give you. There's a vast many of the MacLeans would have gladly been in your shoes. And some MacKinnons, too, I wouldna wonder," he added as he broke off chuckling.

"MacKinnons, sir?" asked the surgeon.

"MacKinnons, yes. For you must know that MacKinnon of Pennyfuaran, the girl's own cousin, came to the rescue an hour after you had left the cave; and it's a disappointed man he is, I can tell you."

"Pennyfuaran?" said Fraser. "Why, I know him. Is he here? Indeed, 'twas but luck that sent me so soon, and you must credit him with a share of your thanks."

Moy smiled mysteriously. "It's more than he'd do for you, Mr. Fraser, more than he'd do for you. But look at the lassie's pluck now! To see her here, fresh and happy as a bird at dawn, after stravaging the country with those wild fellows for two days and a night! Wonderful, I call it, wonderful!"

He asked as to whether young Moy had seen him comfortably disposed, and Fraser answered that he was monstrously obliged by all their kindness.

"After three nights of the heather," he said, "my present content is sufficient recompense for any little service I may have rendered your kinswoman."

"Three nights?" cried Moy. "Then you'd be overtired for the next foursome even if your arm allowed, I fear. But let me at least present you to my company, for this reel is about to finish."

They engaged themselves between the swinging dancers and the greasy strip of

floor under the candle-sconces, and arrived safely at the platform under the music-gallery. Here Morag was seated on a low couch, and beside her stood Pennyfuaran in kilt and plaid of bright tartan. The lady was in white, with a bunch of gowans in her breast, and she looked down shyly for an instant as Fraser came forward.

"And if I be weary," she said to her cousin, "What tiredness must be Mr. Fraser's lot, after his journeyings of the past week? Let alone injured arm, I fear both of us are too far travelled to set foot to reels this night." Her little slipper, scarlet as the gowans she wore, twinkled from the muslin folds and vanished. "But you remember each other surely? Cousin, here is Mr. Fraser; Mr. Fraser, Pennyfuaran."

The surgeon bowed to the handsome Highlander, who replied, his face, despite its bronzing, flushing and paling unusually as he gave a clammy hand; and just as the eyes of both men met, the piping ended abruptly on the linked couples swinging for the last time in the reel of the moment. A confusion of voices ensued, and the numerous and hasty presentations in which Fraser now took part, drifted him away from MacKinnon. But once again, across the bobbing heads and puffs and laces, their eyes challenged.

It was not until some time later that Fraser found himself at Morag's side.

"You must have thought me ungrateful, Mr. Fraser," said she, "that thanks were not my first words to you. But, indeed, with so many folks around, it was too hard a task. And now I thank you, sir."

The thanks came in a glance; and to the surgeon the room seemed to sway around him, the piping to die away, and the grey eyes to shine and glow ineffably.

"Did you come straight from Craig to the cave?" she asked.

As briefly as he could he told her his history for the last two days.

"And to think I was warning you of the Sunivaig folk, when it was myself that needed the caution," she cried.

He agreed; and so they smiled and chatted for a space, recounting their adventures again and again, and like happy children, ever finding something more wonderful to wonder at. At last Morag rose.

"But what foolishness for you and me to be story-telling here," she said, "when we should be in the land of Nod, Mr. Fraser! Weary you have been, and weary you will be at this rate of working. Shall I ask Pennyfuaran if you may retire becomingly at this hour? I see him moving this way."

"Pennyfuaran? No!" said Fraser, glowering at that chieftain advancing from afar. "Is he the master of ceremonies here, or only your trusted adviser in these affairs?"

There was in his tones the hint of a bitterness he could not conceal, for though

the matter was but a little one, it irked him strangely that she should so defer to Pennyfuaran. For reply Morag turned on him steady eyes, something burning deep in them, and said:

"That is a question, sir."

"I put it down for as much," said Fraser dourly, wondering at her heat, and, guard as he would, he had already caught some of her fire.

"I think it is a question with a taste for gossip behind it," went on the lady, reddening a little.

And Fraser, gulping down wrath at himself and all the universe, was already in deep waters. He began stammeringly:

"I fear you misunderstand—"

She silenced him with a look of flame, and he bowed and turned away slowly. Joining Moy just then he did not see the fire of the grey eyes die beneath a soft dew of tears; or her fan artfully plying to hide them. The chief of MacLean was fuming when Fraser came up to him, for a message newly received had perturbed him greatly.

"My people have failed to trace either T'ree men or gypsy-folk," he said. "It was not so in my father's time, Mr. Fraser: we could always lay hands on them then, and they kept pit and gallows busy, I can tell you. Gallows-Hill was at Gualachaolish yonder, and you'd often see something hanging on the cross-tree clear on the sky-line—and that's ten miles away from this end Loch Uisg. Lord of Regality my father was, but not even Argyle himself can claim that in these sad days, and when I clap hands on these fellows, it's to a body they call a sheriff in Inneraora they maun go. A bonnie countryside this is becoming! But every throat of them will yet wear a hempen collar, I tell you. A bonnie countryside; that's what Aros will think it, I swear, when his own daughter is not free to travel it unharmed." And on and on he puffed and threatened.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and light, to pace around in the mill of habit, and to turn thought into an instrument of trade—this is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness—alone can give true vitality to the mechanism of existence. The life of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.—James Martineau.

A Fortune in British Columbia Timber.

E. D. MACFARLAND.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, when Chief Forester of the United States Government, on returning to Washington in November, 1907, from a six months' tour of inspection, in which he traveled 5,000 miles, issued a statement to the press, in which he said:

"In twenty years the timber supply in the United States, on Government reserves and private holdings at the present rate of cutting, will be exhausted, although it is possible that the growth of that period might extend the arrival of the famine another five years."

In a recent letter, Mr. James White, Secretary of the Canadian Conservation Commission, Ottawa, gave figures relating to all kinds, which show conclusively that unless the fearful rate of consumption is checked, the last saw-log and the last cord of wood in all Canada will be cut in less than twenty-two years.

R. S. Kellogg, in Forest Service Circular 129, United States Department of Agriculture, under heading "The Supply," writes as follows:

"How long will our timber supply last at the present rate of cutting? Only approximations can be given. The estimates of the forest area of the United States run from 500 million acres to 700 million acres, and it is safe to say that under present conditions the annual growth does not exceed 60 board feet per acre. This gives in one case a yearly increase of 30 billion feet and in the other case one of 42 billion feet. In other words, it appears that the annual growth of our forests does not exceed the amount of wood used for lumber alone. The estimates of standing timber in the United States are by no means satisfactory. The most detailed ones range roughly from 1,400 to 2,000 billion feet. Assuming a stumpage of 1,400 billion feet, an annual use of 100 billion feet, and neglecting growth in the calculation, the exhaustion of our timber supply is indicated in 14 years. Assuming the same use and stand, with an annual growth of 40 billion feet, we have a supply for 23 years. Assuming an annual use of 150 billion feet, the first supposition becomes 9 years and the second, 13 years. As-

suming a stand of 2,000 billion feet, a use of 100 billion feet, and neglecting growth, we have 20 years supply. With an annual use of 150 billion feet, these estimates become, respectively, 13 and 18 years."

James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, the Empire Builder of the Northwest, recently said:

"The forests of this country, the product of centuries of growth, are fast disappearing, the best estimates recording our standing merchantable timber at less than 2,000,000,000,000 feet. Our annual cut rose from 18,000,000,000 feet in 1880, to 34,000,000,000,000 in 1905, that is nearly doubled in twenty-five years.

"We are now using 500 feet board measure per capita, as against an average of 60 feet for all over Europe. The New England supply is gone. The Northwest, (Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota), furnish small growths that would have been rejected by lumber men 30 years ago. The South has reached its maximum production and is beginning to decline. On the Pacific Coast only, is there now any considerable standing timber.

"It will surprise most people to be told that the South must import lumber," said Mr. Dixon of the Norfolk Board of Trade, "but we are within a few years of that now."

The time of the ascendancy of the North Pacific Coast is at hand. The forest products there form ten per cent. of the country's total in 1900, to twenty per cent. in 1907. And remember this: There will be no more shifting after the North Pacific coast is cut out, since there is no new region of virgin timber to fall back upon.

The diminishing timber supply is also indicated by the continual advance in timber and lumber. Wisconsin timber men saw their stumpage jump from ten cents a thousand feet to as high as ten to twenty dollars per thousand, and that on timber that lumbermen would have considered worthless ten years before. Southern mill men can easily remember the twenty cents per thousand period, but it makes ancient

history when they reflect on their present five dollar and ten dollar values. The Pacific Coast timber owner with his two dollar to ten dollar stumpage can smile as he recalls his fifty cent purchase.

Professor E. B. Fernow, LL. D., Dean of the Faculty of Forestry, Toronto University, probably one of the most eminent authorities in the world on timber, writes:

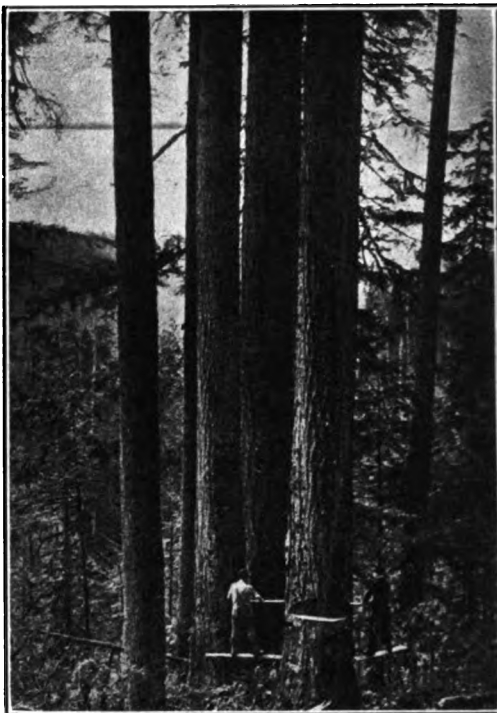
"I believe we would be safe in expecting that within the next 25 years, when the United States and Canada will have pretty nearly careered through their timber wealth, will have learned to use wood economically, reducing their quota from 350 to 400 cubic feet per capita to 20 or 30, as is possible, and when all other nations will have done the same, namely, have nearly exhausted their natural timber growth and have come down to forest management, that then we shall have also come to world prices for wood as with other staples, and that probably the highest prices now prevailing in the interior parts of Europe will be ruling high prices in general. Such prices will make common pine stumpage not less than \$20 per thousand."

If further proof were needed, we have only to go to the nearest lumber dealer, grocer or furniture dealer, and compare the present price of lumber, a rolling pin or a Morris chair, with the price prevailing five years ago. In and around New York, a "load" of kindling wood, a quarter of a cord, costs \$4.00. Only a year ago, it was \$3.50—an increase in one year of \$2.00 per cord.

It follows from the above that enormous profits will be made by those holding standing merchantable timber. The following excerpts from Theodore N. Knuppen and M. J. Scanlon before the Congressional Ways and Means Committee, speak with authority:

"To illustrate the enormous profits that are thus possible, it is worth while to call attention to the fact that the Weyerhaeusers about eight years ago purchased from the Northern Pacific Railway, vast tracts of timber lands on the Pacific Coast at a price fixed by rumor at about 16 cents a thousand feet, and to-day this same timber is held by the owners at not less than \$3 a thousand. Here is a profit of nearly 2,000 per cent."

Charles P. Norcross says "One piece of yellow pine land held ten years ago at a price of \$75,000, is to-day unobtainable at \$750,000. Another tract in West Virginia covered with spruce and hemlock, and purchased five years ago for \$12,000 has recently been sold \$500,000."



In 1899, a tract of Idaho timber was purchased by Wisconsin parties for less than \$50,000; they have refused \$700,000 for it.

Is there still an opportunity to invest in virgin timber and reap the great increment in value that is sure to accrue? Yes; in British Columbia forests is owing to the couver Island. This is the "last and best stand of timber"—that of the North Pacific Coast, rich in the possession of several leading varieties, i. e., Douglass Fir, Western Hemlock, Spruce and Cedar.

The present position and density of the British Columbia and particularly Vancouverian distribution of rainfall in that region and the consequent elimination of forest fires. The swift flowing streams of the Coast country offer an abundance of water power, and present an opportunity to economize in manufacturing such as is seldom seen in any other part of the globe.

Until about five years ago, standing timber in British Columbia had practically no sale value. The government gave the timber to anyone who was willing to pay ground rent, and it was not to be expected that purchasers would pay much of a bonus to private timber holders when they could

stake other limits to themselves, but since the reservation by the government of what little timber is left, in 1907, the sale value has increased at about the rate of 100 per cent. per annum. At that time good available stumpage could be bought at from 15 to 25 cents per thousand. In some recent sales the price has been as high as \$3.00 per thousand, but it is yet possible to buy some of the very best timber in the province for \$1.50 per thousand or less.

Some of the factors that are going to make millionaires of holders of British Columbia timber are: (1) the increasing demand from the States. The United States would consume the entire stand of British Columbia timber in seven years. (2) The vast population pouring into the great plains and valleys of the Dominion will need it all for their own use in a few more years. (3) China, Japan and Australia are now largely drawing on this region for their lumber. One mill in Vancouver shipped in 1907 to these countries 37,404,517 feet. (4) Above and beyond all other considerations which will cause British Columbia timber to advance by leaps and bounds will be the most important event in the

world-prospect to-day—the opening of the Panama Canal.

It is believed that it will be possible to lay British Columbia lumber down in Liverpool at a cost of \$8 per thousand feet for freight, as against about \$16, the rate prevailing to-day. By the Suez the time of voyage is between eighty and ninety days, while by the Panama Canal it will be between twenty-four and thirty days. The average freight rate on lumber to Vancouver and New York is \$16.50 per thousand feet. By the canal, adding toll, there will be a saving of \$9.75, or say \$8, for safety. It is reasonable to infer that at least one-quarter of this, or \$2.00, will be added to the present value, on the stump, of coast timber, within the next two years.

Under the influence of low freight rates via Panama, the pulp-wood and paper industries of British Columbia, already flourishing in the Province, and promising rapidly to grow to enormous dimensions, because of cheap water power and cheap timber in close juxtaposition. It is estimated that producers of pulp and paper should easily be able to undersell Eastern Cana-



dian manufacturers in Great Britain. In British Columbia unlimited pulp-wood is to be obtained in close proximity to tide-water—a condition which does not exist in Eastern Canada. In addition, the pulp-wood averages about 85 cords per acre as against 8 cords in the East.



THE BRITISH COLUMBIA FIR excels that of Washington and Oregon in that it is longer, tapers less and carries a larger percentage of the higher grades of lumber. It makes the best construction lumber on the American continent, and takes first rank as an all round wood.

SPRUCE is found in various parts of the district, and attains mammoth growth on the Queen Charlotte Islands and neighboring mainland, in the wet belt. It is pure white in color, with a fine, even grain, averaging about 40 per cent. clear. It is light, odorless and tough, making excellent house stock, and the best box stuff of all the woods.

RED CEDAR. The Red Cedar is best adapted to shingle manufacture, being little affected by the elements. While averaging larger in diameter, it does not attain the height of the fir. It makes fine siding for houses, and is used for doors and furniture.

YELLOW CEDAR. This is the most valuable of the Coast woods. The trees range from eighteen inches to three feet on the stump, and forty to eighty feet clear. The wood is a beautiful, light, rich yellow, taking a very high polish. It is practically impervious to water, and is invaluable to the boat builder and furniture manufacturer. The total stand probably does not exceed two billion feet. It is therefore costly, and commands \$60 to \$70 per thousand feet on the coast. It is found principally in the north end of the Province.

HEMLOCK. The B. C. Hemlock, marketed under the names of "Alaskan Pine," "B. C. Pine," etc., is much like the fir, is tall and

free from limbs. While not possessing the tensile strength of the fir, it takes a finer finish, and is sure to become one of the best general purpose woods on the Coast.

IN SHORT.

A very serious shortage, if not practical exhaustion, of timber in this country, is certain to occur within a very few years.

The North Pacific Coast timber belt is the last region available.

It has been exploited but little until now, and prices, therefore, are very low.

It has the best saw mill possibilities, and the finest marketing facilities of the entire continent.

It is situated in a climate which allows active work throughout the winter as well as summer.

It is the largest timber, and in the most compact body, of the whole continent, and can be operated at a minimum of expense.

It is in the "wet belt," where the heavy rainfall prevents forest fires, and insures safety of investment.

It is in one of the most rapidly growing sections of the continent, and even the future local demand is bound to greatly enhance its value.

The man who buys good milling timber anywhere at present prices, is bound to make money; and British Columbia timber to-day is the best and cheapest timber on the market.

You know just what you are buying. The quality and quantity of the timber are shown by cruisers' reports, and give a tangible basis for investment.

Timber investments have resulted in the accumulation of some of the largest fortunes made in the United States in recent years.

These fortunes have come more from the increment in value of the standing timber, than from the manufacture of lumber.

At present prices, North Pacific Coast timber offers a sound safe, sensible investment, and no man with large or small capital should overlook it.

Timber values are determined by expert timber engineers called "cruisers" who travel over the tract of timber acre by acre, counting the number of merchantable trees and noting the different varieties, accessibility and means by which the timber can be marketed at the least possible cost. Their report or "cruise" is the basis of sale. There are a few experts in this line whose reports are taken by financial institutions, with the same confidence that they accept a title policy on land from one of our great insurance companies.

The New York Caledonian Club

"Despise not the day of small things." The New York Caledonian Club had a small beginning, and for several years met with many discouragements, especially during the time of the Civil War; but with true Scotch perseverance, the difficulties were surmounted, and the "little one has become a thousand." It would be interesting to follow in detail the history of this club; space forbids this, but we jot down a few points with the hope that they may be an inspiration to younger organizations.

Fifty-six years ago a few patriotic Scots decided to form a Caledonian Club in New York, and the first business meeting was held on December 29th, 1856, when officers were duly elected. In October 1857 at the St. George's Cricket Grounds, Hoboken, the Club held the first of its famous series of games. In February, 1858, the first annual entertainment and social gathering was held in the Apollo rooms on Broadway, and the following summer they held their first annual picnic at Fort Lee on the Hudson River.

In September 1858 the Club, as loyal American citizens, took part in the procession which celebrated the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. In 1861 the 79th New York Highlanders, many of whom were members of the Club, were among the first to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, and the departure of this regiment for the front weakened the Club; it was so greatly reduced that one member of the excursion committee reported that there could be no outing that year, as all the other members of the committee had enlisted. In 1864, when the 79th returned from its three years' service, the Club in a body met the veterans in Jersey City, and escorted them through the streets of New York, later giving them a grand reception in the City Assembly Rooms.

In 1900 the Veteran Association was given the freedom of the Club House, for headquarters, and as a resting place for the battle scarred trophies; in return the

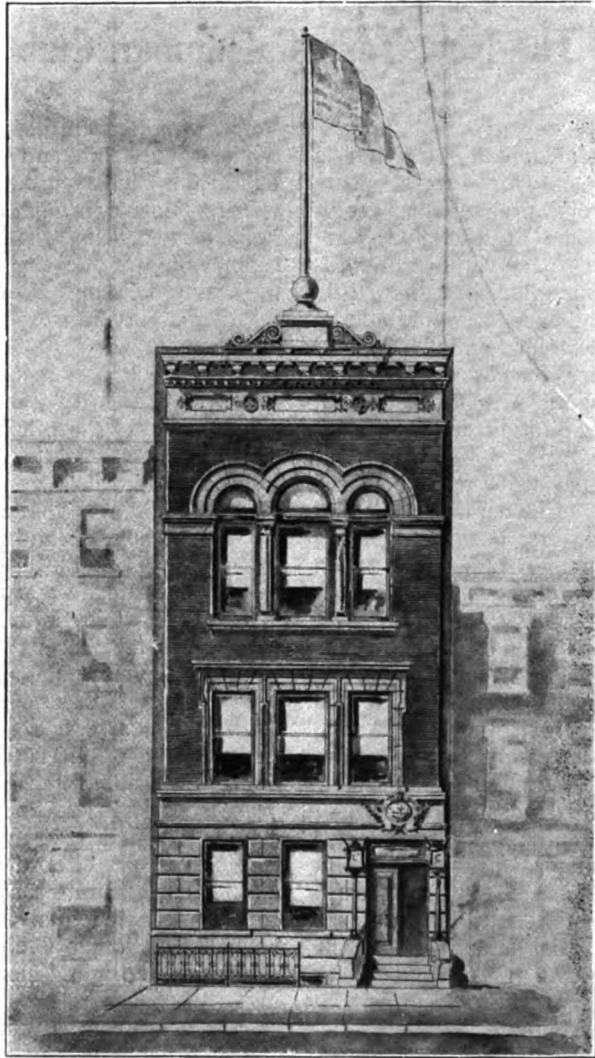
Veterans presented these relics of the Civil War to the Club, and they are on exhibition at the Club House.

The Caledonian Club has taken a prominent part in many of the processions and celebrations of the city, and especially at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in 1909. By special invitation of the Secretary of the Navy, in April, 1906, a delegation from the Club took part in the commemorative service of Admiral John Paul Jones, at Annapolis, and the following day were received at the White House by President Roosevelt. In October, 1908 a delegation of the Club in Highland costume, was a notable feature in the historical parade of Founders' Week in Philadelphia, and received enthusiastic applause.

The Club to-day is in a most flourishing condition, with over six hundred members, some of whom are among the leading business men of Greater New York. Its fine Club House at 846 Seventh avenue, valued at nearly \$100,000, is free of debt, and is admirably fitted for the work of the organization; it has fine reception rooms, a library of over 5,000 volumes, a reading assembly room, billiard room and bowling alleys, and committee rooms. To-day the New York Caledonian Club is among the leading Caledonian Clubs in America, and a few of the original members are still living.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN GAMES.

The great gala day of the Caledonian Club is that of the annual athletic games, which for many years have been famous, and have attracted Scotsmen from many cities and towns. A grand reception is given at the Club House to the guests of the Club, on the evening preceding the games. On Saturday evening August 31, a large delegation from out of town was present, and a fine collation was furnished by the ladies of the Club, after which the guests were escorted by pipers to the hall. In the absence of Chief Taylor, First Chieftain, Peter Gray introduced the following speakers: First Chieftain Urquhart, of the Boston Caledonian Club, Chieftain



CLUB HOUSE, 846 SEVENTH AVENUE.

Leslie representing the Philadelphia Club, Chief Hogan, of Newark; Chief Lindsay, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., First Chieftain Carson, of the Yonkers Club, ex-Chief Thompson, representing Pittston, Pa.; Clansman Aiken, who had come three thousand miles to represent the San Francisco Club, and Hon. Captain Moir, of Scranton, Pa., who made the speech of the evening. A pleasant social time was enjoyed till a late hour.

On Monday morning, September 2nd at nine o'clock, the grand procession started from the Club House for Washington Park, Long Island, under the command of Captain William G. Reid. About 130 members of the Club were dressed in Highland costume, and made an imposing appearance as they marched through the streets on their way to the 34th street ferry. As it threatened rain all day, except when rain actually fell, the attendance at the Park

was far below the average; but those who did have the courage to go had a good time and the various events were eagerly contested. As the Caledonian Club offers liberal cash prizes, the games attract some of the best athletes in this and other countries.

The Scottish contests of Highland Dress, Bagpipe playing, putting stones, sword dancing and Highland Fling were greatly enjoyed by the audience. The greatest events were the one, three and five mile races, which took place at 1 p. m., 3 p. m. and 5 p. m., respectively, the last one being watched enthusiastically in spite of a drizzling rain.

There were nine contestants at the start, but it was soon evident that the first prize of \$125.00 would be won by either A. E. Wood the champion long distance runner of England, or by William Queal of Alexandria Bay. They ran nearly the entire five miles almost side by side, and all the

others, except James Lee of Boston, were left far behind, and two dropped out of the race.

The attention of the audience was centered upon the two leaders; Wood, who held the inside, was a little in advance most of the time, but Queal passed occasionally, and both were frequently applauded. Finally, during the last lap, when only two hundred yards from home, Queal made a final sprint, and won the race by two feet; Wood coming in second, shared in the applause, and Lee of Boston won the third prize. Queal's time was 24 minutes 6 4-5 seconds, and he also won the one and three mile races. Altogether it was a race of thrilling interest, and was alone worth the price of admission to the games.

The playing of the Pipe and Drum Band of the New York Scottish Highlanders, was a great feature of the day, and stirred the hearts of all true Scots, and of some Americans who would like to be Scots.

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMEISON.

(Continued)

Chapter VII.

In the thatched cottages of the Strath where Donald Ross was born, their Gaelic Bible is counted their richest possession, wherein, their Covenanter forefathers found light and nourishment, its pages opened their inward senses often with grand results. It went hand in hand with our emigrants, to Australia and Nova Scotia, Canada and the States, always supporting our Gaelic people, very often their leading light. Gaelic singing of the old psalms lives on in the ear of the emigrant, like music that can never be forgotten, its sounds seem woven into all that is noblest and best in these brave men and women, who formed in Canada Scotch settlements, and we found this book in use in Australian plains and on the banks of Victorian rivers.

In New South Wales one home held an old Scotchman. Beneath the solemn pages of a Gaelic Bible he hid all grief

and trials. The memory of his dead passed under its soft and pure comfort—it became part of his mind; his mother's national anchor. Highlanders of every rank and calling know its value and the wisest of our Scotchmen and women, with royal spirits bear testimony to its interpreting response to whatever is deepest and best in them.

Donald Ross with a gesture of yearning, thrust his fingers to the very roots of his hair, and the logs crackled on the asbestos hearth and lighted up the big yawning fireplace, when with great power of speech he told of the old bodies coming to the "outside trust" on communion Sabbath in the Glen. Their minds attuned to religious thoughts, consisting not of ceremonies, nor in creeds, but mainly in their Gaelic Bible. How they loved the inspired teachers with their grave, majestic manner that has been to the Highland people a great benefit, and given them a

high moral standard. How much many a successful emigrant owed to his mother in her snug, white mutch and her big blue cloak—who forced her son to learn long chapters that seemed only toil. But Donald Ross told them sitting by the hearth that his mother's instruction in her Bible, was his best education.

He told his child of this mother, now radiant and blessed, enjoying the love and the rest for which her heart was weary, how she urged him to listen to no tempter, to save honor, to shrink from deceit and falsehood. His eyes seemed as tho' fastened upon a picture, clear, fond and true, fastened upon the gaze of his early, better angel with no shadow between them.

The traces of deep and strong emotions were on his face, but he spoke of going back to see old Scotland tranquilly, but he would miss the mother who so often sat lonesome by the thatched house door. In spirit she would come back for her laddie's sake. His craving was too long of coming, to receive fond words and a Highland mother's caresses—his desire came too late, but now he was stirred into action, possessed of a craving, a longing to "do things" under his old friend Norman MacIver's personal magnetism and subtle influence; this grew and swept all else before it.

With some Highlanders we find action and reaction, but this sober, sensible man was swept off his own feet by the waves of Norman's desire. He started their going back to the old land. Mrs. Ross was delighted, the desire spread from mind to mind, awakening fresh emotional excitement in them all, arousing ideas and desires that some months ago would have been thought impossible. The emotional nature is often near the surface in the majority of Highland folks and it has to be guarded from outside influences. With electric thrills of memory Ross seemed to go back to other faces, back twenty years, back to faces with delicate coloring, smooth brows, coral lips, long dark hair and grey eyes.

The ties that had once bound this man to his native strath! would their spirits know each other? Yes, though twice twenty years had parted them! Before His throne they would stand together—

Mother and Son, Sister and Brother, bearing the stamp of the Master.

Perhaps something in the tones of her husband's voice stung Nellie Ross with a vague pang of remembrance, a pang as of an old wound suddenly struck in the dark by an unseen hand. Voices from the past came out in the dim fire light and the faces of her father and mother. They seemed to whirl round and round in a dizzy haze, they seemed to gaze upon her with a voiceless rebuke, saying: "Absence cannot uproot our love; you once slept so innocently on our breasts, you are only waiting to make more money—but fly forever from that desire. We love you so fondly—for love of money may outrage every sense, every delicate taste, every noble feeling. We were once your best beloved—come across the sea, come and see the changes time has wrought! what a sudden resurrection of the memories of youth!" Nellie Ross's heart throbbed. Her pulses beat rapid time, her brain whirled with the tide of emotions that rushed through her, until the soft wind from the windows fanned her brow and the voice of her husband seemed to bring her back. The voices died away in the clear light of an Australian moon and in their stead came the face of Ailean—her daughter, a sweet, fair face, and she knew that there was no shadow of want in the twenty years of absence. Her parents knew no want. The man who stood by the altar with her had cherished and protected them all, although he stretched out his hand and said to the woman who loved him—"Come" and she had come to this land, beautiful as a summer's dream, where his love was her world, a world sufficient to them both. He dreaded no inconstancy in her and she feared no satiety for him. They would sooner die together, rather than live apart. Few were the tempests of heart for them, tempests, that do the work of years upon many an emigrant's heart. Tender and gentle he was ever over her, thinking of her endurance before his own. At any cost to himself, when he was able, he spared her, but the burden of her absence he could not have borne alone.

The language of their childhood, of their youth, they spoke on cloudless days

in Australia's "Bush," sang its silvery Gaelic songs under Victoria's fair skies. Hope and romance was their world then, and the old language always stirred a chord of tenderness and sometimes regret in their hearts, for in this sweet language his fondest endearments rose to the squatter's lips, and in his hours of strongest passion he loved mournful attachments. It was ever dear.

Wealth often costs the emigrant heavily, but the burdens of the two who owned Linstead never grew greater than they could bear. Australia had fair faces. Donald Ross saw them before his Scotch lassie came out to him—faces well nigh as fair as hers, and he could have won them, while he was alone on the plains; but such a love as hers, never. A love so precious, such as his fondest fancy helped him to win. He knew no other might have been. She was his for life and death, his forever; his vow he did not break, he knew no peace, where she was not.

Chapter VIII.

The windows of the hotel in Melbourne opened at the far end on to a terrace overlooking Government House, and shadowy gardens, with the green magnolia and Eucalyptus trees, and like statues at the end window near the drooping curtains, stood a laddie and a lassie. With all his trust in Aileen Ross, Rhoderick MacKenzie's heart beat heavy as he saw her in the clear moonlight, her white gleaming dress and her waving hair. Bending towards her, he stood and gazed, and on his features shone an eagerness and a glow that only a first love can waken. Not for his life could Rhoderick have stirred a step from where she stood; he was fascinated as he gazed upon the girl he loved so ardently. He stood and gazed upon her—tomorrow she was leaving for Scotland. She the sole thing that bound the laddie to life; would any rival steal from him what he valued so much,—what he cherished so fondly? The girl with the sweet, musical voice, whose harmony would now be silent in the little grey church. He would do his best to make her heart his.

That meeting was sacred, unseen by any eyes save those of pale, calm, Australian stars, which watch so much on sea and land. Sometimes grief, sometimes life's

sweetest rapture, when for a time, very often on the deep, men and women forget all save that they are together, and the stars see joy on earth, when those we love come back from danger and suffering out of the very shadow of the valley of death, from under the stroke of the reaping angel. On this parting tryst, we need not dwell; there is seldom such joy on earth and what there is, is sacred: yet they must part. The lassie vowing to be true to him always—true to him whatever chanced, but so many vows prove beyond our strength.

Rhoderick MacKenzie lingered there, loath—who can marvel! to say "Good bye" to close the gates that seemed golden and sweet, for a lonesome existence; away from that Eden, which he thought his heritage; and as he said "Good bye" he could count every breath that parted her soft, warm lips and no one would make up for the absence of the girl, he left leaning against the window mid the Wattle and the stars.

Rhoderick MacKenzie returned to his own station after the big Orient Liner steamed away, leaving Port Phillip's heads far behind. Parting has often much to do with the enrichment and consolidation of love, on both sides; so many are willing to follow, if they are daringly led.

Donald Ross' farewell to Rhoderick was full of keenest interest and sympathy, like all this man's utterances, it was beautifully appropriate in feeling and expression.

"I realize," Rhoderick said in reply—"that you owe much to Scotland. You were born and cradled there and very likely received your first inspirations there and when we have the joy of your coming back, please God, I will be here to welcome you."

Each of the party had his or her strong and weak points, but altogether they were irresistible along many lines, physical mental and spiritual.

The Broad lines of their mental picture of their trip were drawn, but fate filled in much that was general in the wearing of the web, in a series of moving, acting, realistic, thrilling scenes. A big ship contains the material for an infinite variety of action and combination; it is a world within itself. You can soon paint a picture

(Continued on Page 276.)



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

SCOTCH COMEDIANS?

Before Scotland received its present name, there flourished in Rome, whence he had come from his native country, Spain, where he was born in the year A. D. 40, a famous teacher of oratory, M. Fabius Quintilianus. I am going to take my text from one of his lectures showing that human nature in America and Scotland of the present day, has not changed since the days when Rome was in the plenitude of her greatness. "All ridicule," he says, "has something in it that is buffoonish; that is, somewhat that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. Here it is that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or a saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, *but such as are stupid, passionate and cowardly.*

"Even the slightest matter when it comes from a buffoon, nay, a dunce, may notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful enough even to shake the whole frame of our body.

"It is highly improper to throw out any invectives that numbers of people may take to themselves; or to arraign, by the lump, nations, degrees and ranks of mankind, or the pursuits which are common to many. A laugh is too dearly bought when purchased at the expense of virtue."

How often, oh! how often, after listening or witnessing the buffoonery of a present day Scotch comedian, have we become indignant and disgusted, not alone at the performer, but at the audience which so often laughs to repletion, and seemingly enjoys the low standard of wit, humor, foolishness or morality, purveyed.

Since the advent of Harry Lauder, most so-called Scotch comedians seem to think, all that is required of them to become famous and earn bawbees, either, as imitators or originators of portrayals of Scottish life and character, is to make beastly

presentations of a Scotsman in his cups, or of a silly or half witted Scotch boy. It seems to me as if people of other nationalities must have come to believe, that Scotland is inhabited almost wholly by these two characters. I do not altogether blame these self styled Scotch comedians, because at many of the concerts patronized chiefly by our own people, these exhibitions are greeted with tumultuous applause, and no matter how talented the singers of our auld Scotch songs may be, it is usually the comic who makes the hit of the evening.

Memory, however, ever lingers sweetly on the faces and voices of the artistic renderers of our lovely Scottish ballads, and many of the audience, I doubt not, feel ashamed of themselves afterwards, for having given their approval to the least talented artist. Scotsmen are not afraid of ridicule, we have a keen sense of wit and humor, we believe in clean comedy, we enjoy a hearty laugh, and can listen occasionally to good natured nonsense. We also believe we have genuine comedians among us, and hope that in the future they will drop from their repertoire all objectionable features.

THE BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY VETERANS held their annual memorial service at the First Presbyterian Church, Sunday September 16th. I am told that many of the Boston members are Roman Catholics of Irish birth, and I am pleased that the spirit of tolerance in the association is such, that when the proposition as to which church the service should be held in, was brought before them, it was one of these members raised the question, that, as they had never as a body held a service in a Presbyterian Church, they should do so this time. This motion was made and adopted unanimously. They gathered at Paine Memorial Hall and had as escorts the veterans of the 9th Massachusetts Regiment and the German Military Veterans' Association; Alexander MacGregor, John N. Jordan, and Robert E. May representing the Scottish Societies were guests of honor on the staff. Headed by the Quincy Fife and Drum Band, they marched from the place of meeting to the church. It was a sweltering hot day, and as a special permit had been granted for the band to play along a certain line of march, it was

impossible to alter the arrangements, but veterans who had marched on India's coral strands, over the burning sands of Egypt, and across the sweltering veldts of the Transvaal, told me afterwards, that never had they suffered such discomfort on any dress parade, as during this march. The oldest as well as the youngest however, footed it bravely, but it was a limp and sopping congregation that listened to the eloquent and mercifully short discourse by the Rev. William Tufts, pastor of the church.

Mr. Tufts told of the origin and meaning of the British Union Jack, and its crosses, bringing in one cross more than I ever heard or read about as being represented, namely the cross of St. Michael for France. I am thoroughly familiar with the history of the Union Jack, but never heard before that the cross of St. Michael had a place on it. St. George's Cross is red on a white ground, St. Andrew's, white on a blue ground, and the cross of St. Patrick, the same shape, but red on a white ground. Mr. Tufts stated that the present Union Jack dates from the Union of England and Scotland in 1603, but this is an error. It was only after the Irish Parliament was united to the British at the beginning of the 19th century that the red cross of St. Patrick was added to the flag.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB meeting was held Tuesday, September 3rd, but being the evening after Labor Day, many of the members had not recovered from the games of the day before, and the attendance was small. Action on the amendments to the constitution was postponed. J. Keir Hardie M. P., had been lecturing in Boston a few days before, and it was voted that a committee be appointed to endeavor, if his engagements would permit, to have him speak before the club (eschewing politics), on his return to Boston.

THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS held their annual picnic on Labor Day, at Caledonian Grove, and although the weather was not altogether propitious, the attendance was up in the thousands and the financial results were very satisfactory. One of the many pleasant features of the day, was the presentation to Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, of a watch fob and gold medal, by Walter Payne, representing the nineteen associated clans of Massachusetts, who were connected with the picnic. For some years past, the standard of professional athletics has declined so rapidly, that at the present day it is hard to obtain good, cleanly and honest competition in almost any branch of field or track events. This was brought home forcibly, to the committee and the spectators at the clan games, and it is likely they may follow the example of the Caledonian Club and arrange in future for amateur sport almost exclusively.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY to the Scots' Charitable Society, will hold a fair in aid of the Charity Fund, at Tremont Temple, November 21, 22, 23.

THE ST. ANDREWS BANQUET, of the Scots' Charitable Society will take place Monday evening, December 1st, at the new Copley Plaza Hotel. John Hays Hammond and President Melklejohn of Amherst College will be the principal speakers.

CLAN MCKENZIE NO. 2, held a well attended smoker talk after their business meeting was over, Thursday evening, September 19th. Good singing and entertainment was provided, and the many advantages accruing to young men from membership in the order was impressed upon all those present.

James Aitken, a member of the Caledonian Club, of San Francisco, gave a humorous talk on his experiences at the Labor Day Caledonian picnic in New York, and of his trip to Boston. Mr. Aitken speaks the dovic as if he had just landed from the Allan Line steamer a few days before, and it occasioned great surprise when he told that it was sixty years since he left his native city, Boston, to go to California. He is now secretary of the Veteran Police Association of San Francisco and a life member of the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association.

ROBERT E. MAY.

DETROIT LETTER.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF DETROIT.

JOHN HENRY, PRESIDENT.

The annual outing and Caledonian games were held on August 15th, last.

We thought when we gave our one hundred fifty-third anniversary Burn's concert last January, we had reached our limit in numbers and quality; but it seemed that the people were waiting for the occasion. It is the most prominent summer event of Detroit. The papers comment upon it. The people talk of it, and they save their money and their time, that they may be able to go. It is not simply the outing, but it is the Scotch aroma of it that seems to draw them. The talk and conversation, the sallies of quaint wit, the garb worn, the reminiscences of bye gone days, combine to draw them to us, and 'tis often remarked, "There is nothing like it." And to the Scottish people it is the strong recall of what they left in the bonnie land so far awa'.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th, St. Andrew's Highlanders in kilts, commanded by Robert Schram, our chief, and our Pipe Band met at our hall, and marched playing through our avenues to the boat, where already the people had gathered, standing shoulder to shoulder for more than a block. We had three of the best steamers of this port at our service all day, and they were filled to their government capacity every trip, and they went and returned all day until ten o'clock at night.

Beautiful Sugar Island in Lake Erie again furnished the play ground for the happy multitude. Each year the White Star Line Company adds to the conveniences and embellishments of the island, and amid trees, shrubs and flowers, and beautiful plateau

surrounded by the placid waters of Lake Erie, the vast multitude gave vent to their happy emotions.

The day was a duplicate of that of one year ago, and while rain had fallen each of the preceding days and nights for a week, we had a most perfect day, and many remarked the old saying, "Providence favors the Scotch."

After luncheon, the games began. There were thirty-eight events, and one hundred and two prizes awarded. Each child received a box of candy and fruit, and they all clapped their tiny hands and laughed merrily as they partook of the sweet-meats.

There were more visiting competitors than heretofore, and they carried away more prizes. This we expect as our annual event becomes more widely known. Toronto, Windsor, Amherstburg, London, Sandwich, Hamilton and Sarnia, Ont., were represented; also a special delegation came from Toledo, Ohio; Battle Creek, Saginaw, Bay City, Port Huron and other Michigan towns furnished delegations, and 12,000 happy, joyous people were on that island. And it did seem that Heaven was on earth that day. I am pleased to say that Scottish interests are advancing in Detroit and vicinity, and the autumn and winter promise much social activity.

The September "Caledonian" has given special satisfaction here. The articles on "Flora MacDonald," "The Celts and Their Religion," and "The Scotch Education Department," have been talked of much. What a lifting up process it would be if every Scotch family read the "Caledonian?" Why not suggest that each subscriber procure another? It surely can be done. I will submit the matter to Michigan readers, and we will see.

Sincerely yours,
RONALD SCOTT KELLIE,

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA LETTER.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 17, 1912.

The Clan McLean, No. 105, O. S. C., is in a thriving condition, and great interest is being shown in the work of our order. The membership is increasing rapidly, and attendance at meetings throughout the summer has been well maintained. On July 26, a concert under the auspices of the clan was given in the Academy of Music, by Alex. Wilson, of Alloa, Scotland. Mr. Wilson justified his reputation as a first class entertainer. A large audience followed him through his program of Scottish song and story, and gave loud expression to their appreciation during the evening.

Royal Secretary Peter Kerr was a visitor in Halifax the other day, and brought tidings of good news as to the growth and prosperity of the Order of Scottish Clans throughout the land.

The provincial exhibition is in full swing in Halifax, this week. The writer paid it a

visit the other afternoon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. MacDougall, of "The Caledonian," who was here on a short visit. The exhibits are well up to the standards of former years, the display in the Horticultural Hall being particularly fine. The apples from the Annapolis Valley showed high quality, and the writer learns that the crop in that famous apple belt is above the average, the export from which last season was one and a quarter million barrels.

J. M. F.

SCOTTISH CLAN GAMES.

The Scottish Games held on Labor Day at Caledonian Park, West Roxbury, Mass., were a grand success. The games were held under the auspices of the Order of Scottish Clans and fully 10,000 people were present. All the games were well contested. The ten mile race, won by Johansen, attracted much attention, but did not arouse more enthusiasm than the purely Scottish events. Bagpipe music and the kilts were much in evidence and the entire proceedings were unmarred by anything that could interfere with the pleasures of the occasion. The officers of the clans represented and the committee in charge deserve great credit for the successful manner in which the games were conducted throughout to a conclusion.

SKYE ASSOCIATION.

The Skye Association of New York after three months' vacation held its opening meeting last week at Lenox Casino, West One Hundred and Sixteenth street, the president, Mr. John MacLean in the chair. It was a happy gathering: Speeches, singing, piping and a social time was the order of the evening.

D. CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

THE NEW JERSEY SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS PIPE BAND.

It will no doubt be of interest to readers of the "Caledonian" to learn something about this now famous body of Pipers and Drummers. It was formed within the last two years as part of the equipment of the New Jersey Scottish Highlanders, of which Colonel John Pentland is in command. He takes the greatest interest in it and accompanies them on every possible occasion. There are sixteen pieces in the band, and when all the members are dressed in full Highland costume, ancient Munro Tartan, and all the regalia of a Pipe Band, they stand at a cost of about \$1,500, and make a very imposing spectacle. They were engaged to represent Scotland in the University Parade in New York, on July 4th, this year, and attracted special attention for their smart appearance and excellent conduct. In fulfilling an engagement each member knows his duty, and all work harmoniously together, and show marked ability as a band. Being in New Jersey State it is much sought after by



the Scotch Societies, Clans, etc. A rule of the band is that all the bandsmen must be members of the O. S. C. Among others they have played for Newark Caledonian Club, Clan Gordon, Elizabeth; Clan Mackay, Bayonne; Clan MacKenzie, Plainfield; Clan McLeod, Jersey City; etc. A feature of the pipe music is the seconds, as played by the Brothers McIntosh, which has a pretty effect on the listener.

Prominent members in the band may be mentioned in Drum Major John Charles, six feet four inches high, and who has been engaged to lead the pipers for forty weeks in the New York Hippodrome; James McIntosh, who has won over two hundred prizes as a piper, most of them being won in Scotland which he left two years ago. He is piper to Clan MacKenzie, No. 204, Plainfield, and Pipe Major William A. Donald, who adds dignity to his position. The names of the members who make up this famous band are as follows: Pipe Major William A. Donald, Pipe Sergeant A. Mc-

Intosh, Pipe Corp. M. McIntosh, Pipers, Harry Clark, Stewart Aitken, Frank Kean, William McEwan, A. McKenzie, Robert Ireland, James McKinnell and Drum Major John Charles, Drum Sergeant George Black, Drum Corporal James Stewart, Drummer R. C. Cooper and bass drummer James Irwin. Treasurer, Piper Roderick Davidson, and Piper James McIntosh, 138½ Dukes street, Kearny, N. J., secretary. It is really a day to be remembered when you hear the New Jersey Scottish Highlanders Pipe Band.

JAMES MCINTOSH, Secretary.

On Monday evening, September 30th, the Pipe Band, accompanied by about thirty-five Highlanders in kilts (fifty in all), made a great impression upon the citizens of Newark, N. J., as they marched through the streets to the Schubert Theatre, to help celebrate in true Scottish style the opening night of "Little Boy Blue."

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without going ashore for material—once the machinery is set into operation; it is a moving picture in vivid action and spirited motion—an ocean of mind-power if the passenger cares to observe the activities that manifest and present themselves.

Here are many planes of life, that change many of the plans made before sailing, and they soon become visible to the ordinary eye. Of course advanced travellers are aware of their existence and are not easily misled by new waves and currents of mind power. An Atlantic voyage gives the first fighting chance on which to operate; see how some needles are drawn to the magnets, although they don't notice the current, or the vibrations, before they reach their object. Some voyages leave scars that last for life, but Donald Ross was a sower who went forth to sow, and he looked for a deepness of earth where no roots withered and no sun scorched the seeds. He found spots on the long voyage that were not bleak, lights of land. On the ocean he found much that was mysterious. He knew that man does not make his opportunities, but the Highlander knew them when they came and he was all the happier; but by the very greatness of his personality he created a liberal spirit on board, a broad, tolerant spirit, which made it easy in a certain sense to breathe and do good work. The mantle in which his Highland mother clothed him was worn once again, but rewoven and dyed in fresh beauty; nothing can entirely sever us from our past.

King George's Sound lay in a heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which as landsmen MacIver and Ross had little apprehension. They did not allow the mystery of the fog to lay hold of their imagination. A fresh Australian coast breeze was blowing, and for a time they sat on deck near the bridge in the moist obscurity, yet not alone. MacIver was dimly conscious of the presence of a lady passenger, in her deck chair, going to visit a friend who lived in Ceylon. Now and then the lone woman in her chair shot a glance at the man on the bridge, he who knew how necessary it was to study fogs, winds, tides and navigation, the special course for captains and pilots. This woman seemed to brace herself to speak to Norman MacIver and

leaning forward she stared at him and said in a peculiar, soft, voice: "It's nasty weather like this that turns heads gray before their time"; with a nod toward the bridge.

"Listen to that, will you; a bell buoy and this steamer nearly on top of it." A strong hand was now seen turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which seemed a minute ago straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. The whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to the steamer from out of the fog.

"See," she said, "they altered the course. How good that they had not to pay their respects to the other 'Liner' that was blowing blast after blast and trying to get clear."

Chapter IX.

Alma Duffrain was the name of the lady who sat in her chair near Norman. Her voice trembled as she spoke; her careless spirit was beaten down one night, long ago, by the angry Australian coast. She had loved a sailor dearly, truly and very tenderly as women can love, some men. He would have given her his name, his rank, his riches, were they a thousand times greater than they were; and she, if he were a poor man would have worked for him night or day, and thought no poverty sad, no travail hard, if it were only for his sake; it seems hard that love like this should count for so little. When the iron hand with the cold chill breath of death comes to the sailor,—the air of the watery grave that may come with the morning sun or with the evening star; it had come to Reginald Ward off the "Lewin" near the "Big Australian Bight" and crushed out the life, with the touch of death, and this woman lived with a keen sense of her loss that took the eager gladness out of her eyes, cutting her more keenly to the heart than she cared for strangers to see. She restrained her sorrow only by a mighty effort of will. Her face was shining, her eyes flashing with excitement, she could translate into language the speech of the Sirens.

"That's a steamer siren going, it is over there to our left," said she. "Can't you hear that other fellow with the frog in his throat?"

The fresh breeze was now blowing and the two men could hear the other whistles

plainly off to one side and a little ahead.

Everything happens on the sea, with such inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, then the bow of a French steamer emerged, trailing fog wreaths on either side. She could see on the bridge, above her, a white bearded officer leaning partly on the rail and on his elbows. He was clad in Orient uniform, how trim and quiet Captain Robert Studdard was. His quietness, under the circumstances, seemed to the lands'men terrible as he leaned there, running a calm, speculative eye over it all. Long ago he accepted destiny, marched along with it, measuring every stroke. This man rode clear-eyed through many an Australian and South American storm and his officers always caught the contagion of his calm. At breakfast next morning he said to his right hand passenger, rather grimly, "I have been through the experience before—wind was in the wrong direction."

The screaming bedlam of women in a storm often upsets strong men. It tries firm nerves on many a bridge—even capable women scream—they want to live and they know with the taste of salt, strong in their mouths, that the water is cold, and as they cry out they imagine they hear the lowering of boats and the sound of the oars, and an ocean madness seizes many of them. But this lone woman in her chair, had the passionate blood of an old race that "set their teeth" and died hard. Her eyes might light, but the waves with their foaming crests, must break over her before she would scream, call or cry. A ship's panic is a community panic, but it is not at all as terrible as the panic, when one is by one's self. Then the desire is to cry out, but one feels too exhausted, 'mid the sound of the waves and the weirdly, hollow blast from the whistles.

A man and woman, who had both loved and lost, forged a friendship that took its rise out of the fog. So the naked, desolate sea can give and take away.

This Australian coast in winter is no joke, with its roaring whiteness and its winds that smite many a coaster, and they find death in its boiling surge amongst the rocks. The beaches of Western Australia are the graves of black-hulled, dismasted ships, bow on, to the rocks, with masts and booms and rent canvas, rubbing to-

gether. Yet many a Scotchman loves its shadowy avenues, its giant trees, its great sweep of plains, its fan-like ferns. We call it all back with a tightening of the heart such as we feel looking on the face of an old friend, long parted. We love the place, for its own sake, and the joyous days of old, that are gone forever. We love its aroma and in the voiceless silence of midnight comes the memory of the folks that tasted "love among the Wattle."

Chapter X.

It is an ill equipped liner does not hold service at sea on the Sabbath, although its a fairly long run, and the Sunday service at sea brings the odour of springtime to many a passenger's heart. The sea has for some only messages of sadness, but Alma Duffrain still loved its breezes, although it left in her heart a discouragement and a miserable emptiness, the solitude of a heart in which there is no altar.

Coming early to the saloon service on the Orient Liner, she found herself seated beside Aileen Ross and Norman MacIver. When Norman raised his eyes to greet her, he saw plainly traces of tears. It was the first time they had spoken since the day of the fog.

In a big ship's community there may be the richest of folks whose homes may teem with the trophies of wealth and the splendours of riches, the envy of many, but there you find no altar, and they would gladly give all out of their bank book for the peace and the joy which illumined and filled the heart of some poor steerage passengers on that first Sabbath at sea.

Men who went to Australia from the homeland, built in the centre of their new home their altar, and that is why Donald Ross's home became a great home; and after his home came his church, and this he always called his "magnified home" on which burned a sacred fire and in which they shared their sacred feast, a feast that gave his forefathers a God-like power, teaching them to leash passions, knowing how shallow, how fleeting and unsatisfying pleasure is. His child had entered into a splendid heritage of truth and beauty, and a love of compassion, self sacrifice, mutual service and self forgetfulness.

This Sabbath service on the deep made many friends, and a pleasant company; it seemed to present an opportunity of enjoy-

ment. There was a strange charm in the service for all, for Aileen Ross was the singer and her beautiful music affected many, it thrilled in their veins and beat in their hearts, giving to some a keen pleasure so great as to be almost pain. Even oilers, engineers and officers asked, "What's her name?"

"Something Scotch," was the reply.

"Bravo;" one young fellow cried, "She makes me proud, I like her the better for it. She comes from our land where they believe in promises; they are sacred things."

"Do you believe in promises?" his mate replied "I'm afraid not."

"Of course," the young fourth replied, his face very serious, his hand going out to his friend, who shook it heartily although a mocking devil shine lit up his eyes for a moment. Even as the fourth looked up into his mate's face, a fairer one seemed to come between them, that of a Scotch girl who loved him well; how richly dowered he was in her love! To-day he felt the emptiness of ship's life, its solitude, because there are few altars in sailors' lives. Through the saloon ports on Sundays more devotional thoughts come to some than in any other place, although some captains read the prayers and say simple, honest words that go home to some hearts but leave very little impression there. But to-day when Ceylon's golden haze filled the air and the "Card" at the top of the grand stairway showed that the steamer was towards Colombo and on a course, that would bring her there. The clear, sweet voice of Aileen Ross came through the handsome ports, singing a grand old anthem, every word of which was distinct and audible, beautiful words, well matched with the fine music and an angelic voice. No wonder the men outside listened in wonder. There was a dead silence until the earnest voice ceased. So clear, sweet and pathetic, at times sounding as though it were full of tears, and again jubilant and ringing. Aileen was singing not to the people alone, who listened with bated breath. Norman MacIver regarded her smilingly, he could have thought that her aunt, his first love, had descended from the realms of light. The girl who slept in old St. Andrews under the daisy sod, whose spiritual loveliness of face with the sweet pleading

mouth, the face that seemed always before him.

Norman MacIver flattered himself that he was not sentimental and he took a practical view of most things, but as he looked across the deck, on that Sabbath, he saw a picture that was photographed on his brain for ever more, Alma Duffrain stood beside Aileen Ross in a dress of pale blue, a woman with a dark face, so rapt in the blue water that lay beyond. Her thoughts were with the man, who had gone to the land where the angels dwell, she was etherealized by Aileen's music. Until that day, she was nothing to Norman, during the whole of that day that rapt look on her face seemed always before him.

"What is she to me?" he would ask.

No living face had haunted him for years, but this voyage would bring back to him the delicious sensations of his youth.

They both had many friends, much pleasure in company and the circle of their acquaintance on board, yet they both missed something. At times they knew that they had missed much; an outward deep called, and there was no inward deep that could answer, but one of them, out of her deep experience, gained calmness and light. She was poor, but she made Norman MacIver rich; meeting her was the turning point in his career. He built a new altar, and he consumed on it a past, that could never satisfy. He became obedient to his vision. Alma Duffrain possessed a will power of unusual character and a dynamic will. It was not in her words, but in the mind power behind the words. The Lion was tamed in MacIver, of this he had an inner consciousness. She helped the firmness and self confidence. "To him that had was given." Donald Ross noticed his friend's air carefully, for he understood his qualities and he said to Norman, "Well, don't be so sure of your personal strength. It may grow upon you. This might be a mistake."

"Few of us," said Ross, "have any un-failing store of power upon which to draw."

We hear a lot about being "magnetic" but on the voyage something "electric" got after Norman, with a power strongly developed and manifest, tending to drive the past outward and away from the two who met in the fog.

Robert Burns

BY JOHN D. ROSS.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart abune them a',
He'll be a credit to us a'—
We'll a' be prood o' Robin.

These are the words that Burns, in speaking of himself, puts into the mouth of the "gossip," who "keepit in is loof" at the time of his birth. Aye, Scotsman are indeed "prood o' Robin," whose genius invigorates the Scottish heart everywhere.

Looking forward with prophetic eye Burns, convinced that his illness would prove fatal, said to his wife, "Don't be afraid: I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead, than I am at present." His prophecy has been more than fulfilled; not only does Burns speak to Scotsmen, but also to so many millions of others, that he in truth may be said to be the most universal of poets.

One hundred and fifteen years have passed since Burns, in the language of Carlyle, passed, "not softly but speedily into that still country where the hail storms and fire showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." And to-day, in every corner of the habitable globe, "Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr," wherever two or three sons of auld Scotia can be gathered together, there tribute will be done to the immortal genius of Scotland.

Scotland owes everything to Burns, the hero "of the glory of Doonside and the tragedy of Dumfries," and Scotland has in some measure redeemed the debt—there is more in praise, and less in croaking censure of the national poet than formerly.

As was well pointed out by John D. Ross, the former misconceptions regarding Burns arose from what his enemies said about him. There were many reasons why the memory of Burns was visited with the hatred of the influential. "Burns," says Ross, "was in all respects a poet of the people. He sang for the masses and not for the aristocracy. He hated hypocrisy and shams and allowed no opportunity to pass whereby he could expose and hold up to ridicule either them or their authors. And in doing this he made enemies for himself right at the beginning of his brilliant poetical career, enemies who continued to scatter lies and foul accusations against him, not only during his brief and eventful life, but long after he had passed to the Silent Land."

No one would be so foolish as to claim that Burns was a paragon of virtue, but neither is there any reason why his faults should be magnified, especially since his

faults were common to the age in which he lived.

The fault finders with Burns date, what they are pleased to term his downward career, from 1791, when he went to Drumfries, and yet, despite their claims that he was at this period guilty of all sorts of wickedness, it was while residing in Dumfries that Burns, leaving aside all consideration of such valuable work as contributions to "Johnnoos Museum," and to "Thomson's Collection," produced over one hundred of his best songs.

Among the Burns productions of the Dumfries period are "Scots Wha Hae," "Ae Fond Kiss," "A Man's a Man For a' That," "Auld Lang Syne," "Duncan Gray Cam' Here to Woo," "Auld Rob Morris," "O, Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye My Lad," "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," "My Heart is Sair, I Darna Tell," "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," "Last May a Braw Wooer," "Lassie Wi' the Lint White Locks," and others which are widely known the world over.

Who, using his common sense, would claim that these great productions were the outpourings of a wrecked mind in a besotted body? To put the question is to answer it.

A long time persistent tale had it that Burns contracted his last illness by falling asleep in the snow while returning from a tavern. On this subject William Wallace, one of the best Burns scholars, had this to say, "There is no word of a tavern dinner as the final cause of Burns' death in Heron's biography. There is none in Hamilton Pauls. There is no word of the Globe Inn as the scene of the dinner in Currie or Lockhart or Walker. As for Lockhart, he says gingerly, 'It has been said that he fell asleep upon the snow on his way home.' It is in 1838, and a note to a new edition of Currie, then published, that the Globe Inn and the sleep in the snow story make their definite appearance. It runs thus: 'It is added as a tradition of Dumfries that on his way home he sat down on some steps projecting into the street, and falling asleep in that situation became fatally chilled.'"

It will be seen from this that the attempt to blacken the character of Burns rests upon a "tradition" that first saw the light of day forty-two years after his death! It is, by the way interesting to note that an almost identical story is related by the way of accounting for the death of the immortal Shakespeare.

Another legend has it that Burns toward the end of his life was shunned by the "better class" of society in Dumfries. That

might be considered true. The "better class" had, perhaps, no special reason to love the poet of the people. But it is not true even of them. Let us turn to the Dumfries Journal, of the day after the poet's funeral, that is not "tradition" but recorded fact, and it shows how Burns was respected in Dumfries. "The principal part of the inhabitants of this town and neighborhood," says the Journal, "with a number of the friends of the bard from remote parts followed in procession—the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals."

Allan Cunningham, who was then serving his apprenticeship in Dumfries as a stone mason, witnessed the funeral of his elder and greater brother of "the bardie race," and years afterward he published an account of it, which showed that the proceedings had greatly impressed him. It is worth while quoting what Cunningham says of the attitude of the townspeople during the last illness of Burns, it so completely overthrows the myth that he was neglected and despised.

"Dumfries," says Allan, "was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, and of his untimely approaching fate, with a warmth and enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying—the opinion of the physician (and Maxwell was a kind and skilful one) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street. As his life drew to a close the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the street during the hours of remission from labor, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and all ages. His differences with some of them on some important points were forgotten and forgiven. They thought only of his genius; of the delight his compositions had diffused; and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit whose voice was to gladden them no more."

William Grierson, draper, who as a young man walked in the funeral procession records in the diary which he kept at the time that "the ceremony presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we can scarce see again."

Burns died July 21, 1796. In the January 1797 issue of the "Monthly Magazine and British Register" there appeared an anony-

mous poem, in the "original poetry department," which closes with this stanza:

High above thy reptile foes
Thy towering soul unconquered rose—
Love and the Muse their charms disclose—

The hags retire;
And thy expanded bosom glows
With heav'nly fire.

Go, Builder of a deathless name!
Thy Country's glory, and her shame!
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,
To genius dire;

Whilst rolling centuries thy fame
Shall still renew!

The spirit of these prophetic lines has animated the verse of every subsequent poet who has paid tribute to Burns; and upon the merits of no man have the poets been more heartily united, which in itself is eloquent testimony to the worth of Burns.

But after all we can afford to forget if not forgive the enemies of the poet. Each passing year increases the interest of mankind in the man Burns, and raises their deliberative estimate of his marvelous genius. In his own well known words:

Time the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

THE KILT IN THE ROYAL FAMILY.

There is a tradition in the Royal family that boys must wear the Highland costume until the Queen deems proper to order a change.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Captain Alexander McKay, for many years commodore of the Cunard Company's fleet, retiring about ten years ago after forty years service with that line, died in Liverpool, on January 9th. Captain McKay was born in Scotland, and his first appointment with the Cunard Company was as fourth officer of the old wooden side-wheeler Asia. He had crossed the Atlantic about eight hundred times.

CLAN MACDUFF, NO. 81, NEW YORK.

Meets at 126th St. and Lenox Ave., second and fourth Saturdays in each month.

Chief, Arthur Fairweather, 141½ Webster Ave., Yonkers.

Fin. Sec., Wm. Gray, 428 Central Park West. Physician, Dr. James Law, 15 E. 127th St.

Secretary, R. W. Waterson, 441 East 187th St. Chaplain, A. Cummings.

Treasurer, Thomas J. Graham.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, Box 76, Farmington, Conn.
 Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
 Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

At the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Daughters of Scotia, held at Bridgeport, Conn., September 18, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mrs. Mary Middlemass, of New Britain, Conn., Grand Chief Daughter; Mrs. C. Mitchell, Kearny, N. J., Grand Sub. Chief Daughter; Mrs. Mary Miller, Torrington, Conn., Grand Secretary (re-elected); Miss J. Duffus, Bridgeport, Conn., Grand Treasurer (re-elected); Mrs. A. Wallace, New York City, Grand Chaplain; Mrs. C. Bruce, New York city, Grand Conductor.

This order is in a flourishing condition and is destined to be one of the most powerful women's organizations in the country. The convention voted to continue "The Caledonian" as the official organ of the order of the Daughters of Scotia.

WESTERLY, R. I.

The Lady Leslie Lodge, No. 17, D. O. S., of Westerly, R. I., held its regular meeting in Red Men's Hall on Main street, Friday evening, August 23.

After the business was transacted, the Chief Daughter, Mrs. Maud Larkin, in the following words presented Mrs. Margaret Anderson with a beautiful leather bag, and Miss Jeanie Anderson with a silver nut bowl and silver bread tray. Mrs. Anderson and daughter are soon to leave Westerly for Glasgow, Scotland, where they will make their home in the future.

"Sisters, this may be our last meeting together;

For soon you and the Lady Leslies will be parted, perhaps forever.

You're going back to Scotland, the land of your birth—

No doubt you think it the dearest spot on earth.

We shall all miss you;

But we all wish you

Health, wealth and prosperity,

And a safe voyage home across the sea,

And that the friendship existing between us may not be broken,

In behalf of my sisters, accept these little tokens.

Sisters Anderson thanked the Lodge when they stopped their greeting. Then refreshments were served, and several solos rendered by Mrs. Tait, of Pawtucket, R. I., and Mrs. Bessie Reardon, Past Chief Daughter of Lady Leslie Lodge, and Miss Annie Walker, and a reading by Miss Jessie Love.

After this, a social time was enjoyed, Mrs. Larkin presiding at the piano, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned by singing "Auld Lang Syne," and all wishing Mrs. Anderson and daughter, "Health, wealth and prosperity, and a safe voyage home across the sea."

MRS. MAUD LARKIN,
 Chief Daughter.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14, TORRINGTON, CONN.

We have had several meetings since our last report. We have entertained our Grand Deputy and the Grand Chief Daughter, and we had a very pleasant evening with them. We received two applications for membership at our last meeting. Several of our members and past officers are planning to attend the convention in Bridgeport on the 18th.

ADA HAMILTON,
 Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE, NO. 26.

New York, Sept. 12, 1912.

The ladies of Graham Lodge held their September meeting, and spent a most enjoyable and profitable evening. Chief Daughter Sister Brown is becoming quite a talker, and is able to unravel the knotty problems that in the cause of fraternity present themselves. We anticipate having a Graham in the Grand Lodge at this convention. By the way, Sister Brown was elected delegate and Sister Jean Ross, alternate. Our petitions are in excellent hands. "Everything goes to Yonkers." The ladies of Graham wish to thank the Lady McGregors for the hospitality extended at a barn dance. We felt very much at home. There was only one regret, to quote the cockney, "*Tempus did fugit.*" The

ladies are showing the clansmen how to be successful. With every good wish for the O. S. C. and D. O. S. at large and a good boost for "The Caledonian,"

Yours fraternally,
EMELIE M. DAVIS,
Secretary.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25.

Harrison, N. J., Sept. 16, 1912.

Since the last report, Argyle Lodge has held three meetings, and initiated three new members. At our meeting August 27th, we were honored with an official visit from our Grand Deputy Sister M. Gordon, also Past Grand Chief Daughter Sister Robinson and Sister Laird, of Balmoral Lodge. We heard some very helpful remarks from our P. G. C. D., Deputy Sister Gordon. We re-elected our Past Chief Daughter, Sister Jones, a delegate to convention.

Our anniversary takes place the last meeting in October, so we are having a clipping social to celebrate. Hoping to see as many sisters as possible from other lodges,

MAGGIE ANDERSON,
Secretary.

HELEN MAGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27.

Yonkers, N. Y.,

September 12, 1912.

Helen Magregor Lodge has held three meetings since our last report, Mrs. Magre, Chief Daughter, presiding. Our lodge is still in a flourishing condition, candidates being initiated at each meeting. At the meeting held August 22, Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Vanderwende was chosen delegate for the coming convention to be held in Bridgeport, Conn. The first meeting in September Mrs. Christina Laird, our Grand Deputy paid her last official visit. Her visits have been very helpful and greatly appreciated by the members of Helen Magregor during the year. She thanked them for the courtesy they had extended to her and said the help had been mutual and looked forward to visiting them soon again.

The Barn Dance held August 30, was a great success socially and otherwise. We were pleased to see so many sisters from different lodges, who we hope enjoyed themselves as well as the Helen Magregors did. The committee deserve special thanks for the perfect arrangements for the evening. We will now be looking forward to their next, which we hope will be soon.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

FLORA McDONALD LODGE, NO. 18,

Paterson, N. J., September 10, 1912.

Flora MacDonald Lodge is still in the front, always working for the good of the Order. Since our last report we have had some very enjoyable meetings. On August 13th, we had a very pleasant time, as we had with us our G. C. D., Lisa C. Henderson, of Farmington, Conn., who spoke very highly of the work of the D. of S., and also very

highly of the way the Flora McDonalds conducted their work. We also had with us that evening our P. G. C. D., Mrs. Christina Robinson, who always has a word of good cheer to give us. And Mrs. Mitchell, G. Conductor, and our G. Deputy, Mrs. E. Nicol, of Jersey City; also a great many visitors from sister lodges.

On August 21, we had the honor of entertaining our G. Deputy, as she made her official visit to us, and I may say that we were all delighted to have her with us, as we are always glad to hear of the good work of the D. of S.

We have initiated twenty-five new members since December. To-night (September 10th) we have four more new members to put through, and the degree team makes the ceremony of initiation so much more impressive.

We will be pleased to have any sister lodges visit us. We meet on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at Heptasophs' Hall, 146 Washington street. Wishing all sister lodges every success,

Sincerely and fraternally,
MRS. A. KIDD,
Secretary.

MARJORIE BRUCE LODGE, NO. 35.

The Marjorie Bruce Lodge, of New Rochelle, N. Y., held their regular meeting on Thursday evening, September 6th. The meeting was well attended, some of our vacationists having returned. We were also pleased to entertain a delegation of the Lady Helen McGregors, from Yonkers.

The members are still keeping up their good work. We have five new applications on hand.

Our membership has increased so that we have decided to hold two meetings a month, instead of one, starting with the new year. The picnic this year, which was held jointly between the clan and Marjorie Bruce Lodge was a decided success, and much praise is due to the amusement committee for the capable way in which they performed the hundred and one duties incidental to such an affair.

CHRISTINA BISSET,
Recording Secretary.

JILTING HIM.

Maud Muller was raking the hay.

"I'm an intelligent agriculturist at the very time you are in danger of the recall," she explained in refusing the Judge—New York Sun.

DOUBTFUL.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will.—Tit Bits.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.
Seventeenth Lesson.

(Continued).

Prayer in harmony with the being of God.

'Father I thank Thee that Thou hearest me. And I knew that Thou hearest me always.' John XI. 11, 42.

'Thou art my son; this day have I begotten Thee. Ask of me, and I shall give Thee.' Ps. II, 7, 8.

In the New Testament we find a distinction made between faith and knowledge. "To one is given, through the Spirit, the word of *wisdom*; to another the word of *knowledge*, according to the same Spirit; to another *faith*, in the same Spirit." In a child or a simple-minded Christian there may be much faith with little knowledge. Childlike simplicity accepts the truth without difficulty, and often cares little to give itself or others any reason for its faith, but this: God has said. But it is the will of God that we should love and serve Him, not only with all the heart, but also with all the mind: that we should grow up into an insight into the Divine wisdom and beauty of all His ways and words and works. It is only thus that the believer will be able fully to approach and rightly to adore the glory of God's grace; and only thus that our heart can intelligently apprehend the treasures of wisdom and knowledge there are in redemption, and be prepared to enter fully into the highest note of the song that rises before the throne: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

In our prayer-life this truth has its full application. While prayer and faith are so simple that the new-born convert can pray with power, true Christian science finds in the doctrine of prayer some of its deepest problems. In how far is the power of prayer a reality? If so, how God can grant to prayer such mighty power? How can the action of prayer be harmonized with the will and the decrees of God? How can God's sovereignty and our will, God's liberty and ours, be reconciled? These and other like questions are fit subjects for Christian meditation and inquiry. The more earnestly and reverently we approach such mysteries, the more shall we in adoring wonder fall down to praise Him who hath in prayer given such power to man.

One of the secret difficulties with regard to prayer,—one which, though not expressed, does often really hinder prayer,—is derived from the perfection of God, in His absolute independence of all that is outside Himself. Is He not the Infinite Being, who owes what He is to Himself alone, who determines Himself, and whose wise and holy will has determined all that is to be? How can prayer influence Him, or He be

moved by prayer to do what otherwise would not be done? Is not the promise of an answer to prayer simply a condescension to our weakness? Is what is said of the power—the much-availing power—of prayer anything more than an accommodation to our mode of thought, because the Deity never can be dependent on any action from without for its doings? And is not the blessing of prayer simply the influence it exercises upon ourselves?

In seeking an answer to such questions, we find the key in the very being of God, in the mystery of the Holy Trinity. If God were only one person, shut up within Himself, there could be no thought of nearness to Him, or influence on Him. But in God there are three Persons. In God we have Father and Son, who have in the Holy Spirit their living bond of unity and fellowship. When eternal Love begat the Son, and the Father gave the Son as the Second Person a place next Himself as His Equal and His Counsellor, there was a way opened for prayer and its influence in the very inmost life of Deity itself. Just as on earth, so in heaven the whole relation between Father and Son is that of giving and taking. And if that taking is to be as voluntary and self-determined as the giving, there must be on the part of the Son an asking and receiving. In the holy fellowship of the Divine Persons, this asking of the Son was one of the great operations of the Thrice Blessed Life of God. Hence we have it in Psalm II: "This day I have begotten Thee: ask of me and I will give Thee." The Father gave the Son the place and the power to act upon Him. The asking of the Son was no mere show or shadow, but one of those life-movements in which the love of the Father and the Son met and completed each other. The Father had determined that He should not be alone in His counsels: there was a Son on whose asking and accepting their fulfilment should depend. And so there was in the very Being and Life of God and asking of which prayer on earth was to be the reflection and the outflow. It was not without including this that Jesus said, "I knew that Thou always hearest me." Just as the Sonship of Jesus on earth may not be separated from His Sonship in heaven, even so with His prayer on earth, it is the continuation and the counterpart of His asking in heaven. The prayer of the man Christ Jesus is the link between the eternal asking of the only-begotten Son in the bosom of the Father and the prayer of men upon earth. Prayer has its rise and its deepest sources in the Being of God. In the bosom of Deity nothing is

ever done without prayer—the asking of the Son and the giving of the Father.

This may help us somewhat to understand how the prayer of man, coming through the Son, can have effect upon God. The decrees of God are not decisions made by Him without reference to the Son, or His petition, or the petition to be sent up through Him. By no means. The Lord Jesus is the first-begotten, the Head and Heir of all things: all things were created *through Him* and *unto Him*, and all things consist *in Him*. In the counsels of the Father, the Son, as Representative of all creation, had always a voice; in the decrees of the eternal purpose there was always room left for the liberty of the Son as Mediator and Intercessor, and so for the petitions of all who draw nigh to the Father in the Son.

And if the thought come that this liberty and power of the Son to act upon the Father is at variance with the immutability of the Divine decrees, let us not forget that there is not with God as with man, a past by which He is irrevocably bound. God does not live in time with its past and future; the distinctions of time have no reference to Him who inhabits Eternity. And Eternity is an ever-present Now, in which the past is never past, and the future always present. To meet our human weakness, Scripture must speak of past decrees, and a coming future. In reality, the immutability of God's counsel is ever still in perfect harmony with His liberty to do whatsoever He will. Not so were the prayers of the Son and His people taken up into the eternal decrees that their effect should only be an apparent one; but so, that the Father-heart holds itself open and free to listen to every prayer that rises through the Son, and that God does indeed allow Himself to be decided by prayer to do what He otherwise would not have done.

This perfect harmony and union of Divine Sovereignty and human liberty is to us an unfathomable mystery, because God as "The Eternal One" transcends all our thoughts. But let it be our comfort and strength to be assured that in the eternal fellowship of the Father and the Son, the power of prayer has its origin and certainty, and that through our union with the Son, our prayer is taken up and can have its influence in the inner life of the Blessed Trinity. God's decrees are no iron framework against which man's liberty would vainly seek to struggle. No. God Himself is the Living Love, who in His Son as man has entered into the tenderest relation with all that is human, who through the Holy Spirit takes up all that is human into the Divine life of love, and keeps Himself free to give every human prayer its place in His government of the world.

It is in the daybreak light of such thoughts that the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity no longer is an abstract speculation,

but the living manifestation of the way in which it were possible for man to be taken up into the fellowship of God, and his prayer to become a real factor in God's rule of this earth. And we can, as in the distance, catch glimpses of the light that from the eternal world shines out on words such as these: "Through Him we have access By One Spirit unto the Father."

Lord, Teach Us To Pray.

Everlasting God! The Three-One and Thrice Holy! In deep reverence would I with veiled face worship before the holy mystery of The Divine Being. And if it please Thee, O most glorious God, to unveil aught of that mystery, I would bow with fear and trembling, lest I sin against Thee, as I meditate on Thy glory.

Father! I thank Thee that Thou bearest this name not only as the Father of Thy children here on earth, but as having from eternity subsisted as the Father with Thine only-begotten Son. I thank Thee that as Father Thou canst hear our prayer, because Thou hast from eternity given a place in Thy counsels to the asking of Thy Son. I thank Thee that we have seen in Him on earth, what the blessed intercourse was He had with Thee in heaven; and how from eternity in all Thy counsels and decrees there had been room left for His prayer and their answers. And I thank Thee above all that through His true human nature on Thy throne above, and through Thy Holy Spirit in our human nature here below, a way has been opened up by which every human cry of need can be taken up into and touch the Life and the Love of God, and receive in answer whatsoever it shall ask.

Blessed Jesus! in whom as the Son the path of prayer has been opened up, and who givest us assurance of the answer, we beseech Thee, teach Thy people to pray. O let this each day be the sign of our sonship, that, like Thee, we know that the Father hearest us always. Amen.

FAMILY MOTTOES.

STEWART-STUART	Forward
"Laedere noli,"	Injure no man
"Metuenda corolla draconis,"	
	Fear the dragon's crest
"Nil desperandum,"	Never despair
"Nil desperandum est,"	
	Nothing to be despaired of
"Provide,"	
"Providentiae fido,"	I trust in Providence
"Quihidder will zie,"	Whither will ye
"Reddunt commercia mitem,"	
Commercial intercourse, renders man so-	
etable	
"Resurgum,"	I shall rise again
"Salus per Christum Redemptorem,"	
Salvation through Christ the Redeemer	
"Semper ad paratus,"	Always prepared
"Sic fuit, est, erit,"	
	Thus it was, is, and shall be

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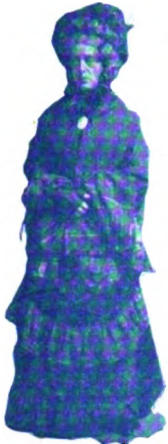
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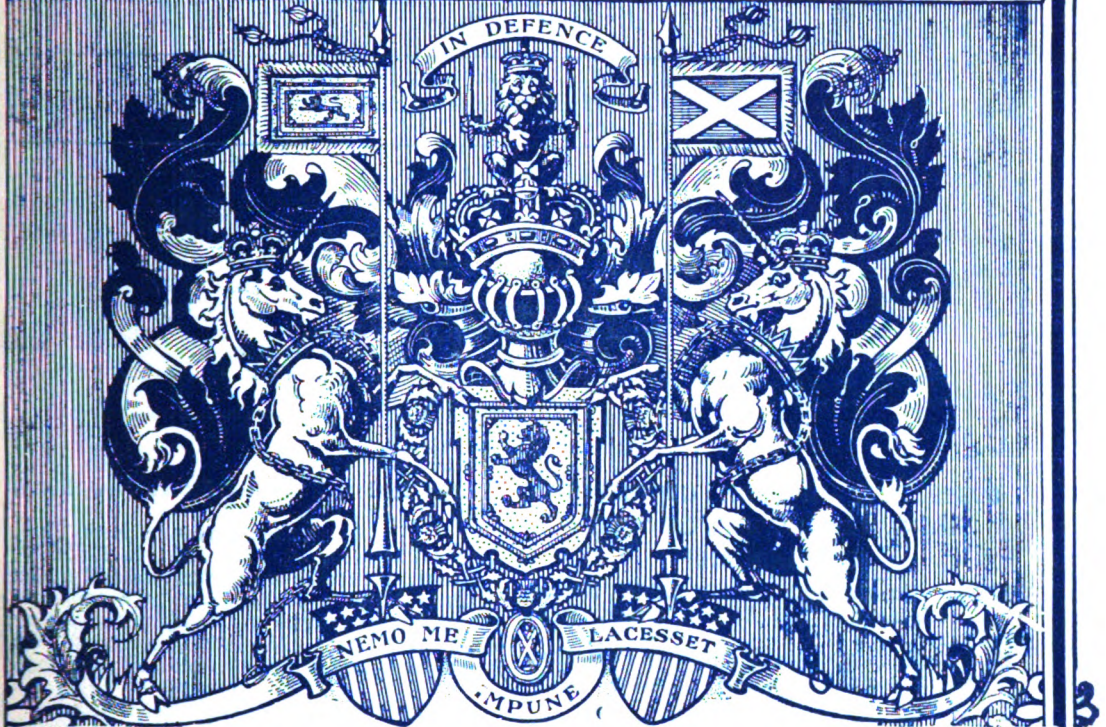


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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

The treacherous, murderous attack made upon Colonel Roosevelt, in Milwaukee, by a half-demented would-be assassin, has been commented upon at great length throughout the civilized world. The expressions of sympathy towards the candidate of the Progressive party since the attack have been general, and evince Colonel Roosevelt's great popularity, both at home and abroad. The effect of the attack upon him will insure him votes and greatly aid him to resume again an office which he so ably filled for a number of years.

An organization entitled the Titanic Survivors' Protective Committee has been formed in New York, with the object of enforcing claims against the steamship company for loss of life when the Titanic was sunk. As the liability of the White Star Line is limited in such a case, the prospects of claimants for damages are not bright.

The counter revolution started in Mexico recently by General Felix Diaz, complicates still more the state of affairs in that distracted country. It is claimed that the new leader, a nephew of former President Diaz, is supported by his uncle, who is reported to be on his way to Mexico. The Madero government has proved a failure, and perhaps the best thing that could happen for Mexico would be the rule of a benevolent despot, as its people appear to be unable to exercise the privileges of freemen.

After living in Chicago in poverty for years, Mrs. Effie Bender, a scrubwoman, lately received news that she has been left a fortune of \$250,000 by the will of Frank Mandell, of Helena, Mont., a sweetheart of her youth. Such an incident reflects credit upon humanity, showing as it does the underlying quality of love and friendship.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Carnegie and Miss Carnegie arrived in New York on October 19th, after their annual sojourn in Skibo Castle.

Mr. William Rankin, one of Princeton's prominent lawyers and business men, died at the home of his son, Prof. W. H. Rankin, on October 20th, aged 102. Mr. Rankin was of Scottish descent, and for thirty-seven years was treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, with offices in New York. During his career he held every lay office in the Presbyterian Church.

Recently, Mrs. Russell Sage purchased March Island, on the Louisiana coast, as a sanctuary for birds. Such an act speaks volumes in favor of the kind lady who felt sorry for God's little winged creatures, who were being exterminated.

It is proposed to add \$6,000,000 next year to the large amount now paid to city employes of New York. The Bureau of Municipal Research has declared that the big raise is not demanded as payment for additional work by the city's servants. The idea is: \$6,000,000 more pay without any new obligations whatever on the part of those who expect it.

The Government report issued recently indicated a wheat crop of 720,000,000 bushels. It was based upon existing conditions, but since then we have had good weather in the Northwest, and the final result is sure to be larger.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the veteran yachtsman, arrived recently in New York, and is eager to challenge again for the America's Cup if the New York Yacht Club will adopt the universal rule. Under existing regulations, the British yachtsman declares, he has no chance of winning, as a boat which would have a fair chance of winning, under the present rules, could not be sailed across the Atlantic.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson, President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, preached his annual sermon at the Gospel Temple, New York, on October 13th. The contributions on the occasion amounted to \$40,000.

Lenox Library Building, one of the finest specimens of the architect's skill in the city of New York, has been ruthlessly demolished, and Fifth avenue looks bare, bereft of its classic front and noble proportions. The rage for magnitude and exaggeration so prevalent doomed this building, as it did the Astor Library in Lafayette place, probably to increase the contents of the new library on Fifth avenue. The Lenox Library, with the valuable grounds, was the gift to the city of a noble Scotsman, Mr. Robert Lenox.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was recently conferred by Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., upon William R. Riddell, Justice of the King's Bench Division of Toronto. Judge Riddell, after the ceremony, spoke of the century of peace between the English speaking people.

The war fever firing the blood of the various natives of the Balkan Peninsula, has infected many of the Greeks and others from the countries adjoining Turkey, employed here, and recently many thousands of them have left to join their compatriots in the war against the Turks.

Recently, a new Presbyterian Board of Sustentation and Relief was formed for the purpose of raising a fund of \$10,000,000 for the relief of ministers who are sick and old. The Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, pastor of Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York, has been appointed the secretary of the new Board, and has resigned the pastorate of his church in consequence. Mr. Foulkes had been pastor of the church less than a year.

Tariff exhibit tables being shown in New York city recently, excited interest on the part of housekeepers, by displaying the price of American beef in London, as but one half of what is charged here. This is fostering home industry at the expense of the home consumer with a vengeance.

The first Nobel prize of \$40,000 awarded in this country for distinguished services in medical research, was recently awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Carrel's experiments and investigations have been attended by some surprising results.

The largest fleet of war vessels ever assembled in American waters was on view and parade in New York Harbor recently. There were 123 ships of various sizes present, ranging from the imposing Dreadnaughts to the comparatively diminutive tenders. The spectacle created immense enthusiasm among New Yorkers, generally, and the show ended in quite a flare of glory, when the fleet passed in review before President Taft, on its way to sea.

BRITISH.

A new office building for the Australian Commonwealth is to be erected on the Strand, London, at a total cost including the site of £620,000.

That Ireland is prosperous under British rule is evident from the fact, among many others, that last year there was \$60,000,000 on deposit in Post Office Savings banks, \$40,000,000 more than in these institutions in 1892.

In New Zealand this year 16,000 Europeans and 665 Moaries were granted old age pensions, the total amount so given being £606,000. Since the old age pensions began to be paid in 1899, 35,000 pensions have been granted, the amount paid out since then being £3,557,000.

A memorial, erected to the memory of W. Murray Guthrie, who represented a London district in Parliament, was recently unveiled near Duart Castle, Isle of Mull. The monument consists of a Celtic cross and bases, and is a replica of the ancient cross at Tynan.

The Lochaber Ball, one of the chief social functions in the west of Scotland, was held recently in the Highland Hotel, Fort William. Lady Margaret Cameron of Lochiel

and representatives from most of the prominent county families were present. The Highland costume and the bagpipes were naturally much in evidence.

King George, at Balmoral, recently presented fourteen men with medals for gallantry displayed in shipping disasters in the north and east of Scotland. The King, who was dressed in Highland costume shook hands with the men and pinned the medals on their breast.

Sir John George Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., of Ulster died recently at his London residence, at eighty-eight years of age. Sir Tollemache was a keen politician, and represented Caithness in Parliament from 1870 to 1885. He retired from a lieutenancy in the Scots Guards many years ago. His heir is Sir Archibald Henry Macdonald Sinclair, the late baronet's grandson. The estates altogether extend to about 78,000 acres.

The output of new vessels from Scottish shipyards during September consisted of 31 vessels of 58,307 tons. Of these, 21 of 54,722 tons were built on the Clyde. The Clyde tonnage is the highest on record for September, and the nine months' output—209 vessels of 472,273 tons—is also the highest on record.

The Australian Parliament, by a recent enactment, granted a bonus of \$25 to the parents of every white child born hereafter in the Commonwealth. In a country so radical in its legislative methods, it would scarcely be expected that a measure so suspiciously suggestive of a fear of race suicide would be necessary.

The Prince of Wales recently entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a student. He will be like the other boys enrolled there, and subject to the rules and largely to the same treatment.

The declaration of peace between Italy and Turkey was highly pleasing to the chief nations of Europe, as they hoped thereby to limit the range of the war in the Balkan struggle. This probably can be done, though there is no reason to hope for a lasting peace under existing conditions.

By the recent death of Mr. Benjamin Hunter, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, New York, the orphan family of an Uddingston, Scotland, miner, come in for a fortune of \$300,000. A miner, named Alexander Hunter, was injured about four years ago in Messrs. Addie & Sons' Viewpark Colliery, Uddingston, and died later, leaving a widow and four children. This Alexander was a brother of the Brooklyn Hunter and his children will receive the money.

The report, October 13, of the Finance Committee of the London County Council shows that the Council is investing its money in American railways in consequence of the depreciation in consols and gilt-edged securities consequent upon the Balkan war scare.

The Duke of Westminster, the richest peer in England, had his £1,000 a head banquet at Grosvenor House, his London residence, on October 16. The subscriptions reached £60,000, one anonymous subscriber giving £10,000. All this money is to promote the cause of tariff reform of which the Duke is an earnest advocate. During the course of his remarks, he said: "The most immediate need is the unification of the Empire by tariff reform and a system of inter-Imperial preferences. Therefore, we propose to devote the present funds to achieving the most necessary and most urgent aim."

At the recent Church Congress, in England, very divergent views were advanced by noted clergymen present, and not a few of them were decidedly heterodox in character. One held that it would be possible to retain all really distinctive beliefs of Christianity while denying the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Canon Carnegie maintained that such a denial would be destructive of vital Christianity.

All the Balkan States, including Greece, have declared war against Turkey, and what promises to be the greatest conflict since the Franco-Prussian war has fairly started. How it will end is problematical, but that it will be fatal to thousands and waged relentlessly while it lasts, is certain. Though the Turks were not the aggressors the sympathy of Christians here and elsewhere will, of course, be extended to the nations of the Balkan Peninsula. It is to be hoped that none of the great nations of Europe will become involved in the trouble, not a remote contingency.

CANADIAN.

Miss Hylie, an English suffragist, recently arrived in Canada, with the avowed intention of waking up the women of the country to a realization of their sad condition as non-voters. It is quite safe to predict that the militant methods pursued by the English suffragists will find few if any imitators in Canada.

The Duke of Connaught, a short time ago, paid a return visit to New Westminster, B. C., and was present at the annual display of products of the district. Pleased with all that he saw he was specially delighted with the show of fruits and vegetables made by the Indians.

The Hon. James MacDonald, who had been Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, died at his home in Halifax on October 4th. He entered the Dominion Parliament in 1878 and was appointed Minister of Justice. He refused the title of Knighthood and other honors. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1828.

The Canadian Department of Militia and Defence has received 16,000 applications, for the \$100 grant by the Government, to veterans of the Fenian raid. Of these applications 2,800 have been acted upon.

A large group of representative men assembled at Queenstown, Ontario, on October

12, to commemorate the victory gained by General Brock, 100 years ago, over the invading army from the south. Both General Brock and Lieutenant Colonel John Macdonell were killed at the battle and among those present at the memorial ceremony were A. Claude Macdonell, M. P. and three other great-grand nephews of Colonel Macdonell. The 48th Highlanders of Toronto and other military organizations were present on the occasion.

The Royal Grenadiers and other veterans, who opposed the Fenians when they made the raid into Canada in 1866, will have a celebration on November 2.

Alexander Morrison, the Conservative candidate for Parliament, was elected by a large majority over his Liberal opponent on October 13, for the constituency of Macdonald, Manitoba. Those who had favored reciprocity with the United States and wider market facilities were greatly disappointed, as they fully expected that Sir Wilfred Laurier's recent lecturing tour through the section would have led to a different result.

It is proposed to erect a monument to General Wolfe, who commanded the British troops at the capture of Quebec, in 1759. The memorial is to be erected at Greenwich, near London, and Sir William MacKenzie and other Canadians have contributed liberally to the project.

Mr. Simon, architect, of Liverpool, was awarded the prize of \$10,000 in the Empire competitions for plans for the Manitoba parliament buildings. He will receive \$100,000 in fees if his plans are followed out.

Cook's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, recently extended a call to the Rev. John McMill, the noted Scottish preacher, who has been for some years pastor of a Liverpool church.

The Canadian Government fixed on the 28th of October, as the Dominion Thanksgiving Day. The occasion was celebrated throughout the entire country religiously and socially, in a variety of ways, but suitably as an expression of public gratitude for blessings enjoyed.

ANOTHER PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

A director of one of the great transcontinental railroads was showing his three-year-old daughter the pictures in a work on natural history. Pointing to a picture of a zebra, he asked the baby to tell him what it represented. Baby answered "Colty."

Pointing to a picture of a tiger in the same way, she answered "Kitty." Then a lion, and she answered "Doggy." Elated with her seeming quick perception, he then turned to the picture of a chimpanzee and said:

"Baby, what is this?"
 "Papa."—Woman's Journal.

The Presidential Campaign.

Though "The Caledonian" is not the organ of any party, and is and has been strictly independent in its political attitude, we are not in consequence debarred from expressing preferences and giving our support to the party, or candidate for political position, that we think best conserves the interests of the people at large. In the present triangular contest for the Presidency, three candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people appeal for their votes, basing their claims for support on a variety of reasons. So far as character, intellect and personal attributes are concerned the three candidates are unexceptional and entirely worthy of respect. But admitting all this, we honestly believe that Col. Roosevelt, the candidate of the National Progressive party would best serve the interests of the country at large. In arriving at this conclusion we feel that the weight of public opinion moves in the same direction; that the trend of events favors it, and that the pressing requirements of our country can be best secured by such a result.

Col. Roosevelt's varied experiences in public life for many years past fit him supremely well to occupy the high position he held with such distinction for a period of over seven years. His, is no theoretical knowledge of political matters, which is about all that can be attributed to Governor Wilson, the Democratic candidate. The candidate of the National Progressive Party has a practical knowledge and experience of the art of government in all its phases, while he is not a whit behind the New Jersey professor in his knowledge of the theories of popular government and the history of its gradual evolution.

Unlike President Taft, Col. Roosevelt has a practical knowledge of governmental affairs, which renders him competent to decide weighty matters without appealing to politicians for enlightenment, as has been too often the case with the former. Col. Roosevelt also possesses that alertness of mind, and clearness of vision, so necessary for making prompt decisions, qualities very essential to a successful statesman. Furthermore, he is a natural leader of men; his honest, strenuous character

inspires confidence, arouses enthusiasm, and secures admiring and devoted adherents.

The platforms of the three parties contain much in common that is excellent, but of the three we think that the platform of the Progressive party promises the best results for the country generally. The unrest and disquietude prevailing in the United States at present need to be allayed and the public are looking forward with eagerness to the future for deliverance from the various difficulties under which they now labor. Their attention naturally is turned to Col. Roosevelt, for he, better than either of the other candidates, embodies the ideals of the American people and best meets their highest aspirations in the sphere of public life.

The National Progressive Party was formed at Chicago on August 5th, 1912, when representative men from all states of the Union, met together "to plant their standards for Progress, for Justice and for Freedom." It was one of the most remarkable political gatherings in the history of the United States. The platform adopted was a "declaration of a covenant with the people," and some of the salient points are as follows:

Direct primaries.

Nation-wide Presidential preference primaries.

Direct election of United States Senators.

The short ballot and the initiative, referendum, and recall in the States.

Equal suffrage for men and women.

Limitation of campaign contributions and expenditures, and publicity before as well as after primaries and elections.

Laws requiring the registration of lobbyists, publicity of committee hearings, and recording of all votes in committee.

Prohibiting Federal appointees from taking part in political organizations and political conventions.

The prohibition of child labor.

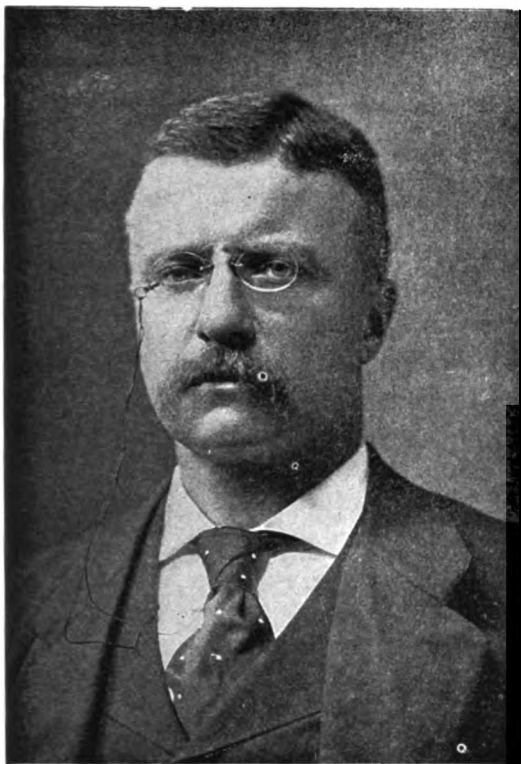
Minimum wage standards for working-women, to provide a "living wage" in all industrial occupations.

The general prohibition of night work for women and the establishment of an eight-hour day for women and young persons.

One day's rest in seven for all wageworkers.

The eight-hour day in continuous twenty-four hour industries.

A protective tariff which shall equalize



THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Candidate of Progressive Party.

conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries both for the farmer and the manufacturer, and which shall maintain for labor an adequate standard of living. An immediate downward revision of the tariff.

A non-partisan, scientific tariff commission.

A graduated inheritance tax, etc, etc.

On August 7th, Theodore Roosevelt was unanimously chosen as the candidate and leader of the National Progressive Party. When he stepped upon the platform to accept the nomination, from 15,000 throats rose a great cry of joy and the demonstration lasted nearly an hour; the great audience sang inspiring hymns such as "America," "Onward Christian Soldiers," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was more like a vast religious service than a political gathering. Among other things in his speech of acceptance, Col. Roosevelt said:

"With all my heart and soul, with every particle of high purpose that is in me, I pledge you my word to do everything I can, to put every particle of courage, of common sense and of strength that I have at your

disposal, and to endeavor so far as strength is given me to live up to the obligations you have put upon me and to endeavor to carry out in the interests of our whole people the policies to which you have to-day solemnly dedicated yourselves to the millions of men and women for whom you speak"

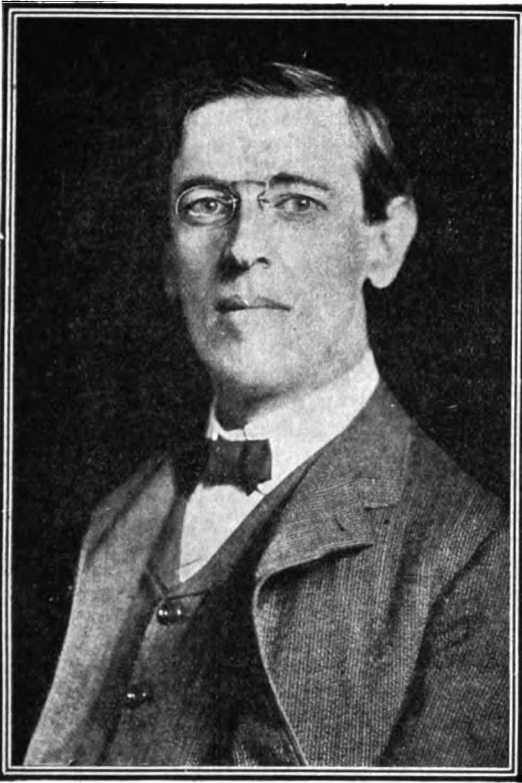
Since the August Convention in Chicago, Colonel Roosevelt has been actively engaged touring the country, and advocating the Progressive platform, and his great energy and endurance have been a source of wonder to all. The murderous attack upon his life, at Milwaukee, on October 14th, by a cowardly maniac, cast a gloom over the country and the whole world. Supporters and opponents united in their expression of grief and horror.

We rejoice with the good people of the land, as well as all other lands, that Colonel Roosevelt was not permitted at this crucial moment in the Nation's history to "die with his boots on."

His recovery is assured, and we have every reason to expect that wise and great and patriotic as Colonel Roosevelt has been in the past, this present chastening will work out for him and our country a wisdom, a patriotism and a strenuousness for political righteousness that will far exceed the glories of the past.

Colonel Roosevelt's speech before the Milwaukee audience was probably the most dramatic moment in his marvelous career, so full of striking incidents. It demonstrated to the world the grit, the determination and the physical and mental control of the wounded man; it was a refutation of slanderous insinuations that can never again be raised. Colonel Roosevelt had reason for believing that his words might be his last. The introduction to his speech was a revelation of deep moral earnestness, of total self-abnegation, and whole-hearted devotion to the cause which he thinks stands for the best interests of the country:

"I am telling you the literal truth when I say that my concern is not for my own life. I am in this cause with my whole heart and soul; I believe in the Progressive movement for the betterment of mankind, a movement for making life a little easier for all our people—a movement to take the burden off the man and especially the woman in this country who is most oppressed."



GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON,
Candidate of Democratic Party.

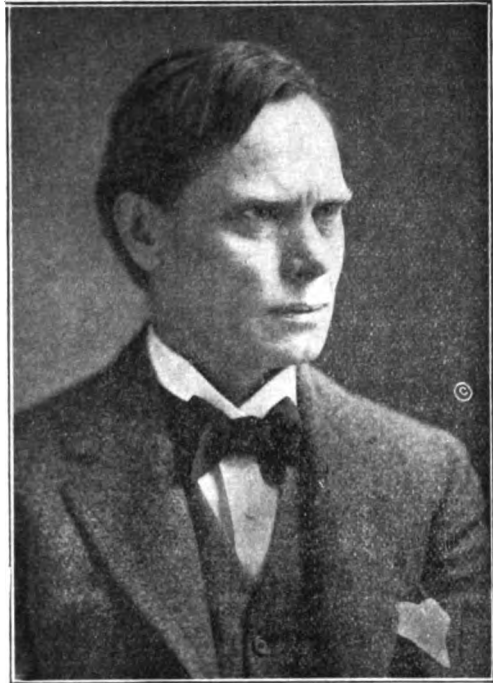
Governor Thomas Woodrow Wilson, candidate for President of the United States, was born at Staunton, Va., on December 28, 1856. He is of Scotch descent, both his father and mother belong to distinguished families who made their mark in the church and State. His father was a noted Presbyterian Minister. Governor Wilson is a graduate of Princeton. He studied and practiced law and taught for several years in Princeton and was promoted to the office of President in 1902, and two years ago was elected governor of New Jersey, and last July he was unanimously nominated by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, as a candidate for president of the United States.

In his speech of acceptance, Governor Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Nominee for President of the United States, declared that "We are working towards a very definite object, the universal partnership in public affairs upon which the purity of politics and its aim and spirit de-

pend." In other words, the keynote of his campaign is pitched on the broad, progressive principle that real representative government consists of a genuine partnership between the government and the whole people instead of a partnership between the National leaders and a favored few. The interest of all concerned is his fundamental doctrine. The people must, he declares, look to a party free from entangling alliances with any special interest if they would carry out this great program of freedom from class. He contends that the Democratic party now stands "in the presence of an awakened nation, impatient of partisan make believe;" that the country is now face to face with great questions of right and justice, questions of national development, development of character, standards of action, a better business system or a better fiscal system free from special privileges; that the "forces of the nation are sweeping away what is unrighteous in order to vindicate once more the essential rights of human life." To carry out this great trust, he declares, there are two great things to do—set up the rule of justice and right in such matters as the tariff, the regulation of trusts, the adaptation of banking laws to their varied uses, the treatment of the labor problem, the political life of the Philippines; then the solution of the great questions of conservation and development. Past trouble, he believes, has been caused by the fact that these large things, which should have been considered in the counsels of many, have too often been handled at private conferences of the few, by men who undertook to speak for and in the terms of the Nation. The great task now is to "effect a great re-adjustment and get the forces of the whole people once more into play." Representative government, then, is an effort to voice the sentiment of all the people through spokesmen chosen out of every grade and class.

Founding his contest upon such an elevated, Democratic plane, Governor Wilson stands for a tariff for necessary governmental support only, with an immediate and steady revision downward beginning with the schedules most obviously used to kill competition and raise prices in the United States, and finally extended to ev-

ery item in every schedule which affords opportunity for monopoly until all special favors are withdrawn, transforming every part of the tax laws from a system of governmental patronage into a system of just and reasonable charges which shall fall where they will create the least burden. He favors laws to safeguard and improve the condition of the working people, whose welfare, happiness, energy and spirit he declares to be "of the essence of our national life." He advocates the freedom and development of the Philippines; presidential primaries; the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people; publicity as to all campaign contributions and expenditures; the conservation and development of National resources, including water powers and water-ways; the revival of the merchant marine, and a parcels post as complete as that of any other nation, all of which is constructive work. Governor Wilson, too, is for supplementary anti-trust legislation, civil and criminal; laws to prevent financial confederacies such as a "money trust," and the building and maintenance of Mississippi river levees.



HON WILLIAM SULZER.

Governor Wilson stands on a Democratic platform which declares for a downward revision of the tariff; enforcement of anti-trust laws; the preservation of state rights; an income tax; presidential primaries; prohibition of corporation contributions to campaigns; single Presidential terms; the efficient supervision and regulation of railroad, express, telegraph and telephone rates; revision of the banking laws; conservation and development of water-ways; post roads; rights of labor including an employee's compensation act; conservation of natural resources, extension of the work of the bureau of mines; encouragement of agriculture; development of the merchant marine; strengthening of the pure food, quarantine, vital statistics and human health laws; civil and criminal law reform; parcels post; a generous pension policy; the rule of the people and against imperialism.

Governor Wilson is not only the most intellectual speaker that this generation has seen, but he is the most engaging. A serene faith in the outcome is one of the

characteristics of Wilson's attitude. He is an optimist, and his speeches have the invigorating charm and power of a call to join an army which is marching to glorious and certain victory, so that if readers of the Caledonian want to be on the winning side, they should cast their votes for Wilson; as sure as guns are made of iron, he is to be the next President of the United States.—Hon. Frank I. Cohen.

The Hon. William Sulzer, Democratic candidate for Governor for the State of New York, was born at Elizabeth, N. J., March 1863. He is of Scotch and Dutch parentage. His parents were Presbyterians and intended William for the ministry, but he chose law and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He was elected to the New York Assembly in 1889 and served as a speaker of the Assembly in 1893. Mr. Sulzer on his good record at Albany was elected from the Tenth District of New York, as a Representative to the fifty-fourth Congress. His work in Congress for eighteen years is of a high order. He is the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, one of the most important

committees in Congress. For several years his friends in New York have urged his name as a candidate for governor of

New York. This year he consented, and universally is considered to be a competent man for the high office.

The High Cost of Living.

BY HON. FRANK I. COHEN, R. H. S.

Since my arrival in this great metropolis of the United States, I have taken deep and keen interest in everything appertaining to the common welfare of the people, especially the high cost of living, which seems to absorb much of the attention of the public, and rightly so, because meat is one of the staple foods of every country.

The tariff, under the Payne-Aldrich bill, averages 21.94 per cent. on meat products, and this, on such an article, is practically prohibitory, especially when the expenses of refrigeration and transportation are added.

But why not ship in live cattle, sheep, swine? The same answer. The duties here on cattle average 27.51 per cent.; on sheep, 11 to 16 per cent.; on swine, \$1.50 per head; on live poultry, 16.73 per cent.

The price of foreign meat (American) is 33 per cent. cheaper than in New York, partly due, I think, to the competition of the Argentine meat supply, which is a very large percentage of the foreign meat trade in Glasgow. About 85 per cent. of the meat supply arrives as live stock, and is slaughtered at a place called Yorkhill, on the Clyde, two and a half miles from Glasgow, thus preventing any contagious disease from entering our city. After the meat is inspected, it is sent to the dressed meat section to be sold.

In that statement is to be found the solution of the famine prices for meat in New York. Of course, the cattle and live stock are landed in Scotland without payment of tariff duties of any kind. Here our Payne-Aldrich 27½ per cent. is prohibitive of any real competitive traffic or relief.

The City Council of Glasgow enacted a by-law that no firm of butchers could keep meat in cold storage beyond ten days, no matter how much stock they have on hand, thereby taking out of the hands of all greedy concerns the privilege of with-



HON. FRANK I. COHEN, R. H. S.

Master of Works, Glasgow (The greatest municipal ownership of the world).

holding meat and the chance of robbing the people, as they seem to be doing in this country at present. This would show the advantage of municipal ownership.

HIGH PRICE OF BREAD.

We import flour from New York and the West, and pay freight, and then sell the loaf, which is a great deal larger than your baker's five-cent loaf, for two pence.

HIGH PRICE OF EGGS.

The regular price of eggs per dozen in Glasgow is six pence, equal to twelve cents, and I understand the price for fresh country eggs in New York is from thirty-five cents to forty-five cents per dozen.

HIGH PRICE OF CLOTHES.

An excellent suit of clothes can be purchased for twelve dollars in Glasgow, similar to one I am wearing at present. Desirous of obtaining a new suit, I entered a tailor shop in New York, and he had the courage to ask me to give up for the same material the sum of \$90.

Everything seems to me to be completely different, not only in high cost of living, but in municipal undertakings. For example, when landing as a stranger in this city, and in haste to reach my hotel, I stepped upon a street car, and was peremptorily told to throw away my Robbie Burns cigar. I kept my temper and asked where I could smoke. "Go hire a taxi," the conductor replied. In the first place, no street car conductor would have dared address any passenger in Glasgow as he addressed me. The street cars belong to the people, and submit to no impudence. In fact, it is necessary to put the employes through a special course in civility before they are permitted to work. Every citizen expects and gets the same civility from his street car conductor as he would his chauffeur, if he had one. Then there is the matter of smoking. If I had taken a taxicab I could have smoked; in a car I could not. Why should not the poor man enjoy this privilege equally with the rich one? Some place might be provided for smokers—the roof perhaps. I noticed the seats on the tops of Fifth avenue stages are very popular. In Glasgow the citizen would insist on having such seats.

My second clash with traffic conditions was when I went into the subway. As I went downstairs, I heard a guard crying out, "Hurry up!" "Hurry up!" "Watch your step!" "Step lively!" etc. To me this was the limit of impertinence. I stopped in my tracks, overcome with indignation, and I noticed that other people obeyed like sheep. When I stepped into the nearest car it was crowded, and the same guard placed his hand in the middle of my back, and shoved me bodily forward. By this time I could hardly contain my rage, although Scotchmen are a very peaceful people, but I had to swallow it. He slammed the door behind me, and I was forced to ride in a state of half-suffocation until the train reached the first es-

cape. Imagine my great astonishment when I learned after this experience that the city was about to grant long term franchises to the company to operate many more miles of similar subways. The city council should not grant more franchises to prey upon and insult the citizens, but should build its own subways and buy those in existence. In this country confiscation is looked upon as some sort of a crime. In Glasgow we regard it as our right, and exercise it whenever we consider it necessary. And surely the subway and street car systems of New York constitute such a necessity.

As evidence of the inefficiency of private ownership, is the survival of the horse cars down in Tenth avenue. A dozen years ago, Glasgow got rid of the few remaining lines.

There is one important consideration about public ownership. The profits return to the people to be used as they see fit. In this city they go into the pockets of private interests, already gorged with money, and give them power to force the city into other franchises. Our City Parliament has under its jurisdiction the gas and electricity plants, and naturally provide these necessities at much lower cost. Gas in Glasgow costs less than half what it did when the city first took over the plants. It is two shillings a thousand—half the price in New York. Consider what a saving it would be to the people of New York if their gas bill was cut in half!

PUBLIC WORK HOUSE.

In Glasgow we have established public work houses every few blocks, where women could do their washing by machinery, each in a separate compartment, and dry clothes in the drying rooms. It costs a penny to do a family's wash.

MILK FOR BABIES.

Glasgow provides good milk for the poor babies, and besides, has its own farms, with tuberculin-tested cattle, from which it provides milk to the poor at about one-fourth what equally good milk costs ordinarily in New York.

I would like to say in conclusion that my experience of fourteen years in our City Council, and Master of Works of the City of Glasgow, has given me the opportunity to assert that we are not slaves of

private corporations. The humblest citizen has a pride of ownership, and there is one paramount consideration of municipal ownership—the profits return to the people, as they see fit. In New York city, judging from what I have seen, the profits go to private interests. I am not altogether in sympathy with municipalizing everything, but when private enterprise does not do things in an equitable way; then it is the duty of the city council or local authorities to step in and take over, or to start such concerns as will give the greatest good to the greatest number.

I am sure that in this country, as in my own, the honest working man does not look for charity or help from any large-hearted philanthropist. What he really wants are legitimate facilities for getting his foodstuffs at a reasonable price. None of the municipal undertakings in Glasgow are regarded as charity. The people themselves own them, and regard them as their personal property.

I shall contribute a series of articles to "The Caledonian," in comparing municipal affairs of Glasgow and New York.

Children of the Mists.

(*Clan Mackenzie of Kintail*)

To travel through Scotland, it has been well said, is to travel through the Waverley Novels. The north end of the kingdom, however, makes an exception, which lay beyond Sir Walter's ken, but for one swoop he took round the islands. Perhaps because, it was frame for none of his stories, this region from Caithness to Kintail is less visited by tourists, though it contains such grand scenes as the Cave of Smoo, Loch Maree; and the worn-down mountains of Torridon. It is a smaller edition of the rest of Scotland, its sea-bound lowlands facing to the east, its highlands to the west, where their jutting promontories and deep fiords seem made to dovetail into the opposite island shores, with which this side was long closely connected in peace and war, bringing about an interfusion of enterprisingly restless neighbors. On the other side, landward, a remarkably sharp division marks the province of the Gael from that of the ex-Goth.

Horace himself would be puzzled to find a lucid order for the history of the North-western Highlands, so obscurely entangled are its thickets of legend and so dim often its clearings of chronicle. We catch vague glimpses of a struggle between the mainland power of the Earl of Ross and that of the Macdonald Lords of the Isles. More than once these titles became both merged in the crown. The famous battle of Har-

law was not so much a struggle between Highlander and Lowlander as an attempt on the part of the Lord of the Isles to seize the Earldom that had invaded his waterwalled domains. When adventurous James V., sailing in person to Stornoway, had been able to overawe, but hardly to master those quarrelsome western Rodericks, Red and Black, the task of training or exterminating them was offered in turn to Huntly, to Argyll, and to the company of Fife gentlemen, who in the Lewis imitated the enterprise and the failure of Elizabeth's Virginia colonists. Then out of the welter of anarchy arose one dominant name, to play over the northern islands and mountains the same absorbing part as the Campbells in the south.

Who were those Mackenzies of Kintail, that, passing over to Lewis, grew to be better known by the title of *Seaforth*? Like the Campbells, they were at one time fain to claim descent from a Norman family, that of the Irish Fitzgerald. But this clan has had the fortune to possess an historian on the premises, so to speak, in the person of the late Alexander Mackenzie, one of the most zealous and industrious of Highland antiquaries. He declares the Fitzgerald origin "impossible," and takes back the "sons of Kenneth" to one O'Beolan, or Gilleoin, who married the daughter of Rollo, the pirate earl, before Norsemen became Normans. This

origin is admittedly nebulous; but when the epoch gets into its teens, sons and daughters of the line appear as clearly intermarrying with Bruces, Grahams, St. Clairs, and other Lowlanders, some of whom were little better than English barons, the Plantagenet blood of Normandy and the MacAlpine royalty being among their infusions, which also filter down from kings of Norway, France, and the Isle of Man. Through a shadowy ancestral Gilleanders, "servant of St. Andrew," in the far background, the Clan Ross, alias Andrias, is made out a senior branch of the same stock; and there is a less famed Clan Matheson that would have itself known as the original tree.

Not to give the reader a headache over genealogical tables more involved than the story of the "Ring and the Book," one may ask him to consider if the youths and maidens of those names were alabaster grandsires all through the centuries when Viking Jaris ruled the islands and swept their raids over half Scotland. Such considerations go to bear out the comparison of Highland purity of race to an old knife well provided, in the course of time, with another handle more than one new blade. A fitter metaphor would be a faded and partly re-dyed tartan, whose intricate pattern of crossing stripes is hardly distinguished without spectacles. Unless in metaphors, at long range, I am not disposed to argue with Celtic historians, who, from Dr. Johnson perhaps, have learned his trick of knocking you down with the butt end of a pistol when it misses fire. But surely enough has been said to show how these much-vexed questions of genealogy give footing no firmer than the bogs of Gaeldom and Galldom.

The Mackenzies first come into note as seated at Kintail, in the southwest corner of Ross. Here the "Five Sisters of Kintail" now look frowningly down on a stranger's deer forest, once held by MacKenneths on somewhat doubtful terms from the Earls of Ross; and so long as the Lordship of the Isles lasted, they were vassals also of that power. Their stronghold was the castle on Eilean Donan, where Loch Duich and Loch Long separate as inner recesses of Loch Alsh, a beautifully winding sheet of blue water, "fringed with golden seaweed," beneath

the shade of grassy cones that shut in one of the fairest Highlands scenes. Here they lived at hot feud with Glengarry and other neighbors, exchanging tit for tat of raids and revenges till, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Kenneth Mackenzie took a rise in the world by shifty arts to win royal favor, as well as by unscrupulous readiness to do without it. When the Fife Undertakers failed to lay out the turbulent Lewis, this chief, presently created Lord Kintail, got a commission of fire and sword to play civilising agent there. The last act of the Macleods' defence was at the islet of Berrisay, when the Mackenzies forced its garrison to surrender by exposing their wives and children upon a rock overwhelmed by the tide.

Thus set astride on both sides of the Minch, the head of the victorious clan took from the Lewis his higher title Earl of Seaforth whose ups and downs went mainly with those of the house of Stuart. As loyal Cavaliers, though they began by withstanding Montrose, the Seaforths suffered exile and forfeiture under Cromwell. Again they shared the misfortunes of James II., rewarded by a paper Marquisate. The fifth Earl was at Sheriffmuir, and made an attempt to prolong the struggle in his own country. Four years later the banished chief returned to Lewis to lead the rising of 1719, that, quickly stamped out, is not known to every school-boy, though a little prudence or luck might have made it as formidable as that of 1745, and more famous had not a cannon ball cut short Charles XII, of Sweden's design to join the enterprise.

With three hundred Spanish soldiers, the Vanguard of an Armada some thousands strong driven back to Spain by the winds that have more than once favored our Protestant throne, and with a few hundreds of his own clan, Seaforth invaded the mainland by way of Glenshiel. He was joined by some other Highlanders, including a party of Macgregors under Rob Roy, while loyal clans like the Rosses and Munros rallied to support a force of English and Dutch soldiers which marched against the rebels from Inverness. The encounter was a drawn match; Scott seems to go too far in saying that the Jacobites had the best of it; but Seaforth being seriously wounded, and some of his follow-

ers not very keen in the cause, the rebels dispersed at nightfall, the Spanish soldiers surrendering next day. It was on this occasion that a wounded Munro officer on the Whig side was saved by the devotion of his servant, as mentioned by Burt, the poor fellow shielding his master's body with his own and receiving several balls before they were rescued by a sergeant who had sworn on his dirk to rescue the chieftain at all risks. Another trait of Highland manners appears in one body of clansmen having been lent to Seaforth by an obliging neighbor, but for a single day only. With such auxiliaries even victory would be of little profit.

Seaforth again driven into exile, was pardoned and allowed to end his days in Scotland. His son had the gratitude to hold aloof from Prince Charlies in 1745, and though some of the Mackenzies took part in the rising, the mass of the clan was kept quiet by Lord President Forbes of Culloden, who perhaps did more than any other man to check the movement that had its checkmate at his home. The next chief, who received an Irish peerage, presently advanced to the former title of Earl of Seaford, showed his loyalty by raising and commanding a famous regiment. With him the original line died out; but a collateral heir was created Lord Seaford, and after being half-ruined by keeping company with the Prince Regent, died without male issue in 1815. The chiefship of this clan, as of others, fell into a chaos of dispute, as to which the reader must be referred to its history above mentioned. "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told." That authority pronounces for the stock of Allangrange; but the most prosperous branch is now grafted into the ducal house of Sutherland, which has succeeded Seaforth as chief title in the Northern Highlands.

A terrible story this is, in its early chapters, of bloodshed, rapine, and treachery, luridly illustrating those good old times of the poets. Of the many Mackenzies who have made their mark on modern history, two Sir Georges earned an encanny renown as persecutors of the Covenanters, one of them better famed as founder of the Advocates' Library. To their date belongs the "Doom of Kintail," not less famous in the Highlands than the "Curse of

Cowdray" in Sussex. The Seer of Brahan, who left other predictions said to have come true, was burned as a sorcerer by Lady Seaforth, under Charles II., and while being led to the stake he is recorded to have pronounced this "Doom":

I see a Chief, the last of his House, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he shall follow to the tomb. He shall live careworn, and die mourning, knowing that the honors of his House are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the MacKenzies shall rule in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed lassie from the East, and she shall kill her sister. As a sign by which it shall be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last Seaforth (Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay), one of whom shall be buck-toothed, the second hare-lipped, the third half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Seaforth, when he looks round and sees them, may know that his sons are doomed to death, and that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his line shall come to an end.

The Psychological Society might examine this most circumstantial and well-vouched case of the second sight. Mr. A. Mackenzie asserts that the Doom had been handed down for generations; and he quotes several witnesses, one of them Lord Lieutenant of the county, another Sir Walter Scott, as testifying to knowledge of its provisions before they came to pass in due time. The last Lord Seaford was partly deaf, and so taciturn as to pass for dumb. He had reason not to be light of speech. Four neighboring lairds showed the infirmities mentioned by the seer. His four sons died one by one before their broken-hearted father. He was succeeded by his eldest daughter, widow of Admiral Hood, our naval commander in the East, who might be taken for "White-coifed" in her widow's weeds. In a sense she did kill her sister, through a carriage accident when the heiress was driving. Thus were almost literally fulfilled the predictions that had so long hung over this family.

The "stranger" that became second husband to the daughter of Seaforth and took her name, was a Galloway Stewart, whose ancestor came into Scotland as a stranger indeed, a Norman adventurer, destined by fortunes of war and love to bread more

kings than those weird sisters of. Forres foresaw. As we go south from the Mackenzie country, we get among Frasers, Gordons, Cummings, Murrays, Grahams and other clans of, Southron, Saxon, or Norman race, that pressed northwards to cut out homes for themselves in the mountains, and soon fell under the charm of misty religion, Gaelic tartans, bare legs, bards, bagpipes and all, even as the same sentiment may be mastering the intruder from Chicago, or Capel Court, who to-day conquer the Highlands at the edge of the dollar.

One of the most truly ancient clans is perhaps the "wild Macraes," long ill-famed for their robber prowess and for deft archery that could not stand against the Saxon long-bows. They seem, in some unexplained way, to have been hereditary allies or dependants of the greater Mackenzie name; and it may be that they represent a prehistoric stock enslaved as Gileonites by Celtic conquerors; but they declare themselves to have served the Mackenzies in no less honorable rank than that of bodyguard, and one story goes so far as to make the original Gilleoin the son of an ancestral Macrath. Another account is that they were kinsfolk adopted by the Mackenzie chiefs in a scarcity of heirs. About a century ago, almost all the inhabitants of Kintail, the cradle of the Mackenzie power, bore the name of Macrae, which had ousted that of Macaulay and others once mixed with the dominant clan. When the Earl of Seathforth raised his famous regiment, so many of the men belonged to that subordinate sept, that it was spoken of as the "Macrae regiment"; and its mutiny at Leith in 1778 was known as the "Macrae affair." These new soldiers had refused to leave the country till certain grievances were redressed. With pipes playing and plaids on poles for colors, they marched to Arthur's Seat, and there held out for several days, provisioned by sympathisers in Edinburgh. In this case, the authorities had the good sense to conciliate them by satisfying their complaints; then they marched down again, headed by their officers, and cheerfully embarked, not a man being brought to punishment, a leniency justified by their future conduct on many a battlefield.—(A. R. Hope Moncrief).

The Celtic element in our national life has a vital and great part to play. We have a most noble idea if we will but accept it. And that is not to perpetuate feuds, not to try to win back what is gone away upon the wind, not to repay ignorance with scorn or dulness with contempt or past wrongs with present hatred, but so to live, so to pray, so to hope, so to work, so to achieve, that we, what is left of the Celtic races, of the Celtic genius, may permeate the greater race of which we are a vital part, so that with this emotion, Celtic love of duty, and Celtic spirituality, a nation greater than any the world has seen may issue, a nation refined and strengthened by the wise relinquishings and steadfast ideals of Celt and Saxon, united in a common fatherland, and in singleness of pride and faith."

(Fiona Macleod).

POWER.

Standing in the Kaiser's parkway
Is a signboard, and I read:
Limited are automobiles
To a minimum of speed.

"But," I said to my companion,
"Surely that does not apply
To the Kaiser who's a monarch
And need not with rules comply?"

Most decisive was his answer
Aimed to show me my mistake,—
"Laws are made to be respected
And he'd be the last to break."

Silenced, as I rode I pondered,
Not the power, or pride or pelf
Count, for he who'd be a ruler
First must learn to rule himself.
—Amelia Day Campbell.

NOT QUITE READY.

A well known Scottish architect was traveling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came nearer to whisper:

"No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot!"—Christian Standard.

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMEISON.

(Continued)

Chapter XI.

"Sometimes we are prophets unawares?" Ross said to his wife, "Norman's Star has risen."

This good friend felt a weight, a crushing weight lifted from his heart. This proved the sincerity of his true friendship, which never wavered since they were boys. He hoped to see Norman and Alma reap a rich fruitage, hand in hand.

The "Lights" from Colombo's break-water flitted dimly across the deck, Alma Duffrain looked very placid, as if life had held nothing to her lips but pleasure, and yet, the sea had darkened her lot. For a long time, all faces were a blur to her, life was all a dream, a nightmare. Let every one else talk, or write, she saw only one face, the good looking sailor, the fair haired man, with the bright eyes, sea-blue, and hair that curled back with an almost womanly grace from his white forehead. He used to have a restless way of sweeping his hair back from his forehead. How the great sea was surging over his bed—but he could not listen, he slept quietly, where the Australian waves were breaking, and the sea shells singing over the coral reefs of one of the islands. She had loved him well, and had not even now the least intention of being even in thought untrue.

She leaned against the rail of the steamer with her arms folded and a sweet smile curled her strong mouth, when Aileen Ross told her they were going to the Galle-face Hotel and to stay on for the S. S. Potosie of the P. S. & O. Line, and "Oh!" Aileen said, "promise, your sacred promise to come to us every day while we are in Ceylon, you have known the place for years." "My dear Aileen" Alma said, "The Grand Oriental, where my friends stay, is close by. Although we are so utterly unlike in thought, taste and years, nature has stamped us with friendship. I bow with pleasure to her decree and I will fulfill every obligation that your heart and love call for."

Aileen Ross, was superbly happy after Alma's speech. "Thank you," said she, "I know, Miss Duffrain, it is a sacrifice on your part, but I am selfish enough to accept it."

"How strange," murmured Alma Duffrain, a look of wonder coming into her beautiful eyes and over her dark face—"how strange how we met, and that your party are to stay."

"You will not betray me," said Aileen, "It is by the request of father's friend."

"Surely not," said Alma, "for he seems to me flying from trouble."

The port, of course, was very gay, and the Cingalese gave themselves up to a constant round of pleasure when the Australian mail boat passengers came ashore on the wharf.

What allurements they presented on every side to the guests that went to the hotels, much to the satisfaction of the Victoria party. Aileen Ross was full of spirit, the old light of girlish mischief and happiness danced in her eyes, as she bargained with the lace merchant for moon stones and filigree work. But Alma Duffrain had yet to learn that there are circumstances in life over which we have no power—and no control.

Chapter XII.

Miss Duffrain paid her promised visit next morning and they were all whisked off in "Surries" to see the sights. They found Tiffin at the elegant hotel called "Mount Levenia" where the Orient boat was entirely forgotten. Coming back Miss Duffrain found herself in the carriage with MacIver and seated opposite him. A feeling of dismay took possession of her. She wondered if he knew how it happened and scarcely a word was spoken; she could not keep from thinking of those few sweet words once spoken to her by the man she loved—in this port—the man whose love had changed her whole life in one instant.

"My darling—your presence is inexpressibly comforting." To what a sense of desolation, this fond memory brought her! She had not the strength which she imputed to herself.

It was a strange decree of fate, that the man who sat beside her, was learning to love her. She looked beautiful in the broad brimmed garden hat that threw a softened shade on her face.

"They will yet be the handsomest couple in St. Andrews," Ross remarked. The words conveyed the intended meaning to Mrs. Ross. "Donald, Norman will have to be very clever to manage that," she said laughing.

Aileen said, "Mother, I think Alma should be very happy, yet she sighed when she saw the restless sea at Mount Levenia. Her face was not the face of a happy woman, Mother, she had such a strange expression."

Donald Ross laughed quietly to himself, thinking the ways decreed were very wonderful ways.

With the greatest of friendliness MacIver said "Miss Duffrain, you require a little rest." It was evening now and he asked the man to drive to the Grand Oriental without waiting for the rest.

"I'm glad you thought of this," she said—"I will discharge you now."

She averted her eyes from his, for her clear glance rested on his face, she read his heart and his appeal touched her to the heart. With a most amazing change of manner, Alma Duffrain said, "Well—you don't mind if I ask—did you ever love any woman?"

"Yes, yes" replied Norman and in a mo-

ment the woman beside him saw affection and the cheerfulness and the reflection of a dear memory beam from the Scotchman's face.

"Well you don't mind my asking?"

"I should say I didn't," was the reply. Studying his face covertly she paused in some confusion saying "It is hard to forget."

"Of course it is, and right too," was Norman's reply. The man wondered at the woman's frankness. A gentleman coming out of the hotel, they turned from the subject and MacIver bowed "Adieus" until to-morrow.

Had he lived in the olden Scotch times, Norman MacIver would have been a chieftain of most perfect type; the woman he left by the hotel entrance smiled and blushed when she saw his eyes, so full of admiration bent upon her, when he bowed good-bye. If the scales had fallen from her eyes, she would not admit it to herself; with all the force of her tender nature she clung to the past, for she had every quality that went to make a noble, faithful woman. She had that touch of divine fire that separates those that have it from the world. She was a little dismayed when she remembered how she talked to a stranger; she had questioned him as though he had been a lifelong friend; presently she forgot all about her imprudence and only tried to remember pleasant things. Would such pleasant questions come again? How well he seemed to comprehend her, this man with the dark face, full of noble lines; he seemed to read and divine her thoughts, when her eyes looked at Ceylon's restless sea, she liked to recall the grace of his words and looks. Her heart was stirred with a faint sense of pleasure.

The wind from the shore, near the big Oriental Hotel would remain with her, a happy memory, a little oasis of bright coloring in her mind, a picture of Colombo, an everyday picture to look back upon. The music of the breakwater was sweeter that night; till she fell asleep with a smile on her lips. Then she dreamed of a dark face, with a hungry, wistful look; would she be comforted and thank God for a new tender devotion, would he cheer her and give her back some of the old fire which had nearly died out?

Next day Alma Duffrain's face looked serious and beautiful. She exhibited at times a certain degree of tenderness which would vanish like magic and give place to silence almost stern. Norman MacIver admitted to himself, calmly, that he cared for this stranger and anything would be possible for him at that time, any degree of love, any generous renunciation, yet he was the clear sighted master of himself. He saw love before him and he knew it when he saw it; recognized it, was ready to offer it.

Standing alone in his room, in the Galle-face Hotel, he wondered would she respond. He saw she was perfectly capable of loving again. Her experience had left her on the borderland of girlhood, but clear minded

enough to know how hopeless a battle life is alone; but to such a woman as she the capacity to love again, did not mean ardent and callow youth and its sentimental tempers. Instinct and experience and partly her character, counted for her balance. "Not yet" an unseen voice said—"There is lots of time."

Next day he could distinguish her voice, and Aileen's laughter and voice,—They were mounting the steps that led to the corridor, facing the port, and Mrs. Ross's voice, saying "You are faithful."

Secure from intrusion, they sat down and Alma settled in a rocker lightly near the edge of the window seat with a big bunch of Jessamine in her lap.

"I have only a moment," she said, as she seated herself. "I can be fairly faithful in the evening."

"What is the matter," Aileen said, "aren't you going to the Cinnamon Gardens with us to-day?"

"Well" said Alma with a humorous glance. "I haven't seen my hostess for ages. I am sorry I must devote our Tiffin hour to her, so I came to you now."

She leaned forward and broke from its stem a heavy perfumed bud, half unfolded, and turning to Aileen touched her eyes and mouth with the rest, smiling with wise sweetness to the girl whose face showed no past scars. One slim hand held the broken, fresh and delicate branch. Aileen Ross laid both hands over Alma's slim, white hand—she smiled and bending and considering the two hands over hers, said "Quite flawless—perfect—real hands. Long life, clear mind and heart-rule supreme over reason and a great tendency to imagination." Freeing her own hand, in silence for a breathless moment, she sat still.

"I must establish a new line, for I am committing a folly in being so much to you all; for a new tie seems to pass through your hearts and mine."

Aileen arose and settling her arms about Alma, said: "It is useless to stay away—we all love you. How could we help it? Take chances, and love us. Why do you interfere with fate? A friendship always costs something if it is worth anything; but whatever its cost, in this case, it will be worth it to you."

"In such a short time," Alma replied, "how could you all learn to love me? Let me go now; it is not best that I should stay."

Turning her head sharply to encounter Mrs. Ross's lips on hers, in a clinging embrace, she left them, dazed, saying: "Love me if you can, and forgive my going now. Good morning, and be sure I love you all."

Chapter XIII.

During their stay at the Galle-face, they grew to love the heave and roll of the sea on the beach; their happiness was unalloyed. From the upper windows they could watch the foaming sea burying in the breakwater. Sometimes it looked such a naked, desolate sea—until shafts of sunlight struck

the ocean and turned its surface to wrathful silver.

Morning always found Donald Ross seated in his customary corner under the veranda, where he had been led on their first night by the faithful Cingalese servant to see the gorgeous sunset that made the western portion of the heavens aflame with beauty, the mellowed rays filtering through the rich-hued leaves of the trees. What a multiplicity of small events had happened since the passing of that first night, although they were "over-shadowed by a past" in two lives! Ross was often tempted to speak to Norman about Alma Duffrain, but a sense of delicacy forbade him. He was so proud and sensitive, what was to be the end of all the hopes and fears?

Norman found Ross, when he came downstairs, found him watching the sea. As the sun was hot, he did not venture from under the "Punkah."

"You are looking very grave this morning, Ross," he said. "May I venture to ask what occupies your thoughts?"

"I am thinking about a subject that I do not in the least understand," he answered. "It seems to me that after varied experiences some of us may find it hard to leave Ceylon, and that I know but little of life. Tell me, Norman, do women really die from love?"

"Not often," Norman answered. "I think there are exceptional cases, just as there are exceptional natures."

"It seems to me," Ross said gently, "that wealth cannot buy happiness for Miss Duffrain."

Norman reddened all over his honest face.

"I hope to heaven that you are not right," said he; "I know your true friendship for me, and I know you are not speaking through idle curiosity, but before the 'Oruba' anchors in the bay next week, I shall ask her opinion. Women are more clever than us; they have a thousand quick instincts, and there are many ways in which, without losing either her dignity or her modesty, Alma Duffrain has shown a preference, and I think no less of her for having a great affection for her past."

"Certainly," chimed in Donald Ross. "I have spoken for your own sake against my will. It is possible that all may come right in the end, for you are beginning to understand each other."

Chapter XIV.

"Fate" is a word we often use, but the word Norman MacIver chose that morning on the Galle-face was "Providence"—for it played right into his hands, owing to his being weary waiting. He leaned on a new blessing, believing that the veil which was covering the future was woven by a Father's hand, and held joys which would be like crushed flowers, yielding much sweetness. His wintry leaves would fall so that the summer ones might grow. True sympathy was so possible, between the two men sitting on the Galle-face; this was their season, when two souls accorded with one an-

other, when their memory, divinely tender, brought home one scarlet hour of morning out of the grey, unforgotten days, and enabled them to share a full measure of joy.

Colombo was awake; Alma Duffrain and Aileen Ross, too, were awake; the first in every fibre of body and soul; her heart was strangely lifted as though by imprisoned wings. These two, robed in white linen, had their coffee at seven, and now they were at liberty to go out.

Life begins early in the East. So coffee was in Colombo "a movable feast." Too happy to sleep, Aileen Ross yearned to be outdoors, and that was easily managed, for Alma stayed on as their guest after leaving her host and hostess at the Grand Oriental. The cool road near the beach lured their eager feet. They turned towards the veranda, leaving the windows open, saying good morning to Aileen's father. Alma caught a glimpse of the tall man in the other chair, and she paused for an instant. Then her heart leaped and her cheeks burned, for she saw who it was.

He turned, startled, then came to them, smiling, hat in hand.

"Upon my word," Ross said, "I did not think anyone from Australia would come out at this hour."

"Why, father, this is Ceylon; didn't you know? They rise here before sunrise. We were awake, and, of course, couldn't stay in, nor could you. We are going to drive down the Galle-face, father," said the Squatter's lassie.

"Will you accompany us, Norman?"

"With pleasure," he replied. "I have been there once this morning, and very beautiful the sea looks."

In this man's heart, there was unutterable happiness as they drove along to the road, towards the cinnamon and boundary roads. On the Galle-face waves rolled in briskly and broke into sheets of foam, and they caused the drivers to stop, so there they sat, watching the incoming surf. Norman read something in Alma Duffrain's face, which he had never seen there before—a face illumined as from inward light, transfigured into a beauty beyond words.

Aileen Ross left quietly, because she discerned something of which Alma herself was as yet entirely unconscious. Aileen Ross had that distinctive sex-loyalty that distinguishes fine natures from women of another sort. She said to herself: "Love has come back to stay in Alma's house, after years of absence. I wonder if she knows that Norman cares so much?"

As the lassie listened to the two voices in the other surrie, she said: "Father, it may come all right yet, though Alma's heart will forever keep watch over a distant, watery grave."

"Perhaps," said Donald Ross; "but I don't know. This has been the way of men and women since the world began, riding forward in quest of something new, trying to forget what lies behind. Alma will make a

suitable mistress for the quiet old house near St. Andrew's, and its dream-haunted garden: I only hope, Ailleen, that she may not find it too dull to endure."

"That's so, father," said the lassie. "We won't worry about things we can't help. Anyhow," thought Ailleen, "if Norman wants her to go there, she's got to go; that's all. We will see to-day how the land lies. I believe he may thank me for leaving them alone."

"Yes," answered Ross as he laughed heartily. "you little goose—yours is a kind heart."

"I wish, dad," the lassie said, "she may give Norman love for love."

Everything conspired to make the drive a success and on their return to the hotel Mrs. Ross was dazed when she looked on Alma Duffrain's face, it had grown beautiful in her new found happiness.

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XXI.

A little later, as the country party closed, Fraser felt his arm tugged, and looking round in the crush beside the piper's platform, he saw Pennyfuaran beckoning him. He followed, and the young chieftain slipped quietly on to the stage, making his way to the twilight that held its rear. Here he swung some tapestry aside, and they passed through a doorway.

"By your favor, a word with you in a retired place," whispered Pennyfuaran in the dark of the passage. "We should be observed if we left the hall by the main door, but this stair leads to the gallery, seldom used and quite secluded, I believe."

They went cautiously up some steep steps of wood and emerged in a place of shadows close to a smoky roof of cracked plaster. Indistinct forms in the darkness showed where, from other days, the musicians' seats still stood, and bulking largely above all was a *clarsach* (Highland harp) in its woollen shroud. Outside this black nook the light of the dancing hall seemed trebly brilliant; below them the appearance of the dancers flitting through, their figures had some touch of the unreal and fairy-like.

"We are private here," said Pennyfuaran, "but none the less we may moderate our voices with advantage, I think. I but wanted to say that Miss MacLean's friends are beholden to you for your kindness to her in the matter of this kidnapping. I am her cousin, and speak for her friends, you understand?"

"I understand," said Fraser, curtly.

"But I also wanted to say to you that Miss MacLean's friends know well how things stood in T'ree when Chisholm, the spy, went to his death."

"You mean—what?" asked the surgeon.

"I mean that we know it was his brother spy who pressed on Angus MacLean to the killing of Chisholm," said the other through close teeth.

"Heavens!" cried Fraser in a whisper, rapid and tense. "I trust neither Miss Morag nor her father know of this?"

"And for why, Mr. Fraser?"

The surgeon looked at him in amazement. "Come, sir, for why?" pursued Pennyfuaran. "Shall we not tell the lass that you are a man slayer and a spy simply because she has a liking for you?"

Fraser's hand leapt from its sling and sought the place where his hanger was wont to be.

"I take your meaning," he said, recovering himself. "You think it was I who betrayed Chisholm, and trapped MacLean into the killing of him?"

"Think, I ken it, man," said Pennyfuaran.

"And I ken it false," said Fraser quietly. "But you're convinced you have the truth of it, I see, and as for myself, I've no desire to probe to the start of the lie. In a dirty business of a defamation such as this, there's always the risk of tarred fingers."

"Tar on your fingers," sneered the other in low cold tones, "would maybe more to your mind than blood on your sword."

"Sir, if the blood were yours, 'twould be six and half a dozen," said the surgeon, "and though my arm is weak, I darsay 'twill serve me for such an occasion as you seem to desire."

"By now, we should have a moon," said the Highlander coolly, "and we can risk an absence at this late hour. Will it please you to move out of doors?"

"Assuredly," said the surgeon.

They turned with wary feet to the door giving exit to the gallery, but a quiet voice behind the draped harp made them halt suddenly.

"Come back," it said.

"God!" said the Highlander, his knees giving, and grasping a curtain, he stood, frozen with fear, but Fraser moving in the direction of the voice, he at last followed him. Behind the harp they saw a cloaked figure of a man seated in the shadows, and looking out on the throng in the blaze of light below. The rant of the pipes seemed to leave him unmoved, and it was not the whirling of the reel he followed with his sad eyes, yet there he sat watching. It was, indeed, only momentarily that he turned his glance on the

quarrellers; the next instant his gaze was peeled Drumfn on the hall below.

"Drumfn!" exclaimed Pennyfuaran in an excited whisper. "Still here, and after such a message as you! The glamour's on you yet, man. What a sorrow you are; for here are incomers enough to-night, and a fair peppering of Hanoverians among them."

"Have you got the news yet?" asked the old man, turning his deep-set eyes on the chieftain.

"Never a breath, Drumfn. You still have time to be clear of us all, I'm sure."

"Oh, leave Drumfn to Drumfn then," said the exile, "and consider your own affair—your business with this gentleman here; for it seems to me more pressing than any matter of mine."

"You heard us, sir?"

"Yes, unwilling I heard; but willing enough I intrude. And first, let me tell why I am here," said the Jacobite. "I came because it's twenty years—God pity me!—twenty years since I last saw an assembly at Moy. Old memories were stirring, and so the chief himself set me here. And as he did so, he told me of a service done to a lady we all know and admire." He bowed to the surgeon. "You see your quarrel is not Greek to me, Mr. Fraser, though the ground of it is a trifle obscure to Pennyfuaran and yourself. It has something to do with a T'ree story that came first from an acquaintance of my own, I believe."

"Give me his name," said Fraser hotly.

"No, I'll not do that, sir. But I'll say this: that he was an acquaintance of another acquaintance of mine—a lady—la Baronne de Bas-Ondule. You'll have heard of her, I doubt not?" said Drumfn to the surgeon, but looking meaningly at Pennyfuaran.

"Not I," said Fraser.

"No? And you'll not have a miniature of her next your heart?" said the old man, smiling, his eye still on Pennyfuaran.

"Indeed no, sir. You mystify me."

"I expected I would, Mr. Fraser, and I am glad I did. And to speak quietly: of two tales on any matter, I'd prefer the one from the man who had no miniature of Bas-Ondule in his breast-pocket to the one from the man who had. You take me, Pennyfuaran?"

"I do, sir," said the chieftain.

"Then let your quarrel stand, man."

"There is no occasion, sir," said Fraser in a hot whisper. "I think we both know of other grounds for a mutual distaste. If Mr. MacKinnon has difficulty in finding them, I have none."

"So!" said Drumfn. "So! But Pennyfuaran in his heat has forgotten the sad case of mind and body in which you find yourself, or surely he'd have set his challenge for a fitter time."

"I thank you," said Fraser. "But your supples are as needless as they are generous, sir. I hope I am not so exhausted as to be unprepared for anything he asks of me."

"Pennyfuaran, man, will you let him?" appealed Drumfn.

"Indeed, Mr. Fraser," protested Pennyfuaran with sudden warmth. "I dealt unfairly with you in my haste, and that's the truth. You are but hanging on your legs, I ken; and I'd as lief kill a whole man as half a one."

The surgeon smiled. "So I may be fit at the earliest then, I make haste to retire."

He bowed awkwardly enough, and went stumbling in the darkness, and crept cautiously to the little doorway. Reaching the assembly room, he made brief adieux to Morag, to Moy and some others, and withdrew.

Meanwhile in the dim gallery above, Drumfn sat and watched.

"You could not make her out from this point," said Pennyfuaran in answer to a question. "She did not dance because of tiredness consequent on her late adventures, and she is now seated on a couch under this gallery. But since we disperse before long, you should see her cross the floor."

He took his leave of the exile, and quietly joined the throng in the hall.

Half an hour later, Morag stood for a little in the centre of the room, Pennyfuaran by her side, attentive, docile, discreet. She was saying good-bye to her acquaintances right and left, with many laughing apologies for her absence from the reels. Wearied, yet beautiful in her languor, she turned eyes, sad beneath the merriment they assumed, to the old music-gallery, and looked curiously at a corner of it, where something seemed to draw her gaze. But nothing was visible there save the high glooms and shadows. And yet among these sat a man with silver hair, who bent his head on his hands as he beheld her, and groaned in inward agony:

"The red gowans and the little red shoes, and the dress of muslin white. And her mother's face—God pity me!"

Chapter XXII.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Fraser left the long house in order to return to his room in the Castle, but, crossing the intervening strip of greensward he halted to look around at the half-moon surging through the white billows of cloud to the east of Ben Buie's peak. The enfolding woods murmured; the cool night called him, wearied one, to its heart, and he turned off through the laurels to the tall pines' witchery of shine and shade.

Fatigue oppressed him, and yet the wheels of his mind raced in fevered haste. Again and again his high words with Morag, and his quarrel with Pennyfuaran were re-enacted in his hot brain, and ever that fiery look of the girl's burned through his fancies. Unhappy, he passed from the screen of pines and came through oak and sycamore to a little track that led down to a stream of full volume flowing quietly through level ground. It was crossed by a rough bridge of wood, and here he stood for a little to watch the eddies swirling like

smoke-wreaths from under the bleached grasses at the water's edge. But, restless still, he returned to the pinewood, and paced noiselessly over its carpet of brown needles. From far he heard the faint note of the pipes. Then the music fell still for a space longer than the usual interval, and the sound of distant voices took the air: the assembly was breaking up. The succeeding silence oppressed, and he halted as if to hear some whisper across its vastness, for it was even as if the cold beauty of this world of night were inarticulate, and yet, because of his distraction, he could not hear.

He came back aimlessly in the direction of the stream, and was about to emerge from the shade of the oaks when Morag's voice fell on his ear; earnest, imploring, entreaty most passionate, these were her accents; and the next moment he beheld her coming towards him. By her side a cavalier, cloaked and muffled, stalked on, irresponsible. He saw them pause at the bridge, their talk serious, their voices low; he saw Morag's Nithsdale hood fall back, and the man replace the covering deftly, and with a familiar air, and at the sight his teeth gritted, his temple pluses throbbled. Then he turned off in rapid, silent flight.

Barely half an hour later, Pennyfuaran, whom the quarrel had no less excited, swung hastily down the path to the rustic bridge, and saw two figures start apart at his approach. As he passed, Morag's grey eye came liquid into the moonbeams for an instant, and in quick surprise the chieftain lifted his cap and paused momentarily. The full significance of the discovery seemed to reveal itself to him just then, and, gnawing savagely at his underlip, he strode on again, making for the shore, where he paced the white sands endlessly, a consuming fire of rage and despair in his breast.

Some few minutes after the chieftain had gone, Morag and her brother said adieu at the Castle porch, but it was hours before the surgeon and his rival returned from their feverish paces through the night. As luck would have it, the Highlander crossed the greensward from the east just as Fraser approached from the northward pines, and at sight of each other they halted as if suddenly turned by the moonlight to statues of black marble. Like black marble, too, the castle rose beside them, grim and dark, save for a single light in the porter's window.

In his heart each said: "Then it was he!" In his heart each felt the riot of the passions of homicide. Yet they stood as if frozen in the moon-lit air, and spoke never a word. At last, Pennyfuaran shrugged his shoulders, and approaching the Tower's gateway, rapped and entered, and Fraser, waiting until he judged the chieftain had reached his quarters, knocked in turn, and was admitted also.

Chapter XXIII.
THE RIVALS.

"A Southern loon," sobbed Pennyfuaran,

"a lousy mariner man, Drumfin, and me of the race of kings!"

They stood in a little glade of the Moy woods, Drumfin cloaked and high-booted, leaning against a fir-bole and regarding in silence the passion of MacKinnon, who marched too and fro as if in a stage-play, his hair disheveled, his face begrutten. Although it was morning, the close forest-roof of pine and spruce and larch made a twilight in the place.

"God kens," went on the young man, "it was little I thought of herself, and much of the lands of Aros, when first I quested her. But now 'tis all another story, and it's the white truth I'm telling you. Had she but a single bawbee, or had she the Arkaig gold, it were one to Pennyfuaran: rich or poor, sir, I love her to desperation." Unmanned, he hid his face on his hands, and rocking on his feet, groaned: "Her voice, her look; Oh, the eyes of her! the eyes of her!"

Drumfin held his peace, but picking up the other's bonnet from the earth, he held it out to him; and MacKinnon, beholding the exile's impassiveness, snatched the cap indignantly.

"Have you bowels of compassion?" he cried. "Are you but frosted ice, Drumfin?"

"It's what's in my mind I'll tell you," said the old Jacobite at last. "And it's this: you've blasted every chance you ever had, by just being Pennyfuaran. The Lord He knows how you'll never be other than yourself, lad; but there's no doubting but 'tis yourself stands in the way."

"Oh, damn your preaching!" cried the other, and went on inconsequently: "If it were but the old cause I lamented, you'd be hearty enough with your sympathy."

"Where's the comparison?" said Drumfin, dryly.

"It's your idol, man, your idol!—the thing you live for; a whimsy, and yet your god! And here's mine, sir—here's mine—a woman as far above me as the stars—as the stars. man, the stars!"

"You've a touch of philosophy there," said his companion. "Ay, a lost faith, a lost cause, their glamour's on me still. But I see no need for greetin'. I lament the old cause; but the humour of the world sets another gate—as witness Conflan's ships the other day—and so the world and me, we disagree." He sighed. "Yet it never gets the length of me, fleeching like a play-actor at the poor old world that kens no better, Pennyfuaran."

"My tongue is wild," said the chieftain. "You have the true word there; but see, you, I'm Highland. And, oh, man, her face, was never face so bonnie! And this brock of a South-countryman—ugh! Just by the bridge there they met, and his sham of a broken arm was as good as a sound one to keep her safe and warm. The scunner of him—spy, and worse than spy!"

"Canny, lad, canny. After all's said and done, there's little tocher or lands to count on in Aros now. The wadsets are many, I

fear," said Drumfin, watching narrowly the effect of his last words.

To his surprise, the chieftain laughed loud and high, in a fashion hysterical.

"You surely think me play-acting with a vengeance, sir," said he. "That story you give me here and now may be true or false; but I tell you," he went on with passion, "tocher is a word of no meaning in this matter of mine. It's the lass I want, be her father laird or cottar."

"There now, there now," said Drumfin, clapping him on the shoulder, as he stood gripping and ungripping empty hands, his wild eyes fixed on earth. "I tested you with a word I shouldna have spoken, poor lad. I but wanted to try your sincerity, yet I should have minded my teeth were before my tongue."

"Pennyfuaran laughed bitterly. "Sincerity? That's your word, eh? Well, here am I, straight and clean; and yet it's this same spy she'll have before me."

"Spy?"

"You doubt it?"

"I doubt anything, as I said already, I doubt anything coming from the man, be he who he may, who carries Bas Ondule's likeness in his breast."

"I ken nothing of Bas-Ondule, Drumfin; but I'll believe Norman MacLean before this toad. And I'll fight the rascal ere nightfall, sir, let me tell you, lame arm or no."

Drumfin sighed. "It's a weary world, Mac-Kinnon, he said, "and a trifle *melange*, as we say across the water. If I were younger, I'd try dissuasion with you; but as it is I must even let you gang your gait, and wish well to both of you."

And this is how it was that, when, a few hours later, Fraser and the chieftain met by chance in this same strip of woodland, Pennyfuaran drew steel at once. The surgeon, for all his weakness in the sword arm, was not slow to follow suit, and drew a hanger of young Moy's, which he was wearing.

"It may be of interest to you, Mr. Fraser, to learn something of a side of this affair of which a Southron naturally takes notice when he goes a-courting," said Pennyfuaran, darkly, as he folded his plaid and laid it at the foot of a mossy rock. "I but heard it this morning, and it's this: Miss MacLearn's father is a poor man, and her dowry will be little or nothing. Of course, I only mention this matter in passing, but I thought it of interest, and so may you. By the by, about this arm of yours that needs a matter of weeks for healing, I fancy I saw it used quite comfortably no later than last night, sir."

He rattled on, tightening the belt on his philabeg as he spoke, while Fraser divested himself of arm-sling and coat, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. At the first hint of commerce, the surgeon's face flushed; but in the end the excited garrulity of his adversary lent no change to his features, except an added grimness to their natural gravity.

"On guard, sir," said Pennyfuaran; and

they bent their knees, their swords at the approach.

But no sooner had they begun than they ended, for at the sound of a low voice close at hand their arms were lightly sheathed; with one movement they crouched to earth, and, peering beneath the densely set columns of the trees, they saw the white leggings of King George's red-coats advancing steadily. The quiet voice spoke again, and the tight-buttoned legs halted.

The duellists lay close together now, and the chieftain's dark hunting tartan covered the white shirt of his coatless adversary, as they screened themselves behind a fallen fir-bole.

"Listen," whispered Pennyfuaran. "There's a second voice; and I know him—the ferret! He's there—Callum MacQuarie, as I'm a Gael! And after all his oaths to me! Listen! Drumfin is the name he is naming. Look to him washing his hands in the air and laughing to himself and cringing to the captain—the toad! That's Captain Fawkener, Fort William is his station. Look here, Mr. Fraser, this affair of ours can wait still longer." He gloomed regretfully into the surgeon's face from where he lay, not a foot off. "Fast to the Castle, and later so will I. Take the way of the sands. Warn Moy or his son. If you can find neither readily, lose no time, but get to my bedroom, pull aside the hangings at the bed-head there, and rap seven times on the door you'll discover. Drumfin will answer, and you must tell him what you've seen here."

"You trust me?" said Fraser. "Me, a spy!"

Pennyfuaran flushed. "Yes," he said. "And God knows why I do it. But fast!—not a moment to lose! Tell Drumfin I advise Kinloch as safest. And meanwhile I'll lead these hounds off the scent, and, if time permit, throttle one of them, a friend of mine, Callum MacQuarie by name. Haste, man, haste!"

(To be Continued.)

A SCOTCH SEAMAN ON MISSIONS.

A seaman, on returning home to Scotland, after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked: "Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Islands?"

"I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself," said the sailor. "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before, a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for only a more cruel death. When day broke we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we were prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do."—"The Life Boat."

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND AT
NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

A lecture on Home Rule for Scotland was delivered at the New York Scottish Society, 9 East Fifty-ninth street, on Monday evening, September 30th, by Marion A. Smith, the corresponding secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association.

The speaker dealt with the three phases of the question: the necessity for Home Rule; What the Scot at Home is Doing; What the Scot Abroad May do to Assist.

Under the first heading the neglect of Scottish affairs in the Imperial Parliament, the land question, the enormous emigration, the English control of Scottish education and the great confusion nationally and imperially in the present parliament were each in turn explained.

The fact that this movement was for the betterment of the Empire and particularly for the preservation of the nationality of Scotland was emphasized. The loss of the Scots Parliament was shown to have been the great factor in bringing about the present condition of affairs.

The speaker said Scotland has been spending her strength on the affairs of the Empire; the high positions of the Scot in the Empire and in fact throughout the world have not benefitted Scotland. Something is far wrong when 21,000 vigorous young Scots left Scotland last year within four months. More and more are awakening to the knowledge that while we have gone happily on our way, Scotland has seen her stalwart sons depart and her hills no longer echo to the sounds of the children's voices.

The absolute necessity for prompt action was dwelt upon while we would have the support of the large number of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.

The work of the Scottish National Committee and that of the Young Scots which has branches all over Scotland was stated and their appeal to the Scots abroad to give of their financial and moral support.

"What shall be our answer," said the speaker. "Shall we step aside and say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Is not much of the youth and strength of Scotland in those who have gone abroad and shall not they now seize this opportunity to give back the little that they may to their Motherland? The best American is the

man who loves his native land, for a good son is a better man in every walk of life.

It is the work here that will stir up every Scot. We are working in memory of the past and for the future development of Scotland. Every Scot was called upon to respond to the call in the spirit of Wallace and Bruce.

A most eloquent speech was made by Dr. James Law for the preservation of Scottish nationality. Love for Scotland breathed in every word and touched a respondent chord in the heart of every Scot. He closed with an earnest appeal for every member of the New York Scottish Society to join the Scottish Home Rule Association.

As a result of the meeting the membership of the Home Rule Association has increased in number.

Let every society take up this great and good work.

M. MACLEOD.

BOTTLED HAM.

Admiral Peary, we are told by a writer in the "Woman's World," used only tea as a stimulating drink on his polar expeditions. The fact offers him frequent opportunity of telling what is said to be his favorite story.

I am talking with a man who questions me in regard to my Arctic work, says the admiral, and I remark, "Tea is much better than Peebles ham."

"Peebles ham?" he says. "What is Peebles ham?"

"Did you never hear of Peebles ham?" I reply, and then I go on: "There were two old Scotch women, Mrs. McWhirter and Mrs. McBean, who met on the road one day, and Mrs. McWhirter said, 'Losh, wummen, ye'r far frae hame the day!'"

"'Aye,' said Mrs. McBean, 'I was just yont at Peebles. Saunders McNabb, o' Peebles, keeps rale guld ham. Oor John, ye ken, likes a bit guld ham, an' is aye yammerin' about the ham bein' ower fat and ower saut.'"

"'Oor Tam,' said Mrs. McWhirter, 'is the sam way. There's nae pleasin' him wi' his ham. Faith, I'll hae ta gie McNabb a trial.'"

"So Mrs. McWhirter journeys into Peebles, and she says to Saunders McNabb, the grocer, 'Gle us a pund o' yer best ham.'"

"'What kind wad ye like?' asked Saunders.

"'Oh, just the kind that Mrs. McBean gets,' said Mrs. McWhirter.

"McNabb smiled faintly.

"'A' richt,' said he. 'Whaur's yer bottle?'"

August 22d, 1912.

Peter Kinnear, Esq.,
Albany, N. Y.

My Dear Kinnear:

I send you here this little lilt, to you from me, and may my rhyme chime to Robbie's "Laas o' Albany." I micht hae gien it finer turns an' pitch it in a higher key, but I'm content to echo Burns on themes like you and Albany.

Sincerely ever,

JAMES D. LAW.

A HALF A DAY IN ALBANY.

(August 19, 1912.)

I only spent but half a day—
But muckle mair it seemed to be;
I saw so much that "beat the Dutch"
In quaint, old-fashioned Albany.

And what for no? Ye weel may speir,
When it was my good luck to see
The howes and heichts and leadin' s'chts,
Wi' sic a guide in Albany.

It was my first trip to the toun,
A glance I lang had wish'd to gie,
And he was there to show me roun'—
The grand old man o' Albany.

We baith had corresponded lang,
The veteran Kinnear and me,
But ne'er had met till there amang
The green-girt streets o' Albany.

I found my crony hale and weel,
His Doric tongue still rinnin' free,
And worthy o' the kindly chiel
That's lived sae lang in Albany.

Tho' ninety years has passed him by,
As sturdy and as staunch is he
As maist o' men three score and ten,
Or younger yet in Albany.

Ensnoced within his motor-car,
A Cadillac o' high degree,
We covered spaces near and far
In a' the airts o' Albany.

But chiefly twa big things I viewed,
I lang had seen in fancy's e'c—
Saint Andrew's Ha', and best of a',
The noble Burns in Albany.

Hall, brither Scots, whate'er your shire,
I'd lat you ken without a lee,
Few shrines I've seen mair to admire
Than this Scotch hame in Albany.

And for the statue o' the bard,
It fairly bears o'er a' the gree;
At hame or here there's nane come near
The flawless gem o' Albany.

On Aberdonian granite placed,
This masterpiece o' Calverley
A score o' years or so has graced
The finest park in Albany.

And folks hae come frae far and near,
The young and auld, the big and wee,
To say the Burns without a peer
Is only seen in Albany.

Aud but for honest, leal Kinnear,
When Miss MacPherson cam' to dee,
This work o' airt and head and he'rt
Would ne'er hae been in Albany.

And lots o' ither things as weel
Would nae so comfortably "jee"
If he had failed to set his seal
On their appeal in Albany.

Aeh, Jamie, Jess an' Tam an' Tib,
And Scotch fowk a' frae A to Z,
It's grand to think that we are sib
To this fine chiel in Albany.

May he be spared his work to do,
And nae misfortunes may he dree
Until he sees his five-score thro'
Afore he tires o' Albany.

Auld Brechin dear, your son Kinnear
Keeps up your credit o'er the sea,
And he has gaither'd mair than gear—
The love of all in Albany.

A GRAND UNION MEETING.

Sunday evening, October 20th, the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West, Rev. David G. Wylie, pastor, and the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Edgar W. Work, pastor, held a union meeting for the purpose of uniting in divine worship and extending a cordial welcome to Rev. Edgar W. Work, D. D., pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, and Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in New York; Mr. James Yereance Vice-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, and Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D. D., LL. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Washington, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

Dr. Wylie presided and extend a cordial welcome to the congregation of the Fourth Church and to the Moderators present. Dr. Work responded and introduced the Moderator of the General Assembly. The musical part of the service was led by the united choirs of the Fourth and Scotch churches.

The church was crowded, and the whole service was inspiring. Dr. Matthews preached a most earnest gospel sermon on removing obstacles in the way of saving men.



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

ALEXANDER SMITH, POET AND ESSAYIST.

In my article on Alexander Smith, in the August number of the "Caledonian," I stated that his works even in Scotland were now comparatively unknown.

From the many letters I have received regarding that article from readers of the Caledonian, I am pleased to modify that statement, and say that in the United States and Canada, Alexander Smith's works are familiar to many, while others have been led to look up his writings in their public libraries, and thank me for bringing them to their notice. In the catalogue of the Boston Public Library, Alexander Smith's name appears twelve times, and the American editions of his essays and poems had a large circulation.

"Squire Maurice," which is quoted complete in James Grant Wilson's edition of the Poets and Poetry of Scotland, although rather fragmentary, gives a good example of Mr. Smith's style, and supplies the reason for the many laudatory notices of his book which appeared in the critical reviews of his time. The correspondent sends me a copy of several notices that appeared in the London reviews after the publication of "A Life Drama," from which I recall the following:

"Since Tennyson, no poet has come before the public with the same promise as the author of this volume."—Literary Gazette.

"It is to the earlier works of Keats and Shelley alone that we can look for a counterpart in richness of fancy and force of expression."—Spectator.

"Abundant imagery, some Shakespearian felicity of expression or striking simile on every page."—Westminster Review.

These criticisms are just as true to-day as they were then.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB held its usual monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, October 1st, with Chief James Sinclair in the chair.

The proposed amendments to the constitution, which had been under discussion for several months, were voted upon in quick order, and while some of them, such as the election of a Games and Burns committee in January, instead of April and October, as at present, were defeated on technical points, the majority of the changes proposed, with the exception of increasing the dues, were carried, and before the new constitutions are printed, other changes in line with those proposed will undoubtedly be made.

The election of a committee for the annual Burns celebration resulted in the choice of the following members: William M. Gray, Peter M. Millar, Robert E. May, William Ogg and James Wilson. This is the sixteenth consecutive year, with one exception, in which Mr. May has been elected upon this committee.

Honorary member Robert Pirie was presented by the Chief with a gold honorary member's badge, and responded feelingly. Mr. Pirie is an ex-president of the Scots' Charitable Society, and a hard worker in any society with which he is connected, and the honor paid him by the Caledonian Club was, he stated, the first of the kind he had received; therefore he felt all the more gratified that it was a society of the standing in Boston such as the Caledonian Club, which had made him the recipient of such a handsome gift.

W. L. COCKBURN'S grand international concert at the Intercolonial Hall, October 3d, was extremely well attended, and opened the Scottish concert season in Boston. Mr. Cockburn has settled permanently in Boston, and has been appointed choirmaster of the Roxbury Presbyterian Church. For three consecutive years Mr. Cockburn sang in Mechanics' Hall, at the Caledonian Club's annual Burns celebration, and since his first appearance among us he has always been a prime favorite.

Almost every prominent Boston Scotsman was in the audience, and in every way the concert was one of the greatest successes. The contributing artists were all of the highest class, and all on their mettle to keep up to the standard set by Mr. Cockburn himself, who was in excellent voice, giving operatic Scotch and Irish selections in a manner never before excelled in Boston.

LITTLE BOY BLUE, Henry W. Savage's Scottish operetta, opened at the Majestic Theatre, Monday evening, October 7th, for a five weeks' run. The house was literally packed to the doors on the initial performance, and the audience, a most representative Scottish one, was enthusiastic in their applause. Not one jarring note, either in the singing, dancing or acting, could the most sensitive theatre-going Scot have to cavil against. Gertrude Bryan, in her Highland and Little Boy Blue costumes, was prettier than any picture, and her dancing would take first prize at any Scottish gathering. Could I

give her greater praise? John Dunmuir, as the Earl of Gouberdeen, filled the kilts and the bill. We were proud of him as a representative Scot. John Hines, as Archie, Gouberdeen's valet, supplied the Scotch comedy part without a trace of coarseness, and Otis Harlow furnished the laughs, which were continuous while he occupied the stage.

Caledonian readers should make every effort to witness this play when it visits near their home city.

THE SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY held their regular quarterly meeting at the City Club on Thursday evening, October 17th, the principal matter coming up before them being the resignation of Dr. James Todd, the chairman of the Relief Board, the proposed amendment to the constitution, raising the annual dues, and the election of a committee to nominate officers for 1913.

Dr. Todd, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of South Boston for a number of years, has been appointed organizer of the Sabbath Protection Society of New Hampshire and Vermont, and his loss to Boston and the society will be most keenly felt. Rev. H. A. Manchester, of the East Boston Presbyterian Church, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The proposed amendment caused a most heated and unprofitable discussion, which was prolonged far beyond measure, as when it was allowed to come to a vote, out of an audience of over one hundred only seven voted in its favor.

The election of a nominating committee was hurried through too quickly to allow of a social hour being spent before the meeting dispersed.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BANQUET COMMITTEE announced that the festival would be held Monday, December 2d, at the Hotel Brunswick. The two principal guests and speakers are to be the Hon. John Hays Hammond and President Alexander Melklejohn, of Amherst College.

THE SCOTCH FAIR at Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary to the S. C. S., will be opened by Governor Foss, Thursday afternoon, November 21st, and will be held for three days. Concerts, both instrumental and vocal will be given in the evening. A big success is assured, as donations have been most liberal and numerous.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND. Boston Scotsmen retain their canniness. No group, nor any single one of them, so far as I know, are prepared to form a Scottish Home Rule Association in Boston. Possibly if we had in Boston one energetic enthusiast, like Miss Marion A. Smith, of New York, a nucleus of an organization might be formed. New York's prominent and influential Scotsmen, under her prodding, have certainly taken their stand in goodly numbers, and formed a powerful organization.

DOUGLAS'S YEAR BOOK OF SCOTTISH ASSOCIATIONS, published at sixpence, post free, by John Douglas, Douglas Wharf, Putney, London, S. W., has just reached me. A very

interesting and instructive book. I notice there is an association called the "Comunn Nan Albannach," founded in London, 1908, which opposes "home rule," and demands for Scotland complete separation—a Scottish Parliament and Privy Council. The membership is not stated.

SCOTTISH MENUS. Echoes regarding the wonderfully Scottish menu originated by Past Chief William J. Hamilton, of Lynn, are still coming back to me. Many stories concerning Scottish dishes have reached me, such as haggis, mutton-pies, parrich, minced collops, etc., but the following remarkably clever, adroit and powerful verses by one of the most prolific rhymers it is my good fortune to know, sing the praises of a universal Scotch food that is second only to oatmeal.

ROBERT E. MAY.

KAIL.

BY ANDREW M'KNIGHT, BEVERLEY, MASS.

O' a' the victuals aye may name
To theeek the mortal stammick
Frae bould Sir Loin o' classic fame
Doon to the dyker's drammick,
The cheapest an' the choicest yet
To keep the body hale,
And warm ambition reekin' het,
Is kail,—just kail.

Let gentry sup the scowder'd grain
That's coft in denty boxes:
They say it's fodder for the brain,
That appetite it coaxes;
But for the growth o' muckle men
Its boasted virtues fail.
For there is naething as ye ken
Like kail,—just kail.

The burly, whaumlin' junt o' beef,
The swallin', brustin' barley.
The peas in plenty past belief,
The neeps, the kail sae curly,
The carrot cubes, the parsley sweet,
The syboes—held an' tail—
Wi'ither yerbs to mak' complete,
Is kail,—just kail.

Gudeman, a birkle wi' the spune,
At first cock-craw is steerin',
And, ere the breakfast is hauf dune,
Is "What's for denner?" speirin':
Then what a smile his face bedecks!
She fairly hits the nail
When gudewife, glow'rin' thro' her specks,
Says, "Kail,—just kail."

Does Germany invasion threat?
Or France? Or baith thegither?
Wi' naething in's but kail back-het
We'll ding them to a swither.
Tchach! Sauer kraut an' puddock legs
Fried weel in oil o' snail
Wad mak' puir scum upon the dregs
O' kail,—just kail.

Should any speir why Scottish men
 Are formost in life's battle,
 Say that they hae the wit to ken
 What keeps the wit in fettle:
 And why upon the gory earth
 A Scot will never quail
 Has aye an answer in the worth
 O' kail,—just kail.

There's health intil't; there's pith intil't;
 There's courage and reliance;
 And, should the hail worl' grasp the hilt,
 There's ready, stern defiance.
 Let ithers ca' the haggis meal
 O' Scotia's food the wale:
 It canna temper wit an' steel
 Like kail,—just kail.

OGDEN.

The Caledonians of Ogden and the other Caledonian societies of Utah have formed a federation, the object being to have only one society in each town, that is where the town is not large enough for two. Out here in Utah we are divided into several separate societies, so that when there is any anniversary to celebrate we often come in conflict with one another, so I think it is a fine move. We have adopted a funeral benefit with an assessment of twenty-five cents on each member for the same, then at the death of a member there is another assessment of twenty-five cents. So we have the money on hand to pay to the beneficiary. Then each society pays to the Executive Board five cents on each member who is clear on the books. Then there is an assessment of ten cents per quarter from each member for the general fund of the executive board. The Ogden Caledonians initiated twelve new members last month. We are arranging for a grand Scotch supper and concert on Hallowe'en night.

The officers of the Federation are M. Mac. B. Thomson, Salt Lake, president; James Drysdale, Ogden, vice president; Thomas Sprunt, Salt Lake, secretary; William N. Purdie, Ogden, treasurer.

Our aim is to organize societies in all of the intermountain States. National Board, Ogden.

Yours very truly,
 JAMES DRYSDALE.

SCOTTISH LADIES' NIGHT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The "Ladies' Night" at the Caledonian Club of San Francisco on October 4th, was a pleasant affair throughout. The chief of the club, Mr. Thomas Munro, presided, and introduced the various attractions of the evening in a happy manner. There was some good singing, and the refreshments served by the caterer, Mr. William Mitchell, were not less enjoyed than other features of an exceptionally pleasant affair.

SCOTTISH CONCERT AT STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Members of the Ladies Auxillary of the Scottish Society of Stamford, Conn., and their many friends held a successful concert at Arcanum Hall, on October 3rd. Mrs. T. B. Reid, president of the new auxillary, occupied the chair and successfully conducted the program during the evening. Songs, instrumental music and speeches delighted the large audience present.

The serving of refreshments, followed by a few hours' social, were the concluding features of one of the most enjoyable entertainments the Society has ever had.

The president, Mrs. Reid, was accompanied on the platform by the officers of the society, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Geddes, Miss Duncan and John M. Brown. Mrs. Watt and Miss Duncan assisted at the piano. The absence of John Grant was referred to in the address of Mr. Brown. Mr. Grant was detained by illness, to the great regret of all.

CLAN MACDUFF, NO. 81, HARLEM, N. Y.

Two initiations took place in the meeting room of Clan MacDuff, 310 Lenox avenue, during the past month, and new propositions steadily come along, brightening the hopes for a greatly increased membership e'er the close of 1912. However, the time limit for prize offers for increased members is fast drawing nigh, so pull up yer socks, boys, and "get in the swim."

Our annual masque social takes place on Thursday evening, November 28th, in Majestic Hall, 125 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and tickets can now be had from any member of the Amusement Committee or Secretary William Youngson.

Saturday evening, September 28th, was one of the brightest social evenings in the history of the clan, when the Loch Lomond Social Club presented two farcical comedies, "The Salt Cellar" and "The White Shawl." The 500 clansmen and lady friends who pushed their way into the lodge room enjoyed the mirth and hilarity caused by the splendid efforts of those parlor actors.

"The Salt Cellar" showed how little provocation it required to cause trouble when superstition takes hold of one, and particularly when it upsets the tranquility of a new and happily married couple. However, the old uncle in the scene adds mirth to the stern but childish quarrel of the newlyweds, when he finishes the soup while the young couple are engaged in whetting their appetites upon petty bickerings.

"The White Shawl" shows out the mischievousness of two college youths, and in their antics, ridiculous complications heap one upon another. Those who took part were: Misses Nellie Lusey, Margaret Grant, May E. Fee and Miss Miller, Messrs. William Duncan, T. J. Graham, and James Jack. Messrs. John Thomson, James Gardner and Miss Elizabeth Reid filled the vocal part of the entertainment, and were repeatedly re-

called. Miss Anna Murray presided at the piano in her usual proficient manner, with a touch that led one instantly into the third heaven of delight.

MacDuffs look forward to a return visit from the Loch Lomond Club at a later date.
MAC DUFF.

YONKERS SCOTTISH CHOIR.

The most recent addition to the ranks of the Musical Societies in the city of Yonkers, is one recently organized amongst the Scottish people and named the "Yonkers Scottish Choir."

At a meeting held a few weeks ago representatives of all the Scottish Societies in the city were present and it was the unanimous opinion that such an organization would supply a long felt want and would prove to be a decided success. Office bearers were elected as follows:

President, Chief William R. Jackson, Clan MacGregor; vice president, Chief Daughter Mrs. Magee, Helen MacGregor Lodge, D. O. S.; treasurer, Chief Robert Glover, Caledonian Club; secretary, David M. Robertson, 43 Hudson street, and members of committee: Misses M. Dennison, Cameron and Messrs. William Dougherty, James Elder and William H. Baird.

Rehearsals have been in progress for the last four weeks under the able conductorship of Mr. David M. Robertson, the well known bass singer, and in the short period at their disposal the choir has accomplished wonders. The membership has been steadily increasing and at present numbers about 50 voices.

The choir has leased rooms at the New Institute of Musical Art at 83 Warburton avenue, for the entire season and rehearsals will be held every Monday evening. It is intended to give a concert of Scottish Music some time in January, and at the rate the Choir is travelling at present, this should prove one of the musical events of the season.

SCOTTISH GAELIC CONCERT.

The Scottish Gaelic Society of the City of New York, held a successful concert at Caledonian Hall on the evening of October 11th. There was a large audience present, and all seemed to enjoy the program provided for their entertainment. The principal features of interest were the bagpipe competition and the dancing contest, in which boys and girls took part. The dancing was exceptionally good, and the winners were rewarded with gold or silver medals. Nine pipers competed for three money prizes and all acquitted themselves so well, that the Judges had a difficult task to perform in deciding how to award the prizes. Miss Florence Hopkirk, sang the "Maid o' Dundee," with such excellent effect that it was generally regretted she did not give other exhibitions of her vocal talent. The President of the Society, Mr. Daniel MacLean, managed the affair with tact and to the entire

satisfaction of all present. The committee of arrangements included Mr. MacLean, Mr. H. G. Eachen, secretary; and Mr. Thomas Munro, treasurer.

HARRY LAUDER.

Plans have been completed for the fifth American tour of Harry Lauder, the noted Scotch comedian, who will appear again in this country under the direction of William Morris, for a nine weeks visit to various cities between New York and Chicago.

Mr. Lauder's repertoire will include new songs which have met with considerable success in London. It is expected that he will arrive in this country not later than December 23d.

Mr. Lauder has asked that "The Caledonian" deny rumors with regard to a serious illness, which has been grossly exaggerated, although Mr. Lauder suffered a slight indisposition. He has totally recovered, and is looking forward eagerly to his forthcoming visit, to this country.

"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN."

At Weber's Theatre, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, New York.

The plot, although brightened by flashes of Scottish wit and patches of local color, is yet a somewhat sad one, and herein perhaps lies its charm: for one smiles with tears in the eyes—and when the curtain falls, one feels it ought to rise again, if only to reveal the future of the penitent hero. The story runs thus:

Alec (youngest son of Leezie and Mathew Inglis) falls in love with Jean Lowther, servant lass on his parents' farm. Anxious to break away from wild associates, he decides to go to Africa, and on the eve of his departure he persuades Jean to pledge herself to him in writing. Jean, young and impulsive, and overcome by her infatuation for her debonaire lover, consents, and this "scrape o' the pen," witnessed by Flora McGill and Geordie Pow—two villagers—is exchanged, and thus, by Scottish law, the sweethearts are married. Some time afterwards, a young girl, Eppie Oilphant, dies at the birth of her baby girl, of whom young Alec is the father. The shock of this discovery, the unswerving devotion of Hugh Menzies, manager of the Inglis farm, and perhaps also absence and reflection, kill Jean's love. She marries Hugh, knowing that her union with Alec was a mere form, and is succeeded in service by Flora. Thus when Alec returns years after—on Hogmanay—full of love for Jean, penitence for his past misdeeds, and resolutions for the future, he "first foots" not his love, Jean Lowther, but Hugh's wife, Jean Menzies.

Some interesting details respecting the personnel of the company: The leading man in the company: The leading man in the company, Mr. Carl Lyle, comes of a distinctly literary family, and is closely related to Thomas Carlyle, the historian, and Sir

David Wilkie, Scotland's greatest artist. He was for many years associated with the well known firm of Carlisle & Watts, founded by his late father, which enjoyed the patronage of the royal family, and all the nobility of Scotland. After an absence of over twenty years, he has, in coming to New York, been welcomed by three of his dearest friends and schoolmates, viz.: John Massey Rhind, the sculptor; William C. Heppenheimer, the president of the New Jersey Trust Company, who was his comrade in Germany at Heidelberg, in his college days; also Cliny McPherson Henderson (his cousin), of the Grand Union Hotel.

The former pupils of George Watson's College (Edinburgh) and of which Mr. Carl Lyle was a pupil for several years, are arranging to bring a large party to the theatre to do him the honor of their presence.

Miss Bartholomew is a well known society entertainer in her native city of Glasgow, and is deservedly popular. Her makeup as Leezie is a masterpiece, for she is only twenty-five years old.

Miss Helen Baird (younger sister of Miss Bartholomew), plays Flora McGillp, and receives nothing but laudatory notice wherever she goes, for her character comedy of Flora.

The "small parts" are all in the hands of well known and distinguished members of the theatrical profession. Mr. Fawcett Lomax (the shepherd) has played the gravedigger to more "Hamlets" than any other actor of the present day, besides running successfully his own organized companies. Mr. A. Hinton (the minister) has been leading man to Edward Compton, Osmond Teasle, etc., etc. Miss Marie Stuart (Mrs. Knott) has played leading parts at Drury Lane, Lyceum, Olympic and other London theatres. Mr. Roy Cochrane, when manager of the Surrey Theatre, London, was responsible for the most elaborate production ever witnessed of "Rob Roy."

The ladies and gentlemen playing the small parts are at present rehearsing the principal parts, with a view to touring the important cities of the States and Canada.

Here follows a dramatic encounter between the two. Later the father and mother hear of their son's return, and here again is enacted a pathetic scene. The ending is quite unexpected, but—well, go and see for yourself how everything is brought to a conclusion.

"A Scrape o' the Pen" is a genuine Scotch play, full of dry wit and humor, moral and dramatic. The dialect and music are charming.

Wednesday, October 9th, was a Scottish night at "A Scrape o' the Pen." There were about fifty of the New York Scottish Highlanders dressed in kilts, who, with their well known pipe and drum band, took part in a parade under the command of Drum Major Rowe. The audience was composed almost entirely of Scottish people.

On Wednesday evening, October 16th, the Highland Guard of the New York Caledonian Club, under the command of Captain William Reid, made a very imposing sight as they marched from the Club House, Seventh avenue and Fifty-Fourth street, with many of their friends, including several of the ex-chiefs and officers of the club, to Broadway and Twenty-Ninth street, to enjoy together a performance of "A Scrape o' the Pen."

CLAN MACKENZIE, NO. 29.

New York, October 21, 1912.

"The Caledonian":

Clan Mackenzie, No. 29, O. S. C., New York, added three to its roll-book at last meeting. Two of them hold the record for height; one is the shortest and the other is the longest in the clan. We also had two propositions, and a lot more coming before New Year's. Our football team has got steady quarters for the season. We go halves with Clan MacDonald on Marquette Oval, Brooklyn. The Games Committee has returned to each clan the guarantee fund, and when all moneys are collected we will each get a few dollars for our trouble. We want all the spare cash we can get, for we have a few very sick members on our list. Nearly all our tourists have got back, and are looking good. They are just in time for the concert and ball season, which is starting in very rapidly. This month alone I can count about fifteen Scotch rackets, including the Gaelic, the Celtic, the Lewis and the Skye, all the ladies' rackets, not to speak of the clan's affairs. If they come with any more, we will have to stop the clock, or we won't be able to attend to all. With best wishes,

Fraternally yours,

JOHN KIRK.

CLAN MACDONALD.

Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y., bought the rights for one night of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the play to be enacted at the Majestic Theatre, in that city, on the 21st of October. A large audience, mostly Scottish, was present on that date, and thoroughly enjoyed the lights and shades of Scottish character as portrayed in that delightful play.

CLAN GRAHAM, BRONX, N. Y.

Clan Graham, of the Bronx, gave a stage exhibition of the play, "Rob Roy," on the 18th of October. There was a large number present on that occasion, and all heartily enjoyed the histrionic representation of the deeds and achievements of Rob Roy and other characters introduced in the play. Miss Davis, secretary of the Lady MacGregors, acted the part of Helen MacGregor to the life, and the other amateurs also acted their several roles with credit.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas.

Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Torrington, Conn., Oct. 18, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Subordinate Lodges:

Sisters: Our fourteenth convention is a thing of the past, and we have started another year. The one just past is the biggest and best so far, and it is up to every sister to make this year as successful as the last. The New York lodges are taking the lead. Lady MacKenzie, No. 31, with forty-eight initiations to their credit; Flora MacDonald, eighteen. Paterson, N. J., leads the list for New Jersey; but Bonnie Doon, No. 10, Newark, N. J., is still our banner lodge, with 250 members on their roll, but they will have to look to their laurels if they want to hold the honor.

Connecticut lodges, too, are not behind. Each lodge made an increase last year, especially Victoria, No. 1, New Haven. Ellen Douglas, No. 8, Hartford, No. 6, and Hawthorne, No. 9, Bridgeport, all doing well. Suspensions were few, considering the membership, and although the death roll was sixteen, the largest we have ever had, still it is a small percentage, and we should be thankful. And I am sorry to record one death this year. Sister Agnes Garth of Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge, No. 26, N. Y.

I trust that each sister will give her loyal support to the officers elected. It makes the work so much more pleasant, and lighter, kind words are more than coronets, and go a long way sometimes.

I take this opportunity to thank you all for your confidence in me as shown by my re-election as your Grand Secretary, for my sixth successive term. I will try to show my appreciation with faithful service, but please don't expect perfection. The only perfect folks are in the museum's and can't talk back tae ye.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

MARY MILLER, G. S., D. of S.

P. S.—I forgot to mention. Lady Gordon Lodge No. 32, Philadelphia deserves mention, having made an increase of thirty-five members last year. How's that? And a new lodge besides in Frankfort. Other lodges are Lady Hamilton Graham, No. 26, and Helen MacGregor, No. 27. Anyone I have omitted will excuse me, I hope, as the editor thinks I am taking too much space, and it takes him such a long time to translate my writing for copy.

M. M.

HEATHER BELL LODGE, NO. 4.

Manchester, N. H.

The regular meeting of Heather Bell Lodge, No. 4, D. of S., was held on Thursday evening, October 3, with a large attendance; we hope there will be as many present at the next meeting, as the report of our delegate to the convention at Bridgeport, will be read, and as it is of importance to all members, and their business, so be on hand to hear it.

Our Delegates Miss Mary Doble and Past Grand Chaplain Mrs. Christian Smith report a fine time at the convention.

The fifteenth anniversary of the institution of Heather Bell Lodge, was a great success. All business was left over till our next meeting. Chief Daughter Mrs. Mary Fisher welcomed the company and the following program was presented:

Remarks
Chief Daughter Mrs. Mary Fisher
Piano Duet
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, Jr.,
Reading Mrs. Titus
Remarks
Chief of Clan McKenzie, George McClure
Song Mrs. Jeanie Campbell
Piano Solo Mrs. Thomas Smith, Jr.
Reading Miss May Harris
Selections The McKenzie Quartette
Auld Lang Syne The Company

At the conclusion of the program a Dutch lunch was served. The amusement committee had charge of the affair and I am sure everybody appreciated their effort and a real good time was enjoyed by all.

MRS. CHRISTINA SMITH, Secretary.

ELIZABETH, N. J., WHITE HEATHER LODGE, NO. 16.

The regular meeting of White Heather Lodge was held on Thursday evening, October 10th, with an overflow meeting and requests for extra chairs. We had one initiation and two applications.

Our members are all home from their vacations and the social hour spent after the business was enjoyed by all.

The amusement committee is working hard to make our annual Hallowe'en social as great a success as our past ones have been.

We meet every second or third Thursday in Odd Fellows' Hall, 111 First street. Sis-

ter lodges are welcomed at all times.

Fraternally yours,

SARA W. COLLINS, Secretary.

P. S.—Five more subscribers. Hope I will have more before the year is out.

ELLEN DOUGLAS LODGE, NO. 8, HARTFORD, CONN.

October 4th, 1912.

The Convention is over, the meetings are well attended again after the summer vacations and Ellen Douglas Lodge is settling down to another winter of hard work and we hope for more success than ever.

We have had a great sorrow in losing a sister who has been a patient sufferer since January, and as we put her away to her resting place the spirit of comradeship of the Daughters showed how much it means to be a member of the D. O. S.

There are rumors of a Hallowe'en Social and it is hoped it will be as much of a success as our previous ones.

Those who attended the Convention enjoyed it very much and Ellen Douglas Lodge feels proud to have furnished two Grand Chief Daughters, one after the other. May our present leader have as successful a term as her predecessor.

The Caledonian hasn't heard of the Grand Fair we gave in June. It was the greatest success we have had and we hope to make it an annual affair.

Clan Gordon, O. S. C., had a picnic in August which was well attended by our members, and several fortunate sisters carried away substantial prizes in showing their ability to carry eggs on spoons and run backwards, etc.

After telling our Sister Lodges and other readers of the Caledonian a little about what we are doing, we close by wishing you all success.

Yours fraternally

MARY T. CAIRNS, Secretary.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO. 19, KEARNY, N. J.

October 19, 1912.

Balmoral Lodge has had a number of meetings since the last report to the Caledonian. Meetings which have been interesting and beneficial to all. We have initiated since June, six new members and have thirteen waiting to be initiated on November 5, 1912.

The attendance at the meetings has been fine, including a number of visiting sisters who are always welcomed.

We have had five brides since June, causing us to install new officers in several places. Our conductress left us to go to the dear homeland to meet her other half. Good luck to them both; also our Secretary, who left the town after she was married, so we had to get two more to take their place. The other three brides are all near at hand, attending as usual all meetings. Balmoral Lodge celebrated its eighth anniversary on

October 15th in fine shape, an invitation affair.

Speeches were made by the following: Grand Sub Chief Daughter of the D. O. S., Sister Catherine Mitchell; Grand Past Chief Daughter of the D. O. S., Sister Christina Robinson; Grand Trustee, of the D. O. S., Sister Marjory Smith; Grand Deputy Chief Daughter for Balmoral, Sister Jeanie Barclay; Past Royal Deputy of the Clans, Mr. MacMasters, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Chief of Caledonian Club of Newark, Mr. Huggins.

A fine program was also rendered and refreshments were daintily served by a very fine committee. During the evening Past Chief Daughter, Sister Kennedy of Balmoral, presented our retiring Grand Deputy, Sister Barclay, with a handsome cut glass water set for her faithful service during the past year. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour, after which all went home, hoping they would not be forgotten when the invitations were given out for the ninth anniversary.

We cordially invite sisters of other lodges to visit our meetings and will do all in our power to make it pleasant. We meet at Roche Hall, Kearny avenue, Kearny, on the first and third Tuesdays of every month.

MISS S. S. BEVERIDGE, Secretary.

LADY GORDON LODGE NO. 32.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Since the last report Lady Gordon Lodge has held three meetings. On September 12th we celebrated our second anniversary, which was a great success socially and otherwise, thanks to our social committee.

At our last meeting, October 10th, we initiated three new members and had five proposals. A hearty vote of thanks was awarded to our delegate, Sister Wright, for the splendid report she gave us of the annual convention at Bridgeport, Conn.

A. CARMICHAEL, Secretary.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL.

Lady MacKenzie Lodge, No. 31, New York, had a grand entertainment and social (Hallowe'en) at Lenox Casino, on Wednesday evening, October 30. A large number were present and certainly, it was the finest gathering this fall.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE, NO. 26, NEW YORK.

The last meeting for September was held at above place and date Wednesday September 18th. Although many of the officers and sisters were debating at the convention, we enjoyed a pleasant session. Past Chief Daughter Wotherspoon did admirably. I really believe she surprised herself. The Sisters who assisted her so ably and with dignity, were (Pro-tem) Past C. D. Sister Blann, Sub. C. D., Sister Mill; Chaplin, Sister Hunter; pianist, E. M. Davis; financial secretary, Sister Binny; treasurer, Sister Jean MacCool. The good of the order was

won by Sister Smith, a blushing bride by the way. I presume the sisters remember her as Constance Urquhart. We were entertained with singing and recitations, and ice cream and cake was served. One and all voted it a pleasing time. But in the midst of life we are in death. There is always a shadow lurking close to the sunbeam. On the 24th of September we laid to rest Sister Agnes Garth, a sweet bonnie lassie only twenty-one, cut off in the bloom of youth. It is hard to say "All things work together for good." But we must bow to the inevitable. It was a grand sight to see the great number of sisters who turned out to show their expression of loyalty and sympathy. The rain came down in torrents but each and every sister showed the real stamp of womanhood and kindness. We extend to the family and friends our profound sympathy. Loving friends be wise and dry Straightway every weeping eye, What you left upon the bier Is not worth a single tear, 'Tis a sea shell out of which the pearl has gone,

The shell was nothing, leave it there;
The pearl, the soul, was all, is here.

My intimation about having a Graham in the Grand Lodge this year proved to be more than conjecture. Our sonsie Past Chief Daughter, Sister Bruce was elected Grand Conductor. We all wish her health and happiness and trust that this honor is only a step to the pinnacle she aspires to. Allow me to wish success and harmony to those who have taken the reins for 1913.

Yours Fraternaly,
EMELIE M. DAVIS, Secretary.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our cateemed sister Agnes Garth, we the officers and members of above lodge extend to the parents and family and friends our profound sympathy. We shall miss her sweet smiling face, but we shall know she has answered the call of our merciful Father, who has taken her to that happy land. "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And be it further

Resolved, That this expression of sympathy be placed on our minutes and the Charter draped for thirty days, and a copy sent to the Caledonian.

ANNA SINCLAIR,
CHRISTINA BRUCE,
JESSIE STUART,
EMELIE M. DAVIS,
CHIEF DAUGHTER J. BROWN.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, MERIDEN, CONN.

Tuesday evening, October 1st, the Marjory Bruce held a very enjoyable meeting. During the course of the evening Sister Macdonald presented each member with a bunch of heater, tied with plaid ribbon, and a cake of short bread, "a' the way frae Edinburgh." Sister Macdonald's kindness will long be

remembered. Plans for our fifteenth anniversary are well under way, and we are looking forward to a good time.

At the meeting October 15th, we were all pleased to meet our genial Secretary, Mrs. Mary Millar, who gave a few pleasing remarks.

A social was held after the business meeting. A song was rendered by Sister Agnes Meiklie.

MRS. JEANIE FULTON, Secretary.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25.

Harrison, N. J.

At our last meeting there was a large number of the sisters present. Sister Jones gave an excellent report of the D. of S. convention. We are delighted to learn that our invitation to hold the next convention in Harrison, was accepted. The delegates from the other lodges will see what the Argyle Lodge can do in making next year's convention one of the most successful in the history of the order. Our next meeting will be a social gathering and we welcome everybody. The amusement committee is busy.

MAGGIE ANDERSON, Secretary.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Helen Macgregor Lodge, No. 27, D. O. S. Yonkers, N. Y., has held two regular meetings since the last report. Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding.

At the meeting held October 1st, the death of one of our sisters was announced, namely Catherine Isabel Macdonald. This is the first link from our chain since our formation. We feel sorry to part with so young and promising a member, while our lodge is mourning a sister, our deepest sympathy is extended to her bereaved parents, sister and brother, and pray that comfort and strength may be given them from Him who knoweth all things best to help them to bear their great loss. In memory, our Charter has been draped for thirty days.

Our delegate, P. C. D. Mrs. Vanderwende deserved all praise accorded to her for her splendid report of the convention. At the close of the meeting a farewell tea was served in honor of two sisters, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Robertson, who have gone to live in Boston. Sister Robertson's cheery presence will be missed in our lodge room. We only hope what is our loss will be a sister lodge's gain.

The second meeting in October was very well attended. After the usual business was gone through, a social time was enjoyed, quite a number of our members favoring us with songs. We were pleased to welcome back Sister Muir after her trip to the old country. All the vacationists will soon be with us again.

Helen Macgregor Lodge meets first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway, where all visiting sisters are sure of a hearty welcome.

ELIZABETH LYALL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE SCOTT ORIGINALS. By W. R. Crockett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Profusely illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.

If justification were needful for the work of Mr. Crockett, it might be found in the statement of Mr. G. M. Fraser, of Aberdeen Public Library: In view of the repeated requests for information, "there is a real need for a first class book on the originals of Scott's characters depicted in the Waverley Novels."

While others have attempted the task, no one else has covered the field so fully and well as has Mr. Crockett. Here you have the originals, shown by fine photographs and described in the text, of the "Baron of Bradwardine" and "David Gellatley," from "Waverley"; "Dominie Sampson" and "Meg Merrelies" from "Guy Mannering;" "Old Mortality," from the novel of that name, and "Rob Roy," "Di Vernon," "Jeanie Deans," "Dugald Dalgetty" and other notable characters introduced in other of the great romancer's incomparable novels. To Scottish people generally, Mr. Crockett's book should be a welcome addition to the family library.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By Andrew Lang. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00 net.

This is a brief outline of the author's complete history of four large volumes. It consists of 326 pages, divided into thirty-three chapters, with index. It gives in a condensed form an excellent summary of the events of Scottish history from the time of the Roman invasion to the Battle of Culloden in 1745. Unfortunately, it is almost too condensed for popular reading, but is valuable to those who are familiar with the history of Scotland.

Andrew Lang, who died on July 20th, was one of the most distinguished and versatile of Scottish writers. His literary activity extended over a period of more than forty years, to within a few days of his death. Having an independent income, he was able to employ many assistants in his research work, and he would re-cast the material they furnished into book form. Thus he was able to write more books than any of his contemporaries, but occasionally the accuracy of his statements has been questioned.

Note in this issue the article, "Preliminaries to the Union," also advertisement of the book.

SPIRITUAL SURGERY is a book that should find a place on the table in every home. It shows by analogies the dependence and connection between soul and body, mind and health, and how the one influences the other for good or evil. The Author's Chapter on "The Celestial Surgeon" is very suggestive. "Spiritual surgery" is, in part, "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off"; the knife for the cutting out of sin and the eradication of

all evil is to be the knife of the Lord and of our own wills. The chapters on "the Anatomy of the soul," "Some Miracles of the Surgeon's knife," "The Gift of Anesthesia" and the "Antiseptic Life," are all full of good matter, and written in a lucid style. For instance, "What an antiseptic is a pure life"—again. "In regard to certain amusements and habits, I can't indulge in them. I am determined to keep my life antiseptic." "Keep thyself pure."

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

By Oliver Huckel New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 75 cents, net.

THE MINISTER AS A SHEPHERD. By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, net \$1.00.

This excellent book which treats on the close relationship between a minister and his congregation is written in a clear style. It contains 229 pages, and is divided into five lectures:

"The Shepherd Idea in Scripture and History." "The Shepherd's Work." "The Shepherd's Opportunity." "The Shepherd's Temptations." "The Shepherd's Reward."

It is a most interesting and instructive treatise on the duties and privileges of both pastor and flock.

THE FIRST CHURCH'S CHRISTMAS BARREL.—By Caroline Abbot Stanley, New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price 50 cents net.

This is a clever tale of a barrel sent by a wealthy church to a missionary out on the western plains. The contents proving entirely useless, the barrel is returned with the cast off clothing marked with appropriate texts, by the justly indignant wife of the missionary. The unpacking at the meeting of the missionary society occasioned much consternation and indignation, but the bitter lesson was received in the right spirit, and it was decided to send a box filled with really good articles of clothing to the same family. Tears and laughter, indignation and penitence are skillfully mingled in this little book, and human nature is shown in its frailty and its strength.

"BILLY" By Irene Elliott Benson. Published by M. A. Donohue & Company, Chicago.

In "BILLY," Mrs. Benson has given us another bright child's story, which we have read with great interest. Billy the little orphan newsboy, or Billy the adopted child of his "pretty lady," is a bright, natural and lovable little fellow. A deep sorrow overshadows his life for a while, but at last it passes away, and all are happier and more contented than before. It is an attractive book, with large print, good illustrations, and a pretty cover.

IS THE NEGRO FAIRLY TREATED?

"Is the Negro Having a Fair Chance?" Booker T. Washington answers the question in the November Century in an article that is remarkable for its candid dispassionate quality. No article of recent years deals with the race problem so calmly or with such evident desire to weigh carefully all facts.

Edith Rickert writes of "The Fraternity Idea Among College Women," pointing out both the good and the bad points of the system. Ethel Dean Rockwell discusses "The Feminist of France," an article that shows how rapidly the Frenchwoman is acquiring independence although the ballot is only a secondary demand. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, president of the National (British) Union of Suffrage societies, writes against violence in the suffrage movement.

THE MINUTES OF CONVENTION OF D. OF S.

The minutes of the 14th Convention D. of S., are just received, but as we are already in press with this issue, we have only time and space to mention that the Order is in a healthy condition. The minutes show executive ability and familiarity with parliamentary rules. The Order has forty-five lodges and over 3,000 members; the loss by death during the year has been 13, and a death benefit of \$150 was paid for each. Every woman claiming Scottish relationship either by descent or marriage should join this Order. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas; grand sub-chief daughter, Catherine Mitchell; past grand chief daughter, Lisa C. Henderson; grand recording secretary, Mary Miller (re-elected); grand treasurer, Janet Duffes (re-elected); grand chaplain, Mary Wallace; grand conductor, Christina Bruce; trustee (three years), Marjory Smith.

The New York Scottish Celtic Society held a Hallowe'en concert social last Thursday evening. There was a large gathering. Hon. Frank I. Cohen, R. H. S., late of Glasgow, gave an interesting address and congratulated the society upon maintaining the old Scottish traditions and also promoting and perpetuating a deeper reverence and love for the land of the mountain and flood, its language, its literature, features of Scottish life generally.

CANADIAN CLUB DINNER.

The annual banquet of the Canadian Club of New York will be held at the Hotel Astor on the 12th of November. Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, will give an address on Canada. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, Washington; Sir Alexander La Cozte and others prominent will be present.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of The Caledonian Hospital Society, bought the right for one night, Tuesday, October 29. "The Scrape of the Pen" and a good sum was added to the treasury.

WHAT HAPPENED IN A BATHTUB.

At the recent convention of the Daughters of Scotia, held in Bridgeport, Conn., one of the delegates there, a very robust lady for her years—which were easily over sixty—thought she would have a bath. So she got into the tub and turned on the hot and cold water. When she had enough she could not get up to turn it off. So she hollered on her partner, but the door was locked on the inside. So they got a carpenter to undo the lock, and a plumber to stop the water, and a doctor for the bather, as she was half-drowned and half-scalded. When they got her to herself again, she took an oath that the next bath she took would either be at North Beach or Coney Isle; it widna be in a bathtub. PAISLEY.

Preliminaries to the Union.

The Scottish Parliament was not dissolved at William's death, nor did it meet at the time when, legally, it ought to have met. Anne, in a message, expressed hopes that it would assent to Union, and promised to concur in any reasonable scheme for compensating the losers by the Darien scheme. When Parliament met, Queensberry, being Commissioner, soon found it necessary (June 30th, 1703), to adjourn. New officers of State were then appointed, and there was a futile meeting between English and Scottish Commissioners chosen by the Queen to consider the Union.

Then came a General Election (1703), which gave birth to the last Scottish Parliament. The Commissioner, Queensberry, and the other officers of State, "The Court party," were of course for Union; among them was prominent that wavering Earl of Mar who was so active in promoting the Union, and later precipitated the Jacobite rising of 1715. There were in Parliament the party of Courtiers, friends of England and Union; the party of Cavaliers, that is Jacobites; and the Country party, led by the Duke of Hamilton, who was in touch with the Jacobites but was

quite untrustworthy, and much suspected of desiring the Crown of Scotland for himself.

Queensberry cozened the Cavaliers—by promises of tolerating their Episcopalian religion—into voting a bill recognizing Anne, and then broke his promise. The bill for tolerating worship as practiced by the Episcopalians was dropped; for the Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Kirk declared that such toleration was "the establishment of iniquity by law."

Queensberry's one aim was to get Supply voted, for war with France had begun. But the Country and the Cavalier parties refused Supply till an Act of Security for religion, liberty, law, and trade should be passed. The majority decided that, on the death of Anne, the estates should name as king of Scotland a Protestant representative of the House of Stewart, who should not be the successor to the English crown, save under conditions guaranteeing Scotland as a sovereign state, with frequent Parliaments, and security for Scottish navigation, colonies, trade, and religion (the Act of Security).

It was also decided that landholders and the burghs should drill and arm their tenants and dependents—if Protestant. Queensberry refused to pass this Act of Security. Supply, on the other side was denied, and after a stormy scene Queensberry prorogued Parliament (September 16th, 1703).

In the excitement Atholl had deserted the Court party and voted with the majority. He had a great Highland following; he might throw it on the Jacobite side, and the infamous intriguer, Simon Frazer (the Lord Lovat of 1745), came over from France and betrayed to Queensberry a real or a feigned intrigue of Atholl with France and with the Ministers of James VIII., called "The Pretender."

Atholl was the enemy of Frazer, a cunning, astute, and unscrupulous ruffian. Queensberry conceived that in a letter given to him by Lovat he had irrefutable evidence against Atholl as a conspirator, and he allowed Lovat to return to France, where he was promptly imprisoned as a traitor. Atholl convinced Anne of his own innocence, and Queensberry fell under ridicule and suspicion, lost his office of

Commissioner, and was superseded by Tweedale. In England the whole complex affair of Lovat's revelations was known as "The Scottish Plot"; Hamilton was involved, or feared he might be involved, and therefore favored the new proposals of the Courtiers and English party for placing limits on the prerogative of Anne's successor, whoever he might be.

In the Estates (July 1704), after months passed in constitutional chicanery, the last year's Act of Security was passed and touched with the sceptre; and the House voted Supply for six months. But owing to a fierce dispute on private business—namely, the raising of the question, "Who were the persons accused in England of being engaged in the 'Scottish plot'?"—no hint of listening to proposals for Union was uttered. Who could propose, as Commissioners to arrange Union, men who were involved—or in England had been accused of being involved—in the plot? Scotland had not yet consented that whoever succeeded Anne in England should also succeed in Scotland. They retained a means of putting pressure on England, the threat of having a separate king; they had made and were making military preparations (drill once a month), and England took up the gauntlet. The menacing attitude of Scotland was debated on with much heat in the English Upper House (November 29th), and a Bill passed by the Commons declared the retaliatory measures which England was ready to adopt.

It was at once proved that England could put a much harder pinch on Scotland than Scotland could inflict on England. Scottish drovers were no longer to sell cattle south of the border, Scottish ships trading with France were to be seized, Scottish coals and linen were to be excluded, and regiments of regular troops were to be sent to the Border if Scotland did not accept the Hanoverian succession before Christmas 1705. If it came to war, Scotland could expect no help from her ancient ally, France, unless she raised the standard of King James. As he was a Catholic, the Kirk would prohibit this measure, so it was perfectly clear to every plain man that Scotland must accept the Union and make the best bargain she could.

In spring 1705, the new Duke of Argyll, "Red John of the Battles," a man of the sword and an accomplished orator, was made Commissioner, and, of course, favored the Union, as did Queensberry and the other officers of State. Friction between the two countries arose in spring, when an Edinburgh jury convicted, and the mob insisted on the execution of, an English Captain Green, whose ship, the *Worcester*, had been seized in the Forth by Roderick MacKenzie, Secretary of the Scottish East India Company. Green was supposed to have captured and destroyed a ship of the Company's, the *Speedy Return*, which never did return. It was not proved that this ship had been Green's victim, but that he had committed acts of piracy is certain. The hanging of Green increased the animosity of the sister kingdoms.

When Parliament met, June 28th, 1705, it was a parliament of groups. Tweeddale and others, turned out of office in favor of Argyll's Government, formed the Flying Squadron (*Squadron volante*), voting in whatever way would most annoy the Government. Argyll opened by proposing, as did the Queen's Message, the instant discussion of the Union (July 3). The House preferred to deliberate on anything else, and the leader of the Jacobites or Cavaliers, Lockhart of Carnwath, a very able sardonic man, saw that this was, for Jacobite ends, a tactical error. The more time was expended the more chance had Queensberry to win votes for the Union. Fletcher of Saltoun, an independent and eloquent patriot and republican, wasted time by impossible proposals. Hamilton brought forward, and by only two votes lost, a proposal which England would never have dreamed of accepting. Canny Jacobites, however, abstained from voting, and thence Lockhart dates the ruin of his country. Supply, at all events was granted, and on that Argyll adjourned. The queen was to select Commissioners of both countries to negotiate the Treaty of Union; among the Commissioners, Lockhart was the only Cavalier, and he was merely to watch the case in the Jacobite interest.

The meetings of the two sets of Commissioners began at Whitehall on April 16th. It was arranged that all proposals, modifications, and results should pass in

writing, and secrecy was to be complete.

The Scots desired Union with Home Rule, with a separate Parliament. The English would negotiate only on the lines that the Union was to be complete, "incorporating," with one Parliament for both peoples. By April 25, 1706, the Scots Commissioners saw that on this point they must acquiesce; the defeat of the French at Ramillies (May 23), proved that, even if they could have leaned on the French, France was a broken reed. International reciprocity in trade, complete freedom of trade at home and abroad, they did obtain.

As England, thanks to William III. with his incessant Continental wars, had already a great National debt, of which Scotland owed nothing, and as taxation in England was high, while Scottish taxes under the Union would rise to the same level, and to compensate for the Darien losses, the English granted a pecuniary "Equivalent" (May 10). They also did not raise the Scottish taxes on windows, lights, coal, malt, and salt to the English level, that of war taxation. The Equivalent was to purchase the Scottish shares in the East India Company, with interest at five per cent. up to May 1, 1707. That grievance of the shareholders was thus healed, what public debt Scotland owed was to be paid (the Equivalent was about £400,000), and any part of the money unspent was to be given to improve fisheries and manufactures.

The number of Scottish members of the British Parliament was fixed at forty-five. On this point the Scots felt that they were hardly used; the number of their elected representatives of peers in the Lords was sixteen. Scotland retained her courts of law; the feudal jurisdictions which gave to Argyll and others almost princely powers were retained, and Scottish procedure in trials continued to vary much from the English model. Appeals from the Court of Session had previously been brought before the Parliament of Scotland; henceforth they were to be heard by the Judges, Scots and English, in the British House of Lords. On July 23, 1706, the treaty was completed; on October 3, the Scottish Parliament met to debate on it, with Queensberry as Commissioner. Harley, the English Minister, sent down the author of 'Robinson Cruoe' to watch, spy, argue.

persuade, and secretly report; and Defoe's letters contain the history of the session.

The parties in Parliament were thus variously disposed; the Cavaliers, including Hamilton, had been approached by Louis XIV and King James (the Pretender), but had not committed themselves. Queensberry always knew every risky step taken by Hamilton, who began to take several, but in each case received a friendly warning which he dared not disregard. At the opposite pole, the Cameronians and other extreme Presbyterians loathed the Union, and at last (November-December), a scheme for the Cameronians and the clans of Angus and Perthshire to meet in arms in Edinburgh and clear out the Parliament caused much alarm. But Hamilton, before the arrangement came to a head was terrorised, and the intentions of the Cameronians, as far as their records prove, had never been officially ratified by their leaders. There was plenty of popular rioting during the session, but Argyll rode into Edinburgh at the head of the Horse Guards, and Leven held all the gates with drafts from the garrison of the castle. The Commissioners of the General Assembly made protests on various points, but were pacified after the security of the Kirk had been guaranteed. Finally, Hamilton prepared a parliamentary mine, which would have blown the Treaty of Union sky high, but on the night when he should have appeared in the House and set the match to his petard—he had toothache! This was the third occasion on which he had deserted the Cavaliers; the Opposition fell to pieces. The *Squadron volante* and the majority of the peers supported the Bill, which was passed. On January 16, 1707, the Treaty of Union was touched with the sceptre, "and there is the end of an auld sang," said Seafeld. In May 1707, a solemn service was held at St. Paul's to commemorate the Union.

There was much friction in the first year of the Union over excisemen and tax collectors; smuggling began to be a recognized profession. Meanwhile, since 1707 a Colonel Hooke had been acting in Scotland nominally in Jacobite, really rather in French interests. Hooke's intrigues were in part betrayed by Defoe's agent, Ker of Kersland, an amusingly impudent knave, and were thwarted by jealousies of Argyll

and Hamilton. By deceptive promises (for he was himself deceived into expecting the aid of the Ulster Protestants) Hooke induced Louis XIV to send five men of war, twenty-one frigates, and only two transports, to land James in Scotland (March 1708). The equinoctial gales and the severe illness of James, who insisted on sailing, delayed the start; the men on the outlook for the fleet were intoxicated, and Forbin, the French commander, observing English ships of war coming towards the Firth of Forth, fled, refusing James's urgent entreaties to be landed anywhere on the coast (March 24). It was believed that had he landed only with a valet the discontented country would have risen for their native king.

In Parliament (1710-1711) the Cavalier Scottish members, by Tory support, secured the release from prison of a Rev. Mr. Greenshields, an Episcopalian, who prayed for Queen Anne, indeed, but had used the Liturgy. The preachers were also galled by the imposition on them of an abjuration oath, compelling them to pray for prelatical Queen Anne. Lay patronage of livings was also restored (1712) after many vicissitudes, and this thorn rankled in the Kirk, causing ever widening strife for more than a century.

The imposition of a malt tax produced so much discontent that even Argyll, with all the Scottish members of Parliament, was eager for the repeal of the Act of Union, and proposed it in the House of Peers, when it was defeated by a small majority. In 1712, when about to start on a mission to France, Hamilton was slain in a duel by Lord Mohun. According to a statement of Lockhart's, "Cavaliers were to look for the best" from Hamilton's mission; it is fairly clear that he was to bring over James in disguise to England, as in Thackeray's novel 'Esmond.' But the sword of Mohun broke the Jacobite plans. Other hopes expired when Bolingbroke and Harley quarrelled, and Queen Anne died (August 1, 1714). "The best cause in Europe was lost," cried Bishop Atterbury, "for want of spirit." He would have proclaimed James as king, but no man supported him, and the Elector of Hanover, George I., peacefully accepted the throne.—Andrew Lang, Short History of Scotland.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE.

St. Louis, January 14, 1900.

I have been reading much about the war between the "British and the Dutch" in South Africa, but lately I have come across a new phase of the conflict. I see by late reports in the daily papers that the Irish Transvaal brigade in the first engagement at Dundee captured—or "bagged" to use their own words—several hundred of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Now, sir, the last event has interested me so that I have written a poem on the subject, "a poor thing, 'tis true, but mine own," as the bard of Avon says. It might be called "How the Irish Fight for the Queen," but I have christened it,

THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE.

On the mountain's side the battle raged,
there was no stop nor stay;

Mackin captured Private Burke and Ensign
Michael Shea.

Fitzgerald got Fitzpatrick, Brannigan found
O'Rourke;

Finnigan took a man named Fay—and a
couple of lads from Cork.

Sudden they heard McManus shout: "Hands
up or I'll run you through."

He thought he had a Yorkshire "Tyke"—
'twas Corporal Donoghue!

McGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got McNamee.
That's how the "British fought the Dutch"
at the Battle of Dundee.

Then someone brought in Casey, O'Connor
took O'Neill;

Riley captured Kavanaugh, while trying to
make a steal.

Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found Mc-
Bride.

And Brennan made a handsome touch when
Kelly tried to slide.

Dacey took a lad named Walsh; Dooley got
McGuirk;

Gilligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his
father he used to work.

They had marched to fight the English—but
Irish were all they could see.

That's how the "British fought the Dutch"
at the Battle of Dundee.

Spillane then took O'Madigan; Shannahan
took Magee,

While chasing Jerry Donavan, Clancy got
shot in the knee.

He cursed the Queen's whole army; he curs-
ed the English race.

Then found the man who fired the shot,
'Twas a cousin—Martin Grace.

Then McGinnis caught an A. O. H. who came
from Limerick town.

But Sullivan got an Orangeman from some-
where in County Down.

Hennessey took O'Hara—Hennigan took Mc-
Fee.

That's how the "British fought the Dutch"
at the Battle of Dundee.

The sun was sinking slowly, the battle roled
along;

The man that Murphy "handed in" was a
cousin of Maud Gonne.

Then Flannigan dropped his rifle, shook
hands with Bill McGuire.

For both had carried a piece of turf to light
the schoolroom fire.

Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell
got Major McGue;

O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a
Belfast lad or two.

Some swore that "Old Man Kruger" had
come down to see the fun,

But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul"
was a Galway man named Dunn.

Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas
a frightful sight to see

The way the "British fought the Dutch" at
the Battle of Dundee.

Just when the sound of firing in the distance
fainter grew,

Ryan caught McCloskey, and Orderly Done-
gan, too.

O'Toole he found McCarthy; O'Mahony got
Malone.

Duffy got a pair of lads from Connaught,
near Athlone.

Then Dineen took O'Hagan; Phelan got
Kehoe.

Dempsey captured Callahan, but Gallagher
let him go.

You'd have thought the "Belfast Chicken"
had tackled the "Dublin Flea,"

The way the "British fought the Dutch" at
the Battle of Dundee.

Then Powers began to intervene, the Water-
ford Powers I mean,

And took a lad named Keenan and a Captain
named Mulqueen.

Then Brady captured Noonan; Maher got
McIdoo;

McGovern got O'Hanlon and Colonel Mc-
Loughlin, too.

'Twas near the hour of sunset, the battle
was nearly o'er,

When McCormick came in with Hoolan and
Lieutenant Roger Moore.

But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you
can easily see;

That's how the "British fought the Dutch"
at the Battle of Dundee.

They marched them all to Kruger's town for
supper and a bed.

O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way Mc-
Nulty led.

When they got them to the race course the
Boers were full of glee,

While Kruger never expected "so many Eng-
lish to see,"

They told him they were Irish; it puzzled
the old man's head,

For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in
green, while these were togg'd in red.

But 'tis a passing story; on history's page
you'll see,

That " 'Twas the British fought the Dutch"
at the Battle of Dundee.

—St. Louis "Star."

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Nineteenth Lesson.

(Continued).

POWER FOR PRAYING AND WORKING.

(Continued.)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye ask in My Name, that will I do." John xiv 12, 13.

As the Saviour opened His public ministry with His disciples by the Sermon on the Mount, so He closes it by the Parting Address preserved to us by John. In both He speaks more than once of prayer. But with a difference. In the Sermon on the Mount, it is as to disciples who have only just entered His school, who scarcely know that God is their Father, and whose prayer chiefly has reference to their personal needs. In His closing address, He speaks to disciples whose training time is now come to an end, and who are ready, as His messengers, to take His place and His work. In the former time, the chief lesson is: Be child-like, pray believingly, and trust the Father that He will give you all good gifts. Here he points to something higher; they are now His friends, to whom He has made known all that He has heard of the Father; His messengers, who have entered into His plans, and into whose hands the care of His work and kingdom on earth is to be entrusted. They are now to go out and do His works, and, in the power of His approaching exaltation, even greater works; prayer is now to be the channel through which that power is to be received for their work. With Christ's ascension to the Father, a new epoch commences for their working and praying both.

See how clearly this connection comes out in our text. As His body here on earth, as those who are one with Him in heaven, they are now to do greater works than He has done; their success and their victories are to be greater than His. He mentions two reasons for this. The one, because He was to go to the Father to receive all powers; the other because they might now ask and expect all in His Name. "Because I go to the Father, and—notice this and—*and* whatever ye shall ask, I will do." His going to the Father would thus bring the double blessing; they would ask and receive all in His Name, and as a consequence would do the greater works. This first mention of prayer in our Saviour's parting words thus teaches us two most important lessons. He that would do the works of Jesus *must* pray in His Name. He that would pray in His Name *must* work in His Name.

He who would work must pray; it is in prayer that the power for work is obtained

He that in faith would do the works that Jesus did must pray in His Name. As long as Jesus was here on earth, He Himself did the greatest works; devils, the disciples could not cast out, fled at His word. When He went to the Father, He was no longer here in the body to work directly. The disciples were now His body: all work from the throne in heaven here on earth must and could be done through them. One might have thought that now He was leaving the scene Himself, and could only work through commissioners, the works might be fewer and weaker. He assures us of the contrary: "*Verily, verily*, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and he shall do greater works." His approaching death was to be such a real breaking down and making an end of the power of sin; with the resurrection the powers of the Eternal Life were so truly to take possession of the human body, and to obtain supremacy over human life; with His ascension He was to receive the power to communicate the Holy Spirit so fully to His own; the union, the oneness between Himself on the throne and them on earth, was to be so intensely and divinely perfect, that He meant, as the literal truth: "Greater works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." And the issue proved how true it was. While Jesus during three years of personal labor on earth, gathered little more than five hundred disciples, and the most of them so feeble that they were but little credit to His cause, it was given to men like Peter and Paul manifestly to do greater things than He had done. From the throne He could do through them what He Himself in His humiliation could not yet do.

But there is one condition: "He that believeth on Me, he shall do greater works, because I go to the Father; *and whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do.*" His going to the Father would give Him a new power to hear prayer. For the doing of the greater works, two things were needed: His going to the Father to receive all power, our prayer in His Name to receive all power from Him again. As He asks the Father, He receives and bestows on us the power of the new dispensation for the greater works; as we believe, and ask in His Name, the power comes and takes possession of us to do the greater works.

Alas! how much working there is in the work of God, in which there is little or nothing to be seen of the power to do anything like Christ's works, not to speak of greater works. There can be but one reason: the believing in Him, the believing prayer in His

Name, this is so much wanting. O that every laborer and leader in church or school, in the work of home philanthropy or foreign missions, might learn the lesson: Prayer in the name of Jesus is the way to share in the mighty power which Jesus has received of the Father for His people, and it is in this power alone that he that believeth can do the greater works. To every complaint as to weakness or unfitness, as to difficulties or want of success, Jesus gives this one answer: "He that believeth on me shall do greater works, because I go to the father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do" We must understand that the first and chief thing for everyone who would do the work of Jesus is to believe and so to get linked to Him, the Almighty One, and then to pray the prayer of faith in His Name. Without this, our work is but human and carnal; it may have some use in restraining sin, or preparing the way for blessing, but the real power is wanting. Effectual working needs first effectual prayer.

And now the second lesson: He who would pray *must work*. It is for power to work that prayer has such great promises; it is working that the power for the effectual prayer of faith will be gained. In these parting words of our blessed Lord we find that He no less than six times (John xiv. 13, 14; xv. 7, 16; xvi. 23, 24) repeats those unlimited prayer-promises which have so often awakened our anxious questionings as to their real meaning: "*Whatsoever,*" "*anything,*" "*what ye will,*" "*ask and ye shall receive.*" How many a believer has read these over with joy and hope, and in deep earnestness of soul has sought to plead them for his own need. And he has come out disappointed. The simple reason was this: he had rent away the promise from its surrounding. The Lord gave the wonderful promise of the free use of His Name with the Father in connection with the *doing of His works*. It is the disciple who gives himself wholly to live for Jesus' work and kingdom, for His will and honor, to whom the power will come to appropriate the promise. He that would fain grasp the promise when we wants something very special for himself, will be disappointed, because he would make Jesus the servant of his own comfort. But to Him who seeks to pray the effectual prayer of faith, because he needs it for the work of the Master, to him it will be given to learn it; because he has made himself the servant of His Lord's interests. Prayer not only teaches and strengthens to work; work teaches and strengthens to pray.

This is in perfect harmony with what holds good both in the natural and the spiritual world. Whoever hath, to him shall be given; or, He that is faithful in a little, is faithful also in much. Let us with the small measure of grace already received, give ourselves to the Master for His work: work will be to us a real school of prayer. It was when Moses had to take full charge of a rebellious people that he felt the need, but also the

courage, to speak boldly to God and to ask great things of Him. As you give yourself entirely to God for His work, you will feel that nothing less than these great promises are what you need, that nothing less is what you may most confidently expect.

Believer in Jesus, you are called, you are appointed, to do the works of Jesus, and even greater works, because He has gone to the Father to receive the power to do them in and through you.

Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, that *will I do*. Give yourself, and live, to do the works of Christ, and you will learn to pray so as to obtain wonderful answers to prayer. Give yourself, and live, to pray and you will learn to do the works He did, and greater works. With disciples full of faith in Himself, and bold in prayer to ask great things, Christ can conquer the world.

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY."

O My Lord! I have this day again heard words from Thee which pass my comprehension. And yet I cannot do aught but in simple child-like faith take and keep them as Thy gift to me too. Thou has said that in virtue of Thy going to the Father he that believeth on Thee will do the works which Thou hast done, and greater works. Lord! I worship Thee as the Glorified One, and look for the fulfilment of Thy promise. May my whole life just be one of continued believing in Thee. So purify and sanctify my heart, make it so tenderly susceptible of Thyself and Thy love, that believing on Thee may be the very life it breathes.

And Thou hast said that in virtue of Thy going to the Father, whatsoever we ask, Thou wilt do. From Thy throne of power Thou wouldest make Thy people share the power given Thee, and work through them as the members of Thy body, in response to their believing prayers in Thy Name. Power in prayer with Thee, and power in work with men, is what Thou has promised Thy people and me too.

Blessed Lord forgive us all that we have so little believed Thee and Thy promise, and so little proved Thy faithfulness in fulfilling it. O forgive us that we have so little honored Thy all-prevailing Name in heaven or upon earth.

Lord teach me to pray so that I may prove that Thy Name is indeed all-prevailing with God and men and devils. Yea, teach me so to work and so to pray that Thou canst glorify Thyself in me as the Omnipotent One, and do Thy great works through me too. Amen.

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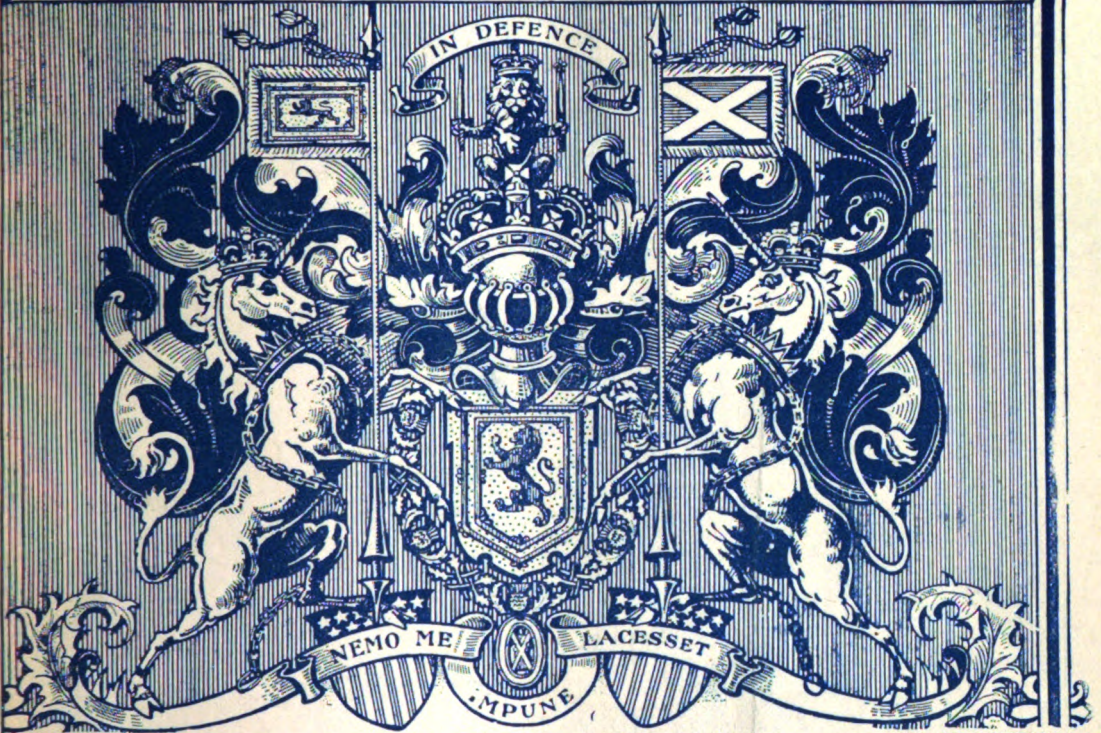
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Night Jan. 29 and 30.

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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

There are in the entire Government service of the United States, an army of more than 400,000 men and women. Of these more than 300,000 are protected by the civil service, some by law and some by executive order. Of the remaining 100,000 or so only 10,582 are direct Presidential appointees. The remainder are appointed by the heads of departments, but will of course be subject to removal by the incoming administration. It is the salaries of these 100,000 office holders that amount to about \$30,000,000.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson, is not only the son of a Presbyterian Minister, but is himself an elder in the Presbyterian Church, Princeton. Vice President-elect Marshall is also a Presbyterian elder, and like Woodrow Wilson is of Scottish descent.

The popular vote cast in the Presidential election, subject to official revision, was as follows: Wilson, 6,378,740; Roosevelt, 4,022,615; Taft, 3,526,678. The result of the election, though it went against them, could scarcely fail of being gratifying to the New Progressive Party. By the time the next Presidential election comes around it will very probably be so fixed in the public esteem as to insure its candidates election.

President Taft was given a reception by the Lotos Club, New York, on November 16. Many distinguished persons were present, among them being Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The President gave a remarkably able address. A noteworthy recommendation made in his speech was that the President should be elected for a six year term, and eligible for one term only, and that ex-Presidents have a seat in the Senate, without privilege of voting, but permitted to act in an advisory capacity.

The Rev. John George Gibson, a prominent Scottish minister of San Francisco, died recently at the age of fifty-five. Previous to his retirement a few months previous to his death, he was pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, San Francisco, for fifteen years. The deceased was born in Edinburgh, and received his education there, and was a graduate of Spurgeon's College, London. He removed to California in 1888.

The suffragette parade in New York on November 9th was a grand spectacle and partook of the nature of a triumphal march in celebration of women gaining the privilege of voting in ten states. Needless to say, the parade was picturesque, and with

women on horseback and women on foot, and with bands playing and banners swaying in the breeze, the spectators, whether favoring the claims of the suffragettes or not, could scarcely fail of being imbued with a portion of the paraders' enthusiasm.

One-cent letter postage, an extension of the parcels post, and rural free delivery services, the establishment of Federal aid for post roads and a readjustment of railroad mail pay are some of the things expected of the new Democratic administration, according to recent rumors in Washington.

On November 21, President Taft accepted for the people of the United States the collection of autograph signatures of signers of the Declaration of Independence which J. P. Morgan sent to the President, through Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress. The autographs cost \$15,000.

The Protestant churches of this country observed Home Mission Week, which ended November 24. New York churches joined in noonday meetings in the Presbyterian Home Mission rooms, Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street.

The Philippine and "colonial" policy of the present administration will probably be widely departed from when the new administration comes into office. Wholesale withdrawal of troops from the Philippines is expected. Foreign service for Americans is opposed by the new administration, it is said.

The greatest gathering of the advocates of votes for women ever held in this country, started in Philadelphia on November 21, when the forty-fourth annual convention of the National Woman Suffrage was opened with a grand automobile parade. Among the speakers who addressed the convention were Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the association; Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; Miss Florence Allen of Utah, Mrs. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Mich., and Mrs. Camelia Von Klenzo of Rhode Island.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie announced, November 21, that he intended to give pensions of \$25,000 a year, as long as they are not provided by the nation, to all future ex-Presidents of the United States, and to their widows, as long as they remain unmarried. Mr. Carnegie's munificence has been commented upon in a variety of ways—some commendatory and others in the reverse.

Serious charges have been made against the merit of the American Rhodes scholars, sent to Oxford, by Dr. George Parkin, executive secretary of the Rhodes trust, in his address to the National Association of State Universities at Washington. This is not the first time such charges have been made, and probably not without good reason.

The American Baptist Publication Society, on November 13, placed on sale at Philadelphia, a Baptist Bible prepared for adherents of that denomination alone. It is very different from the Bible in ordinary use, and the interpretations are such that it cannot well be used in any other than Baptist Churches. The word "immerse" is substituted for "baptize," so as to conform to the Baptist teaching that Christ went into the water to be baptized.

Charitable gifts which doubtless commend themselves to all classes of the community, were given to 548 blind persons by Angus Thorne, superintendent of dependent adults, New York city, on November 12. Each of the recipients of the gifts was given \$49.

According to a report recently completed by the Comptroller of New York, that city has now more than \$1,000,000,000 in long term bonds outstanding. In addition short term or revenue bonds call for an annual total of about \$50,000,000. This equals an indebtedness for every man, woman and child of \$200.25, as compared with \$99.88 per head at the time of consolidation in 1898. Wealthy as New York city is, such an increase continued at the present ratio makes bankruptcy not a remote possibility.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie recently contributed \$1,000 to the Titanic Memorial Arch fund. The proposed arch will be erected to the memory of the heroic men who sacrificed their lives so nobly when the vessel sank.

The Burns Club, of Detroit, Mich., has started the project of erecting a statue of the poet in that city. Robert Burns promises fair to be memorialized in that way more extensively here than in the United Kingdom.

Jessie MacLaughan, the popular Scottish vocalist, will not return to America before the fall of next year. She is meeting with much success now in her singing recitals in Britain.

The Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, notified President Taft, on November 10, that he had tendered his resignation to his government, and will return to England. His successor as British Ambassador at Washington will be Sir. C. Spring Rice, who has seen much service in the British diplomatic service. Mr. Bryce will retain his post, however, for a short time to attend to the British protest against privileges to coast wise vessels of this country passing through the Panama Canal. Some

blame is attached to Mr. Bryce for his failure to grasp the first indication of difficulty in connection with the Panama Canal, and for his absence afterwards, at a critical stage.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company announced recently the availability on January 1 of a fund of \$10,000,000 for pensions, sick benefits and life insurance for the 175,000 employes of the Bell System and associated interests and their families and dependents, amounting altogether to a total of more than 250,000 persons.

Prominent clubwomen of Washington have been strongly advocating women police for the National Capital. On November 19, Mrs. A. H. Willes, the female policeman of Los Angeles, gave a lecture on the subject in Washington. Women are certainly competing with men now-a-days as never before in the history of the human race. It is hard to tell how or where it is going to end.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the next Mistress of the White House, recently accepted the position of honorary president of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Southern Commercial Congress. Mrs. Wilson is a native of Georgia.

Robert MacCameron, Scotch portrait artist, who for the last two years has made his home during the winters in New York, returned recently from Scotland to that city. He brought back with him portraits of thirty persons which he finished in his summer studio in Scotland from sittings made last winter and spring in his New York studio.

The assistant United States treasurer, in charge of the sub treasury, at Philadelphia, has received a Chinese bank note which is more than 500 years old. The note was issued during the Ming dynasty, in the reign of the Emperor Tai Tsee, who occupied the throne from 1368 until 1399.

Mr. Archibald Spiers Park, for seventeen years secretary to the general manager of the Royal Insurance Company, died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. The deceased was born in Scotland and came to America when seventeen years old. His parents settled in Pittsburg and the son was engaged in the steel business for some time. He was a brother-in-law of Thomas Morrison of the Carnegie Steel Company. Mr. Park leaves a widow, two daughters, Annabelle and Maude, and a son, Archie. He is also survived by two brothers, Francis Park of Washington and Robert of Sydney, N. S., and three sisters, Mrs. Thomas Morrison of Pittsburg, Mrs. D. E. Mackey of Wilkinsburg, Penn., and Mrs. Warren Gilliland of North Braddock, Penn.

BRITISH.

The noted Scottish novelist and editor Robert Barr, died, October 22, at Woldinghane, Surrey. Mr. Barr gained much of his experience as a journalist in the United States and Canada.

The famous church near the Butt of Lewis, known as the "Teampull Mor" (the great temple) was recently restored at a cost of over £1,000.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, Inspector-General of the forces of the British Empire, outside of Britain, recently left London on a tour of inspection of the troops, garrisons and defences in the Far East.

At Whitby recently, a public memorial of Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator, was unveiled by Lord Charles Beresford.

The congregation of Old Grey Frairs Church, Edinburgh, recently erected within the church a memorial commemorative of the 300 anniversary of the founding of the church upon its present site. Within the edifice in 1638 the National Covenant was signed.

Sir Schomberg Kerr McDonnell, the fifth son of the tenth Earl of Antrim, recently resigned as secretary and permanent chief of the Government Department of Works, to which office he was appointed in 1902. He was the private secretary of the late Lord Salisbury when the latter was Prime Minister. Sir Schomberg had the misfortune to be named as co-respondent in a divorce suit and when a decision adverse to his interest was rendered, he resigned. The family to which he belongs is descended from the ancient Lords of the Isles.

The chief powers of Europe have been recently in correspondence with the Swiss Government regarding holding an international peace conference at Bern or Gurich, at the close of the Turkish-Balkan war.

Sir H. C. Greene, K. C. B., has been appointed British Ambassador to Japan in succession to Sir Clude MacDonald, G. C. M. G. The latter, at one time a Scottish Officer in the army, represented the British Government in China before he was transferred to Japan.

Sir Gerald Strickland, it was recently officially announced, will succeed Lord Chelmsford as governor of New South Wales. Since the confederation of the Australian colonies such appointments have not the importance they previously had.

The number of emigrants leaving the United Kingdom during the last twelve months

amounted to 270,000. The birth increase for the same time was very largely in excess of these figures.

Mr. William Blackwood, head of the famous Edinburgh publishing house, died there on November 11. He was born in Lucknow, India, in 1836, where his father was Major in the Fifty-Ninth Native Infantry. The deceased was the grandson of the founder of the publishing house and of the world famed Blackwood's Magazine. Mr. Blackwood was trained for a literary profession and received a thorough education, both at home and abroad. A thorough gentleman, affable, kind and courteous, he created a most favorable impression upon all privileged to meet him.

The Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, and his wife, whom he recently married, started recently for a hunting tour in Africa. Paul Rainey, the American Nimrod will accompany them.

On November 13, a constable and a citizen were killed and several persons injured in a strike riot at Waihi, New Zealand. This country for some time past regarded as the laborer's paradise, has its labor troubles as well as countries where labor unions are not recognized as they are by the government of New Zealand.

Lord Strathcona, who recently celebrated his 92nd birthday, is apparently alert intellectually as he was more than a score of years ago. For a number of years he has been acting as High Commissioner for Canada in London. Lord Strathcona was born in Invernesshire, and when sixteen years of age entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. He was with others concerned in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Lord Pentland, who is better known in America as Captain John Sinclair, having been secretary of the Earl of Aberdeen, when the latter was Governor-General of Canada, sailed recently for India to begin his work as Governor of Madras. He married the Earl of Aberdeen's only daughter and was accompanied to his new official station by her and their two children.

The Asquith Government was defeated on November 11, when a majority of the House of Commons voted for an amendment to the Home Rule bill proposed by a Unionist member. The Government however decided to retain office despite the defeat. There is much discontent in the Liberal ranks over the financial control given to Ireland, and still more over the burdens imposed upon the taxpayers of England. It is doubtful if the Asquith Government will survive long enough to pass Home Rule.

CANADIAN.

An important event from a religious point of view, took place recently in Montreal, when the Anglican, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian colleges affiliated with McGill University, united their faculties for the common instruction of all their theological curricula. Each of the colleges will retain its identity and independence as an institution, and at least for some time it is improbable that any great change in methods or doctrine will be introduced into the tuition of the students designed for the ministry of the various denominations. It is, at least, an evidence that the different Evangelical churches are drawing closer together and may be the prelude to a much closer union in the near future.

The Borden Government promises the Western Provinces an increased representation in the Dominion Senate, probably two additional senators for each of the provinces.

On November 20th, the seventy-first anniversary of Sir Wilfred Laurier's birth, the distinguished opposition leader, received many felicitations on the occasion.

Sir George Murray's report of the Dominion Civil Service was recently completed and has been presented to the Government. Sir George is an authority in administrative matters and came from England at the Canadian Government's request.

The Foreign Mission Board of the Canadian Baptist Church, will require \$150,000 to carry on its work for next year.

The Dominion Parliament was formally opened on November 21. The Government's measure of emergency did to Britain in connection with naval defence promises to be a leading question of debate.

Among the noted British officers, who are to visit Canada next summer are Lord Roberts, Lord Dundonald and General Sir Ian Hamilton.

Lord Joicey recently purchased 24,800 acres of mixed farm and dairy farm land at Fort George, B. C., for which he paid about \$450,000.

Vancouver, B. C., is the fourth city in Canada in population and volume of business. In 1909 the building permits granted amounted to \$7,250,000, in 1911 they equalled \$17,652,942. In the same three years the customs duties increased from \$2,981,533 to \$6,230,838.

Ralph Connor's new novel of the Canadian Northwest, "Captain Cameron," is about to be published by Hadder and Stoughton. Ralph Connor, it may be stated, is the

pen name of a Presbyterian minister living in Winnipeg.

The total Indian population of Canada is 104,905, according to a report furnished by the superintendent of Indian affairs. Fostered as the Indians have been in the Dominion, they do not appear to prosper better there than in the United States.

Sir Thomas Lipton announced at Vancouver, B. C., November 12, that he would build two challengers for the American Cup if the New York Yacht Club would permit him to build on this side of the Atlantic.

The Canadian Northern Railway will be operating its own trains from Winnipeg to Duluth soon, according to word received from Sir William Mackenzie, who was lately in Winnipeg arranging the details of the opening of the line.

William Ogilvie, astronomer, explorer, and former Governor of Yukon, died lately in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Mr. Ogilvie was born in Ottawa, Ont. in 1846. He was appointed chief clerk and astronomer of the Department of the Interior in 1896, and was intrusted with important surveys with regard to the boundaries between Canada and Alaska, Ontario and Quebec and the Northwest Territory and British Columbia. Mr. Ogilvie was author of a book "Early Days of the Yukon and Klondike."

One thousand Russians are on their way to British Columbia, where they will establish themselves as colonists and permanent residents.

More than \$26,000,000 has been expended in building operations in Montreal this year, as compared with \$13,000,000, for the year preceding.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., of "The Caledonian."

Editor, Donald MacDougall, Bible House, Fourth Avenue and Eighth Street, New York.

Managing Editor, Donald MacDougall, 85 Bible House, New York.

Business Manager, Donald MacDougall, 85 Bible House, New York.

Publisher, Donald MacDougall, 85 Bible House, New York.

Stockholders holding one per cent. and more of stock: Donald MacDougall, 85 Bible House, New York.

Donald G. C. Sinclair, 11 East 24th Street, New York.

Thomas J. Blain, Port Chester, N. Y.

George Taylor, 27 Cliff Street, New York.

John R. Bremner, 68 Madison Avenue, New York.

James Thomson, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities. None.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this October 1st, 1912.

(Signed) Donald MacDougall, A. Meyer Hoff, Notary Public, Bible House, New York.

New York Register No. 3072. County Clerk 79. Commission expires March 30, 1913.

Seeing Scotland in a Week.

BY SHARON GRAHAM.

The writer of this sketch does not pretend to describe the many features of interest in a land so full of natural beauty and sublimity, and of historic importance, as Scotland possesses. His object was mainly to show how much could be seen and enjoyed during a short period of time.

Not long ago, I was surprised to have a prominent New Yorker tell me that although he had been in England a number of times, he had never visited Scotland, and this even in face of the fact that his mother was a Scotch woman. His only excuse was that one could not get around Scotland as easily as other countries. I am confident my friend was in error, and I wish to show, if I can, that even less time than a week can be advantageously spent "doing" Scotland.

There are several steamship lines running to Scotland from the United States and Canada, and two of these dock their steamships on the Clyde on Sunday. One trip may be arranged in somewhat the following way:

Leaving New York on Saturday, the vessel comes in sight of the Irish coast some time between nine and twelve o'clock on the following Saturday evening, when the pilot is taken on for the trip into Movile (Londonderry), which is reached Sunday about breakfast time. Here the mail is taken off by a tender, and our boat proceeds along the Scottish coast to the Clyde. First, on entering the river, we see Cantyre, then Arran, past Bute and so on up to Greenock. Here the passenger may, to save time, disembark and take the train to Glasgow, passing through the busy town of Paisley, arriving at St. Enoch's station at dinner time. The evening can be no better spent than in a ride through the city on the tramcars, which honeycomb the city, bespeaking the excellence of municipal ownership. The top of the car is splendidly arranged for the sightseer, and it being Sunday, one is struck by the numerous gatherings at street corners, both of a religious and political character. I counted ten such gatherings in as many blocks. Monday

morning is all sufficient for a hurried visit to the more important places of interest, and we catch a noon train for Sterling. The evening and the following Tuesday morning will be well occupied by trips to the famous battlefields in the neighborhood, and another noon train out of Sterling will take us through Callendar and Creanharich, past the beautiful Loch Etive, and so to Oban, the very popular west coast resort. Here is perhaps the one place where the truly Scottish gentlemen will be found in his kilts, on the golf links, or driving around in his automobile. We leave Oban at an early hour on Wednesday, and retrace our steps to Callendar, and then north, putting in the balance of the day to driving by coach through the Trossachs section. Again we pull out of Callendar at breakfast time Thursday morning, and a pleasant ride by fast train through much of the cattle country brings us to Edinburgh before noon, and if one studies the guide-books with care, and an idea to see all one can in a short time, those objects and places of particularly historical value may be seen by noon on Friday. We have now seen the west and east sections of Scotland, and have crossed the central portion by day trains. Friday afternoon train may take us to Crief, where there is an unusually good hydropathic, from where a midnight train will speed us back to Glasgow, and so to our steamer, which sails at ten o'clock on Saturday, or we can cut short and stay at Edinburgh, as did the writer, and take the midnight express through Newcastle, down the east coast, and so to London. In this way Saturday can be enjoyed in the great metropolis. There is a midnight train from St. Pancras Station, usually called the North British boat train, which arrives in Glasgow at 8:21 a. m. Saturday, giving plenty of time for our steamer, and if late, still we may catch a train to Greenock, and board by tender there. I went even more speedily than I have ventured to suggest, and so planned my trains as to be able to spend three hours at both Carlisle and Newcastle.

A statement of expense may be of value to one contemplating such a forced trip. The total railway fare is \$40; hotels, \$12; meals, \$15; and return steamer fare, \$150, or about \$220 in all. The railway fare given is by third class carriage

(second class being done away with), and is quite comfortable, excepting the night run from London, when owing to the rule, that only first class passengers may have a stateroom in the Pullman, a first class ticket is compulsory.

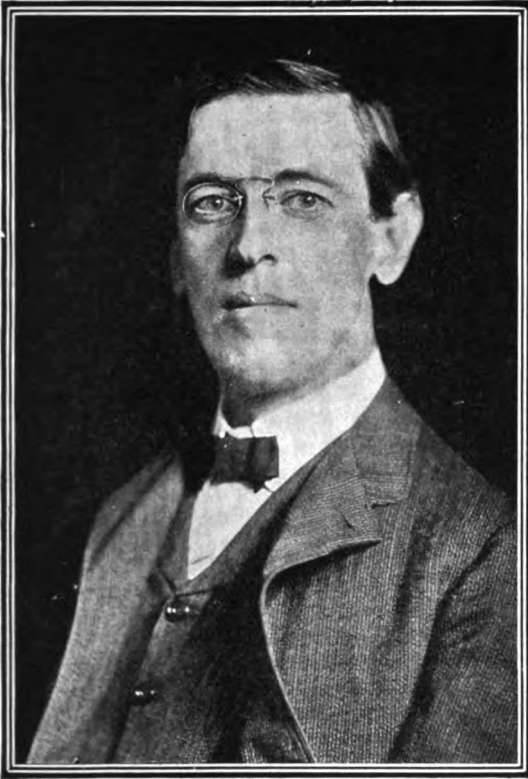
Scotsmen's Place in American History.

The name "Scotch-Irish" is misleading; it is applied to the descendants in America of the early Scotch Presbyterians from the North of Ireland. Thousands of Scottish people for a hundred years or more after 1600 settled with their families in Ulster. In 1715, Archbishop Synge estimated that 50,000 Scottish families had settled in Ulster since the Revolution. For many years these Ulster Scots, like their brethren in Scotland, suffered under the burden of civil and religious oppression, caused by commercial greed and church despotism. As a result, many came to this country.

The Province of Ulster, where the Scots located, includes nine counties, and is equal to one-fourth of Ireland. The Scots were Presbyterians, and though friendly with the native Irish, they did not intermarry, but kept to themselves, and they are called Scotch-Irish from purely local and geographical reasons, and not from any union of the two races. They are Scotch through and through, and are Irish because, in the providence of God, they were sent to that land generations ago. The term Scotch-Irish is American, and is never used in Ulster; but they are known in Scotland as the "Ulster men," and in Ireland as the "Sturdy Northern." So when we speak in America of the Scotch-Irish, we mean Scotsmen who have lived for several generations in the northern part of Ireland, and have preserved their Scottish habits, language and religion. They resent being called Scotch-Irish, and argue "that a man born in a stable must be a horse."

As the Scots came to this country from Scotland and Ulster they brought with them their religion, their Bible and Shorter Catechism, and their strong convictions regarding civil and religious liberty. In every eventful enterprise in the early history of the United States, and to the present time, the influence of the Scot has been paramount. It has been truly said that "the framers of the Constitution of the United States borrowed very much of the form of our Republic from the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland." Bancroft says: "The Revolution of 1776, as far as it was affected by religion, was a Presbyterian measure. It was the natural outgrowth of the principles which the Presbyterianism of the Old World planted in her sons, the English Puritans, the Scotch Covenanters, the French Huguenots, the Dutch Calvinists, and the Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster."

Dr. John Witherspoon, a born Scot, the first President of Princeton College, and the only clergyman who signed the Declaration of Independence, when others hesitated about signing the Declaration which Jefferson had submitted to the Continental Congress, rose and said: "That noble instrument should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in this house. Though these gray hairs must soon descend to the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they descend by the hand of the executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." His spirit was shared by the entire body of Scotch Presbyterians. It is estimated that the whole white population of the thirteen



GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON,
Ex-President of Princeton, President-elect of
the United States.



DR. JOHN WITHERSPOON,
First President of Princeton and Signer of
the Declaration of Independence.

original colonies in 1776 was 2,243,000 and of these 385,000 were of Scottish blood.

The fifty-six members of the Continental Congress of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence consisted of thirty-four of English descent. Eleven were Scottish, viz.: William Hooper (N. C.), Philip Livingston (N. Y.), Thomas Mackean (Pa.), Thomas Nelson (Va.), George Ross (Del.), Edward Rutledge (S. C.), James Smith (Pa.), George Taylor (Pa.), Matthew Thornton (N. H.), James Wilson (Pa.), John Witherspoon (N. J.). Five were Welsh, one Swedish, two Irish.

The distinguished American Scotchman, John Witherspoon was born February 5, 1722, at Yester, East Lothian, Scotland, the son of a minister. At the age of fourteen he entered the University of Edinburgh. He was a pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Beth for twelve years, and eleven years at Paisley before he became

President of Princeton College. One wrote: "His advent to the college was like that of a prince coming to his throne."

In the Revolutionary War, a large percentage of the generals and other officers serving under Washington were either Scots or of Scotch descent. Of the 109 generals, thirty-one were from New England, and half of these were Scotch. When the army was disbanded in 1783, there were fifteen major-generals, of whom five were Scotch: Knox, William Alexander, Alexander MacDougall, Arthur St. Clair and Heath; and of the twenty-two brigadiers, seven were of Scottish blood, viz.: William Irvine (Pa.), Lachlan MacIntosh (Ga.), John Paterson (Mass.), Charles Scott (Va.), John Stark (N. H.), John Clinton (N. Y.), James Clinton (N. Y.), Edward Hand (Pa.), Anthony Wayne (Pa.).

The historian, MacMaster, says that of fifty-three delegates in the Continental

Congress, the most judicial mind was James Wilson, the Scot from Pennsylvania. Charles A. Hanna, the author of "The Scotch Irish," states that of the Colonial Governors sent from Great Britain to the American Colonies before 1776, and of the Provincial Governors from that time to 1789, upwards of forty were of Scottish blood.

The first Governors of the following States were Scottish: George Clinton, of New York; John MacKinlay, of Delaware; Thomas MacKean, of Pennsylvania (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence); William Livingston, of New Jersey; Patrick Henry, of Virginia; Richard Caswell, of North Carolina, and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina. Of the four members of Washington's Cabinet, Knox, of Massachusetts, Alexander Hamilton, of New York, and Edmund Randolph were Scottish, and the fourth, Thomas Jefferson, were of Welsh descent.

Of the twenty-six Presidents of the United States, eleven have been of Scottish descent. Benjamin Harrison and Theodore Roosevelt had Scotch mothers, and Monroe, Hayes, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur and McKinley were of Scottish extraction. Governor Woodrow Wilson, President-elect, is a Scotch Presbyterian on both sides. His paternal grandfather was an Ulster man, and his mother's father a Scot.

"Of the State Governors from 1789 to 1885, the Scotch furnished to Pennsylvania half of her executives; to Virginia, nearly one-third; to North Carolina, more than one-fourth; to South Carolina, nearly one-third; to Georgia, more than one-half; to Alabama, more than one-fifth; to Mississippi, about one-fifth; to Louisiana, more than one-fifth; to Texas, about one-third; to Tennessee, nearly one-half; to Kentucky, about one-third; to Ohio, one-half; to Indiana, more than one-third; to Illinois, nearly one-third, and to Missouri, nearly one-half."

"General George Rogers Clark was a sturdy Scot, whose daring and successful campaigns north of the Ohio River, in 1778, are not surpassed in American history. To this man alone, the United States owes that part of its territory lying

between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and had it not been for the conquest of this empire from the British by Clark and his Scotch and Ulster soldiers, the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota might have been to-day a portion of the Dominion of Canada."

Among the leading generals in the Civil War, a large number were of Scottish blood, and in the Presidents' Cabinets the Scot has always been prominent.

As writers, scientists, jurists, journalists and business men, the Scotsmen have come to the front in this country. Among the business men, the following may be mentioned: A. T. Stewart, Robert Stewart, Peter Cooper, John I. Blair, John Crerar, James Lenox, John S. Kennedy, Andrew Carnegie, and John D. Rockefeller. Daniel Webster, the great statesman, was of Scottish descent.

The first printed protest made against slavery in America was made by a Scotsman, Rev. George Keith.

Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and the foremost Scottish lawyer of his time, was the first to gain liberty of speech from a jury in his noted defense of Mr. John Peter Zenger, of New York.

Francis Makemie, a Scotch clergyman from Ireland, obtained religious liberty in America, after having himself suffered persecution. He is known as the founder of American Presbyterianism.

The separation of church and state was brought about by the Scotch-Irish of Virginia.

These men, briefly mentioned, reflected great credit upon the Scottish nation by their self sacrifice and devotion to the cause of human liberty, and did much to secure for this country the blessings of independence. But such nobility of conduct was not peculiar to Scotsmen in America alone. Men of that nation have acted the same unselfish, noble role in different parts of the world, and under widely different circumstances. As defenders of liberty, and pioneers of civilization, the Scot has always been in the lead, and should the emergency occur at any time, he would not be found wanting.—Editor.

Hugh MacDonald

THE RAMBLER.

Part I.

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY.

There are two books in my library, which could perhaps, be replaced if they were lost, but I guard them carefully, and no matter how urgently or how persistently some of my visitors may beg for a loan of them, the request is never granted. I have been, and am still generous in granting the use of my books to friends who may desire a perusal of special volumes, but I could not risk being without Hugh MacDonald's "Rambles round Glasgow," and "Days at the Coast." It is many years since I rambled round Glasgow, or spent a day on the coast of the Clyde, but many and many an evening when tired with work or with other reading, I take one of these books in hand and with genial kindly Hugh, I am far across the sea, tramping over the heather, roaming through some lonely kirkyard or exploring some old castle, or owlet haunted biggin, rich in song, ramance, or story.

Hugh MacDonald was born in Rumford street, Bridgetown, in the east end of Glasgow, April 4th 1817. He was the eldest of eleven children and at the age of seven and a half, was employed as a "tearer" at the Barrowfield print works, where his father was a dyer. Where he received his education I do not know, but it is said he was the youngest member on the roll of Bridgetown Public Library.

Later he became a block printer, and for a number of years, walked every morning and evening, to and from his work at Paisley, from his home in Bridgetown, over eight miles each way.

He developed himself into a poet, a naturalist of no ordinary accomplishment, more especially in the branch of botany; and a writer of really good and eloquent prose. As a writer he found himself, when he became the antagonist of the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, who although himself an ardent admirer of Robert Burns, had been betrayed into an ill advised attack upon the character of the poet. Although it could not be claimed that Mr. MacDonald had the literary gen-

ius of the reverend writer, MacDonald's keen powers of criticism, his sallies of wit and apt retort, enabled him to inflict on his clerical opponent a crushing and signal defeat. I have tried for years to find a copy of this correspondence which caused a lively discussion in the public press at the time, but without success. A friend of mine got on the track last year, of what, its owner said, was the only known copy in print, but it was at the bottom of one of his trunks and as he had seven or eight of these, and did not know which one of them this copy was in, neither of us have so far been granted the privilege of reading those precious letters.

One of Alexander Smith's biographers, refers to Hugh MacDonald, as the bosom friend of Smith. The two were inseparable and yet were so utterly unlike that their conjunction had in it a positive element of the ludicrous. MacDonald though born in Glasgow was a Celt, full of vivacity and enthusiasm; the flash and outbreak of the fiery mind was perpetually expressed in his speech. Smith on the other hand was the embodiment of Saxon sense, shrewdness, and solidity. Most pleasant comrades each apart, together they were really incomparable. Shortly after my coming to America, it was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with a worthy Scotsman, who had known personally both Smith and MacDonald, and who had spent many evenings in their company, and accompanied them on some of their rambles. My good friend is now long since dead, and it has often been regretted by me, that I kept no record of the many good stories he told me regarding the personal side of these gifted men.

MacDonald was a brilliant conversationalist, forceful and powerful, inclined to be the Samuel Johnson of the company. William Black, the novelist, his brother James, (whom my informant often told me was the cleverer of the two) and several others, whose names afterward became

known to fame, were frequently of the party. Many of them belonged to the Addisonian Literary Society, the members of which after Alexander Smith's maiden speech before them, believed him to be the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Hugh had the warmest affection for Smith, but in his company professed the utmost contempt for his poetry, and it seemed as if he took pleasure in making him the butt of his good natured satirical criticisms.

My informant has often reiterated, that the *Noctes Ambrosiana* of the Blackwood group, was tea table gossip, compared with the song, story and enthusiasms of this group, headed by a block printer, a pattern designer, an artist or two, a teacher and a few students and others. One of the artists was "Crimean" Simpson, who became the most famous war correspondent of his day. Patrick A. Procter M. A., one of Smith's biographers, gives a splendid report of one of these evenings from which I quote in part.

"Hugh had the floor, and although he could speak and write the purest and best of English, only the broadest doric would flow from his lips on these occasions. "Shakespeare—weel a weel— Shakespeare! Nae doot a verra great poet! I wadna just venture to say our Rabbie could hae written *Hawmlet*; but there's aye twa ways o' putting things. Honestly, dae ye really think noo" (with a twinkle in the keen grey eye of ironical humor, presumably, more probably of intense conviction.) Shakespeare *could hae written 'Tam o' Shanter! Deil the Fears o' Him!'*" Hugh was in a criticising mood. Lesser and later men were much more peremptorily put aside. Keats was "a puir bit penny-whistle o' an English cratur! 'Endermion' say ye! There's naething in't to get a grup o'. I canna get a haud o't, Sandy (turning to Smith), ony mair than o'ye, wi' a' your whirly-whas. Hech! but it's thin, thin—a bit colored wool, the like o' whilk amaist ony speeder micht spin, gif ye gie'd it vermealion i' the guts o't. Nae clath there to cleed puir men's backs wi'!"—Shelley was "whiles bonny, bonny; but just clean daft, puir fellow! a i' the air, like his ain laverock (lark). Or again: "O' him ye ca Wudsworth I hae juist nae opeenion ava. He drank naething a' his life, but lake watter, they say;

an' troth I weel believ't; for little else e'er cam' oot o' him." Taking up Tennyson next, he read "Airy, Fairy Lillian," working his Scotch with vigor, and carefully emphasizing any little points of weakness for which he had the keenest eye—he produced with much ease, a detestable caricature which nearly made us all expire with laughter. Then of course he triumphed! "Laugh awa' lads! Deed, ye may weel laugh at him. O, but its wersh, wersh, that kin' o' thing to put beside the like o' Rabbie." Finding himself in such excellent company when under the critical ban, naturally Smith could not have his equanimity much disturbed by MacDonald's abuse of his "whirly whas."

On another occasion when a number of them were on a ramble through the Kenmure woods, by the banks of the Clyde, MacDonald ejaculated suddenly, "od, but he's a queer fellow that!" on seeing the surprise in their eyes, no other person being visible, he continued, "Its that chiel Tennyson I'm speakin' o'. Hark ye noo," and in his very best English manner, he went on to quote,

"Why lingers she to clothe her heart with love?

*Delaying, as the tender ash delays,
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green."*

"Ye mind it, Sandy! It's i' the Princess, an' noo, look ye, *that's* an ash"—pointing with his staff—"maybe ye think it's an elm, Sandy! but it's no an elm, it's an ash; *an deil a leaf on't, see ye na? an' a' the ither trees are oot!* I didna need ony o' yer Tennysons to tell me that; but none of ye kent it, I reckon. He's nae poet; I'll aye say that; but I'se alloo ye'll no often find him wrang wi' his flooers, an' his trees, an' things; he kens them, Sandy! an' ye dinna. But ye're nae poets, neither tane nor t'ither o' ye."

From this it will be seen that Hugh had no higher opinion of Smith's knowledge of nature, than he had of his poetical abilities, but it was generally assumed that Hugh's contempt for the poets had in it at all times, an element of whimsical humor, for although a man of impetuous blood, yet as the phrase goes—he would not have hurt a fly. These odd brusqueries and outbursts, were so fused in the genial and kindly nature of the man, that

there could never be a shadow of offense in them, but merely matter of amusement.

Botany, Hugh had studied scientifically, yet with the vivid interest of delight proper to the poet; and touching the nature and habits of birds, beetles and butterflies, every creeping or flying thing, he was a mine of information. Hence as regarded the *minutiae* of nature almost no poet was safe from him; and even "Rab-
bie" himself would now and then be called in question. "The Posie" he could not abide in its incongruous conjunction of flowers, which as children of different seasons, could never in nature co-exist. Milton's "Lycidas" he abused on the same ground and he wrote a song called "The Flower Lovers" which he considered finished on exact principles. He explained on one of his rambles, a couplet in Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter" which the others considered obscure, in which the lark is said to

"Shake its song together as it nears
Its happy home, the ground"—

in effect it was somewhat thus—that the note of the climbing lark is subtly distinguished from that of the descending one; the effect in the one case being expansive, in the other, concentrative. The song of the bird as it soars seeming to fling itself rapturously abroad into the skyey spaces, and out of them as it descends, with equal raptures to collect itself, so to speak, converging on the home nest beneath. To MacDonald's ear, this distinction in the notes was as perfect as any in music.

As I have said, MacDonald loved Smith and saw with prophetic eye, the great heights to which he could attain, and his criticisms of his poetry, brusque as they were, were doubtless intended to spur him on to greater achievements. What Smith thought of MacDonald, I will now quote.

"He was the most uncosmopolitan of mortals. In his eyes, Scotland was the fairest portion of the planet; Glasgow, the fairest portion of Scotland, and Bridgetown, the fairest portion of Glasgow. He never would pass a night away from home. But he loved nature and the snowdrop called him out of the smoke to Castlemilk, the lucken-gowan to Kenmure, the crawflower to Gleniffer. His heart clung to every ruin in the neighborhood like the ivy. He knew Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire

and Ayrshire by heart. He was keenly sensible to natural beauty, full of antiquarian knowledge, and in possession of a prose style singularly quaint, picturesque and humorous."

Going on to describe some of MacDonald's writings and his latter days, he writes. "Why have I written so? Because he had the knack of making friends of all with whom he came in contact, and it was my fortune to come into more frequent and more intimate contact with him than most. He was neither a great man nor a great poet—in the ordinary sense of these terms—but since his removal there are perhaps some half dozen persons in the world who feel that the 'strange superfluous glory of the air,' lacks something, and that because an eye and an ear are gone, the color of the flower is duller, the song of the bird less sweet, than in the time they can remember."

(To be Continued)

"THE BONNIE WEE WELL."

HUGH MACDONALD.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o'
day,
And croons a laugh-sang a' to pleasure itsel'
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty
blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play,
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o'
glee,
And it kisses the flowers, while it ripples
they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
Wins blessings on blessings fu' monie ilk
day,
For the way worn and wearie aft rest by
its side
And man, wife and wean, a' are richly sup-
plied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the
brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloam-
in' sae gray,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs
an' tak' wing,
An' the lark weets his whistle ere mounting
to sing.

Brief Notes of the Prototypes of Characters Introduced in Sir Walter Scott's Novels.

OLD MORTALITY. The prototype of the principal character introduced in this novel was Robert Paterson, who was born at Burnflat, a little way out of Hawick. When or how Robert Paterson blossomed into the Old Mortality immortalized by Scott we have no means of knowing. One account is to the effect that Paterson was a religious enthusiast who spent the best part of his life in a reparation of the tombstones over the graves of Covenanters in the South of Scotland. This good work he did without fee or reward, from sheer love of the thing, from a sense of the historic fitness of the task. All he asked was liberty to pursue his mission. If hospitality were proffered, he was glad to accept it, if not, he had means sufficient for his simple wants. Year by year he bent to his self-imposed labors. The marks of his chisel were to be seen in every kirk yard from Tweedsmuir to the Solway. And long had he lingered by lonely mounds on vacant wine-red moors. The cause for which Christ's dead heroes surrendered their all was dear to his heart, and in such fashion as lay in his power to prevent it, their names at least should not be allowed to perish from the earth; their sleeping places should still be pointed out.

"Where hands were clasped, and the banner grasped,
When Covenant watchwords rang."

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. Jeanie Deans, the finest character introduced in the greatest of his novels, was, by his own confession, Scott's favorite. Indirectly, Scott did a real service to religion in his characterisation of Jeanie Deans. She is the type of the Scot of both sexes with whom faith in the Unseen is a driving force. Jeanie's religious aspirations are never a theme of talk and publicity on her own part, but that she is deeply, reverently devout, the outside world realizes. She is a doer and not a mere hearer of the word. In her conduct towards father and mother, towards friend and lover, to-



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

wards even the ill disposed and the uncharitable, she approaches as near the ideal standard as human nature is capable.

SCOTT'S CLERICAL CHARACTERS. Some of Scott's most pleasing characters are in the ranks of the clergy. It is a mistake to imagine that Scott banned the Reformation and the principles of Presbyterianism. In "The Monastery" and "The Abbot" Scott recognized the preachers of the reformed faith as exactly the sort of men "suited by Providence for the times." In Elias Henderson, for instance (who is thought to be John Knox, on a small scale), he gives us a most admirable specimen of a Protestant chaplain—a man of solid accomplishments, of good natured parts, and, as is shown by his interview with Queen Mary at Loch Leven, courteous and courageous, civil spoken, and possessed of fine delicacy of feeling. The Rev. Henry Warden is more pronounced in his views. The vehemence of his zeal made it necessary for



TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.

him to fly from Edinburgh, and being sheltered by Julian Avenel, there is a good deal of honest plain talk with that licentious and outlawed Baron (who by the way, had his prototype in the laird of Black Ormiston.)

IVANHOE. In this, probably the most generally popular of Scott's romances, the character that appeals more strongly to those who appreciate nobleness of character, is doubtless that of Rebecca. Rebecca is the angelic being in *Ivanhoe*, and at the last engrosses all the interest. She is the noblest of all the daughters of Israel who have appeared on the page of fiction. Among Scott's women characters of her class none has been more admired. Her beauty, her grace, her devotion to her father, her sacrifices for her faith, and the sweetness of her heroic nature constitute a picture of Jewish womanhood which no Christian writer has surpassed in its delicate but enduring charm. Curiously, in the almost inexhaustible mass of literature which clusters around Scott and his work, we have no hint of an original for this so winsome, this so peerless of his creations.

WAVERLEY was Scott's first novel and though perhaps surpassed by some of his later stories is brimful of interest, and

was received with great popular favor when first published. Fergus MacIvor, one of the chief characters introduced into the story, is one of Scott's gallantest figures, although, as it has been said, there is just a trifle of the stage property Highland chief about him. Flora MacIvor, accomplished and high-souled, is one of Scott's few genuine heroines. There is no more touching scene than that in which Scott describes Flora's farewell to Edward Waverley. The prototype of Fergus MacIvor is supposed to have been Colonel Alexander Ranaldson MacDonell, of Glengary, one of the most typical Celts of his race. His pride and heat of temper were quite equal to those of the hero of fiction. He was the last Highland chief who kept up the state and customs of ancient gaeldom to their full extent. When he travelled, he did so as a Gaelic Prince, with a full retinue of kilted attendants. He was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott's, who wrote of him in glowing terms. Of the original for the grand character of Flora MacIvor nothing is known. Possibly she may have been a Highland lady possessing that personal charm and nobility of character, certainly not rare among women of Gaelic lineage.

GUY MANNERING as a mere story is possibly the best of the series. No novel

of Scott's shows greater constructive skill, although the author's greatest feat in rapid writing. This novel contained Scott's own favorite among his men characters, the honest sheep farmer, Dandie Dinmont. Various originals have been suggested for this character, with more or less plausibility, but the fact of it may have been that, it was created by Scott, and was composite and referred to no particular person. Other important characters introduced in the novel are Dominic Sampson, Julia Mannering, Lucy Bertram and, certainly not the least interesting Meg Merrilies, the gipsy, with her haunting songs and incantations. We can only conjecture as to these characters, and our surmises may be far wide of the truth.

BLACK DWARF. This novel appeared simultaneously with "Old Mortality," the "Black Dwarf" being banned more or less by the critics, while "Old Mortality," was regarded as one of the strongest of the Waverley Novels. At the same time the story is not devoid of merit. Ritchie, the prototype of the chief character in "The Black Dwarf," and the one that suggests the title of the novel was the queerest, most extraordinary looking object imaginable dwarf and giant in one. He was not more than three feet six inches in height, was oddly misshapen, preternaturally ugly, a shocking travesty of the human form divine, not bearing any likeness to anything in this upper world. Mungo Park, the famous African pioneer traveller, while a surgeon in Peebles in his early manhood, attended Ritchie on one occasion, and compared the dwarf's legs to a pair of cork screws. His head was of enormous size, his eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets. The rest of his features were of coarse, rough-hewn stamp.

The matter appearing in the above brief sketches was selected from "Scott's Originals," advertised by Scribner's Sons in this issue of the Caledonian.

ONE ON PA.

"Pa, what's a genius?"

"Ask your mother, she married one."

"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."—Houston Post.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BIBLE FORM.

BY WILLIAM M. LANGDON.

From the stone tablets on which the Ten Words of the Law were engraved and the sheepskins on which the prophets painfully penned their burning sentiments, to the Oxford India paper of the present day, is a far cry. Between the roll of the prophet Jeremiah that Johoiakim cut up with his pen-knife and the roll of the prophet Isaiah from which the Messiah read his text in the Nazareth synagogue,—between these and the handy volume of Proverbs that you carry in your vest-pocket without feeling it, and the "Finger Testament" or "Thumb Bible" that your pastor takes from his pocket at your bedside, there is an unappreciated contrast in portability and convenience of manipulation. And if you compare the whole Bible in ancient roll-form, including the case in which the sacred scrolls were kept, with the "Midget" editions of the complete Bible now produced by photographic process, measuring less than two inches in length, and weighing only one hundred and eighty grains, you will get an impression of the development in the art of Bible making during the past millenniums that is really novel to most readers of the holy book.

A "Burns' Family Bible," with facsimiles of the poet's handwriting, and with a magnifying glass, is made in similar size, and can be had in a tartan case.

The "Mite Testament," weighing twenty-six grains, and worn in a locket around the neck, or as a charm on the watch chain, is smaller than the phylactery that the Pharisee wore on his forehead.

If we imagine the chest in a Jewish synagogue containing the Old Testament rolls, and the larger one in an early Christian Church containing the additional rolls of the New Testament, we cannot conceive them to have occupied less than several cubic feet of space or to have weighed less than dozens of pounds. If any scholar can tell us how many such rolls composed a Bible in the first Christian centuries, or can tell when the roll-form gave place to the book-form, the writer would be glad to know. The oldest Bible known, in the Vatican Library, is now in book form, but we cannot say whether it was always thus. This copy, not quite complete, is as heavy as, and less elegant than, our modern pulpit Bibles.

Some of the "Midgets" above referred to, were issued twenty years ago, and the latest number of the series was a *chained Bible*,—issued in 1911, in commemoration of the King James Tercentenary,—on a miniature lectern, five and one-half inches high, illustrating the chaining of books in the English churches of a few centuries ago. Now, instead of issuing Bibles with chains for fear of their being secretly borrowed, we order them from the printer by the hundred thousand, and scatter them broadcast through the hostleries of the country.



The Annual Meeting of St. Andrew's Society.

The annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York was held Thursday evening, November 7th, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. On account of the storm, the attendance was smaller than usual, but what was lacking in numbers, was made up by cordiality and enthusiasm. Among those who braved the inclemency of the weather, we noticed former President George Austin Morrison, who, though eighty years of age, is so regular in his attendance at the meetings, that we all would feel lonely if he were not there. Ten other ex-presidents, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. R. Frater Munro, President of the American Cotton Oil Company, and a number of other prominent members, were present.

The President, Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr., occupied the chair. Mr. William MacBean, secretary, read a very complete report of the year's work. The retiring President Mr. Hepburn has generously presented to the Society for the Permanent Fund bonds to the amount of \$1,000, bearing five per cent interest, and President Morrison has given a beautiful President's badge for his present use and for future Presidents. The Board of Managers has made improvements on the plot of the Society in Cypress Hills Cemetery, having added eight lots at a cost of \$3,200, so that the

entire south slope of the hill is now owned by the St. Andrew's Society.

The Managers have taken an active interest in the charitable work of the Society. The Secretary stated that the amount disbursed during the past year exceeded that of the previous year by nearly \$1,500, almost all of this going to the pensioners. "The total disbursements for charitable purposes as shown by the Almoner's Report were \$14,279.75, while the Treasurer's Report shows an expenditure for administrative purposes of \$2,968.43, making a total of \$17,248.18.

The income from interest and dues, etc., amounted to \$17,198.75, thus leaving a deficit of \$49.43, which had to be taken from the surplus, and as that account was drawn upon to pay for the Cemetery lots, the amount of the surplus as shown by the Treasurer is \$16,345.30, plus the balance in the Almoner's hands on October 31st."

The secretary reported progress in the preparation of the roster of the Society, and the second part is nearly completed. This is certainly a "labor of love" on the part of Mr. MacBean, and his fellow members appreciate his untiring efforts.

Fifty-three new members were reported as added during the year, seven have resumed their membership, twenty-one have died, six have resigned, and four have been dropped. The total membership is 632.

The Treasurer, Mr. David Mitchell Morri-

son, submitted his annual report. The permanent fund of the society now amounts to (par value) \$243,594.26; the regular fund is \$16,345.30.

Miss E. B. Dalzell, Almoner, had prepared a detailed report, which was read by the secretary. There are seventy-six pensioners and twenty-one of these, being over seventy years of age, have had their monthly allowance increased by the Board of Managers; 841 visits were made, 2,751 persons applied for relief, of whom 1,762 were men, and 989 were women; 15 were provided with passage to Scotland, and 33 to points in the United States; 1,922 lodgings, 5,991 meals, were furnished. The amount paid to pensioners was \$10,471.77, and the total disbursements, \$14,279.75. The Almoner was glad to report that \$654.81 was refunded to the Society by beneficiaries.

Thanks were due to the "Caledonian" for copies of the magazine, and to those who sent in clothes or aided in other helpful ways.

The following officers and committees were elected for 1913:

President, George Austin Morrison, Jr.; First Vice-President, William Sloane; second vice president, Alexander C. Humphreys; treasurer, David Mitchell Morrison; secretary, William M. MacBean; managers, Brydon Lamb, Robert Olyphant, Alexander Walker, James MacGregor Smith, Alexander MacKintosh, Walter Scott, Alexander B. Haliday, Henry MacKay, William Stone MacDonald; chaplains, Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D., Rev. George Alexander, D. D.; physicians, Walter Benschel, M. D., James F. McKernon, M. D.; standing committee, George Austin Morrison, chairman, Robert Gordon, J. Kennedy Tod, William Lyall, John Reid, Andrew Carnegie, R. F. Munro, A. Barton Hepburn; committee of accounts, Walter E. Frew, chairman, Charles F. MacLean, A. M. Stewart, William Stewart Tod, George T. Wilson; committee of installation, Charles P. McClelland, William Crawford.

After the business meeting a supper was served, and a social hour enjoyed. Dr. Smith, vice president of the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit, spoke of the work accomplished by his society, and expressed a wish that there might be a closer bond of union between all the St. Andrew's Societies in the United States. While there are many unfortunate Scotsmen temporarily out of work or disabled, yet there are unworthy applicants, claiming to be Scotch, who impose upon the St. Andrew's Societies. He thought that the number of meals furnished, nearly six thousand, was excessive.

Short speeches were made by Mr. Donald Brown, Dr. Angus Sinclair, Dr. Wylie and Mr. James Kennedy, who was in his usual humorous mood, and read an original poem appropriate to the occasion.

The President, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. J. McG. Brown, sang Scottish songs and the evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lange Syne."

TO SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Not now as in the years long passed away,
When Scotland's danger called your sires to arms,
No beacon lights now summon to the fray.
Nor wake the Cheviot Hills to war's alarms.

But ye and others to old Scotia true,
Saint heirs of all her honors and her fame,
Have work as noble for her yet to do
As gory bracings to enhance her name.

Since first in corporate unity combined,
Pledged to a purpose noble and humane,
The poor and ailing never failed to find
What their appeals to you were not in vain.

The Scottish exile, friendless and alone,
Shared of your bounty and grasped hope again,
The orphan's cry and the sad widow's moan
Were changed to mirth and pleasure followed pain.

And some you aided victims seemed of hate,
Their very virtues were accounted ill,
And ne'er-dae-weels, the poor step-bairns of fate,
Who err by instinct more than conscious will.

The generous follow promptings of the heart,
Nor closely scan the visage of distress,
Content, as you have been, to act a part
That God approves, the sympathetic bless.

And ye have cherished Scotland's high renown,
The annals of a free, unconquered land.
Its heroes, patriots and the fadeless crown
Of poesy, which blest its rock-bound strand.
N. M.

MR. WILLIAM M. MacBEAN.

Mr. William M. MacBean, Secretary of Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York, is a native of Nairn, Scotland. He came to New York in 1872, and was employed as bookkeeper by A. T. Stewart & Co., for ten years, and has been connected with the Mortimer Estates for the last thirty years, as agent, executor and trustee.

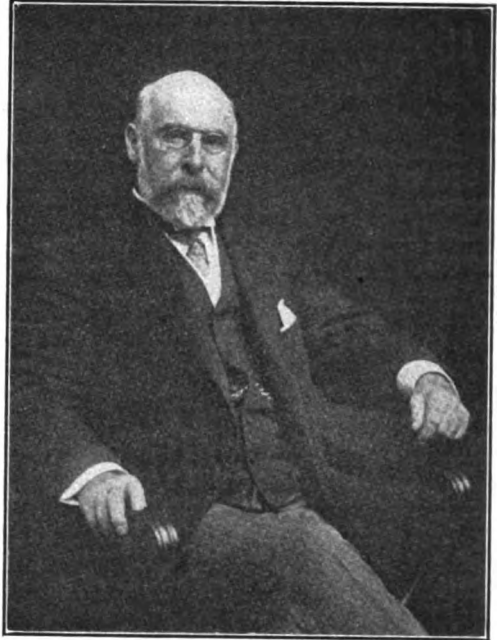
In addition to the important position he occupies in Saint Andrew's Society, he is Treasurer of the New York Burns So-

ciety, and a member of the Dunwoodie Club. He is an enthusiastic collector of Jacobite literature, and his library on this subject is probably the largest in the United States; he has compiled a work on the Iconography of the Jacobites, which was published in the Inverness Courier.

On a visit to his native country three years ago, his fellow townsmen tendered him a public banquet, in appreciation of his gift to Nairn of a library of local works of considerable value.

For the last two years, as secretary of Saint Andrew's Society, Mr. MacBean has been diligently gathering facts regarding the members of the Society since its organization in 1756, and a pamphlet containing the first part of this Roster, (1756-1783), was issued last year; the second part is in manuscript form, and nearly ready for publication.

Mr. MacBean whose wife died four years ago, has three children, two daughters and a son, who is a physician, and a life member of Saint Andrew's Society.



WILLIAM M. MAC BEAN.

TO WILLIAM M. MAC BEAN, ESQ.,

Secretary St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York.

Come round the neuk, Willie, an' gie's a look, Willie

To meet ye, an' greet ye, I'm fidgin' fu fain;

I'm langin' to see you, an' fain wad be wi' you—

Ye auld farrant carle, wise Willie MacBean.

You're dainty an' douce, man, you're canty an' crouse, man,

You've grit an' you've gumption, an' wit o' your ain,

You've nae fauts that shame ye, there's nae fowk that
blame ye,

You're welcome as sunshine, blythe Willie MacBean.

You're Scotland's ain bairn—frae auld ancient Nairn,

Ye come in my day dreams, again and again,

While in my lugs ringin', like blythe birdies singin';

Are the kind, couthie cracks o' bricht Willie MacBean.

Then haste ye ower, Willie, an' gie's a glower, Willie,

An' tell me the fancies that flash thro' your brain,—

The brichtest o' dreams, or braw panoramas,

They haena the glamor o' Willie MacBean.

I dream'd a dream, Willie, o' sailin' hame, Willie,

Awa' like a bird o'er the mist-mantled main,

An' thro' the red heather we wandered thegither,

An' joy sped the journey wi' Willie MacBean.

But dreams are contrary, an' fortune may vary,

But bring what she likes, I will never complain;

For auld Scotland's fairest, her brichtest an' rarest,

Are here wi' blythe billies like Willie MacBean.

JAMES KENNEDY.

New York, November 25th, 1912.

156th Anniversary Dinner of St. Andrew's Society, of New York, at the Waldorf Astoria, Nov. 30, 1912.

The annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York is the great Scottish festival of the year in this city; indeed, it is not surpassed in importance by any other national celebration. On Saturday evening, Nov. 30th, the great hall of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was filled to overflowing, for as the darkness fell upon the natal day of the patron saint, the Scots began to gather—fine specimens of the prosperous, self-reliant Scot abroad. The deep, strong, melancholy manhood of the Scot softens under the brilliant glare of the electric lamps and dazzling silver.

The decorations are superb, the draping of the Scottish standards and banners is supremely artistic. The music recalls the wealth of Scottish melody, now in brazen blasts of warbled revelry, and anon in silver notes from a solitary instrument. The bagpipes are in evidence, two stalwart pipers waking the echoes at intervals, as blast upon blast they blow.

The illuminated "menu" was a work of art from the skilled hands of Mr. Malcolm, a clever Edinburgh artist. The dinner was admirable, and served in a way that could not be surpassed, and the spirit of good fellowship was universal. The speeches were peculiarly appropriate, and, as usual, fervidly eloquent. A large concourse of ladies gathered in the galleries during the evening, and seemed to enjoy the exercises equally with the gentlemen.

The worthy President, Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr., presented a brief report of the society's work, which is steadily growing in scope and usefulness. The singing of the veteran Mr. John Reid, and also that of Mr. Wheeler, was greatly enjoyed. The reception accorded to Ambassador Bryce must have been very gratifying to the accomplished scholar and diplomat, and it is not too much to state that among the six or seven hundred present, every one went away delighted with the celebration and full of pride at the reflected glory of Scotland past and present, and glad to know that the Society is doing such noble work in the great metropolis.

TOASTS.

- "The Day an' a' wha Honour it"
Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr.
The President
Song: "Star Spangled Banner"
The King
Song: "God Save the King"
The Land o' Cakes
Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL, D.
Song: "Scots wha hae"
His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary
The Right Hon. James Bryce, O. M.
The Land We Live In Mr. Austen G. Fox
Song
The Celtic Revival in Literature
Rev. Henry van Dyke, D. D.
Song
The Ulster Scot
Mr. Patrick Francis Murphy
The Scot's Lawyer
Hon. William Renwick Riddell, LL. D.
Honest Men an' Bonnie Lassies
Song: "Auld Lang Syne"

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of Saint Andrew's Society:

On this 156th Anniversary of the founding of the Society, it is my honorable privilege, as forty-third President, to bid you and your guests, most heartily welcome, and to extend the hand of good fellowship to the representatives of the "Sister Societies" and the other distinguished guests, who honor us by accepting our hospitality.

The gracious presence of the ladies also deserves a tribute of enthusiastic approval, for none are dearer to Scotland's sons than sweethearts and wives.

You have made trial of our frugal Scotch fare, "wie mony a deoch-an-dorius an' walie-waugh" so I trust there's "no drouthy man i' the ha'."

We have done our best to tickle your nostrils with the perfume of the Heather; to soothe your ears with the drone of the bagpipes; to fill your mouths with the indescribable flavor of the Haggis; to dazzle your eyes with the Garb of Old Gaul,—more freely described as the hobble skirt of the Highlands—and last, but not least, we have tried to bring you in touch with the spirit,—or shall I say the spirits—of Bonnie Scotland.



GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JR.,

Under the ancient clan system, every Scotsman owned allegiance to and claimed protection from the Chief. The Scotch in this country cherish their strong traditions of loyalty, and hold in high respect the ruler of this great nation.

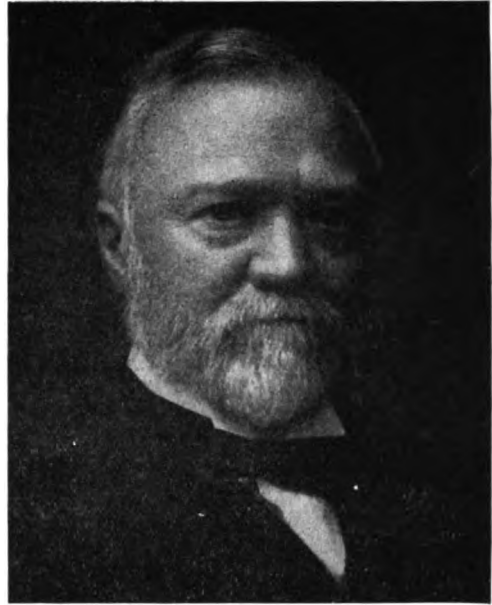
Let us rise and drink to the health of *The President—God guide him.*

A royal line has always ruled over "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and the men of Scotland have never faltered in their devotion to their sovereigns. We, their descendants, commend the patriotism of our forefathers, and reverence the present monarch of a mighty empire.

I call upon you to rise and drink, with all the honors, to *The King—God bless him.*

We celebrate to-night the feast day of Saint Andrew, and from Pole to Equ—"John Tamson's bairns" are gathered together to sound the praises of their Patron Saint.

If you listen with well tuned ears, you can hear to-night faintly echoing from the frozen North to the glowing South, from the far East to the golden West, the skirl of the pipes and the cheers of the Sons of Saint Andrew. Throughout the whole world on this day Scotsmen are "brithers a'."



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

It is well established that Saint Andrew never set foot in Scotland, but many years after his death a sacred relic—part of his arm-bone—was obtained by the King of Pocts, and interred by him at Kilmymont. The place was then dedicated to God and Saint Andrew, and the apostle proclaimed Protector of Scotland.

The life of the Saint is a mere shadowy outline.

Shrouded in the mists of ages, the personality of the man remains almost unknown, but after his death, his holy relics have wrought an astounding miracle. They have created and inspired a noble army of followers, whose badge of honor is the martyr's cross, who have spread his precepts in every land, and who have raised up a magnificent monument, imperishable and glorious, to his memory.

I refer to the federation of Saint Andrew's Societies and their charities.

Thanks to the able administration of its officers the New York Saint Andrew's Society has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations. Our membership to-night is six hundred and thirty-two, the largest in our history. We have \$236,741.00 in the Permanent Fund, and a surplus of over \$16,400 in the Regular Fund available for immediate charitable distri-

bution, while more than \$14,250 has been paid out during the past year for the relief of our less fortunate fellow-countrymen.

Paraphrasing the Highlander's prayer of thanksgiving, we may say that Providence has been very good to us,—but we have been very clever ourselves.

It is a Scotch characteristic not to be beholden to any man, and therefore we are entitled to "hae a gude conceit o' oor-selves."

A number of congratulatory telegrams have been received, but lack of time precludes reading them all.

I take this occasion to thank the officers and members for the signal honor of electing me to the high office of President for a second term—more particularly in the lifetime of my father, an ex-president of the society, whose admirable record I will attempt, but cannot hope to equal.

November 30th is Saint Andrew's Day—the day which stands for the exercise of self-denial, humility, benevolence and loving kindness among Scotsmen.

On this day the society casts up an annual account of its good deeds, and during the century and a half of its existence the balance has never been struck on the wrong side of the ledger.

Our ideal is charity—of thought, word and deed. By helping others we help ourselves, and so shall attain to better lives. Following the Emersonian precept, we have hitched our wagon to a star in order to out-distance others in the race of well doing.

Well may Scotsmen and their descendants take honest pride in the heritage of their saint, and wisely do we celebrate his name day with good cheer and good will toward men. Fellow members of St. Andrew's Society and honored guests, let us drink with rejoicing to "The day an' a' what honor it."

A man has only one Mother Land. However wide his wanderings, however prolonged his separation from kith and kin, a Scotchman's thoughts always turn to the land of his birth, and deep in his heart lies the memory of his early home.

From invariable custom, the next toast must be responded to by a Scotsman, bred and born. We have with us this evening—a doughty warrior, who wages a relentless

battle against the armies of ignorance and disease. He is a veritable Scottish lion—a bona-fide Scotsman, with red, white and blue trimmings.

He has sic-ed the doves of peace on the dogs of war, and erected a palace at the Hague, where the menageria of the symbolic national animals can umpire the fight. He has stimulated the hero crop, and reduced the sum total of the personal tax returns. I hope that in the near future, he will see his way dear to pension off the ex-Presidents of this Society—in spite of their struggles to die rich.

As he is half a Morrison by birth, I have the greatest pleasure in asking the Laird of Skibo to respond to "The Land o' Cakes."

Mr. Carnegie's address was brief and to the point. A few days ago he celebrated his seventy-seventh anniversary, yet, his voice was strong and clear, and was easily heard throughout the large hall. He spoke of his great attachment to Scotland, which is growing every year, and referred to the rapid progress "The Land o' Cakes" is making in education. He emphasized the influence of Scottish men and women in every country in which they dwell. "What would this republic have been," he asked; "had it not been for such Scotchmen as Witherspoon, Patrick Henry, Paul Jones, Hamilton, Grant and McKinley? We've had three Scotch Presidents, and now we have elected another." His speech was received with great applause.

We are honored to-night with the presence of one who is about to bid us farewell, and return to a country, grateful for his eminent services in diplomacy, and appreciative of his efforts to create a better understanding between nations. There is infinite regret in parting with so wise a statesman, so distinguished an author and so warm a friend of the American Commonwealth. We unite, sir, in drinking your excellent good health and wishing you "God speed." Gentlemen, His Excellency, the Right Honorable James Bryce, needs no introduction from me.

Ambassador Bryce received an ovation. He expressed regret that he is so soon to leave the United States, whose institutions he admires, and where he has formed lasting friendships. Three great traits were ascribed by him to the Scottish race, indus-

try, energy and intelligence, and he spoke of the Scots' supremacy in gardening, marine engineering, medicine, banking and in literature; the three greatest British writers of the last century, Macaulay, Carlyle and Ruskin, were Scottish. He then told the story of a student who presented an essay to his professor on "Scottish Genius;" after enumerating a number of distinguished men among whom was Shakespeare, he was asked why he included Shakespeare in the list; to this he replied, "If he was not a Scot he received his genius from Scotland." "The English," Mr. Bryce said, "are friendly to the Scots because they are aware that they cannot run the Empire without them." He closed with an earnest appeal to all Scotsmen to teach their children to be loyal to the land of their fathers, that her traditions may never die.

Mayor Gaynor, who sat next to President Morrison, was called upon for a few words. He said he came for rest, and asked to be excused, but the audience insisted upon hearing him. His short impromptu speech on local politics and the humor of the Scot, was received with applause.

It has been said—probably by some disgruntled after-dinner speaker—that this country is the "Land the Scotch live on." When a land of plenty spreads its bounties before us, why should we not help ourselves fairly,—and freely? Yet the Scotch are a modest race—notwithstanding their national clothing. They are modest, but persistent and never take what they cannot lay their hands upon. They do not ask for riches, but merely desire to be shown where they are.

Deep as our debt to Scotland, we owe gratitude as great to the land of our adoption, whose hospitable shores have welcomed us as strangers, and within whose generous boundaries we have found health, wealth and a second home.

I give you the sentiment of "The Land we live in" to which Mr. Austen G. Fox has kindly consented to respond.

Mr. Austin Fox, a distinguished lawyer, referred to the Panama Canal treaty, and exposed the fallacy of the position of the politicians who are trying to annul this treaty.

The Gael and the Celt are equally gifted with strange visions of the mystic

world. Deep under-currents of sadness, superstition, and religious fervor sway the natures and inspire the moods,—mad, merry and mournful—of the Children of the Mist. There is one present whose writings have endeared him to seekers of the ideal, who possesses the Celtic second-insight, whose eyes reflect the vision of the day seen and the day unseen.

I call upon Dr. Henry Van Dyke to reply to the toast of "The Celtic Spirit in Literature."

DR. VAN DYKE'S REPLY TO CELTIC SPIRIT IN MODERN LITERATURE.

What is the Celtic Spirit? It is the life-quality of that breed of men,—small, dark-haired or red-haired, fiery, emotional, proud and shy, who held Gaul and Iberia and Britannia and Scotia and Hibernia twenty centuries ago. The Romans, the Franks, the Saxons, came and conquered them. But they have survived it all. Lovers of the rocks and the hills, the moors and the sea; lovers of poetry and romance, lovers of faith and mystery, they hold to-day no great world-empire in their hands. They inhabit little lands of wild and wondrous beauty, in Brittany, in Wales, in Caledonia, in Erin; but they have sent out their blood to leave all races, and their influence to charm the literature of Europe with the Celtic Spirit.

Gael and Gaul, Celt and Scot, are at bottom the same word, coming from a root which signifies "the wind." Matthew Arnold says that this means "a violent, stormy people." But why? Are there not also gentle and mercy and refreshing winds? But always the winds bloweth as it listeth and thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. Those are the two marks of the Celtic race, liberty and mystery, a free adventure and a secret life.

An old Gaelic verse news thus:

"For acuteness and valor the Greeks,
For excessive pride the Romans,
For creeping dulness the Saxons,
For beauty and unconsciousness the Gaels."

Add to this last line, "for fighting and dreaming" and you have the Celtic Spirit. The Roman represents the trained, dominant reason; and the Celt represents the latent reason; and the Celtic represents the intense, vivid emotion. In him feeling is

raised to the zenith power. Nature, love, adventure, these are his chosen realms. In the wars that others wage he leads the forlorn hope. In the literature of the world his presence is an element of freedom and fancy, magic and mystery, the realism of romance.

No one can feast and rejoice like the Celt. No one can grieve and mourn like him. The saddest and the merriest notes come from him. He excels in humor and in pathos. He is the antipodes of the spirit of the sour old maid, the anaemic and disappointed student, which is represented in America, let us say, by the New York Evening Post. He speaks in the hilarious or pathetic, but always sentimental verse of Robert Burns.

In these later days the Celtic Spirit has revived. The works of Lady Gregory and her friends have given new life to the literature of Ireland. From Scotland we have had Barrie, who has made even a Little Minister romantic, and Stevenson who has raised the dime novel to the rank of a classic. Through all this new literature you can feel three things which are Celtic: the mysterious presence of the unknown quantity, the love of nature for her own sake, and the spirit of life as an everlasting adventure. I know not where these things are better expressed than in the verses which Stevenson addressed to the memory of Robert Burns, the immortal gauger.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

The gauger walked with willing foot.
And aye the gauger played the flute,
And what should Mr. Gauger play
But "Over the hills and far away."

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way.
The self-same tune for me you play;
For I do think, and so do you,
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoever the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

A distinguished member of this Society, the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, has coined a name for the dwellers in the North of the Emerald Isle,—the so-called Scotch-Irish, which baffles description.

He calls them "Ulster Scots," which designation, like the fashionable skirt of the day, covers everything and conceals nothing. However, an expert authority is at hand to solve the problem of when an Irishman is a Scotchman and when he isn't.

I will call upon Mr. Patrick Francis Murphy to elucidate the toast of "The Ulster Scot."

The most humorous speech of the evening was given by Mr. Francis Murphy, on "The Ulster Scot;" he proved himself an excellent after dinner speaker, and called forth a great deal of laughter.

At the close the great company rose and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Let us fill our glasses and drink in silence the final toast of "Honest Men an' Bonn'e Lasses" and thereafter lift up our voices in that magnificent recessional of Robert Burns, which will resound as long as Scotchman stand shoulder to shoulder. Gentlemen, join hands in friendly grasp, and sing, "Auld Lang Syne."

Guests of the Society:

Mr. George Austin Morrison, Jr., President of Saint Andrew's Society.

His Excellency, the Right Honorable James Bryce, O. M., His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United States.

Honorable William J. Gaynor, Mayor of the City of New York.

Honorable Courtenay Walter Bennett, C. I. E., British Consul-General at New York.

Rev. David G. Wylie, D. D., Chaplain to Saint Andrew's Society.

Rev. George Alexander, D. D., Chaplain to Saint Andrew's Society.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, LL. D.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

Mr. Austin G. Fox, LL. D.

Mr. Patrick Francis Murphy.

Honorable William Renwick Riddell, LL. D., Justice of the High Court of Ontario.

Rev. W. Douglas MacKenzie, D. D., LL. D., President of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Mr. Justice Francis K. Pendleton, representing the New York State Society of the Cincinnati, Organized 1783.

Mr. Charles W. Bowring, representing the St. George's Society, Organized 1786.

Mr. William H. Porter, representing the New England Society, Organized 1805.

Mr. William M. Griffith, President of St. David's Society, Organized 1835.

Honorable William D. Murphy, vice-president of St. Nicholas Society, Organized 1835.
Colonel William W. Ladd, vice president of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, Organized 1876.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Bogert, President of the Holland Society, Organized 1885.

Mr. Walter L. McCorkle, President of the New York Southern Society, Organized 1886.

Mr. Henry Gansevoort Sanford, Lt. Governor of the New York State Society of Colonial Wars, Organized 1886.

Rt. Rev. Frederick Courtney, D. D., President of the British Schools and Universities Club, organized 1895.

Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D. D., President of the Canadian Society, organized 1897.

Mr. George T. Wilson, representing the Pilgrims, organized 1902.

Mr. John Gordon Gray, President of Saint Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, organized 1749.

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John Young.

Then here's to you, and here's to myself,
 Sound hearts, lang life and glee;
 And if you be weel as I wish you a',
 Gude faith, you'll happy be.
 Then let us do what gude we can,
 Though the best are whiles to blame,
 For in spite o' riches, rank, an' lan',
 Losh man! we are a' the same.

For we're a' John Tamson's bairns,
 There ne'er will be peace, till the world
 again has learned to sing wi' nicht
 ar' main,
 O! we're a' John Tamson's bairns.

Alexander Meiklejohn Inaugurated as President of Amherst College, October 16th, 1912.

"As I take these symbols of office, I accept the responsibility laid upon me, and pledge myself and my colleagues to eager, reverent and untiring service to Amherst College."

In these few strong words, Alexander Meiklejohn, responding to President George A. Plimpton, of the Board of Trustees, accepted the insignia of his office, and formally assumed the headship of an institution whose graduates for nearly a century now have done yeoman service in various parts of the world. He who thus pledges his fealty to the college for whose immediate future he was made responsible, looked down upon a company of 1,000 persons representing to an unusual degree the learning and leadership in the intellectual and moral domain. He stood at one end of a long row of men distinguished not alone by their impressive academic gowns, but by unmistakable evidence, in their faces and bearing, intelligence and refinement; probably no such display of so many colored hoods and other educational millinery has been made in this country since the inauguration of President Lowell, at Harvard, two years ago. The long academic procession, in which sixty-one college presidents and dozens of professors appeared, and the formal recognition of the many sister colleges, formed only the setting for the occasion in which President Meiklejohn was the chief figure. To take his measure, to see how he behaved himself when speaking, and in repose, in public address and in private conversation, old graduates had returned in good number, and privileged members of the citizens' class had come together. Some of them sat there with their thoughts upon the future of their own growing lads, hoping that the course of the day's proceedings would help them to decide whether or not the new incumbent was the kind of man to whom they would like to entrust their boys. And what did they see? A slight, soldierly figure, whose erect carriage conveys the impression that he is taller than he really is, a beardless, boyish face, through which look eyes as

searching as they are kind; a manner which blends in a rare way alertness and serenity, nimble-minded, quickly moving; a lithe, trained athlete, charged to the full with nervous energy is this man Meiklejohn. But that is the American side of him. The Scotch background looms out in the power he has to hold himself quietly, to bring to bear, without fear or favor, all the powers of a disciplined mind upon the things immediately at hand, whether it be a bright after-dinner speech, or the conducting of morning chapel, or the wayside chat with a friend or stranger. Indeed, you get the best measure of the man, perhaps, when he takes your hand in his and seems genuinely glad to see you, even if he had never seen you before, and for the passing moment at least concentrates interest and sympathy upon you, and you alone.

This is the man upon whom those two thousand eyes were fixed in Old College Hall; but who all through the exercises of the morning was as self-contained and modest as though he were but a spectator in the furthest corner of the gallery.

His bearing helped us all to understand what President Faunce, his superior officer and his friend, meant when later in the day he said: "For eleven years he and I have worked at the same task in adjoining rooms. Many times a day I have heard his quiet knock on the door between us, and he has walked through that door, never once without a cheery smile, a word of hope and a grip on reality that made life worth living. He is a man incapable of selfishness, absolutely loyal to a friend or a truth, and is at his best when the sky grows dark and obstacles abound." Dr. Meiklejohn outlined the curriculum of a liberal college, which undoubtedly represents his ideals for Amherst, and which is built on five foundation stones—philosophy, the humanities, science, history and literature. Clearly enough the new man at the helm believes that Amherst should continue to be the college for liberal rather than special culture.

Myths of the Celtic Race.

BY T. W. ROLLESTON.

TALES OF DERMOT. A number of curious legends center on Dermot O'Dyna, a follower of Finn MacCumhal. He might be described as a kind of a Gaelic Adonis, a type of beauty and attraction, the hero of innumerable love tales; and like Adonis, his death was caused by a wild boar.

The boar was no common beast. The story of its origin was as follows: Dermot's father Donn, gave the child to be nurtured by Angus Og in his palace on the Boyne. His mother, who was unfaithful to Donn, bore another child to Roe, the steward of Angus. Donn, one day, when the steward's child ran between his knees to escape from some hounds that were fighting on the floor of the hall, gave him a squeeze with his two knees that killed him on the spot, and he then flung the body among the hounds on the floor. When the steward found his son dead, and discovered (with Finn's aid), the cause of it, he brought a Druid rod and smote the body with it, whereupon, in the place of the dead child there arose a huge boar, without ears or tail; and to it he spake: "I charge you to bring Dermot O'Dyna to his death," and the boar rushed out from the hall and roamed in the forests of Ben Bullen in County Sligo till the time when his destiny should be fulfilled. But Dermot grew up into a splendid youth, tireless in the chase, undaunted in war, beloved by all his comrades of the Fianna, whom he joined as soon as he became of age.

HOW DERMOT GOT THE LOVE SPOT.

He was called Dermot of the "Love Spot" and a curious and beautiful folk tale recorded by Dr. Hyde, tells how he got this appellation. With three comrades, Coll, Conan and Oscar, he was hunting one day, and late at night they sought a resting place. They soon found a hut, in which were an old man, a young girl, a wether sheep, and a cat. Here they asked for hospitality, and it was granted to them. But as usual in these tales, it was a house of mystery.

When they sat down to dinner the

wether got up and mounted the table. One after another the Fiannas strove to throw it off, but it shook them down on the floor. At last Coll succeeded in flinging it off the table, but him too it vanquished in the end, and put them all under his feet. Then the old man bade the cat lead the wether back and fasten it up, and it did so easily. The four champions, overcome with shame, were for leaving the house at once; but the old man explained that they had suffered no discredit; the wether they had been fighting was the world, and the cat was the power that would destroy the world itself—by death.

At night the four heroes went to rest in a large chamber, and the young maid came to sleep in the same room; and it is said that her beauty made a light on the walls of the room like a candle. One after the other the Fianna went over to her couch, but she repelled them all. "I belonged to you once," she said to each, "and I never will again." Last of all Dermot went. "O Dermot," she said, "You, also I belonged to once, and I never can again, for I am Youth; but come here and I will put a mark on you so that no woman can ever see you without loving you." Then she touched his forehead, and left the "Love Spot" there, and that opened the love of women to him as long as he lived. —(Rolleston, *Myths of The Celtic Race.*)

The chase of the Gilla Dacar is another Fian tale in which Dermot plays a leading part. The Fianna, the story goes, were hunting one day on the hills and through the woods of Munster and as his captains stood on a hillside listening to the baying of the hounds, he announced himself to take service with Finn, which culminated in a chase into the sea, and they disappeared towards the region of the West.

Finn and the remaining Fianna took council together as to what should be done, and finally decided to fit out a ship and go in search of their comrades. After many days of voyaging they reached an island guarded by cliffs. Dermot O'Dyna,

as the most agile of the party, was sent to climb them and to discover, if he could, some means of helping up the rest of the party. When he arrived at the top, he found himself in a delightful land, full of songs of birds and the humming of bees and the murmur of streams, but without a sign of habitation. Going into a dark forest, he soon came to a well, by which hung a curiously wrought drinking horn. As he filled it to drink, a low threatening murmur came from the well, but the thirst was too keen to let him heed it and he drank his fill. Soon there came through the woods an armed warrior, who violently upbraided him for drinking from his well. The knight of the well and Dermot then fought all the afternoon without either of them prevailing over the other, when as evening drew on the knight suddenly leaped into the well and disappeared. Next day the same thing happened. On the third day Dermot, as the knight was about to take his leap, flung his arms around him and both went down together. Dermot, after a moment of darkness and trance, now found himself in Fairyland. A man of noble appearance roused him and led him away to the castle of a great king, where he was hospitably entertained. Finn and his companions finding that Dermot did not return to them, found their way to the cliffs, and having traversed the forest, entered a great cavern which ultimately led them to the same land as that in which Dermot had arrived. There too, they are informed, are the fourteen Fianna who had been carried off on the mare of the Hard Gilly. He was the King who needed their services and who had taken the method of decoying some thirty of the flower of Irish men to his side.

GRANIA AND DERMOT. Grania in the Fian story of Coomac MacArt, High King of Ireland. She is betrothed to Finn MacCumhal, whom we are to regard at this period as an old and war worn, but still mighty warrior. The famous captains of the Fianna all assembled at Tara for the wedding feast, and as they sit at meat Grania surveys them and asks their names of her father, Druid Dara. "It is a wonder," she says "that Finn did not ask me for Oistin rather than for himself." "Oistin would not dare to take thee" says Dara. Grania, after going through all the

company, asks "who is that man with the spot on his brow, with the sweet voice, with curling, dusky hair, and ruddy cheek?"

"That is Dermot O'Dyna," replied the Druid. "The white toothed, of the light-some countenance, in all the world, the best lover of women and maidens."

Grania now prepares a sleepy draught, which she places in a drinking cup and passes round to her handmaid, to the king, to Finn and to all the company except the Chiefs of the Fianna. When the draught has done its work she goes to Oisin. Wilt thou receive courtship from me Oisin? she asks. "That will I not," says Oisin, "nor from any woman that is betrothed to Finn." Grania who knew very well what Oisin would say, turns to her real mark, Dermot. He at first refused to have anything to do with her.

"I put thee under bonds O Dermot, that thou take me out of Tara to-night." "Evil are these bonds, Grania," says Dermot; "and wherefore hast thou put them on me before all the kings' sons that feast at this table?" Grania then explains that she has loved Dermot ever since she saw him years ago, from her sunny bower, take part in and win a great hurling match on the green at Tara. Dermot, still reluctant pleads the merits of Finn, and urges also that Finn has the keys of the royal fortress so that they cannot pass out at night. "There is a secret wicket gate in my bower," says Grania. "I am under *geise* not to pass through any wicket gate," replies Dermot, still struggling against his destiny. Grania will have none of these subterfuges—any Fian warrior, she has been told, can leap over a palisade with the aid of his spear as a jumping pole; and she goes off to make ready for the elopement. Dermot, in great perplexity, appeals to Oisin, Oscar, Keilta and the others as to what he should do. They all bid him keep his *geise*—the bonds that Grania had laid on him to succour her—and he takes leave of them with tears.

Outside the wicket gate he again begs Grania to return. "It is certain that I will not go back," says Grania, "nor part from thee till death part us." "Then go forward O Grania," says Dermot. After they had gone a mile, "I am truly weary, O grandson of Dyna," says Grania.

"It is a good time to be weary" says Dermot, making a last effort to rid himself of the entanglement "and return now to thy household again, for I pledge the word of a true warrior that I will never carry thee nor any other woman to all eternity." "There is no need," replied Grania, and she directs him where to find horses and a chariot, and Dermot, now finally accepting the inevitable, yokes them, and they proceed on their way to the ford of Luan on the Shannon.

Next day Finn burning with rage, sets out with his warriors on their track. He traces out each of their halting places, and finds the hut of wattles which Dermot has made for their shelter, and the remains of the meal they had eaten. And at each place he finds a piece of unbroken bread or uncooked salmon—Dermot's subtle message to Finn that he has respected the rights of his lord and treated Grania as a sister. But this delicacy of Dermot is not at all to Grania's mind. They are passing through a piece of wet ground when a splash of water strikes Grania. She turns to her companion; "Art thou a mighty warrior O Dermot, in battle and sieges and forays, yet me seems that this drop of water is bolder than thou." This hint that he was keeping at too respectful a distance was taken by Dermot.—The tale after this loses much of the originality and charm of its opening scene. They are chased all over Ireland, and the dolmens in that country are popularly associated with them, being called in the traditions of the peasantry "Buds of Dermot and Grania."

After sixteen years of outlawry, peace is at last made for Dermot by the mediation of Angus with King Cormac and Finn. Dermot receives his proper patrimony and lands in the west and Cormac gives another of his daughters to Finn. "Peaceably they abode a long time with each other, and it was said that no man then living was richer in gold and silver than Dermot, nor one that made more preys." Grania bears to Dermot four sons and a daughter. The story closes in telling how Dermot was killed by the Boar of Ben Bullen—and the shameful conduct of Grania—her peace with Finn and how she dwelt with him as his wife until he died.

The myths and legends of the Celtic race which have come down to us in the Welsh language are in some respects of a different character from those which we possess in Gaelic. The Welsh material is nothing like as full as the Gaelic, nor so early.

MOTHERHOOD.

A fair, gentle face at the window,
A greeting of love at the door,
Is the welcome we get from our mother
When we visit the home once more.

In pain, but with gladness she bore us,
And reared us with sacrifice grim,
The privilege of loving and giving
Has filled her life's cup to the brim.

Allegiance her children now owe her,
Duty only cannot suffice;
Her years of unselfish devotion
Command all our love as their price.

But no daughter ere gives of it fully
'Til upon her own snow-white breast
Nestles the face of her first-born:
Then she knows, and gives of her best.
—AMELIA DAY CAMPBELL.

THEY HAE TA'EN HER AWA'.

They hae ta'en her awa'
To th' wee narrow hoose,
Wi' its cauld, damp wa's
An' grass-covered roof.
They hae laid her deep doon
'Mang th' earth an' th' stanes,
Tae lie in th' grave,
'Mang th' deid a' alane.

They hae ta'en her awa',
We a' loved sae weel,
An' nane but her ain
The heart-pangs can feel.
She was dear tae us a'
Oh! why was she ta'en?
Did God need an angel
In His Heavenly Hame?

They hae ta'en her awa'
Nae'mair tae come back
Tae this world sae fair,
O sair, bleeding heart.
But she noo lies at rest,
Free frae sorrow an' pain.
The bride o' my youth,
An' wife o' my hame.

They hae ta'en her awa'
An' I tae maun gang
Tae lie doon beside her,
And it may not be lang.
And maybe she'll ken me
An' love me again
In th' Land o' the Leal,
The Heavenly Hame.

—M. J.

SCOTTISH SOCIETIES.

NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB, November 12th. The club held its quarterly meeting; Chief James W. Taylor presiding. The following officers were nominated for 1913: Chief, James W. Taylor; First Chieftain, Robert D. Mitchell; Second Chieftain, Archibald Gray; Third Chieftain, R. Bernard; Fourth Chieftain, John MacGillvary; Fifth Chieftain, William H. Sinclair. James Wilson was elected as a member of the club. Two nominations were presented.

THE LADIES AUXILIARY of the Caledonian Club held their monthly meeting on November 11th; encouraging reports were received from the committee of last entertainment.

CLAN MACLAREN, O. S. C., Holyoke, Mass. On November 17th, they held an open meeting in their hall; over three hundred were present. Mr. Peter Kerr, the Royal Secretary, spoke encouragingly of the good of the order. Chiefs Coutts of Clan McLaren, John Kerr of Clan Murray, and Thomas Duffus of Clan McLennan, made short addresses, after which refreshments were served, followed by songs. Gatherings like these are the means of bringing many members into the clan.

CLAN MACDONALD, Brooklyn, N. Y., has so increased in membership in the last four months that the meeting place has become too small. At the clan's meeting on November 16th, it was decided to engage a hall in the Masonic Temple, Clairmont street. Past Chief William Haldane spoke encouragingly of the financial condition of the clan.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, of Buffalo, N. Y., held its annual meeting on November 11th and elected the following officers for 1913: President, James G. Cownie; vice presidents, William Donaldson, James Paton; treasurer, James A. Neilson; secretaries, George G. Stewart, David C. Cunningham; trustee for three years, Thomas Stoddart. The St. Andrew's banquet will be held in Statler's Hotel, November 29. The new officers of the Ladies' Auxiliary are: President, Mrs. G. Cownie; vice presidents, Mrs. G. F. Sherwin, Mrs. George MacLeod; secretary, Miss Anna McNaughton; treasurer, Mrs. George W. McCoppin; chaplain, Mrs. Flora Jenkins. On the 25th of November, the officers of both societies were installed.

CLAN MACGREGOR, Yonkers, N. Y., held its annual concert on Wednesday evening, November 27. It was a great success. The leading singer was Mr. William Cockburn.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY of the Caledonian Hospital Society, will hold a bazaar at Kismet Temple, Herkimer street, Brooklyn, on December 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th. Mayor Gaynor will open the bazaar on Wednesday evening, and interesting programs have been arranged for every night. The ladies of the "Auxiliary" are working hard for noble purpose, and should be encouraged.

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY of Newark, N. J., will hold its 19th annual banquet at L. Achtel Steter's, 842 Broad street, on Thursday evening, December 5th. Dr. Angus Sinclair is president, and John Campbell, secretary.

THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, of San Francisco held its annual meeting on November 4th. The following officers were elected for 1913: President, Thomas Stead; vice presidents, T. C. Hunter and John L. McNab; secretary, R. H. Murray; assistant secretary, Robert Young; financial secretary, R. D. Colquhoun; treasurer, J. H. Webster; trustees, John McLaren, James S. Webster, Y. C. Lawson, George Bennett, Joseph Black; physician, Dr. W. F. McNutt; chaplain, Rev. William Kirk Guthrie; librarian, Donald Mowatt. The annual banquet will be held at the Palace Hotel, on December 6th. Professor Charles G. Paterson will speak on "Scotland." Dr. A. K. Crawford will respond to "Saint Andrew's Day" and Mr. James S. Webster will speak to the sentiment, "The Land We Live In."

The recent death of Mr. Thomas Haddon has cast a gloom over the Scots of Chicago. Mr. Haddon was born in Lanarkshire, but came to Chicago over forty years ago. He was a member of the John O'Groat's Calithness Society. Mr. Haddon's many friends extend sincere sympathy to his widow and children.

THE ENGLEWOOD, ILL., SCOTTISH CLUB at its meeting on Friday evening, November 15th, decided to have a "Ladies' Night" at the next regular meeting, on December 6th, when an excellent entertainment will be provided, and refreshments served.

THE TWO CLINCKERS.

Some years ago a couple of well known clansmen, met by chance in the City of Boston, both looking after the same thing namely a job, for after trying one firm after another and getting only a promise, they met an Irishman who told them where there was a job for two. They agreed to take a car and get there as quickly as possible.

After about one hour's ride they arrived as their destination, the elder of the two inquired of a laborer if the cork was about, he did not understand him so the younger asked if the boss was around, and was informed that he was on top of the building. Both made for the boss, and when he was found the elder addressed him thus: "Die ye want any hewers?" the boss asked him to explain himself. "Weel" says he "die ye want any marble cutters?" "Ycs," he said that he wanted a couple and that they could start as soon as he got the stone in, "Weel man" says the elder "if ye want tac hire a pair o' clinckers ye never had a better opportunity."

PAISLEY.

CLAN McLEOD, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A large number of clansmen and friends attended the twenty-third annual concert of Clan McLeod, at Grand View Auditorium, Jersey City. The management of the grand affair by Company "A," New Jersey Scottish Highlanders, under the able leadership of Chief McNeill, equaled in every respect those of previous years.

The Scottish Songs by various singers were appreciated. The pipe and drum band made a creditable showing in the inspection drill with Company "A," which was reviewed by Col. J. M. Pentland. It was a "fatigue" drill, and Captain James D. I. Husband and his men are to be commended on the precision with which it was carried out.

The One Hundred Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church; is completed which took two years to build. The opening service was on November 10th. The auditorium accommodates eleven hundred people, which was crowded at both services. Services were also conducted during Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Prominent neighboring pastors took part. Congratulations were rendered to Dr. Buchanan and to the officers and members of the church.

It is one of the handsomest Presbyterian buildings in the city and located close to the Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary.

There are commodious chapel and school room and church house at the rear of the main building. The entire property cost \$400,000.

THE CHICAGO ORKNEY AND SHETLAND SOCIETY held a short business meeting at Colonial Hall, on Saturday, November 16th. Later they adjourned to the ball room in the same building, and enjoyed a social gathering with the John O'Groat's Caithness Society.

RAB COMES HAME.

He tak's a lang, lang look at me,
An' in his klnly een
A something lies I canna name,
That somewhere I ha'e seen.

I bid him ben; he tak's a chair,
My heart loup's up wi' fricht,
For he sits doon as John wad do
When he cam' hame at nicht.
He spreads baith han's upon his knees,
But no' ae word he speaks;
Yet I can see the big, roun' tears
Come happin' doon his cheeks.

Then a' at ance his big, strong arms
Are streekit out to me—
"Mither, I'm Rab, come hame at last,
An' can ye welcome me?"
"O, Rab!"—my arms, are roun' his neck—
"The Lord is kind indeed;"
Then hunker doon, an' on his knees
I lay my auld grey heid.

"Hoo could ye bide sae lang frae me,
Thae weary, weary years,
An' no' ae word—but I maun greet,
My heart is fu' o' tears;
It does an auld, frail body guid,
An' oh! it's unco sweet.
To see ye there, though through my tears,
Sae I maun ha'e my greet.

"Your faither's laung since in his grave
Within the auld kirkyaird,
Jamie an' Tam they lie by him—
They werena to be spared;

ALEXANDER ANDERSON,
("Surfaceman")

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's very po'ly, ma'am, po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."—Ex.

OUR SYSTEM.

"What is meant by graft?" said the inquiring foreigner.

"Graft," said the resident of a great city, "is a system which ultimately results in compelling a large portion of the population to apologize constantly for not having money, and the remainder to explain how they got it."—Washington Star.

GOOD EXCUSE.

Hub (angrily)—"Here! What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"

Wife—"Because the sound was too distressing."—Boston Transcript.

The Irishman said to the grocer: "Sure I could buy eggs in Ireland for sixpence a dozen."

"Why didn't you stay there, Pat?"
"Because I couldn't get the sixpence."

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMEISON.

(Continued)

Chapter XV.

Within a few days, Alma was the possessor of an engagement ring, with a white sapphire and two rubies in it. But she could never cease to wear a larger ring; she could not forget the sailor that gave it to her, amid Ceylon's sprays. It had holy memories for her. She would wear his ring until she died, even when her shy, happy eyes looked into Norman's. No other heart could come nearer to hers, and as she gazed, on the night of her engagement to MacIver, on the sea, she could see another face reflected in the water; it stirred her heart, gave her face a sad, wistful look. The spell of the past and its witching hours came over her; the faint odor of Australia's flowers, the charm of its night sky and its distant sea, and dark grey eyes that drooped often beneath her gaze, strong hands that trembled in hers. How plainly she could see it all! This woman's heart was beating fast with a passion of love and pain.

Ah! the beautiful East, with its broad expanse of sea, and the moon shining on it! It would make this woman happier presently. What more could she desire?

There was a light step on the veranda and Norman appeared out of the shadows. "It's damp out here, Alma, and you might catch cold from the night dew. Come over here to the chairs and sit down."

"All right, but I don't want to go in just yet." Then laughingly she seated herself on the chair.

"Listen, sweetheart—please be patient with me; I've brought you another ring. I want you to tell me how soon you can wear it, and consider this something to be settled in accordance with your wishes and desires."

Alma Duffrain clenched her hands tightly, and her breath came quickly. A red spot burned on either cheek.

"Norman," said Alma, very softly, "wait until to-morrow, will you? If the Rosses can stay on for a month in Ceylon, I don't know why you and I can't."

"Yes," was his reply, "this is no question of sacrifice. Mrs. Ross will help you as her best friend."

Her eyes met his clearly now. She was quite calm outwardly, and she did not draw her hand away. A feeling of how sweet comradeship was, had come and that is life's best beginning. When you begin anew to moor your heart at a new anchorage, and you are no longer the "drift wood" swinging with every current, or the craft breaking away from the landing; and the comradeship was sweeter in this case, because of its long absence.

An abiding sense of companionship came

to the Scotchman. He was to set sail again with one woman who found her best of friends.

They stood still for a few minutes, looking at the port. This was Alma's favorite spot—on the Galle-face. In her heart she was thanking heaven for the blessing given to her. A voice of sweetest Scotch accent whispered, "Alma, I have loved your face from the first moment in the fog. I pray heaven that I may see it the last in this world. You have given me new life."

This man did not measure his words, he disclosed his whole heart to her. The moon shone on the port of Colombo and on its waters until it looked like burnished gold; beautiful as was this fair world, love made it fairer, as Alma Duffrain turned from the rippling waters to look at Norman MacIver's face, the one man in the whole world, for whom she had waited—had come at last.

Women have quick intuitions—although very much they discern by instinct that takes time in piercing the brains of very clever men. She opened her mind to MacIver after she had caught some sparks from the fire called love, and the time came, when she counted her trip to Colombo, the happy trip of her life.

Donald Ross was not surprised, he had foreseen the result from the first. He congratulated Norman in such a fashion that he was prouder than ever of what he had won.

The air was warm with the sensuous languor of Summer weather, on the Indian ocean. The rain poured in torrents in Colombo, but the Grand Oriental was a blaze of light, Alma Duffrain was the perfection of discretion, the whole world had changed for her, her life was growing complete; just one month before her heart had been desolate, full of the sense of the emptiness of many things. Her first hostess had asked her to come back to them and stay until the "Cruba" sailed for England. "Perhaps," she said "it would be better for me to accept."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton, "you do not trouble us. Stay with us and you can drive out every day. I think you will enjoy yourself."

"I shall be delighted," she said simply, a faint flush dying her face.

Colombo is a beautiful old place with its fanciful night lights and shades, a port to be remembered by Alma; it would stand out in her life as a bright star in a dark sky. When she went down into the dining room more than one person drew their breath in silent admiration. Her hostess thought she had never seen Alma look so beautiful; her host took her down to dinner, wondering that he had not been more impressed by her before, and he talked to her more than he had ever

done.

"Alma," he said, "you are the same, yet you are not in the least the same."

She looked at him with her brilliant smile saying, "You mustn't say so. It isn't true."

"It is this new love that has given you this look," said Mr. Hamilton, "As if you wore a halo. You were starved before, now you live on affection. You have submitted to love and it feeds you."

Alma only smiled in reply with a sweet tenderness. She tried to steady her thoughts, but she could not, they were all chaos.

"How plainly we can see the port from here," she said. She raised her dreamy eyes to her host and said, "I wonder what I should do if I had to live where there was no sea? I should miss it so much. I look at it the first thing in the morning and the last at night. It has been for three years a companion to me. The great ocean with its tossing, its sounds of falling or dripping and rushing has been my sad music." The words were so earnestly spoken. "I cannot believe myself, but Mr. Hamilton, I'm going to do my best and I'm sure we will be happy, although I must say good-bye to the Wattle of Australia and the starry jessamine of Colombo. I will always like them better than any other flowers that bloom. I learned to love them in the lands where they grow in wild, beautiful profusion. Many pleasant memories hang over it all, yet I now long to see Scotland," she added.

Mr. Hamilton, raising his kind face to hers said, "Alma drive away the past, put other and happier thoughts in new places. Your new vow will be eternal and will go beyond everything else, your marriage with this stranger will be no mere convention between a man and a woman. I know that he loves you, yes, with a love that you do not understand, and you can touch no depths to which he will not follow with his love. He is fascinated by your spiritual charm so haunting and vivid. You see how he cares for his friends at the Galle-face Hotel, he loves them with a devotion as deep as that he gave his own flesh and blood. Cheer up my friend, God sent him to help you. Heaven has given you our hearts' desire for you."

"Thank you," she replied simply, "you have been kind to me, from my first happy night here; now you add to your goodness, with kind words of commendation. Days spent under your care in Colombo were some of the happiest in my life, and the memories of Ceylon, will be like strains of sweet music without discord. Here, I once reached the highest bliss that life offers, and in Australia I knew the most bitter pain death can bring."

Mrs. Hamilton did not interfere by word or action. She knew it was useless, but she never ceased wondering how it was that Alma, who had refused some of the island's best offers, had promised her hand to a Scotchman. She seemed that night to forget that they must soon go away; there was no more

desire left; it seemed to Alma Duffrain that all her life had been ordained. Her host and hostess would have done anything for her; he had the kindly affection of a brother, ever since he had said "good bye" to her sailor lover, for the last time, near the breakwater.

In the pictured stories of the Singalese, and the history of Oriental races we see that they had a full knowledge of operation of mind power. This has been possessed by them for thousands of years, traces of which appear in Ceylon's ruined temples and other buildings. They understood the art perfectly and it arose to great heights. Back of all Ceylon's rites and ceremonies underlay their ancient mysteries greatly employed along the line of healing.

In fancy, Alma Duffrain, would always see Colombo, its brilliantly lighted hotels, the throng of pleasure seekers on its streets, pretty women in gay attire, the sound of "Surry" and "Rick Sha." If she never came back, some of the old time sweetness would still be hers; the past could never be dead, but vitally alive.

"I can bear it," she said to herself, "and I will do my duty in love, only waiting until God brings us together again."

Outwardly, Alma was calm, inwardly, tense and unstrung. She wondered at last if her past sorrow had been laid away in an inner shrine; in the last few mornings when she threw open her windows to look upon the ocean, her face seemed transfigured by some spiritual exaltation too great for words. There was about her a certain uplift of soul that faded into sweet serenity. There was mind power behind all her preparations, actions, and courage, without this subtle force, she would have failed.

Norman MacIver was a positive man, magnetically, one of the examples of a strong, Scotch, forceful man of affairs, with a certainty of inward power. Those happy weeks bound the heart of Alma Duffrain, making her heart one with the Scotchman, who would take her to his home, near the Fay, when the snow would be lying on the ground. The heat of the East shimmered over the little Scotch church, near the lake in Colombo, when Alma Duffrain looked into the clergyman's face and answered "Yes," and then "I do." There was no going back now. So there she crossed the threshold into another life, and she never broke her word; and there was not the shadow of a secret between the two, now man and wife. He had taken all fear from her. There had been no deceit, nothing but death could take her from Norman now. There must be many partings in this world, but their friends felt assured that while Norman and his wife lived, there never would be one between the two, who met in the "Fog" towards King George's Sound.

The Singalese boatmen rowed with force and splendid energy; they put forth all their strength and came up to the P. & O.

steamer just as she was ready to leave the Port for the open sea. The boat came along side, the gangway was lowered a little lower, and willing hands helped Alma MacIver and her husband to come safely on deck. She stood with her hand locked in that of Nellie Ross's, looking over the side of the big steamer, till Colombo became only a mere speck in the distance, and Ceylon, with its lights and harbor was lost to view.

In the little church, where she had often worshipped, she had that morning spoken the solemn words, that made her his; it had all filled her heart and life with a nameless joy, which she could not, dared not, put in words. Norman MacIver was conscious that this was the one woman who would raise him to higher things, the mother he would fain give his children; she had so fascinated him that in her presence he was powerless to resist her will.

Chapter XVI.

Scotland is a country that does not disappoint strangers. Before Alma MacIver got there she expected a lot, and when she got to the "Crask" there she saw more than she had bargained for. The quaintness soon disappeared from picturesque spots, and an old town that clustered with very historical associations appeared. It was Christmas time when they got there, and it was contrast enough to the life and warmth and luxury, left in Australia and Ceylon, with their green stretching plains and rich dense jungles, catching the golden glow of the sunshine of the East—those sloping hill-sides, with the cinnamon and acacia, tea trees and coffee, clinging to the soil.

All other memories vanished when they came in sight of MacIver's Home, where Norman would lavish all on his wife, all the luxuries and pleasures wealth could bring, and give her much her heart craved for, and what would be sufficient to her affectionate and unselfish nature. love. He would live for her alone. If she in time, missed the glare of the East and its excitement, love and attention, in return he at least owed her. He never would look back and nothing could tempt him to do it. Her mind was made up and she was not likely to swerve or falter in her desire to please the man who never misjudged her motives, and never would wrong her confidence. Their attachment was stronger and infinitely deeper than either ever dreamt of. It lured her to this new life, it covered hot well springs that lay bound in memory, but never dead. Norman could never say to this woman who had trusted him—"You have deceived me."

When their coachman pulled up his horses with Scotch abruptness, the animals reared and came back on their haunches; MacIver flung the carriage door open, his mind full of a new love that stirred every fibre of his being, warm and deep. So long silent, this affection, it now fastened on his wife with a new strength.

The face of his gentle mother came back to him, as they entered, her kindly glance and word, it seemed as though he must hear her. He had glanced up at the house as they approached. She used to look out for him, her eyes fixed so wistfully on the gate. He would never forget the radiance of joy that always dawned on her face as soon as she beheld him.

His wife was moved to take his hand as they went up the steps of the house and an old servant stood still by the door, to welcome them home, where they would fill the old places and make dark days sunny. Alma held Norman's hand, and her touch told him that she understood she had linked her life to his in the union that nature pleaded for. She saw that his thoughts were just now consecrated to the past, to the absent, that could never more be present. He was missing their joyous welcome but this was a surer evidence that he could love and be trusted.

She glanced hastily round as he opened the door of her room, where she would be mistress and queen. Norman pressed her with tenderness to his heart and lifted her face to his with a mute caress, and his perfect love for his mother touched her too deeply to answer him in words, but it struck her far down into her heart, stirring long sealed depths. This was a noble, generous home coming; with the warmth of such love around her she could bear much; such divine essence breathed in this unselfish devotion to a mother's memory, it all struck home to Alma's better nature. For this noble, frank and tender heart she had not given up but gained much! She would shower on him the only reward she could give, she would love and honor his name as it merited. In this short time in his mother's old room, he had grown unutterably dear to her.

"If you loved your mother like this, Norman," said Alma. "I will be content with you for my sole companion, away from the hum of the world and the pleasures of the port, that was to me, my Eden in the East."

"You have hushed my missing with a deeper happiness," he replied "For you, and with you and the warmth of your affection, I can only thank God." Tears of gratitude and tenderness were wrung from the strong Scotchman's heart, as he bent over her, pressing his lips to her flushed brow with a new glow of joy that would last.

Chapter XVII

How long she sat in the old, low chair Alma MacIver never knew; time was a long blank, she only knew she had entered into Norman's life never to quit it. Thought, memory and hope, were all merged in this one thought, till the Coolie dog, that had followed them up the stairs, and now crouched near Alma, crept up and licked her hand uttering a long, low whine, as if of welcome and affection. The touch rous-

ed her, calling her back to life. He lifted his head, as she smiled and patted him with playful tenderness.

The sun was near setting, and all the earth was brilliant with the imperial glories that attend Christmas seasons, when they went down to supper. A thunder storm in the early morning had purified the chilly Scotch air; the roads were sparkling with frost and the grasses glittered like diamonds in the setting sun. There was the glorious beauty of "Scotland's glad winter-time" in the fragrant air, and on the frosty roads, but the frost never reached the heart or the senses of the two in the low-roofed old room. The new mistress of the "Crask" looked around when the evening sun died out, while the odor from the turf fire swept over the room with a sweet fragrance, new to her. Her glance fell on the two paintings over the side-board. They spoke to her like living things—the father and mother Norman had loved, not lost. "She had taken their old place."

How she wished they could feel her touch, and answer her back with their warm caress! It seemed to her as though they must hear—if so, she would never be quite motherless as long as they hung there.

As she gazed round her at all the old things, they spoke to her like living things. What must their value be to the "Son of the House," of fiery passions and the deep, silent pride that is fixed and centered in all clansmen, who often brave the blasts of the world with a very high spirit? But they often have warm susceptibilities; they often hate to bid farewell for long and weary years to home, leaving those they love unprotected, unportioned, going across the seas in search of riches—going perhaps for life itself, never to meet again, never again to look into each other's eyes, and together breathe the fresh air of old Scotland. The fair Highlands, so fair to those so far away, and though they may have lived apart for years in all the glorious light of their strength, their hearts throb with human love, and when cold, gray age creeps on, their eyes yearn for one sight of the loved faces, and their lips long for sweet caresses, so silent and fixed. And they wish to sleep their last sleep in the narrow chambers of death, in that gracious, golden earth, which God gave to their forefathers, but which strangers and sportsmen have marred so sadly. The world's decree fastens shackles on many an emigrant, even though with every link of the fetters, the iron enters into the heart, and often honor and love of home are at war until it is too late, and the sunset has come, and dreary night has drawn to slumber the heart throbs over the sea. Around the old, thatched houses in sequestered spots, all is hushed; the horses' gallop has ceased at the little gates, and the gate is closed with an iron clasp till they meet beyond the grave.

Some folks seek and find fresh happiness, but in spirit they are often with those at

home, and without their children some Scotch parents find life is dark and dreary as a desert. Oh! I will tell you, none can ever gauge their love; existence would be no sacrifice if given up to serve them; they live for their offspring as no woman ever lived for man; they work for them, and glory in the task. This love of the home land and for their children seems grafted in the Highland Scotch by nature, and inherited with life; and that love blesses them, gives greenness to their very breath. It is often a heritage that leaves marks of fire, yet it is knitting many hearts across the sea, lingering in the minds of the emigrants like a parched thirst for water. The doubt as to returning would be to some hearts like the bitterness of death.

A carriage stood before the entrance; the door of the "Crask House" was wide open; the hall was bright with lights. There stood Alma MacIver, in the full glare of the light; stood near Norman to welcome the friends from Australia, who helped to make life dear to her.

Chapter XVIII.

It was the last night of the old year when Donald Ross and his party came to the "Crask." The trees were silvered in the moonlight and the Fay dashed onward under its gloomy bridges. The deep calm heavens bent over the "Crask" as if in tenderness, the last night of the year seemed hushed to the holy silence of the hour. The mistress of the "Crask" welcomed them with affection on her lips. She was so changed that she looked like another Alma; the unrest had left her, her eyes were so bright.

The friends to whom they both owed so much stood by her side, she watching their every look. No sister could make them more welcome, they knew that Norman loved them well. If Donald Ross had asked him to have gone to the other end of the world, again and again, he would have done it. He came to the gate to meet them, his heart beating with pleasure, his strong form trembling as he stood beside Ross; he held out his hand to them in kindly greeting.

"You are very good to come so soon," he said, and then there was a few moments of embarrassed silence.

Mrs. Ross, with her quick woman's tact, broke it. She guessed the two men thought of the tall, slender, graceful girl, who slept, under the daisy sod in St. Andrews. The girl with the pure Scotch face and the sweet smile; she was not forgotten.

Donald Ross looked into Norman's face with a smile unusually sweet. He betrayed no surprise, made no comment. They came there to pour forth kindly words, shepherding stray thoughts of the past, that were only fragments of love and were indestructible; but Donald's words to Norman were noble and for a holy purpose.

He had cast his bread upon many waters, he and his were God's peculiar care, beyond all their seeing, beyond all their knowledge.

He cared for them, those that seemed dearest, best and truest, these were with God.

Donald Ross' higher self rose on the last night of the year, in the old room in the "Crask," beautiful thoughts came and desires. He knew well that the things which threaten the peace of a home are not external, here lies the key to noblest help, the mystery of suffering with discipline. They were all so dear, the old familiar scenes when he entered the rooms. A home well worthy of its handsome mistress, with the scarlet rowan berries over her raven hair, her eyes flashing in the triumph of welcome. The old familiar servants knew him and there was a Scotch welcome for the Australians.

The "Watch-meeting" rang out its bells—the grey church bells swinging slowly through the air. They all left the house and walked across the park to the sweet and humble church to take in the "New Year" in silent prayer. The moonlight streamed around them, playing fitfully on them as it fell on the parted branches of fir wood flowers, and the lilies of the valley filled the air of the little church with fragrance as the chimes tolled out slowly from the old church tower; all around was silent prayer, no murmur, no whisper stirred the silence of the "New Year," until in soft whispers of love they all agreed that it was one of the prettiest "watch" services they had ever heard "carolled."

Out on the dark oaken sill of the window a woman was dropping seed with her own hands for the swallow who nestled under the thatch of the eaves, while the light flickered down upon her hair through the curtains. The "Crask" now meant home for her, and was endeared to her husband by a thousand associations. She was alone, nothing near her save the wind; her face was very pale, save when now and then a deep warm flush passed over it, suddenly to fade away again as quickly; her eyes were dark and dreamy, with a yearning tenderness and on her lips was a smile, mournful yet proud, as half unconsciously they uttered the words of her thoughts aloud: "I will not leave thee, no, nor yet forsake thee. Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." They were the words of an oath, taken in a holy hour, and to their keeping she would dedicate her life. Alma MacIver leaned there, against the wood work, alone, yet never alone, the silence unbroken that reigned about her save when the wind swept through the branches above and the carols cleft the air.

MUDDLED.

The lecturer arose and said impressively: "Every time I see a young man coming out of a saloon, I want to go right up to that young man and say, 'Turn right around, young man; you're going the wrong way.'" —New York Mail.

"FORGETTING."

BY ELSIE VIRGINIA JONES.

If I could forget your sweet young face
With its look of childish winning grace,—
If I could but banish your witching smile
That steals o'er my memory all the while.

The touch of your little hand in mine
Steals through my veins like rare old wine,
And for one more kiss on your neck of
snow

I'd barter my hope of Heaven I know.

If I could forget,—when the restless sea
Stills its wild throbbing—the wand'ring
bee

Restores to the flower its vanished hue,—
Then only, Beloved, can I forget you.

Ah, could I forget,—thou fool and blind,
The heart is Master, and not the mind!
E'en when the mind is mold'ring dust
The heart will remember,—it must, it
must!

SCOTTISH POPULATION OF NEW YORK.

According to the census of 1910, there were 26,000 people of Scottish birth in Manhattan and the Bronx, and during the last two years this number has been increased by 5,000; and there are fully 70,000 more of direct Scottish descent in New York, so that by a conservative estimate there are about 100,000 who call themselves Scotch. In 1910 there were in Brooklyn, over 13,000 of Scottish birth, and this number has since been greatly increased, so that we may safely estimate that in Greater New York there are fully 125,000 people claiming Scottish blood.

If we include the Scotch-Irish, who are really Scotch, and Canadian Scots, the number will be largely increased.

The census of 1910 reports 26,800 born in Canada, now living in New York and 252,500 born in Ireland; but Canadian born residents have increased only 4,000 in fifty years, and the Irish born have increased 10,500. The census reports those born in England, 78,100 in 1910, an increase of 40,000 in fifty years; those in Wales were 1,700 an increase of 365 in fifty years. Scottish born residents of New York city have more than doubled in the last fifty years.

"Are you going to marry the duke or the count?" asked the society reporter of the actress.

"The duke; the wedding takes place to-night."

"I am sorry. We have a photograph of the count, but none of the duke."

"In that case, I will marry the count."—Washington Herald.



WASHINGTON MEMORIAL.

An equestrian statue of George Washington was unveiled in Washington Park, Newark, N. J., on November 2, in the presence of a distinguished assemblage. The memorial, a splendid specimen of art work was designed by the noted Scottish sculptor, J. Mas-sie Rhind, of New York. Contrary to universal custom in equestrian statues, in the work now considered, the rider is dismounted and stands by the side of the horse. Independently of valid historical reasons for the innovation, it commends itself to the spectator, as being an admirable grouping of figures. The pose and figure of the Father of his Country impresses the beholder as dignified and fully conveying the highest ideal conception of the great man. The features of General Washington, as modeled by Mr. Rhind, seem to reproduce Hudon's cast, but with an animation and reflex of emotion absent from the work of the French ar-

tist. As in the statue of Mr. Carnegie and in the bust of the late Dr. Skene, of Brooklyn, Mr. Rhind did more than give a mere reproduction of the originals so far as form and outline are concerned. He attempts, and not in vain, to convey an impression of merit and emotion.

Mr. Rhind came naturally by his art predilections, as his father, John Rhind, R. S. A., was the most noted sculptor of his time in Edinburgh. Mr. Rhind was born in Edinburgh in 1858, and received his early art education in his father's studio in that city. He afterwards studied in London and Paris, and thus equipped, both in the theory and practice of his vocation, he came to New York in 1889. The sterling quality of Mr. Rhind's work, his originality and the fidelity of his designs, secured him ere long a large measure of popular favor, which is constantly increasing with the lapse of time.



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

CLAN MACKENZIE, No. 2, O. S. C., held their annual concert and ball at Odd-fellows' Hall, Thursday, October 31st, with Chief John Stewart in the chair. One of the largest gatherings ever brought together by this good old clan, filled the hall almost to suffocation. The concert was a more than usually excellent one, the contributing artists being Madame Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, whose sympathetic and charming rendering of the old Scotch songs, pleased everyone; 'our old, but ever new, favorite, James Singer, as good and pleasing as ever; a Scottish comedian, Will Brown, who did good work, with excellent songs, and characterization without a flaw. The Irvine Sisters were the dancers and splendid exponents they are. Royal Secretary Peter Kerr, Councilman Walter Ballantyne, and President Pottinger, of the Scots' Charitable Society, spoke briefly and voiced the sentiments of every one in congratulating the officers and committee for the excellence of the entertainment.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB meeting was held on election night, Tuesday, November 5th, and was well attended. Those members who voted against several of the amendments proposed last meeting, are realizing their mistake, and it is probable some of the defeated amendments will again be brought before the club for action.

The Burns' Committee reported they had engaged for the annual Burns' celebration to be held in Mechanics Hall, Friday evening, January 24th, 1913, Miss Evelyn Scotney, of the Boston and Montreal Grand Opera Company; Mr. Howard White, basso, late of the Boston Opera Company; Miss Barbara Foster, late of the Glasgow select choir; Mr. M. J. Dwyer, tenor, ex-district attorney of Boston, and a famous lecturer on Robert Burns; Miss Nellie Ferguson and her troupe of Highland dancers. This is one of the most expensive concert companies ever brought together for a Burns' concert in Boston.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BANQUET of the Scots' CHARITABLE SOCIETY, will be held Monday evening, December 2nd, at the Hotel Brunswick and will be fully reported in our next issue. His excellency, Eugene N. Foss, Governor of Massachusetts; his Honor John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston; Hon. John Hay Hammond, and President

Alexander Melklejohn, of Amherst College, will be the speakers of the evening on this occasion.

REV. A. N. MACLENNAN will shortly leave the United Presbyterian Church, Warren avenue, Boston, to take up a call to the Knox Congregational Church in Vancouver, B. C. Although Mr. MacLennan is at present chaplain of the Scots' Charitable Society, he has never, in Boston, identified himself closely with any social or public matters outside of his own congregation. His church and his people have always come first in all his works, and thereby his congregation and church membership has increased wonderfully. It is about fourteen years since he took charge, and his membership has grown from 90 to 800. They worship in one of the finest church edifices in the city and are generous in granting the use of it to other denominations.

There are two churches in Boston where the gospel is preached regularly in Gaelic, and this is one of them. Since coming to Boston, Mr. MacLennan has preached once every month in the Gaelic language, and one Sunday when I attended I found a congregation of over 800 people listening to him with close and rapt attention.

I have heard Mr. MacLennan preach in English several times, and his matter was always good evangelics, and well worth listening to, but although I am ignorant of Gaelic, I was reminded of all the stories I have heard regarding the adaptability of the Gaelic language for poetry, expression, and love making for, when he read from the scriptures, and preached his sermon, the words had a soft liquid tone, with a soothing sibilant musical intonation, and the way the language flowed from his lips reminded me of the stream of water which gushed forth from the rock of Horeb when Moses smote it with his rod.

On the wall back of the choir is the following Gaelic inscription—"Is e'n Tighearna mo 'bhuatchaille."—The Lord is My Shepherd.

His congregation are in a measure stunned by what seems to them an irretrievable loss, they can only pray that God will send them a man and a minister worthy and willing to take up the work. Vancouver is fortunate in being able to add to her good citizenship, such a worthy, earnest, sincere and

helpful man of God as the Rev. A. N. MacLennan.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY BOARD to the Scots' Charitable Society held a fair in Tremont Temple on the afternoons and evenings of November 21, 22, 23. The Highland Dress band and pipers paraded on the opening night drawing big crowds. The attendance has been good and large sales are reported. The ladies have worked so hard it is a pleasure to report that a large surplus is assured.

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF BOSTON held their annual banquet at Young's Hotel, Wednesday evening, November 20th. Seated at the head table with President John B. Patterson were the Hon. George P. Graham, of Montreal, Minister of Railways in Canada during Laurier's administration; P. Kennard Thompson, president of the Canadian Club, of New York and several other representatives of British Societies in Canada and Boston. Royalty was represented in the presence of Princess Collondo Manasfield, of Austria, sister of Captain Cartwright, of the British Army, who was also present; also the Countess d' Etchegayen and Miss Phylis Cartwright. During the speech of Hon. George Perry Graham, he said: "Canada is British now, has always been British, and will always remain so. There is no sentiment on our side for annexation, and I know there is none on your side." Speaking of reciprocity, he continued: "The party to which I belong was defeated in the last election on that issue, or rather on this issue," pointing to the American and British flags on the wall behind him. "It was the strong feeling of nationality in Canada that had been aroused that said 'No.' The old Union Jack defeated that proposition." In view of the freedom accorded the United States by Canada in the use of the canals along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, he criticised the attitude of Congress on the Panama Canal question. "We think," he said, "the essence of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is not being carried out in the arrangement passed by Congress at its last session, but that was just before election, and I know what elections mean. I am sure that an arrangement will be made that will remove all cause of friction."

THE BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY VETERANS gave a farewell reception to Lieutenant-Colonel E. Muldowney, at the Revere House, Wednesday evening, November 20th. Many of the military bodies were represented, and the various British societies sent their best men as delegates, as Colonel Muldowney, in addition to his post of honor as head of the Veterans, had been prominent in British circles in Boston for many years. No matter what company of men he might have been in, if the request had been made to pick out a representative British soldier, Colonel Muldowney would have been the first choice. Any civilian could pick him out as a military man—six feet tall, broad-shouldered, never in a stand-at-ease position, but

always on guard, or on parade. As in his bearing, so also in his conduct, and before his departure from Boston to take up his residence in Porto Rico, his friends told him and others what they thought of him, and how they would miss him, and they did it in many various heartfelt ways. Few men could leave a community with such universal expressions of good will and regret as were paid Colonel Muldowney.

THE NORTH BRITISH CHARITABLE SOCIETY, HALIFAX, N. S.

The annual meeting of the North British Society held at the Halifax Hotel, on Friday evening, November 8th, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic on record. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed marked progress of the Society during the present year, both in membership and financial standing. The Charity Committee had also been active, and no less than six hundred dollars had been distributed among their less fortunate fellow-countrymen during the past twelve months. Special reference was made to the death of Chief Justice Macdonald, who for many years took a deep interest in the Society's welfare.

The election of officers for the ensuing year after a keen contest, resulted as follows:

President—Alderman George A. Mackenzie.

Vice President—D. Macgillivray.

Senior Vice President—James Hall.

Junior Vice President—H. W. Cameron.

Treasurer—George H. Taylor.

Secretary—James J. Bryden.

Assistant Secretary—J. McL. Fraser.

Committee of Charity—John Macdonald, Alex. Stephen, James Halliday, D. H. Campbell, Robert Baxter.

Chaplains—Rev. Dr. Forrest, Rev. J. W. Macmillan.

Historian—Prof. Howard Murray.

Auditors—M. McF. Hall, A. Milne Fraser.

Marshal—George Anderson.

Pipers—Pipers of Society.

It was decided to celebrate the festival of St. Andrew by a banquet on Monday evening, December 2.

After business, a pleasant hour was spent in social repast. Songs were given in good style by Messrs. Spawton, Mitchell, Boak and Freeman, and short speeches by the president and officers elect, and from guests, Messrs. Baker and O'Mullin.

Out of this list of officers three are past chiefs of Clan McLean, No. 105, viz: Alderman George A. Mackenzie, James Halliday and James J. Bryden, while H. W. Cameron is also an active member of the clan.

(James J. Bryden).

Clan McLean No. 105, O. S. C., Halifax, N. S., is again looking to the social welfare of their members and have resumed for the winter months at their rooms the Saturday evening meetings which in past years have proved so popular. The McLeans are found hustlers at all seasons of the year.



DETROIT, MICH.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

Mrs. Sarah Gerrie, President.

To the Caledonian:

St. Andrew's Society of Detroit, has been and is very fortunate in having as an aid, "The Ladies' Auxiliary." It comprises the wives, daughters and sisters of members of St. Andrew's Society, and has for its aims and purposes, the keeping alive of Scottish spirit, Scottish traditions, and to minister in many ways to the prosperity of St. Andrew's Society as its auxiliary.

And it especially cares for any Scotch women in need. This society is blessed by a membership of bright, competent, and in many respects talented ladies, and they do great honor to the women of the land they represent.

As St. Andrew's they too minister to the wants and necessities of their unfortunate country women, and they do their work with a joy and blithesome manner, that enhances the pleasure of giving and receiving.

The social side of the auxiliary is marked with great activity and each lady vies with her sister in contributions to their social pleasures.

On the evening of November 14th last, Mrs. Robena Leadbetter gave a reception

to the Ladies' Auxiliary, and their gentlemen friends at her spacious and beautiful home, 1279 Vermont avenue, and of course the Scotch must have music, and after greeting the hostess, music vocal and instrumental followed. The following contributed solos and duets, and often the company joined in chorus:

The Misses Ruby Elcome, Bessie Pert, Miss Robertson, Mrs. William Hystead, Mrs. Alexander McRobbie, Messrs. William P. Oliver, Donald Cuthill, Richard Lindsay, Mr. Wilson, William McKenzie, Thomas Ledbetter.

Misses Edith Gerrie and Minnie Cameron served as piano accompanists. Supper was served and memories of the home land were strongly in evidence and all joined in Auld Lang Syne, and a Scottish heart throb was in every breast, as each said "Guid Nicht."

Your articles on Preliminaries to the Union of Scotland and England are most valuable, and verifies my oft repeated statement that the publication should be in every Scottish family.

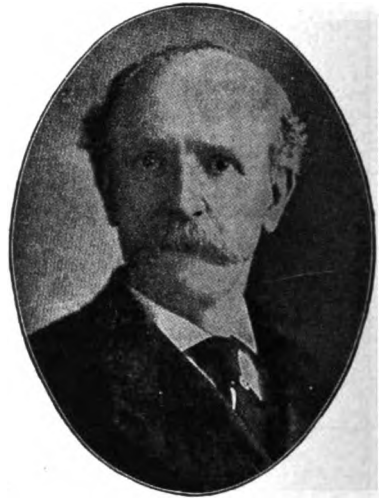
St. Andrew's Society is preparing to dedicate their new temple and we expect a most notable gathering.

Yours truly,

RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.



CHIEF ARTHUR FAIRWEATHER.



JAMES KENNEDY.

Clan MacDuff, No. 81, New York.

A brief sketch of this enterprising Clan cannot fail to be of interest to the members of our Order. Located as it is in the residential part of New York City it has the advantage of location, and for many years it has been looked upon as one of the leading Clans. It was chartered in 1890, the first signatures being obtained to the application on St. Andrew's Day, and the Clan was duly organized on December 18th, by Deputy Royal, Chief Walter Scott. James Kennedy was elected as the first Chief, and thirty-two Charter members were duly initiated. At the end of the first year the number had increased to fifty-eight, and the progress has been steadily onward and upward. An average of thirty-two members have been added to the roll during the twenty-two years of the Clan's existence. At the present writing 705 members have been initiated, and 32 accepted by transfer. Of their 737 members nearly 400 are now in good standing. As a proof of the excellent quality of the membership the death rate has been less than two in each year, the total being 32 in 22 years, and insurance to beneficiaries of deceased clansmen to the amount of \$19,250 has been paid by the Order of Scottish Clans. Honorary membership has always been ex-

tremely limited, the MacDuffs believing that this honor should be reserved for men of exalted character rather than a mere stuffing of the membership roll. Hon. David McAdam of the Supreme Court was the first to obtain this honor and Past Chief Walter Scott was the latest addition to this list. Both showed a warm and generous interest in the well doing of Clan MacDuff.

The meetings have always been well attended and the proceedings conducted with a degree of correct parliamentary procedure that would be difficult to surpass. The Clan has with rare exceptions been peculiarly fortunate in their choice of officers, and Chief Fairweather and the present excellent staff are fine examples of active, intelligent men, who feel pride in their office and work together harmoniously for the general welfare of the Order.

Chief Arthur Fairweather is a native of Brechin, Scotland, but has been over twenty years in New York. He is now serving his third term as chief. Others who have served the Clan with distinction and are still active members are Deputy Royal, James Kennedy; ex-Chiefs Garden, Baxter, Birnie, Rae, Tanist Alexander Davidson, who one year brought thirty-eight members into the Clan;



DR. JAMES LAW.

James Grant, who served his Clan as secretary for fifteen years; Rev. D. MacDougall, who officiated as chaplain for seven years; Dr. James Law, who is serving his twentieth year as physician. Clansmen John R. Bremner and Daniel MacLean, Trustees and officers of the emergency fund, Robert Johnston, served ten years as financial secretary. Tanist Martin has done good work on the Amusement Committee.

It is a remarkable fact that the large body of the membership has been composed of men from the North, or more properly, from the Northeast of Scotland. Big brawny athletes, caber-tossers, hammer-throwers, men who could hold their own. They are largely from among the better class of working men and tut for the continued depression in the building trades in New York, the active membership could easily have been over 500. Many have been reluctantly compelled to move away and transfer to other Clans.

The financial affairs of Clan MacDuff have been well managed, the funds approaching \$2,500 but it may be said, to the credit of the Clan that the MacDuffs have always been extremely generous in the case of sudden accidents or lingering distresses, and if they had stayed by the exact letter of the law the cash on hand would have easily been double its present amount.

In some respects the social side of the Clan has been one of its best features. Their

entertainments have been of a high order and attracted popular favor. Recently the second meeting of each month has grown into much favor as the "open meeting," when the routine business has been promptly despatched, and song and story enliven the occasions in a manner at once delightful and instructive. A fine Glee Club is getting the vocalists into unison. Football matches are constantly being arranged; and it must be added that the Lady MacDuffs have greatly aided the work of the Clan, and altogether the MacDuffs of New York are an ideal organization at once a credit to our noble Order and a high honor and enduring benefit to themselves.

R. W. W.

CLAN MacKENZIE,

NO. 29 NEW YORK.

November 19th, 1912.

Clan MacKenzie, No. 29, at present puts one in mind of a game of see saw. The one month is up and the other down, although we take in from three to four each meeting, we have a smaller membership now, than at the beginning of the year. They don't seem to fancy the place we meet in, so I think we will have to hire a moving wagon when our year is up. It is very hard to say where we will move to as all the good halls are above Fifty-Ninth street and we can't cross that line without getting into the MacDuff territory. I think the best thing to do would be to build one for ourselves, if we had any push in us we would have had one long ago.

At present we have four or five on the sick list, so our new doctor is getting lots of practice. There is a nominating committee out every night looking for officers for the incoming year, so you all may expect a visit. There are a few of the old timers back in the city at present, so it looks as if they will be trying for a place; but I hear nothing but young men will do. Let's hope next year will see the Clan going forward instead of backward.

JOHN KIRK.

NEW JERSEY CLANS.

Clan Forbes, Newark, held their annual concert on November 8th. It was considered the largest and best entertainment they have ever given.

Clan Gordon, of Elizabeth, will hold their annual concert on December 6th.

Clan Campbell, of Harrison, will hold their concert on December 6th also.

Clan MacKay, in Bayonne have selected December 13th, as the time for the annual concert.

Clan MacLean, Passaic, will hold their concert on a later date.



ANDREW WALLACE.

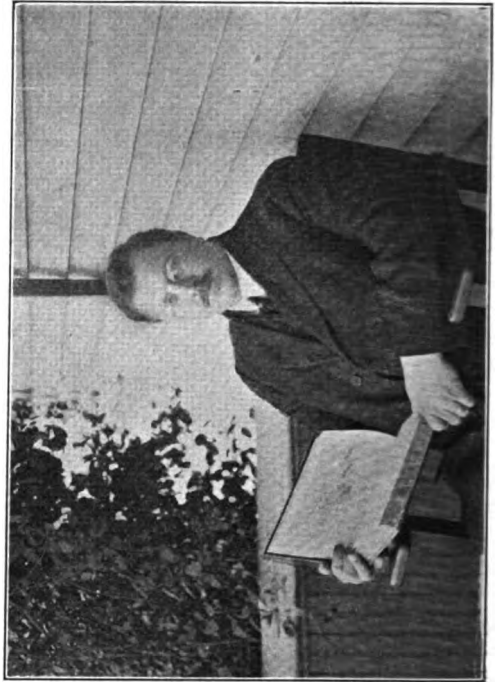
A NEW SCOTTISH CLAN INSTITUTED IN BROOKLYN.

Over 100 clansmen met on the evening of November 4th, at Connelly's Assembly Rooms, Forty-Fifth street and Sixteenth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., the occasion being the organization of Clan Chisholm, No. 217, the latest "bairn" of the Order of Scottish Clans. Chiefs and delegates were present from Clans MacDonald and Scott of Brooklyn, MacKenzie, MacDuff and Graham, of New York, and Gordon, of Port Chester, N. Y.

The ceremonies of initiation and installation were performed by Royal Deputy Andrew Wallace of New York, assisted by the following officers:

Tanist, Past Chief Bryce Martin; past chief, R. R. Lumsden, representing Clan MacDonald; chaplain, Rev. D. MacDougall, Clan MacDuff; senior henchman, Past Chief Fenwick W. Ritchie, Clan MacDonald; junior henchman, Past Chief W. Haldane, Clan MacDonald; sineschal, Past Chief W. Guthrie, Clan Scott; warder, R. Wright, Clan MacKenzie; sentinel, A. Mitchel, Clan MacDonald; secretaries, R. MacCulloch, Clan MacDonald, and R. Campbell, Clan MacKenzie; financial secretary, P. Carmichael, Clan MacDonald; pipers, I. MacLean Johnson and D. Scott Chisholm, Clan MacDonald.

On the platform were seated with the Royal Deputy Wallace, Past Royal Deputy



EDWARD M. THOMPSON, M. D.

James Kennedy, Chiefs Fairweather, Clan MacDonald; chaplain, Rev. D. MacDougall, MacLean, of Clan MacKenzie, Turnbull, Graham, Cochran, Gordon. All these chiefs in their turn assisted the royal deputy in the organization of Clan Chisholm.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott, sent hearty congratulations to the new Clan and regretted his inability of being present, but presented Clan Chisholm with beautiful flags, which were accepted with appreciation.

After the new clan had been installed, the election of its officers took place, and the following were elected for the ensuing year:

Chief, Edward M. Thompson; past chief, John L. Lawson; tanist, David W. Chisholm; senior henchman, Thomas Purdie; junior henchman, James Leggatt; sineschal, Owen W. Fraser; warder, Alfred Summerhill; sentinel, Peter D. Ballantine; treasurer, George G. Carnegie; financial secretary, William Austin; recording secretary, Charles MacGregor; chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. R. Deans.

A buffet supper was served at the conclusion of the ceremonies, and thereafter the "pipes" began to "skirl" to the tune of the "Gathering o' the Chisholms" played by Mr. D. Scott Chisholm.

A vocal program followed, ably sustained by Messrs. J. L. Lawson, R. Waterson, Da-

vid and William Austin, Thomas Purdie and J. MacL. Johnson.

Piper J. MacL. Johnson gave a number of bagpipe solos, and also supplied the music for an excellent exhibition of Highland dancing by Master James Hoey, who was attired in full highland costume.

The affair was a complete success in every way, and the prosperity of the new clan seems to be assured.

Klan Chisholm meets on the first and third Mondays of each month, at Library Hall, 771 Gravesend avenue, Brooklyn.

CHARLES MacGREGOR, Secretary.

STAMFORD, CONN., SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

On Thursday evening, November 7, both the society and Ladies' Auxilliary spent a most pleasant evening at their hall in songs and speeches, the occasion being the fifty-sixth birthday of their president, John Brown.

Mrs. Reid, the president of the Ladies' Auxilliary in an appropriate speech presented Mr. Brown with a beautiful gold watch charm, engraved with his initials, and Mr. Duncan, the vice president of the society, presented him with a handsome umbrella.

Mr. Brown, who was taken by surprise with such tokens of respect and congratulations returned hearty thanks to both societies.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

The New York Highlanders listened to an address on the subject of Home Rule for Scotland, given by Marion A. Smith, on the evening of October twenty-first.

At a recent meeting the matter of Home Rule for Scotland was brought up for discussion and a resolution of sympathy with the movement was unanimously adopted.

M. MacLeod.

HOME RULE IN EDINBURGH.

At a recent Scottish Home Rule Conference held in Edinburgh, of representatives from the Scottish Liberal Association, the Scottish Liberal Unofficial Members of Parliament, the Scottish Woman's Liberal Federation, and the Young Scots' Society, Sir William Robertson of Dumfermline presided.

It was agreed that a standing committee, composed of representatives from the four bodies present, be appointed to carry on propoganda work in Scotland during the winter, with a view of making arrangements for a national conference later.

HOME RULE IN GLASGOW.

At an enthusiastic gathering, presided over by R. Montgomery, J. P., arrangements were made for carrying out a series of meetings, and it was agreed to invite the co-operation of the local Men's and Women's Liberal Association, and the various branches of the Young Scots' Society. Several large meetings will be held soon. It was decided to appoint honorary officers, and to issue an appeal to all interested in the question of Home Rule.

OUR PACIFIC LETTER.

This season of the year usually finds the Scottish societies throughout the country particularly active and those of the West are doing their share to celebrate in a fitting manner, St. Andrew's Day, Hogmonay, and Burns' night.

The Clans in the West are taking advantage of the bettered business conditions, and nearly all of them are adding to their membership in a handsome manner.

The San Francisco and Oakland Clans are being benefited by the work now going on at the site of the Panama Exposition, which is to be held in the former city three years hence. Splendid progress is being made three large dredgers being constantly at work, making the shorelands of the exposition grounds and there is no doubt that this exposition will be one of the finest ever held in America. Scots all over the country should start making their arrangements now to visit the Pacific Coast in 1915, as a personal visit is the only way that one can grasp, even an idea of the wonderful scenery, resources, and possibilities of this great section of our country.

There is every indication that the O. S. C., in the West, will be strengthened by the addition of two or three new Clans before the next Royal Clan Convention. These new clans will be very welcome, as they will break the long distances which now separate our clans out here and strengthen the fraternal chain that we are trying to establish from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

If this should catch the eye of any clansman living in a Western City where there is no Clan, let him get busy and talk O. S. C., to every Scotchman he meets; that is one of the first duties a clansman owes to the Order and we should all be proud to take advantage of every opportunity which presents itself.

May the Yuletide season bring to the readers of the Caledonian all the blessings of comfort, happiness and prosperity.

ALEXANDER FINDLAY,

Royal Tanist of O. S. C.

OFFICE OF WILLIAM MORRIS, TIMES BUILDING.

The Casino Theatre, Thirty-Ninth street and Broadway, has been selected for the New York appearance of Mr. Harry Lauder, and the famous Scotch comedian's engagement will begin at that theatre December 23rd. Daily matinees will be given in addition to the evening performances, and the seats have already been placed on sale at the office of William Morris, 305 Times Building, N. Y., where reservations are being taken daily and communications received enclosing remittances. Prices for the evening performances range from 50 cents to \$2.00, and the afternoon from 25 cents to \$1.50. The same prices prevail in the other theatres throughout the tour and can be secured at the box offices of these various houses in their respective cities as indicated on second page cover.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas, 170 Kensington St., New Britain, Conn.
Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

GRAND LODGE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA New Britain, Conn., Nov. 19th, 1912. To the Daughters of Scotia:

The convention of last September has passed into history, and we have settled down to work, every lodge adding to its membership. In order to have our influence spread we must all work for the good of the order, practising the principles it teaches, as well as thinking them. Let each member in the subordinate lodges support their officers loyally. Let friendship fill their hearts and harmony will prevail. I take this opportunity to thank the sisters for their good wishes, and with their hearty co-operation there is no reason why we should not advance both numerically and financially.

Wishing you all the season's greetings, I am

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
MARY MIDDLEMASS,
Grand Chief Daughter,
Daughters of Scotia.

Torrington, Conn., November 19, 1912. To the officers and members of the Subordinate Lodges:

There has been a little confusion owing to the assessment slips not being ready for issue. (Blame the printer). They are just to hand now, and will be forwarded to each lodge at once. There are fifty double slips to each book, and treasurers will please take note that the yellow, or carbon copy, is to be sent to the Grand Secretary, and the white slip to the Grand Treasurer, with assessment money. The price of the book is twenty-five cents.

All Past Chief Daughters who were Deputies last year, and have not received commissions this year, will please return Ritual and badge to this office. (Those who have already returned theirs, needn't). Secretaries and others, who have been waiting with patience (It's a virtue never possessed by a man), for certificates and other things, bear with me a little longer, as I really have been over head in work, and am doing my very best to get out.

I regret to report the death of three sisters since I wrote last. They are going fast of late. The three are Catherine MacDonal, of "Helen Macgregor." No. 27, Yonkers,

N. Y.; Mary E. Tinby, of "Jeanie Deans," No. 11, Roxbury, Mass., and Elsie Dougal, "Marion Wallace" No. 20, Denver, Col.
Sincerely and fraternally,
MARY MILLER,
Grand Secretary.

LADY HAMILTON GRAHAM LODGE, NO. 26.

New York, November 4th, 1912.

The ladies of Hamilton Graham Lodge, D. O. S. had a new departure on their last meeting night October 16th. At the suggestion of Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce, we had a Sub-chief Daughter's night, which by the way, proved a big success and helped the various officers to gain a closer touch with the ritual. Sister Stuart filled the chair admirably, the other officers also. This should augur well at the next election of officers. I presume this will be my last notice to "The Caledonian" as secretary to the Ladies of Graham; so I would like to thank the editor for his goodness in accepting my various reports. I would also like to wish every sister of our beloved order, peace and harmony for 1913. Let us strengthen the bond of fraternity. Let us be sisters in every sense of the word, in the outer world as well as the meeting rooms.

Let us feel that we are each staunch and true, and that if the hand of perversity touches us we are one in word and deed. Life is so short, let us crowd all the good deeds for one another into it.

May 1913 be for the D. O. S. one of blessings. To each and every sister I wish a joyous happy year, with many to follow.

Yours fraternally,
EMELIE M. DAVIS,
Secretary.

HELEN MAGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27, YONKERS, N. Y.

Helen Magregor Lodge has had two meetings in November; Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. There was a large attendance at both. On the 5th inst. after the usual business the officers surprised the members by a good old fashioned Scotch tea. When the officers of our lodge do anything, it is never done by halves, and this event proved no exception. After everybody doing full justice to the bannocks and cheese, currant buns and short bread, scones,

cookies, etc., music and dancing brought a most enjoyable evening to a close.

At the meeting on the 19th inst., one application was received and a member by transfer. We were pleased to welcome back Sister Margaret Ross, who is looking well after quite a long visit to Scotland.

It was decided to have a dime social next meeting, December 3rd. We are looking forward to this being as successful as the socials of the year have been.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14, D. O. S.
Torrington, Conn.

We held our regular meeting on November 13th, and had a very large attendance. One application for membership was received, making three this fall. After the meeting, we welcomed the Clansmen, and other friends, to a grab social. There was much fun and laughter as the grabs were opened. There were songs and recitations by the members and friends, and selections by a juvenile orchestra, and everyone went home feeling better for an enjoyable evening together.

ADA HAMILTON,
Secretary.

HEATHERHILL LODGE, NO. 30.

Heatherhill Lodge, No. 30, D. of S., Homestead, Pa., sends congratulations to Mrs. Mary Middlemass, 'Grand Chief Daughter, on attaining the highest honor the Order can confer; a very hearty vote of thanks to P. G. C. D. Mrs. Lisa C. Henderson, for her good work as Grand Chief Daughter, due particularly for the interest and good advice she has given Heatherhill, No. 30, in the past two years, also greetings to all sisters of the Order.

Since last report we have had a very successful party at Homestead Park, a social in our own hall, and all were the guests of Clan MacKenzie, at a social on October 12th. We had good music, good singing and a lunch that night. The Clansmen treated us fine, and we think there's nane like them! Clan MacKenzie's all right! Who's all right? Clan MacKenzie 162!

We have also made use of the Grand Lodge, Rah Rah, since our delegate, Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Nellie Forbes returned from the convention.

Mrs. Forbes gave us a most interesting and instructive report of the fourteenth annual convention and promised to read it again for the "Good of the Order," also for the benefit of those members who were absent at the first reading and some who were on the sick list.

We have arranged a little social for next meeting, November 13th, to welcome those

sisters who have been awa' from hame for a wee while.

LOUISA CAMPBELL.

New Haven, Conn.

Victoria Lodge, No. 1, D. O. S., held a whist and pinochle after the lodge meeting, October 18th, which was a success socially and financially.

Action was taken on the death of Sister McIntosh and the report of the Convention read by the delegate, Sister Jane Wildman, was enjoyed by all the members present. She was asked to read it again at the next meeting, as the business was rather hurried.

The regular meeting of Victoria Lodge was held on Friday, November 15th. Mrs. Jane Wildman read the report of Convention for the second time, by request.

A partial report of the whist was given by Mrs. Ruthven.

It was decided to hold an Apron Sale at the next tea, December 5th.

A number of members signified their intentions of subscribing for the Caledonian. Mrs. Ferguson sang a solo, which was enjoyed by all present.

MRS. AGNES BRADLEY.

FACTS ABOUT INVERNESS-SHIRE.

The following interesting facts regarding Inverness-shire are culled from the 12th decennial census of Scotland. The population of the county now amounts to 87,272, which is 2,832 less than ten years before. The city of Inverness, the beautiful capital of the Highlands, has a population of 22,216, figures which do not show any great increase in members over the previous census returns for the burgh. There are thirty-three parishes in the county, twenty-one of them being on the mainland and twelve on islands. There are forty-eight inhabited islands within the limits of the shire, with a population of 30,935, which is less than that of ten years ago. The total number of persons of three years of age and upward in Inverness-shire able to speak Gaelic is 48,780, which is about 6,000 less than the number ten years before. A fact which shows that Gaelic is fairly holding its own in the Highlands is that, fully three-fourths of the children of less than school age in the county speak Gaelic exclusively. This shows that Gaelic is the language habitually spoken in the homes.

Inverness-shire one of the largest counties in Scotland, it is evident from the returns is but sparsely inhabited, considering its extent. Sheep farms and deer ranges have usurped the places of a loyal, devoted people, a deplorable condition of affairs which doubtless best serve the interests of the Highland landlords.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDINBURGH, by R. L. Stevenson, profusely illustrated. Charles Scribner & Sons, New York. Price \$3.50.

But few cities in Europe have been more written about than Edinburgh, and apparently the public desire for more information about the picturesque Scottish capital remains unsatisfied. Doubtless this public will give a hearty welcome to a book on Edinburgh by one of its most gifted sons. A review of the contents of the volume, however, is liable to make the reader reflect, that the Scottish novelist permitted himself liberties in writing about his birthplace, which very probably he would resent if used by others, perhaps on the principle that, "Kind are the wounds of a friend." Coming from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson the book naturally possesses a literary charm and interest which will secure it readers among others as well as those of Scottish birth or origin. The twenty-four illustrations in color by James Heron, of famous buildings and places in the city also add greatly to its attractiveness, and with the descriptions, give the reader a fairly accurate idea of what Edinburgh now is and has been from a scenic point of view. A patriotic Scot will feel a tinge of regret, if not of resentment that Mr. Stevenson did not write about the Edinburgh weather when in a more amiable mood, and he will be also prone to think that the Scottish Covenanters were entitled to milder criticism from any Scotsman who admires heroic devotion to principle.

The following brief extract will convey to the reader some idea of the novelist's picturesque descriptive passages: "Into no other city does the sight of the country penetrate so far; if you do not meet a butterfly, you will certainly catch a glimpse of far-away trees upon your walk. You peep under an arch, you descend stairs that look as if they would land you in the cellar; you turn to the back window of a grimy tenement in a lane—and behold you are face to face with distant and bright prospects. You turn a corner, and there is the sun going down into the Highland hills. You look down an alley, and see ships tacking for the Baltic."

As is invariably the case in books published by Scribner's typographically and in all other respects the volume is attractive and will form an interesting adjunct to the family library or to the parlor table.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(To be Reviewed in Next Issue.)

Traditions of Edinburgh., by Robert Chambers, LL. D. Illustrated by James Riddle, R. S. W., I. B. Lippencott Company, Philadelphia. \$6.00 net.

The Childhood of Queen Victoria, 1832-1840, in two volumes. Edited by Viscount

Esher. Longman Green, New York. \$9.00 net. Published by authority of His Majesty the King.

THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH, By himself, edited by D. M. Moir; illustrated in color by Charles Martin Hardie. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Company, \$1.75 net.

This fascinating book gives a vivid picture of the rural life of Scotland, at the beginning of the 19th century. It is a retrospect of a man in business, entering into every detail from boyhood to old age. It is a most unique and interesting production, more in the style of Scott and Wilson than of the modern novelists.

A certain minister was in the habit of preaching very long sermons, with the result that one of his deacons spoke to him about it.

The minister replied:

"Well, I always try to preach the milk of the word."

"Yes," answered the deacon, "but we'd rather have condensed milk, if you've no objection."—Presbyterian Witness.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT SCOTSMAN.

Mr. William Campbell Clark, President of the Clark Thread Works, Newark, N. J., died at his home there on November 14. Mr. Clark was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1863, and was the fourth son of James Clark. The deceased received his early education in Dr. Bayer's Boarding school in Edinburgh, and came to America when sixteen years old. After taking a special two years' course in Rutgers College he engaged in the thread business, which had been started by his great-grandfather, Peter Clark, who invented spool thread.

About ten years ago Mr. Clark succeeded his uncle, William Clark, as President of the thread company. A wife and two daughters, survive him. He is also survived by a brother, Kenneth Clark, who operates the thread plant in Paisley, Scotland. Mr. Clark was a Director in the American Insurance Company and the Essex County National Bank, a Governor of the Essex Club, and a member of the Board of Managers of the Babies' Hospital.

JAMES ALEXANDER, an elder of the North Presbyterian Church, New York, died on November 13, after a short illness. Mr. Alexander was a native of Dollar, Clackmannan, Scotland. He was connected with a banking house for many years, but some ten years ago he gave up business, and much of his time was given to church work. He was much respected.

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Twentieth Lesson.

The Chief End of Prayer.

(Continued).

"I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." John XIV, 13.

That the Father may be glorified in the Son; it is to this end that Jesus on His throne in glory will do all we ask in His Name. Every answer to prayer He gives will have this as its object: when there is no prospect of this object being obtained, He will not answer. It follows as a matter of course that this must be with us as with Jesus, the essential element in our petitions: the glory of the Father must be the end and aim, the very soul and life of our prayer.

It was so with Jesus when He was on earth. "I seek not mine own honor: I seek the honor of Him that sent me;" in such words we have the keynote of His life. In the first words of the High-priestly prayer He gives utterance to it: "Father glorify the son, *that Thy Son may glorify Thee.*" *I have glorified Thee* on the earth; glorify me with Thyself. The ground on which He asks to be taken up into the glory He had with the Father, is the twofold one: He has glorified Him on earth; He will still glorify Him in heaven. What He asks is only to enable Him to glorify the Father more. It is as we enter into sympathy with Jesus on this point, and gratify Him by making the Father's glory our chief object in prayer too, that our prayer cannot fail of an answer. There is nothing of which the Beloved Son has said more distinctly that it will glorify the Father than this, His doing what we ask; He will not, therefore, let any opportunity slip of securing this object. Let us make His aim ours: let the glory of the Father be the link between our asking and His doing: such prayer must prevail.

This word of Jesus comes indeed as a sharp two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. Jesus in His prayers on earth, in His intercession in heaven, in His promise of an answer to our prayers from there, makes this His first object—the glory of His Father. Is it so with us too? Or are not, in large measure, self-interest and self-will the strongest motives urging us to pray? Or, if we cannot see that this is the case, have we not to acknowledge that the distinct, conscious longing for the glory of the Father is not what animates our prayers? And yet it must be so.

Not as if the believer does not at times desire it. But he has to mourn that he has so little attained. And he knows the reason

of his failure too. It was because the separation between the spirit of daily life and the spirit of the hour of prayer was too wide. We begin to see that the desire for the glory of the Father is not something that we can awake and present to our Lord when we prepare ourselves to pray. No! it is only when the whole life, in all its parts, is given up to God's glory, that we can really pray to His glory too. "*Do all* to the glory of God," and, "*Ask all* to the glory of God,"—these twin commands are inseparable: obedience to the former is the secret of grace for the latter. A life to the glory of God is the condition of the prayers that Jesus can answer, "that the Father may be glorified."

This demand in connection with prevailing prayer that it should be to the glory of God—is no more than right and natural. There is none glorious but the Lord: there is no glory but His, and what He layeth on His creatures. Creation exists to show forth His glory; all that is not for His glory is sin, and darkness, and death: it is only in the glorifying of God that the creatures can find glory. What the Son of Man did, to give Himself wholly, His whole life, to glorify the Father, is nothing but the simple duty of every redeemed one. And Christ's reward will be his too. Because He gave Himself so entirely to the glory of the Father, the Father crowned Him with glory and honor, giving the kingdom into His hands, with the power to ask what He will, and as Intercessor, to answer our prayers. And just as we become one with Christ in this, and as our prayer is part of a life utterly surrendered to God's glory, will the Saviour be able to glorify the Father to us by the fulfilment of the promise: "Whatsoever ye shall ask, *I will do it.*"

To such a life, with God's glory our only aim, we cannot attain by any effort of our own. It is only in the man Christ Jesus that such a life is to be seen: in Him it is to be found for us. Yes, blessed be God! His life is our life; He gave *Himself* for us; He Himself is now our life. The discovery, and the confession, and the denial, of self, as usurping the place of God, of self-seeking and self-trusting, is essential, and yet it is what we cannot accomplish in our own strength. It is the incoming and indwelling, the Presence and the Rule in our heart, of our Lord Jesus who glorified the Father on earth, and is now glorified with Him, that thence He might glorify Him in us; it is Jesus Himself coming in, who can cast out all self-glorifying, and give us instead His own God-glorifying life and Spirit. It is

Jesus, who longs to glorify the Father in hearing our prayers, who will teach us to live and to pray to the glory of God.

And what motive, what power is there that can urge our slothful hearts to yield themselves to our Lord to work thus in us? Surely nothing more is needed than a sight of how glorious, how alone worthy of glory the Father is. Let our faith learn in adoring worship to bow before Him, to ascribe to Him alone the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, to yield ourselves to dwell in His Light as the ever-blessed, ever-loving One. Surely we shall be stirred to say, "To Him alone be glory." And we shall look to our Lord Jesus with new intensity of desire for a life that refuses to see or seek ought but the glory of God. When there is but little prayer that can be answered, the Father is not glorified. It is a duty, for the glory of God, to live and pray so that our prayer can be answered. For the sake of God's glory, let us learn to pray well.

What a humbling thought that so often there is earnest prayer for a child or a friend, for a work or a circle, in which the thought of our joy or our pleasure was far stronger than any yearnings for God's glory. No wonder there are so many unanswered prayers: here we have the secret. God would not be glorified when that glory was not our object. He that would pray the prayer of faith, will have to give himself to live literally so that the Father in all things may be glorified in him. This must be his aim; without this there cannot be the prayer of faith. "How can ye believe," said Jesus, "which receive glory of one another, and the glory that cometh from the only God ye seek not?" All seeking of our own glory with men makes faith impossible: it is the deep, intense self-sacrifice that gives up its own glory, and seeks the glory of God alone, that wakens in the soul that spiritual susceptibility of the Divine, which is faith. The surrender to God to seek His glory, and the expectation that He will show His glory in hearing us, are one at root: He that seeks God's glory will see it in the answer to his prayer, and he alone.

And how, we ask again, shall we attain to it? Let us begin with confession. How little has the glory of God been an all-absorbing passion; how little our lives and our prayers have been full of it. How little have we lived in the likeness of the Son, and in sympathy with Him—for God and His glory alone. Let us take time, until the Holy Spirit discover it to us, and see how wanting we have been in this. True knowledge and confession of sin are the sure path to deliverance.

And then let us look to Jesus. In Him we can see by what death we can glorify God. In death He glorified Him; through death He was glorified with Him. It is by dying, being dead to self and living to God, that we can glorify Him. And this—this death to self, this life to the glory of God—is what Jesus gives and lives in each one

who can trust Him for it. Let nothing less than these—the desire, the decision to live only for the glory of the Father, even as Christ did; the acceptance of Him with His life and strength working it in us; the joyful assurance that we can live to the glory of God, because Christ lives in us;—let this be the spirit of our daily life. Jesus stands surety for our living thus; the Holy Spirit is given, and waiting to make it our experience, if we will only trust and let Him; O let us not hold back through unbelief, but confidently take as our watch-word. All to the glory of God! The Father accepts the will, the sacrifice is well-pleasing; the Holy Spirit will seal us within with the consciousness, we are living for God and His glory.

And then what quiet peace and power there will be in our prayers, as we know ourselves, through His grace, in perfect harmony with Him who says to us, when He promises to do what we ask: "That the Father may be glorified in the Son." With our whole being consciously yielded to the inspiration of the Word and Spirit, our desires will be no longer ours, but His; their chief end the glory of God. With increasing liberty we shall be able in prayer to say: Father! Thou knowest, we ask it only for Thy glory. And the condition of prayer-answers, instead of being as a mountain we cannot climb, will only give the greater confidence that we shall be heard, because we have seen that prayer has no higher beauty or blessedness than this, that it glorifies the Father. And the precious privilege of prayer will become doubly precious because it brings us into perfect unison with the Beloved Son in the wonderful partnership He proposes: "You ask, and I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

"LORD TEACH US TO PRAY!"

Blessed Lord Jesus! I come again to Thee. Every lesson Thou givest me convinces me more deeply how little I know to pray aright. But every lesson also inspires me with hope that Thou art going to teach me, that Thou art teaching me not only to know what prayer should be, but actually to pray as I ought. O my Lord! I look with courage to Thee, the Great Intercessor, who didst pray and dost hear prayer, only that the Father may be glorified, to teach me too to live and to pray to the glory of God.

Saviour! to this end I yield myself to Thee again. I would be nothing. I have given self, as already crucified with Thee, to the death. Through the Spirit its workings are mortified and made dead; Thy life and Thy love of the Father are taking possession of me. A new longing begins to fill my soul, that every day, every hour, that in every prayer the glory of the Father may be everything to me.

And do Thou, the God of glory, the Father of glory, my God and my Father, accept the desire of a child who has seen that Thy glory is indeed alone worth living for. O Lord! show me Thy glory. Let it overshadow me.

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Mr. F. W. Hockstetter, President
Hockstetter Utility Company,
40 East 12th St., New York City.

Brooklyn, November 13, 1912.

Mr. Dear Mr. Hockstetter:

I congratulate you very heartily on the work you have done in presenting the Life of John Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress in motion pictures. The presentation of the pictures, with appropriate organ music, as played by Mr. C. Waring Stebbins, at the Institute, on Sunday afternoon, November 10th, was most interesting and impressive. The Hall was packed, and several hundred people were unable to gain admission. All of those who were present were very deeply moved, both by the story of John Bunyan's Life, and by the progress of Christian as related in Bunyan's imaginative work. A number of our members stated to me that they had not been more deeply impressed by any Institute event in many years.

We will be very glad to have you repeat the motion pictures on December 19th, and on later dates, so that as many as possible of our members may have the opportunity to be present. I believe that the Bunyan pictures will serve a great educational and religious purpose throughout the country.

Very sincerely yours, (Sgd.) FRANKLIN W. HOOPER.

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Mr. F. W. Hockstetter, President
Hockstetter Utility Company,
40 East 12th St., New York City.

New York, November 20, 1912.

Dear Mr. Hockstetter:

Your marvelous presentation of the dream pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion impressed me more than any sermon. It affected me as well as many others to tears. It was like sitting again at my mother's knee, and looking at the pictures, and rejoicing in the triumphs of "Christian."

Apart from the perfection of the acting and photography, your production is instructive, amusing, and makes an impression for good that cannot be forgotten.

I am sure if churches and societies knew of the great benefit accruing from an evening spent in seeing your interpretation of the Life of Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress, it would soon be the most popular of entertainments.

Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) DONALD MAC DOUGALL, Editor.

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My Dear Mr. Hockstetter:

I was present when your reproduction in motion pictures of the Life of John Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress was shown at the Brooklyn Academy, and it not only came up to my expectation, but really carried me beyond my imagination.

I have visited the Bunyan country, and have made a careful study of every place with which Bunyan was connected. The moving pictures not only brought back to me what I had seen, but gave the entire life of Bunyan a new and vivid meaning to me.

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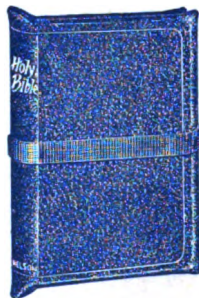
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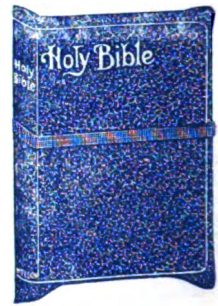
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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

The death of Ambassador Reid, on December 15th last, in London, removed from the diplomatic service of the United States its most distinguished member. Born in Ohio, of poor parents, he early displayed those characteristics of the Scotch race from which he was descended, and achieved distinction without those adventitious aids to which men of a smaller calibre so often owe their prominence. Successful as a correspondent in the Civil War, and subsequently as an editor, he ultimately became the controlling power in the office of the New York Tribune. His marriage to the wealthy Miss Mills, in 1881, had but little to do with his social prestige and political prominence. Mr. Reid was perhaps more popular in London than he was even at home, and his death was generally regretted there. A public funeral service was ordered by King George, and was held on December 20th, in Westminster Abbey. The British Government offered to convey the remains of the deceased diplomat to this country in a war vessel, an offer which was accepted by Mrs. Reid and the other members of the family.

There are now 120,000 lawyers in our population of 90,000,000. They dominate the three great departments of Government most of the time, and they are never long dislodged from more than one of them. The lawyers are largely responsible for legislative enactments in this country, and also with their administration, which for some time past has not always been for the benefit of the community.

The tribunal which is to arbitrate pecuniary claims between Great Britain and this country, will consist of Chandler F. Anderson, counsel to the Department of State, for this country, and the Right Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, for England. The two representatives in turn will agree upon a third man from either country to act as umpire. The tribunal will open its first session in Washington early next spring, when both sides will present claims for amounts aggregating \$1,000,000 each.

Twenty thousand burglaries, exclusive of grand larcenies, robberies and other crimes, form New York's record every year, according to Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss, of that city. New York's malodorous reputation for all species of law-breaking places it in the first rank for crime among the large cities of the world.

The National Young Women's Christian Association recently took possession of a debt-free, twelve-story stone structure at Fif-

ty-second street and Lexington avenue, New York, representing a total expenditure of \$800,000. It is the biggest building in the world, the designers believe, housing a national organization of women.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson values the grand total of the 1912 crop at \$9,532,000,000. Besides the production of the soil, this amount includes the live stock product.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson was entertained on December 28th, the fifty-sixth anniversary of his birth, in the house where he was born, in Staunton, Va. The Presbyterian manse, occupied by his parents at Staunton when the President-elect was born, was put in first class condition, and its present occupant, Dr. A. M. Frazer, did the entertaining.

More than \$1,500,000 is spent annually by Harvard students for necessaries and luxuries over and above board, room rent and tuition. Such an expenditure is more symptomatic of the students' luxurious habits than their devotion to study.

Miss Violet Asquith, the daughter of the British Premier, chaperoned by Lady Aberdeen, paid a recent visit to Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, at Washington.

American applicants for divorces in Paris are constantly increasing. On December 11, three decrees were granted in the Paris courts in three suits for divorce brought by Americans.

It was stated recently that a syndicate including Andrew Carnegie, Henry C. Frick, E. H. Gary, President of the Steel Trust; Charles M. Schwab and others, has offered \$18,000,000 for a six-thousand-acre tract adjoining Los Angeles, Cal. The tract was to be used as the location of an exclusive colony, it is averred.

In this country there is no dearth of candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people. It is however, very different in France, where they are now experiencing great difficulty in getting suitable men to consent to become candidates for the Presidency. Yet the salary of the President of the French republic, \$120,000, with a like sum for expenses, is liberal, but the office controls little real power.

An investigation of the colleges and universities of the United States was recently made for Philander P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education. The secret report

made to the Commissioner, became known to college authorities and numbers expressed dissatisfaction with the way their institutions were classified. It was shown in the report that bachelors' degrees granted by some colleges were two years short of equivalency to the same degree granted by standard colleges.

The organization of the first Spanish Evangelical Church in New York city, took place on December 22, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. After the Spanish sermon by the pastor, the Rev. Samuel F. Gordiano, the Rev. Dr. H. R. Tilleffe read the formal announcement by virtue of which the congregation was constituted as the Spanish Evangelical Church.

The Parcels Post Law, now becoming operative, it is certain, will prove a great boon to the public. Post office savings banks only opened a short time ago have proved popular, and the surprise is that those post office adjuncts were not introduced long ago.

The Rev. Dr. Ross McClements, who lost both legs and his left arm in a railroad accident last summer, returned to the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Asbury Park, on December 22. Dr. McClements preached a Christmas sermon to a large congregation.

The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation of Hongkong, has been granted permission by the New York State Superintendent of Banks to conduct an agency at 36 Wall street, New York city.

Charging violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, indictments were returned by the Federal Grand Jury, December 23, against Charles S. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; E. J. Chamberlin, president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and Alfred W. Smithers, chairman of the board of directors of the Grand Trunk.

BRITISH.

In his report, issued December 15th, the Postmaster-General stated that the Imperial penny postage system now embraces the whole British Empire, with the exception of Pitcairn Island. Why this solitary island off the coast of South America is excluded from postal privileges, is not stated.

The seventy-second anniversary of the birth of the Earl of Lauderdale was celebrated with great eclat at Thirleston Castle, on December 16th.

It is interesting to note that whereas there were only twenty-eight sheep in New South Wales in 1787, there are now 45,000,000 grazing in that state. The recent rise of one penny per pound in the price of wool represents an addition of \$7,500,000 to the wealth of the community.

In reply to an inquiry, Lord Knollys, King George's private secretary, wrote as follows: "I have had the honor of submitting your letter to the King and am directed to inform you in reply that it is quite true that he promised Queen Alexandra, as long ago as 1881, that he would read a chapter of the Bible daily, and that he has ever since adhered to this promise."

The Royal Society of Edinburgh recently formed a provisional committee to arrange for the proper celebration, in 1914, of the tercentenary of John Napier, practically the originator of the tables of logarithms.

George Bernard Shaw, funny and sometimes ridiculous, had this to say recently in connection with Home Rule for Ireland: "I am a home ruler without making any conditions that we are going to be united or keep religion out of politics. If you believe we are going to cut one another's throats the moment we have home rule, then I reply that we have a right to cut one another's throats. Who has a better right to do it? The English people are very glad to get us to cut other people's throats for them, so they have no right to object to our cutting our own."

The Empress of Asia, the latest addition to the fleet of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, was launched recently from the Fairfield Company's yard, on the Clyde. The ceremony of launching the new vessel was performed by Mrs. Bosworth, the wife of the vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Bosworth said that it was more than probable that his company would soon place an order for one, or perhaps two, other great liners, and that the contract would be given to the Fairfield Company. The Empress of Asia will, with her sister ship, the Empress of Russia, launched about three months ago, be employed in the China and Japan service of the company.

The total area of maize under crop in Queensland, Australia, last year, was 153,916 acres. The area of sugar cane was 95,766 acres.

On the coming of age of John Lauder, son of Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, a dinner was given at Dunoon, in celebration of the event.

The recent discovery of a skull in Sussex, supposed by some British men of science to be that of a connecting link between man and the ape, has caused a sensation in scientific circles. Those of the scientists, who are anxious to establish their claims to an ape ancestry, are delighted with the find, and now feel confident that their cherished line of descent is complete without a break to their simian ancestor. On December 19, Dr. A. S. Woodward read a paper on this Pittdown skull at a meeting of the Geological Society in London, in which he stated that the skull was that of the missing

link. Disraeli once asked among a crowd of bishops, "Is man an ape or angel?" and answered his own question at once by saying, "I, my lords, am on the side of the angels," so are nearly all sensible people, including sensible men of science.

A public service of thanksgiving was held on December 8, in the Parish Church of St. Andrew's, to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the church. The service was attended by prominent ministers, professors and others. A few years ago the historic church was thoroughly restored at a cost of £30,000.

The British committee, organized for the celebration in 1914 of the centenary of Anglo-American peace, recently drew up a very comprehensive program. It is proposed that a monument to George Washington be erected in Westminster Abbey, and it is also proposed that Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the ancestral home of Washington, should be purchased.

Augustine Birrell, M. P., so prominent in Irish government affairs, was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, on December 5th. He received quite an ovation, but while delivering his rectorial address he was interrupted by suffragettes.

George McGregor, a Dundee manufacturer, who died recently, left £27,000 to various religious and philanthropic objects.

Lieut-Col. Tolfer Smollett, of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, who died a short time ago, left a personal estate valued at £100,000. The deceased was presumably, a descendant of Tobias Smollett, the author of "Roderick Random," and other stories of much vogue at one time and even popular yet.

This year the returns in Clyde shipbuilding for October, show that sixteen vessels, of a total gross tonnage of 50,021, were launched from Clyde yards, making a total for the ten months of 522,727 tons. This exceeds the amount for the corresponding period of last year, by over 31,000 tons.

Lord Furness, the head of the line of steamships of that name, died in London recently, aged sixty. He was at one time a Liberal member for Hartlepool in the House of Commons.

One of the Furness Line steamers was wrecked on the Newfoundland coast, and twenty-one of the crew were drowned on December 21.

For the nine months ending with September, fish to the value of \$3,032,133 were landed on the Scottish coasts, and of this amount, herrings claim £1,841,257.

Owing to benefactions of a number of wealthy citizens, the Abbey at Paisley is to

be completely restored. Paisley Abbey is one of the famous old ecclesiastical institutions which survived the fury of the Scottish reformers.

It was said December 19, that Prince Albert Frederick, the second son of King George, who is seventeen years old, will go on a six months' cruise at the end of January.

For the first time in the history of Queensland, Australia, the railway revenue last year exceeded £3,000,000, and after paying all expenses there was a profit of £1,115,592, equal to £4 0s. 5d. per cent. on the capital invested.

Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, was wounded on the shoulder and one of his attendants was instantly killed at Delhi, on December 23, by a bomb thrown by a native from a housetop. The bomb struck the howdah of the vice-regal elephant, on which Lord and Lady Hardinge were entering India's new capital. The Viceroy was on his way to the Durbar, held at the Delhi fort, which was to inaugurate the designation of Delhi as the capital of India. The escape of Lord Hardinge from fatal injury was regarded as miraculous. Lady Hardinge escaped injury. The act probably was by a fanatic, who escaped after the outrage.

CANADIAN.

Premier Robin, of Manitoba, upon his return from England, had the honor of the Knighthood bestowed upon him on December 16th, by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, at Ottawa. Henceforth the new knight will be designated Sir Roderick Robin.

It would be almost safe to say that church union between the different evangelic sects in Canada has become an accomplished fact. Seventeen articles, deemed essentials of Christians, have been formally adopted as the creed of the united churches, and the union, when wholly completed, will bring close upon 700,000 members of the various denominations within one fold. In matters of church government, while an effort at attaining uniformity will be made, considerable latitude will be permitted. Canada is now far in advance of all other countries in this respect, and even in the Church of England in the Dominion, a movement is on foot favoring union with the Protestant sects.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia have consented to attend the charity ball, which will be held in Windsor Hall, Montreal, on January 23th.

The steamship Cassandra, of the Donaldson line, which reached St. John, N. B., December 16th, brought over with her twenty bonnie Scotch lassies who were enroute to the West to marry young Scotsmen, who had been so successful in the new country. Need-

less to say, young men and maidens so constant and true, will not trouble the divorce courts.

Land in Winnipeg, which a few years ago was prairie, sold recently for \$7,500 a foot. The property was owned by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and has been just purchased by the Dominion Trust Company for \$300,000.

The First Presbyterian Church of Edmonton, Alberta, has been leased by the municipality of that city, at a monthly rental of \$1,100, and some of the departments of the city government will be installed in it. The new city offices, now being erected in Edmonton, at a cost of \$225,000, will not be ready for occupancy until next June.

Premier Borden's offer of three Dreadnaughts, costing \$35,000,000, to the British Government, has been praised without stint by the British press, and the people, officials and others. In Canada, the great majority of the people favored the patriotic policy of Premier Borden and his colleagues, and even in the west, where Sir Wilfred Laurier has many adherents, the great mass of the population is thoroughly in favor of such a magnificent display of loyalty as is conveyed by the offering of this addition to the homeland's naval force.

The Canadian Northern Railway expects to have its transcontinental line completed from Montreal to Vancouver in eighteen months.

Mr. Duncan Barclay, general manager of the eastern lines of the Canadian Northern Railway, died on December 15 in California.

H. H. Stevens, Conservative M. P. for Vancouver, said in the House of Commons on December 16, that the Japanese had charted the whole coast of British Columbia and controlled all strategic points on the Pacific, from Alaska to Cape Horn, and that so far as British Columbia was concerned, a perfect system was being followed by the Mikado's Government.

The Canadian fund which is being raised for a fitting monument over the grave of General Wolfe, has reached a total of \$20,000. The present memorial to Wolfe is a small column erected by the soldiers of the British army, quartered in Canada, in 1849, who sacrificed a day's pay so that they might honor the memory of Wolfe.

According to the census of 1911, the following are the population figures of the British Isles: England, 33,649,571; Wales (and Monmouth), 2,420,921; Scotland, 4,760,904; Ireland, 4,390,219.

AT ALBANY, N. Y., on January 1st, the Hon. William Sulzer was inaugurated Governor of New York. The ceremony was quiet and unostentatious.

EDINBURGH HAS A KILT SOCIETY.

A meeting of gentlemen interested in promoting the wearing of the kilt and Highland costume as the Scottish national dress was held in Edinburgh recently. It was unanimously agreed to form a Kilt Society in Edinburgh, the members of which should wear the Scottish national garb on suitable occasions; and the first president appointed was Mr. Loudon M. Douglas, F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, and president of the Caledonian Society of London. Other office-bearers appointed were: Vice president, Mr. W. H. Kirkland, advocate; hon. treasurer, Mr. Sutherland Mackay, S.S.C.; and hon. secretary, Mr. L. Gordon Sandeman, of 27 Forth Street, Edinburgh. In supporting the proposal that a Kilt Society should be established in Edinburgh, Mr. Douglas said there was evidence of a widespread movement in the direction of making the Scottish costume more generally popular. There were many hundreds of societies throughout the United Kingdom which had for their object the popularising of the Scottish dress. In London alone there were nearly one hundred Scottish societies, and a great number of these existed for the purpose of making this dress popular. It must not be supposed, however, that it was merely a question of dress. The adoption of the national costume generally was merely an appeal to national Scottish sentiment, which was growing more and more every year. It would be the aim of their society to promote gatherings where the Scottish national dress in its modern form would be worn, and when it was considered that the motive was entirely a patriotic one, the movement deserved widespread support. It was stated that the promised support to the new society was far beyond expectations.

MINISTERS' SONS WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK.

Ministers' sons probably have exerted more influence in the United States than in any other country. Of the notable men in political life who were sons of ministers may be mentioned Cleveland, Clay, Buchanan, Arthur, Quay, Morton, Beveridge, Hughes and Dolliver of Iowa; among jurists, Field and Brewer; among educators, Woodrow Wilson, Faunce, James Carroll, Lounsbury; in history and literature Sloan, Parkman, Bancroft, Holmes, Emerson, Henry James, Lowell, Gilder, Van Dyke; in invention and science, Cyrus W. Field, Samuel F. Morse and Agassiz; in the church, Beecher, Alexander, Hodge, Abbott, Potter, Jonathan Edwards; in philosophy, James. Of the fifty-one famous Americans honored in the Hall of Fame ten are the children of ministers: Agassiz, Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Clay, Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, Lowell, Morse, Bancroft, Holmes.

HARRY LAUDER.

Harry Lauder has returned to the United States for a nine weeks' tour, under the efficient management of Mr. William Morris, of New York.

He arrived in New York on Saturday morning, December 21st, on the Lusitania, after a very rough passage. Mr. Lauder said that all on board were seasick, but he made a special effort to give a short entertainment for the benefit of the fund for sailors' orphans, the proceeds of which were \$350.

Last spring, after a strenuous season, Mr. Lauder felt the need of a complete rest, and he spent sixteen weeks on his estate at Lauderville, Dunoon, Argyleshire. He is now looking hale and hearty, and is well prepared for his arduous work in this country. He and Mrs. Lauder are charmed with both the people and the climate of the United States. Next fall, he expects to publish a volume of his songs, sentimental, patriotic and descriptive, and a great sale of these is assured. He plans, if possible, to retire from the stage within a year.

The reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Lauder on the arrival of the steamer was very enthusiastic. Mr. Morris had arranged to have the band of the New York Scottish Highlanders, including a dozen pipers, meet them at the pier, and a number of prominent Scotsmen were also present. Mr. and Mrs. Lauder were escorted by the band the entire length of the pier, to the waiting automobiles. Then the parade, preceded by the pipers, proceeded along Fourteenth street to Broadway, up Broadway to the Rector Hotel, at Forty-fourth street. The crowds that lined the streets and filled the store and office windows along the route, showed their appreciation of the great Scottish comedian.

On Monday, December 23d, he made his first appearance at the Casino Theatre. The house was crowded, and the hearty applause was worthy of the man. There is an indescribable fascination about Mr. Lauder that holds an audience spellbound. His new songs, "Same as His Father Was Before Him," "A Wee Hoose" and "The Kilty Lads," are unusually good, and his rendering of them is absolutely perfect. Harry Lauder is certainly inimitable.

DISPUTED PANAMA CANAL TOLLS.

The action of Congress and President Taft in discriminating against foreign shipping in the matter of Panama Canal tolls, and in favor of coast-wise vessels of the United States, is without doubt a clear violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901. The following extract from that treaty is so clear and unambiguous that it cannot be misunderstood:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise."

No exceptions were taken to this clause of the treaty, or to any of its provisions until a little over a year ago, when the coast-wise shipping monopoly made a protest against it, and subsequent legislation favoring this highly protected interest followed. When the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was being discussed in the Senate, a Senator introduced a resolution providing that the coast-wise vessels of this country be permitted to pass through the Panama Canal free of charges. This resolution, clearly seen at that time to be in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, was defeated by a large majority. A change of sentiment has evidently taken place in government circles here since that time, but people in this country who believe that righteousness exalteth a nation as well as an individual, are fain to believe that the Government of the United States will save itself from dishonor and be true to sacred obligations entered into with the British Government.

The British protest against the Canal legislation was so mild in its tone that some in this country supposed that the British Government would recede from its position, and, as President Taft affects to believe, would gratuitously throw away its rights in pure, generous gaiety of heart. No fancy could be more wide of the truth than that. Britain has never had the reputation of being a blusterer in diplomacy nor of waving the big stick as a political argument. Of one thing we may rest assured, that Great Britain will adhere to her rights in this particular instance, and in doing so she will have the moral support of other nations.

R. L. STEVENSON'S ORIGINALS.

"The Robert Louis Stevenson Originals," a book recently issued, contains a varied assortment of literary and other facts which will amply repay a perusal by others as well as those who are Stevenson devotees. The book is largely biographical, and while giving interesting hints regarding the genesis of many of his important works, and a few of the originals of characters introduced into his novels, the warm interest in the volume centers in the facts it conveys in the life of Stevenson, his relations with friends and acquaintances, and expressions of opinion upon a variety of topics.

Regarding the original of John Silver, a prominent character introduced in "Treasure Island," Stevenson writing to Henley, said: "I will now make a confession. It was the sight of your maimed strength and masterfulness that begat John Silver, in 'Treasure Island.' Of course, he is not in any other quality or feature the least like you, but the idea of the maimed man, ruling and dreaded by the sound, was entirely taken from you."

Relative to the original of the "Master of Ballantrae," the author of the volume before us has this to say: "The Scottish superstition possessed his mind and guided his pen. He felt their spell upon him and revelled in turning out grisly tales. In August he and his party, which his father joined, moved on to the stronger air of Braemar. It was on the way there that the brownies of Stevenson's brain, who never let him rest, suggested 'The Master of Ballantrae,' or rather the family of Durrisdeer."

As in other of his stories, so in "Kidnapped," which really made Stevenson popular, his characters, even when based upon real persons, are vastly different from the originals. In the case of "Alan Breck" (Stewart), however, he was largely indebted to the original. Stevenson's story was based upon facts contained in a volume purchased by Stevenson's father, in Inverness, in 1881, which the son refers to as "that blessed little volume. . . I really ought to have it bound in velvet and gold, if I had any gratitude. And the best of the lark is, David Balfour is not anywhere within the bounds of it. A pretty curious instance of the genesis of a book."

Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield (Mackenzie), Edinburgh, known as the hanging judge, was the prototype of the chief character in the "Weir of Hermiston." Stevenson leaves us in no doubt upon this point. In a letter to a correspondent, he writes: "Braxfield—only his name is Hermiston—has a son who is condemned to death. Plainly there is a fine, tempting fitness about this, and I meant he was to hang. But now, in considering my minor characters, I saw there were five people who would break prison and attempt rescue. Why should not young Hermiston escape clean out of the country?"

The following extract from the book is apropos in this connection: "The luxuriant hibiscus flower, emblem of the south, and the hardy thistle of his native land, are engraved on the table tombstone which marks R. L. S.'s exalted mountain grave. But there is also a final original picture in 'Weir of Hermiston' which links his oft-abused but never forgotten 'Auld Reekie' with the achievement of his last fine success in Samoa, the swift exit from this life, which came as he desired."

The book, issued by Scribner's Sons, New York, is finely illustrated, and cannot fail to prove interesting to readers generally.

— THE —
CALEDONIAN

WISHES ALL ITS
READERS

A
Happy
and Prosperous
New Year

Sidelights on South African History.

The Reform Movement and the Jameson Raid

Speech of John Hays Hammond before the Scots' Charitable Society of Boston, St. Andrew's Day Banquet, December 3d, 1912:

Mr. Hammond prefaced his remarks with words of praise for the bravery of the Scotchmen, saying: "I have found the ubiquitous Scotchman on the frozen tundras of Asia; I have found him again in the deadly jungle of South America; I have found him on the high peaks of the Andes, and in the sweltering deserts below sea level in Death Valley. I have found him bravely defending women and children against the murderous attacks of the Matabele in Africa, and of the savage Apaches in Mexico.

"Wherever I have found him, he proved himself a valuable acquisition to the community in which he was living, a credit to his native land, and a potent factor in the dissemination of the ideals of the highest civilization.

"I have known, too, the Scotchman on his native heath, for I have had the pleasure of spending many summers hunting and fishing in bonny Scotland.

"But I frankly will admit that I prefer the Scotchman of the frontier—and this applies to men of other nationalities—to the homestayers, because contact with other peoples, especially in adversity, tends to eradicate that intolerable self-complacency, which is liable to be developed by provincialism.

"I have been invited to tell you something about the so called Jameson Raid. I would state at the outset that this is an unfortunate misnomer that has crept into South African history, chiefly through the desire of Boer historians to place a stigma upon what was really a bona fide movement, a revolution for reform. In other words, the Jameson Raid was but an incident in the Johannesburg reform movement, which took place in the winter of the years '04 and '05.

"I have often been asked how, in view of the great defensive war waged by the Boers a few years afterward against Great Britain, the leaders of the Johannesburg

Reform movement could have had the temerity to make an armed remonstrance against the tyranny of Paul Kruger's government.

"It would seem to those not familiar with the conditions existing at that time that the attempt was destined to have been futile. Let me give you briefly a statement of the political conditions which conspired to warrant the attempted revolution.

"There were two strong political parties at the time. Paul Kruger represented what might be called the reactionary element among the Boers, while General Joubert was the leader of the progressive element. The situation in Boer politics was at that time very acute, and I now believe that there was a probability of civil war between these factions in the not distant future.

"The Uitlanders went to the Transvaal on the pressing invitation of President Kruger and the Boer Government, to develop the mining industries, and after they had developed these industries, the Boers imposed so many restrictions on them that life in the Transvaal became intolerable. The Uitlanders were paying nine-tenths of the taxes, and had no say in the government.

"The hardships were as severe on the Americans as on the others, and the condemnation of this kind of intolerance led to the Jameson Raid and the Boer War.

"Finally a deputation of Americans called upon Paul Kruger, and he told them that he would make no promise to redress their grievances, adding that 'if you want your grievances redressed, why don't you get your guns and fight for what you call your rights?'

"This was the last straw that broke the camel's back." Mr. Hammond here digressed from the thread of his remarks, and declared that he "would unhesitatingly stigmatize Paul Kruger as a first class grafter."

THE JAMESON RAID.

"One false newspaper report at the time of the South African war needs correct-

ing," said Mr. Hammond. "The English were not at the bottom of the Jameson Raid. Five hundred Americans, bent on a bona fide revolution, marching under a Boer flag, were the nucleus of the operations which Dr. Jameson and I failed in.

"The Boer Government had been bankrupt, and offered every inducement possible to get foreigners to invest there. As soon as we were paying most of the taxes they commenced the graft and persecution, which was intolerable. We tried to treat with them; we demanded, most of all, franchise for all. Kruger agreed to this, with the exception of Jews and Catholics. This we would not accept. Conditions went from bad to worse, and the Boers became more overbearing. We Americans then planned to get several thousand guns, to capture Pretoria, and bring Kruger to Johannesburg, and negotiate terms as to the redress of the Uitlanders' grievances.

"The guns came to me, shipped in oil tanks of the Standard Oil Company. Jameson promised not to move until the five hundred Americans were ready, but he did, and one hundred and fifty of his force were captured just outside of Johannesburg, and he and the captives were taken to the Pretoria prison."

Shortly afterward, Mr. Hammond and several of his friends were arrested, and were finally condemned to be hanged, but this sentence was never carried out, for Great Britain and the United States statesmen protested. The executive council of the Transvaal voted on the matter, and it was only by one vote that their lives were spared, Mr. Hammond said.

Kruger demanded and received \$1,100,000 for the release of Hammond and his friends. This money, the speaker declared, found its way into the pockets of Kruger and his entourage.

Mr. Hammond recalled an amusing incident which took place at the Queen's garden party, during the coronation celebration. Four of the party who were, with Mr. Hammond, imprisoned by Paul Kruger, have since then become more prominent in public life, and are now peers or baronets. They were together on this occasion, when Sir George Milner saw John Burns approaching. "Let me introduce you," he said to Mr. Hammond, and he did. John Burns burst out laughing, and it be-

came rather embarrassing, Mr. Hammond said, until Mr. Burns stopped long enough to exclaim: "Here are we, six ex-jail-birds, and millions of pounds of jewelry all around us, and yet no policemen are keeping their eyes on us."

NOTE.—Mr. Hammond certainly throws new light on the Jameson Raid, and the circumstances preceding it, but there is another story to be told some time. Dr. Leander Starr Jameson was one of my boyhood heroes, and I was personally intimate with one of the British officers (on half-pay) who accompanied him on his ill-fated expedition. They blamed the cowardice of the Johannesburg Uitlanders. Mr. Hammond explains that in part. Dr. Jameson's daring stand at Krugersdorp, where he and his leaders courted death in every way, is an epic in British history. Leaders and men knew that death was inevitable, and it was only to prevent further slaughter that Jameson raised the white flag.—Robert E. May.

BY-LAW BRIEFS.

Let critics if it suit them show
How grudgingly they envy you;
They're apt to bark at what they know
Is more than they can ever do.

The one who is working for wages alone,
Will never get more than a beggarly claim;
He only can anywhere come to his own
Who places accomplishment first as his aim.

The person receiving a kindness should ever
A feeling of grateful remembrance retain;
The person who granted the favor should never
A moment recall the transaction again.

Who's richest?—Not the man who's known
To have the greatest store;
But he, with little of his own,
Who has no wish for more.

Be cautious how you toy with sin;
The cloud you think your hand could clasp,
Tho' now appearing weak and thin,
May hold a cyclone in its grasp.

Like a fountain over-flowing,
Fertilizing all around,
Is the enviable showing
Of the man by Fortune crowned,
Who devotes his life to giving,
That the world may better be;—
Surely, that's the Art of Living
In the most sublime degree.

—JAMES D. LAW.

November 18, 1912.

The Church in the Highlands

LECTURE BY REV. JOHN MACKAY.

The Rev. John MacKay, M. A., Crombagh, Inverness, began his course of Chalmers' lectures in the New College, Edinburgh, in December, his subject being, "The Columban Church." He was introduced by the Rev. Professor Martin. After a brief reference to the part of Scotland, in which he proposes to trace the progress of evangelical religion as being sufficiently marked off by its physical features, and aptly described as the Highlands, the lecturer dwelt with the grounds on which many sanguine persons have built hopes as to Christian mission work having been done in Pictland during the Roman occupation; but there is no proof that even the name of Christ was known beyond the Grampians till after St. Ninian built his monastery at Whithorn, 397-400. The remarkable series of sixteen dedications to St. Ninian which Dr. Reeves has located on the coast line between Arbroath and the Shetland group, was pointed out. Some of those may have to be given up, yet such a chain of them will remain as shall continue to challenge attention and provoke enquiry. As to S. Barr or Finnbar—the patron saint of Dornoch—all that was safe to conclude was that some unknown man of that name had impressed the inhabitants with the sanctity of his character and the sincerity of his purpose. The Western Isles were to some extent evangelised by Irish missionaries before Columba's settlement on Iona—May 15, 563—which might be taken as the birthday of the Scottish church. The Druidism of Pictland was shown to be a simple nature worship, whose priests were also the doctors, schoolmasters, and historians of the tribes. Columba's great work was rapidly sketched, as was the work of Moluac, Donnan, Maolrubha, and others. The brightest chapter of the history of Iona was the record of the great work done by its missionaries in Northumbria, East Anglia and Mercia. The lecturer referred to the Whitby Conference and the bitter controversy to which it led. The battle of Dunnichen, in which Picts and Scots fought shoulder to shoulder, brought the temporary supremacy of the Saxons in Pictland to an end, secured their expulsion across the Forth, and the rapid evacuation of the see of Bishop Trumfin at Abercorn. That experience made the Celts more conservative than ever of the forms, tenets, and customs of their own church. The devastation of all the religious centres in the isles and on the western mainland was one of the most appalling events in our island story. For four hundred years the Norse tongue predominated

in Lewis and Skye, and in a lesser degree further south. The same was true, though for a shorter period, regarding the low-lying lands beyond the Beaully Firth. The religion of Christ brought the orgies of the worship of Thor, Odin, and Freya to an end in the Highlands and Islands, as it had long before made an end of Druidism. It was shown to be an easy matter to mark the weaknesses of Columbanism. It was not organized on a New Testament model; there was no bond of union between the heads of its chief monasteries; it had no general council or assembly to gather and give expression to the mind of the Church; yet the lecturer maintained that we owed much to it—all indeed that stood for Christianity in the Highlands and Islands for five hundred years. Its devoted missionaries taught all that was essential to salvation. Their creed was evangelical, and their standard of morals and religion was the same as our own—the Bible.

THE MEDIAEVAL CHURCH.

In his second lecture the Rev. John MacKay, dealt with the Mediaeval Church. The lecturer showed that the systematic and steady progress of bringing the Scottish Church of the eleventh century into conformity with the great Church of the West may be said to have begun in the conferences—or councils, as Turgot calls them—which were held between Queen Margaret and the representatives of the Gaelic Church. King Malcolm Ceanmor acted as interpreter because "he knew the English language quite as well as his own," his own being Gaelic. The unique value of the "Life of St. Margaret" as our only reliable source of information as to that period was emphasised. The identity of the Church of Scotia with the old Columban Church was maintained, making allowances for such changes as time was sure to bring. Its features correspond with the pictures of it which we have in the pages of Cumine, Adamnan, and Bede. It was not a sect nor a set of fanatics, but all that stood for the Scottish Church in her day that Queen Margaret had before her. The lecturer pointed out that the name "Cele De," which signifies "the God-espoused ones," and which was at first used in speaking of hermits, was a self-chosen Gaelic or Irish general name by which the Celts in course of time spoke of all persons, without distinction of rank or order, who had been set apart to the service and worship of God, and who bore the mark of that in the tonsure. When the

Picts and Scots came into close touch with the Saxons of Lothian, *Cele De*, their euphonious and suggestive name, was Saxonised into the meaningless word *Culdee*, just as, on the other hand, the word Saxon was then Gallicised into *Sasunnach*, a name which has been ever since indiscriminately applied to Norman, Fleming, Englishman, Saxon—to any person, indeed, hailing from beyond the Scottish border. Professor Grub maintains that all the monasteries in Scotland at the beginning of the twelfth century were seats of the *Culdees*—Iona alone excepted, the difference in that case being accounted for because it had ceased to be a Scottish monastery after the removal therefrom of the relics of Columba, and was a sub-monastery of Kildare and of other Irish monasteries as time passed. The extension of the diocesan episcopacy of the Catholic Church was traced from Dunkeld—the key of the Highlands—to the Pentland Firth. The church's organization was completed by adding to the parochial system several houses of monks and friars, besides such humane institutions as hospitals and hospices. Great cathedrals and imposing monasteries and friaries were in evidence. Extensive territories were gifted to the church, and its dignitaries excelled the nobles and gentlemen of the kingdom in pomp and power. But notwithstanding the perfection of its organization and its great material resources, the mediæval church sank into a condition of moral and spiritual degeneration.

Mr. MacKay's third lecture was "The Reformed Church." After a brief sketch of the history of the reforming movement in the South of Scotland, the lecturer described the course of events in the Highlands. The majority of the dignitaries of the Mediæval Church in the North and West became Protestants. The Bishops of Argyll, of the Isles, and of Caithness joined the Reformed Church, and so did the heads of the religious houses of Beaulieu, Fearn, Tain, and Kinloss. Henry Sinclair, Bishop-postulate of Ross, and Hepburn, Bishop of Moray, with the Prior of Pluscardin, adhered to the disestablished church. Nicholas Ross, who was both Abbot of Fearn and Provost of the Collegiate Church of Tain, was not a man of whom any church could boast. Previous to the Reformation he had several of his sons made wealthy men by distributing church lands among them. Before leaving home to vote for the Reformation, he placed the relics of St. Duthac in the keeping of his Chief, Ross of Balnagown, taking him bound to deliver them to him or his successor or to pay 2,000 merks. These relics consisted of the skull of St. Duthac, covered with silver, his breastbone plated with gold, and a shrine of silver gilt with gold. Generally speaking, the clans followed their chiefs in religion as in other matters. The counties of Moray, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness became nominally Protestant, al-

though the Earls of the two latter counties continued to be Catholics. The leading islanders had no scruples about following the example of their bishops in becoming Protestants. In 1608 nine of them bound themselves "for the improvement of the isles both in religion and obedience to the civil law" in the presence of the Protestant Bishop Knox. The nine signatures were: Macdonald of Dunivaig, Islay; Maclean of Duart, Donald Gorm of Sleat, the MacKinnon, Maclean of Coll, Macdonald of Ealain Tioram, Maclean of Loch Buie, and the Chief of the Macquarries and Macleod of Harris. On the other hand, the Macdonalds of Clan Ranald and Keppoch, the Camerons, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the Chisholms of Strathglass, and almost all the inhabitants of the district between Kinlochell and Kintail, with many of the inhabitants of a strip of hill country through Badenoch from Glencoe to Strathbogie adhered to the Catholic Church. The provision made for the holders of benefices who continued to adhere to the old church and for the monks of different orders was dealt with, as were also the arrangements made for settling up and maintaining Protestant ministers. The evolution of the offices of elder and deacon was illustrated by extracts from the Burgh Records of Inverness. On October 21, 1562, "four men were elect and chosen Eldaris" for the space of one year, and the same number of deacons for one year by the Burgh Court. On March 18, 1564, "the Prowest, Baillies, and Counsell with express counsel and assent of the hall communitie being present for the time being, rylie awysit with assistance of the Commissioner of Murray and the Minister of Inverness statut and ordanit as to the church attendance at ten forenoon and three afternoon—defaulters to be fined for the first falt twelve pence, for a second 2s, and for the third 10s scots and this to be collected by everie one of the Deacons in his quarter." The strife between James VI. and the church was sketched, as was the tireless and self-sacrificing activity of the Catholic Church, to regain the Highlands. The infatuated conduct of Charles I. in his dealings with the Scottish Church produced the state of matters which ended in civil war and roused the nation to the signing of the Covenants.

In his fourth lecture, Mr. MacKay took as his subject, "The Persecuted Church." The lecturer rapidly sketched the chief events that followed upon the landing of Charles II. at Speymouth, on June 23, 1660, after going through the futile mockery of signing both the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant.

The presence seemed to beget a spirit of infatuation which bred division, mistrust, and disaster, some of the fruits of which appeared in the "Resolution," the "Remonstrance," and the "Protest." The fatal field of Worcester—so disastrous to some of the Highland clans, as well as to multitudes be-

sides—was followed by the King's exile, and the unwonted peace which the just rule of the Commonwealth, and the heavy hand of Cromwell maintained in the Highlands as elsewhere. The church was denied her Assemblies, but was not otherwise interfered with.

The unrestrained jubilation over the King's restoration was quickly displaced by the anguished cry of the persecuted. A servile Scottish Parliament decreed that "the King alone can call, hold, and prorogue all conventions and meetings." The Act Recissory followed, leaving the church without confession, catechism, directory, or book of discipline. Other Acts were passed demanding from all "persons in trust" a declaration that the Covenants were unlawful, or declaring all benefices and kirks vacant, except those of such incumbents as should obtain a presentation from the lawful patron, and receive collation from the bishop of the diocese. That ended in over three hundred and fifty ministers being "outed." One of the most objectionable of the Acts of Charles II. was that which appointed "the 29th of May to be for ever an holy day unto the Lord"—the said day being the anniversary of the Restoration of the royal libertine who misruled the triple kingdom.

The days of Sharp, Middleton, Claverhouse, and Dalziel along with the two notorious Rosshire Mackenzies—Rosehaugh and Cromarty—had come. Details were given showing how Presbyterian ministers in the Highlands and Islands acted when compelled to choose between conformity to the Church of Charles II. and deprivation of office, living, and status. The splendid example set by the ministers of South Argyll was contrasted with the time-serving spirit shown in the north. The harsh treatment of the few deprived and deposed ministers in Ross and Moray was briefly described.

The church services of the Lord's Day were conducted almost exactly as in Presbyterian times. The church fabrics were neglected. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was seldom dispensed. At Loch Carron it was administered but once in seven years: once at Fodderty in twelve, and at Glen-Urquhart only once in twenty-four years. The floors of the churches were often used for burial purposes. Ignorance, superstition, and apathy abounded. On a small island on Loch Maree crowds met on the 25th day of August in each year to offer white bulls in sacrifice to S. Maolrubha—under the name of Mourie—as to a heathen deity. Similar cases of reversion to paganism were not unknown.

Active persecution culminated in Moray by the setting up at Elgin, on January 22, 1685, of a Commission of Privy Council to stamp out Nonconformity in the northern counties. From 200 to 300 accused persons

were summoned for trial—the poor were imprisoned, ministers were banished, and the rich were fined from £42,000 (Scots)—as in the case of the Laird of Grant—downwards. Intimation of the King's death brought its sittings to an abrupt close. James VII. while he granted indulgences to others, excluded the holders of Conventicles—the Cameronians—from the benefit of them. On the landing of William of Orange at Torbay, November 4, 1688, James fled, and along with him went absolute monarchy.—N. Chronicle.

MONEY IN OLD BOOKS.

Sir Herbert Maxwell, speaking at a dinner in London, recently, said there was one connection between the library and the garden, inasmuch as both subjects required careful and periodical weeding. If one did not go about the weeding carefully one was very apt to throw away something valuable. The most valuable book, weight for weight, in his library, was one which he found cast away in the drawer of a disused writing table. It was a Bradshaw's Railway Guide for the year 1841—a tiny duo-decimo which he was sure would fetch its value in bank-notes. He recollected one instance of the careless weeding of a library which had disastrous consequences. The late Mr. Alexander Oswald was a great bibliophile. When he died his brother, Mr. George Oswald, who succeeded him and who had no such taste, found the house crowded with books. The passages were cumbered with them, the bedrooms were crammed with them, and if anyone had wanted a game of billiards it would have taken a long summer's day to clear the billiard room. Mr. George Oswald told the agent to "get rid of the rubbish." "Take away every book that hasn't a decent binding," he ordered. The agent did so, and several thousand volumes were sold at a shilling apiece. Among them was a Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, 1777, in boards, which had since fetched 500 guineas.

Sir Herbert Maxwell then related an instance of his own carelessness. "Some years ago," he said, "I wanted to get the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' ninth edition, at the cost of £35. I was short of cash, and I thought I would sell some books. I chose a sporting magazine of which I had a complete set, bar two numbers, from its beginning in 1790 to its demise in 1870. I got my 'Encyclopaedia,' but you may judge my chagrin when I read that last year the series of sporting magazines was sold in London for £950."

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MARKET AND PEEP INTO
THE COWGATE.

BY CHARLES PETTIGREW.

It is safe to assume that a large majority of your readers, whether Scots native born or born in the States, have read or heard of these historic places in "mine own romantic town" as Sir Walter designated the beautiful capital city of Scotland. It is also safe to assume that a very small minority of them have had the pleasure and the privilege of walking on Princes street or visiting the historic places in the old town. That to the true and loyal Scot are as sacred as shrines to the religious Zealot.

The Grassmarket, a space about a thousand feet long by two hundred feet wide, lays south of the Castle Rock, at its very base. The Highriggs rise south of it, so that the old market place is in a deep valley. On the Highriggs is the Greyfriars Church and Churchyard formerly the garden of the Greyfriars Monastery. For-

merly meaning prereformation times. The Monastery stood facing the Grassmarket at its southeast corner, where the street known as Candlemakers Row emerges from it.

The Greyfriars came to Scotland in 1430 on the invitation of James I, who desired to educate and civilize his people. There were twelve friars under the leadership of Cornelius of Zurich, a scholar of great reputation. They taught divinity and philosophy, were men of simple habits, so much so that they considered the house that James had prepared for them altogether too elaborate for their use and it took much persuasion to get them to live in it. That it was a sumptuous edifice for the times is proved by the fact that it was considered the only place in Edinburgh suitable for the lodgement of Mary of Guildres when she came there to be wedded to James II.

A market was first established in the Grassmarket by James III in 1477, by Charter which ordained that a weekly market be held for the sale of wood and timber "frae Dalrimpell also old graith and geir." Ever since that time it has been a market place, the chief rendezvous for carriers, farmers and persons connected with the County House and cattle markets. Everything the product of the soil, except dairy products are bought and sold in it. The Hallow Fair is also held here during the first week in November.

A century ago it was a place of very great importance. Ten coaches came and went from it daily and ninety-six carriers weekly. To-day there is always something doing. If nothing else, then there is a crowd of loafers hanging about at its east end, curiously enough on the site of the old place of execution, which is marked in the pavement by colored stones. This spot is at the foot of the West Bow, a street that enters the Square at its north-east corner curving rather steeply down from George IV Bridge.

It was a glorious day, which one seldom sees in Edinburgh in October—a Saturday—that I walked down the Westbows into that Grassmarket and felt the thrill that comes when visiting historic places in native land. In front of me was the great crowd hanging about the old gal-

lows site, a rough dirty looking lot as one could see anywhere in Europe or the States. It being Saturday and pay-day to many of them, out of the five shillings they had received, many of them had already got drunk and those of them who were not, looked as though they would very much like to be. Women and men stood around bantering each other, gesticulating and calling out loudly. Suddenly a woman in short gown and petticoat with apron—a type of the lot—who was drunk and had been strutting about like a game cock—sprang like a tigress at the throat of another in a similar condition. The crowd made way for them and they fought like wild animals, presently two officers stepped into the ring, each taking an arm of the offending one. They literally dragged her to the nearby police station; her feet trailing on the causeway, while she wriggled like an eel.

The sight of drunken women on the streets in the old town is a very common one. In the forenoon of this day I am writing about, when walking up the High street, a woman about sixty or over, with her market basket over her arm, was being helped along by two policemen. She was so drunk her legs wobbled. And as I walked to my hotel in the evening, when crossing the High street two policemen were taking a young woman to the station so drunk she could hardly walk.

Wae's me for dear old Scotland!

Executions first took place on this marked spot in the Grassmarket in 1650, from then on to 1784. The Heading Block, The Maiden, The Fires of Martyrdom and the Gibbet were successively used for administering capital punishment. During this period, at times the place was literally a human shambles, a place of waiting, executions taking place almost daily. The victims were conveyed hither in an open cart from the Old Tolbooth on Cannon street as from Newgate to Tyburn in London. Of the 1800 or more persons who suffered death in Scotland for their adherence to the Solemn League and Covenant over a hundred of them suffered here.

Human life was held very cheap in those days; as for instance—two young women, Isabel Alison and Marion Harvey, the latter only twenty years old, who because they had listened to Donald Cragill, one of

the Covenanting leaders, preach, were put to death. The Duke of Rothes who was on the bench during the Covenanting period, was in the habit, whenever a person being tried before him was the least obdurate in defending himself, of cutting the trial short with the remark, "Then let him glorify God in the Grassmarket" (there being much psalm singing and praying at these executions by the friends of the victim) from this pronouncement there was no appeal.

Thank God we have progressed far beyond this condition of things.

James Renwick a powerful and leading preacher was the last of the Covenant preachers to be executed here. He suffered on the 17th day of February, 1688.

Perhaps one of the most singular, if not the most horrible executions that ever took place here or anywhere else, was that of Maggie Dickson, a native of Inveresk. She was tried and convicted of a certain crime and sentenced to be hung in the Grassmarket. The execution was gone through with. The hangman, as was the custom after the body had hung the allotted time, gripping hold of the feet and pulling the limbs straight. In due course Maggie's body was taken from the rope, placed in a rough coffin and turned over to the friends who were waiting to claim it. They loaded it on to a cart and proceeded to haul it to Musselborough for interment. The road was so rough the cart was jolted so much, that Maggie's heart again began to beat and her blood to circulate and long before Musselborough was reached, the friends discovered that Maggie was alive. She lived long thereafter; bore many children; kept a public house, and drew much custom, for people were very curious to see half hanged Maggie.

Leaving the site of the old gibbet and crossing to the other side of the Square, I came to Hunter's Close in front of which stood the barber's pole to which Captain Porteous was hung by a mob in 1763, and which Sir Walter so thrillingly describes in "The Heart of Midlothian." The whole aspect of the buildings has of course been changed of late years, since the time of which I am writing, and only sites of the famous ones are pointed out near to the building through which Hunter's Close runs, stood the Templars Land, once the

property of the Knight Templars and the Knights of St. John, later of the Hospitalers. Up till the time of their removal in 1870 they bore on their fronts the iron cross that marked them as the property of the Knights.

Walking west from there one comes to the Corn Exchange, a building of the last century and a little further along to the West-port where the old city gates stood, over which in the barbarous days there were always carried on its spikes the heads of traitors or other malefactors. These seemed to be considered a necessary adornment, for in 1681 when three heads were being thus displayed, two of them were stolen. The old chronicle thus relates, "The Criminal Lords to supply that want ordained that two of the heads of criminals then in custody be struck off to supply the places of those that had been stolen." About fifty yards from the site of the old gate and up the street still called the Westport, is Tanners Close. In 1827 this was a filthy lane where stood the premises or den of Burke and Hare, two Irishmen who kept a low lodging house. These men committed a long series of murders, said to have been thirty in all

The bodies of their victims they sold to the College of Surgeons for use in the dissecting room, receiving from twelve to fourteen pounds for each of them. For about ten months they did a very profitable business in this line, but as murder will out they were finally detected in their nefarious work; tried, condemned and executed for their crimes. Theirs is a curious, if gruesome story. They, William Burke and William Hare had been canal laborers who drifted into Edinburgh. The former born in County Cork, the latter in Londonderry. One of their lodgers named Donald an old Highlander who had been a soldier and a pensioner, on the strength of his pension, he had been allowed to get into their debt to the amount of four pounds, but dying, Burke and Hare considered that they would loose that amount on his account. They considered the idea of selling his body, which they did, to Doctor Knox, at the head of the Colleges at that time, receiving therefore seven pounds, ten shillings. They filled Donald's coffin with bark from the nearby tannery and buried it.

This seemed such easy money that they at once began enticing unknown strangers to their den and quietly strangling them.

Returning to the Grassmarket and crossing to the north side, I soon came to the White Hart Inn, a place of great antiquity and in its day, of great importance.

It has been a place of entertainment for the traveler and sojourner, as far back as the days when the Highland drovers came to market with sword and targe and when no gentleman took the road without pistols in his holsters. It was also the chief place for carriers putting up, when traffic the country over was done by carts and wagons. From here at four every afternoon (Sundays excepted) the Linlithgow, Falkirk and Peebles flies started and thrice weekly at nine in the morning. I regret very much that I did not go into this ancient Inn, but having scruples about being seen in a public house, I let the opportunity pass. A little further along on the same side of the Square is the still palatial house, once—when in the height of his power—occupied by Graham of Claverhouse. It is now a common lodging house.

Walking on around the Square, I soon came to the Cowgate which emerges from its southeast corner at the same point as the Candlemakers' Row, which runs from the Square in a southeasterly direction, the Cowgate running due east, on to the palace of Holyrood.

To the left as one enters the Cowgate, its windows looking up Candlemakers' Row stands the house in which Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham was born. The window of his birth room is pointed out. Brougham though born in Edinburgh was not strictly speaking Scotch. His father could trace a clear line of descent back to the conqueror with whom his progenitors came over from Normandy. He came from the ancestral home Brougham Hall in England to complete his education in Edinburgh, and took lodgings with Mrs. Sym, the widow of a Presbyterian minister in somewhat straightened circumstances. She was the niece of Dr. Robertson, then principal of the University. It was in the autumn of 1777, that the young Mr. Brougham entered the household of Mrs. Sym. In a few weeks he had fallen in love with her pretty daughter and shortly thereafter

married her. The next year the young Henry was born.

This Norman-Scotch combination produced one of the greatest men of his age. Man of letters, man of sciences, advocate, orator, statesman and Lord High Chancellor of England. He died in Cannes on the Reveria in the south of France at the age of ninety years. There he is called the discoverer of Cannes; he being the first to realize the value of its salubrious climate for its health giving qualities, and to settle there. I had the pleasure during the past winter of seeing his home there and the magnificent statue of him, done in marble, that the people of Cannes have erected in the heart of their city to perpetuate his memory and to express their gratitude for what he did for their locality.

Lord Brougham was educated in Edinburgh at its high school and University. There he passed the bar and opened an advocate office. He proved a failure there; went to London where he soon made his fame.

The building adjoining this old house is the Cowgate Mission. It stands on the corner of the Cowgate and Grassmarket on the site of Palfrey's Inn, which in the old days was the rival of the White Hart as headquarters for carriers and coaches.

Moving along the Cowgate a very short distance on the right (south side) I came to a most antiquated building with a short spire. I soon discovered that it was the chapel and hospital of St. Mary Magdalen. On the door I found a sign that set forth that it was a free dispensary for the poor. Pushing the door open and walking in I found myself in the dispensary with a very strong odor of drugs. There was a buxom Scotch woman in charge. She greeted me as a stranger, and at once recognized that I was an American tourist, showed me about the dispensary and said: "Ye would like to see the chapel, nae doot." "Yes," I answered, "and you will perhaps be good enough to tell me its story," which, as we entered the place, she proceeded to do, and which I have since confirmed by reference to Grant's History of Old Edinburgh.

This old building, next to St. Margaret's Chapel in the castle, is the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh. The chapel is not large, but is most substantially built,

its roof being a domed arch of stone, the chancel and pulpit being of the time of Knox. In the windows is some stained glass that was there before the Reformation, the only such specimens in the city. It was founded by one Michael Macquen and his wife, Janet, in 1507. Michael was Deacon of the Guild of Hammerman, a very honorable position then and now. The chapel was for the use of the Guild and in their trust. Around the walls are a great many tablets commemorating men who had been prominent in the work of the Guild and others who had made donations to the building of the chapel. I could not help thinking how unwilling they must have been that their left hand should not know what their right hand did.

I copied a few of them and note them below. The spelling and arrangement of the words are as on the tablets:

John Spens
Burgess in Edinburgh. 100 Lods
of Wesland Lime for Building
the Stepel of This Chapel,
1621

William Forbes
Left to the Biedmen ane Portugill ducat,
1645.
(The Biedmen were the worthy poor supported by the Guild).

Thomas Ingalls
Puetherer
Left to the Biedmen of the Madelin Chapel
100 Marks in Anno 1657

It appears that the steeple was built or being built from 1621-1624, for as shown above, John Spens gave 100 loads of lime for this work in 1621, and there is another tablet on the wall which commemorates the completion of the steeple, which winds up by saying:

"Lord blss the Hammermen,
Patrons of the Hospital, 1624."

Eleven years after the steeple was completed, the bell was hung. Around its rim is the legend, "God bless the Hammerman." The old place is also interesting on account of the many important events that took place in it.

All the great leaders of the Scottish Ref-

ormation spoke there to overflow meetings.

There also the first meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held, in 1578. There also the solemn League and Covenant was written by the Rev. John Craig. This distinguished minister had lived in Rome for twenty-four years, so long that he had almost forgotten his mother tongue, and preferred to preach in Latin to a select company. He made his escape from Rome the day before he was to have been burned at the stake. He was John Knox's colleague. He was a man of strong character and determination. Having defied Bothwell, refusing to publish the banns of his marriage with Queen Mary.

And to this place, after his execution, the headless body of the Marquis of Argyle was brought. There it lay for three days, awaiting the completion of arrangements for its conveyance to Kilmun for burial in the sepulchre of his fathers.

Argyle's story is an interesting one. He stood in high favor, so much so that the title of Marquis was conferred on him, and when in 1650—Scotland never really in sympathy with Cromwell, their hearts always burning for the Stuarts—they brought Charles over from France and crowned him King at Scone, it was Argyle that with his own hands placed the crown on his head. This was on January 1st. On September 3d, the Battle of Worcester was fought, after which Charles had again to escape to France. The English people brought him back again in May, 1660, and on the 27th of May, the following year, Argyle was beheaded, because he resisted Charles' attempt to force Episcopacy on Scotland, this although Charles had himself signed the Covenant at the time they crowned him at Scone.

As I was about to leave this quaint old place, I said to the buxom Scotch woman who showed me about, "You seem to be doing a good work here, and there must be great need of it, for I have never seen anywhere such poverty and degradation." Then I told her what I had seen in the Grass Market. "Yes," she said, "it is very bad, but not as bad as it has been. we feel that we are gaining ground."

Cornwall a Celtic Nation?

HENRY JENNER.

The history of Cornwall proves it to have been a separate nation in the past—separate from England on the one side and from the rest of Celtia on the other, ever since the progress of the Saxon conquest separated the Britons into different nationalities. No doubt, the Cornish on occasions joined with Cambria and Armorica under one leader against their common enemy. They did this under their own Arthur, in the sixth century, and under Rhodri Molwynog of Gwynedd and Ivor map Alan of Brittany in the eighth century; but these were temporary military emperors, and Cornwall continued to be governed by its own kings, Constantine ap Cador, Conan, Gerrans, Teuder, Blederic, Duniert, Hoel and the rest, until Athelstan in 935 drove the Cornish out of Devon and set the Tamar for their boundary. This is what the Saxons called "conquering" Cornwall, but, as a matter of fact, they never did conquer it. From Athelstan's time, the rulers of Cornwall seem to have been called Earls, and to have generally allied themselves with the Saxons against a new common enemy, the Danes; but the last native earl, Condor, made common cause with William of Normandy and his army of Bretons and Normans against the Saxons, who were holding out in Devon, and especially at Exeter, and was tricked out of his earldom for his pains. But Cornwall did not become a part of England. It became an appanage of the Norman dynasty, and no more a part of England than Ireland became a century, or Wales two centuries, later. The dukes of Normandy, who happened to be also kings of the English, for the turn of the *Sows Meleges* was over, appointed earls of Cornwall generally of their own near kin. The Conqueror appointed his brother, Robert of Mortain; some time after came Reginald de Dunstanville, appointed by Stephen. Henry II appointed his son John, afterwards king, and he in turn appointed his son Henry, afterwards Henry III. Per-

haps the most distinguished earl was Richard, brother of Henry III., who was elected King of the Romans, and, had he lived, would have been Emperor. Edward II appointed that dreadful "bounder," Piers Gaveston, to be earl, but he came to a bad end, and again the earldom was merged in the Crown. Edward II then gave it to his son, John of Eltham, who died young, and Edward III erected it into a dukedom and bestowed it upon his eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, since which time it has been the inherited title of the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. Unlike other British territorial titles of nobility, the dukedom of Cornwall really means something; for even now it involves certain jurisdictions which elsewhere fall to the Crown—foreshore rights, escheats, and other things, and, what is perhaps of more importance to the holder, a very considerable income. It was thus put into the same position as Wales, which, like Cornwall, but unlike Ireland, was not included in the style and title of the king himself, but in that of his eldest son. Even the English did not consider Cornwall to be a part of England, but a separate earldom or duchy attached to the English Crown. All through the middle ages, the official expression in *Anglia et Cornubia* was as common as *Engiand and Wales* is now. I have found it as late as 1484. Even now, certain laws, especially those relating to mining, are peculiar to Cornwall, and we still have our Cornish acre and Cornish bushel. As late as the seventeenth century, the separate nationality is clearly recognized. Thus we find John Norden saying of the Cornish about 1620: "And as they are among themselves litigious, so seem they yet to retayne a kind of concealed envy against the English, who they yet affect with a desire of revenge for their fathers' sakes, by whom their fathers received their repulse."

During the Civil Wars (in Clarendon's History and elsewhere) one finds the

"Cornish host," the "Cornish troops," the "Cornish army," under that grand Cornish hero, Sir Beville Granville, spoken of as quite distinct from the English cavalier army; as distinct as the "Highland host" of the greatest of all Royalists, James Graham of Montrose. And splendid service they did, too!

"Aye, by Tre, Pol, and Pen ye may know Cornishmen,

Mid the names and the nobles of Devon;
But if truth to the King be a signal, why then,

Ye can find out the Granville in Heaven."

And to them the noblest of kings addressed that beautiful Letter of Thanks which Cornishmen may still read with pride on the walls of their old churches. He calls them a "county," no doubt, but a county may be a separate nation as well as an empire; besides it is "Our loyal County of Cornwall," his in an especial way, not as a mere shire of England. Some shires of England were fairly loyal at times, but he could not differentiate between them and the disloyal parts of England, or at any rate he did not, and I am disposed to consider that the opinion of King Charles is better worth taking than that of most people. And they were worthy of his thanks. Except Raglan, also a Celtic stronghold, Pendennis Castle was the last fortress to surrender to the rebels, and Cornwall might have held out almost indefinitely, had not most of the flower of Cornish chivalry fallen around the Granville in Lansdowne fight. As a nation, the Cornish were loyal to the sons of the Martyr King, as a nation they refused to give up their loyalty at England's bidding; and when, in 1715, James Paynter had proclaimed King James III, at St. Columb, a Cornish jury refused to find him guilty of treason, and his countrymen gave him a triumphant progress through the length of Cornwall from Launceston to Trelissick. Which was a bold thing to do about that time.

These are a few of the things which show that the separate nationality of Cornwall has been recognized. There can be no question that as Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen and Manxmen recognize quite apart from governments and jurisdictions, and without any necessary wish to alter existing conditions, their separate national-

ity from Englishmen, so do the Cornish, only perhaps rather more so. Go to any part of the British Empire, and even outside it to the United States and to South America, and everywhere, especially where there is mining to be done, you will find Cornishmen. They do not merge themselves in the people of the land, often they do not even bother to take up the franchise of a colony, or to make themselves American citizens. They and their children after them do not call themselves Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians or Americans, but Cornishmen. They form Cornish associations, they stand together, "shoulder to shoulder," like Highlanders, and "One and All" they hope to make enough to retire from exile and end their days in peace in their own dear land, perhaps in their native villages, for they have the homing instinct as well as the clan instinct of the Celt. Yet they have done as good service in peace and in war to the British Empire as any nation of their size, especially, like their Breton brethren, as sailors; but if going to a colony meant never going back to Cornwall, they would not go at all.

Not long ago, I was talking to a Scottish minister of the name of MacGregor, who told me something that reminded me of the Cornish. He said that his clan until about a century ago had a religion of their own. He could not tell me any details, for it was just out of reach. "What sort of thing was it?" I asked. "Were they Catholics or Protestants?" "No," he answered, "they were neither Catholics nor Protestants. They were just Macgregors." And we may say the same sort of thing of the Cornish. They are British subjects, no doubt, and loyal ones at that, but they are neither Englishmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, nor Scotsmen; they are just Cornishmen.

And if Cornwall is a nation, is it a Celtic nation?

If he is a Celt who speaks a Celtic language, then Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Nova Scotia negro, who "called himself Macdonald and swore in Gaelic," was a Celt, while thousands of Irishmen, Highlanders, Welshmen and Bretons, who speak only English or French, are not Celts. If you say that a Celt is a person of Celtic blood who belongs to a nation that has preserved

its Celtic language, then you must needs be intricately ethnological, and will exclude the Silurian or Iberian element in South Wales, the pre-Celtic element in parts of Ireland, and the Bigaudens of the Penmarch district of Brittany, and you must measure a man's skull and decide whether he is brachycephalic or dolichocephalic before he is admitted to the Celtic fraternity—and that way madness lies. If, however, you define a Celtic nation as one which, mainly composed of persons of Celtic blood and possessing Celtic characteristics, and having once had a separate national existence, has preserved a separate Celtic language and literature, I am not disinclined to agree; and I am prepared to show that Cornwall fulfills these conditions.

The Cornish are mainly of Celtic blood. They are probably of more unmixed Celtic descent as a whole than any of the other Celtic nations except perhaps the Bretons of Leon. There is little or no Scandinavian element among them, as in the Isle of Man, the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and parts of Ireland. There is little or nothing of the pre-Celtic element as in parts of Wales, parts of Ireland, and in the Bigauden district in Brittany. The shape of the country made it impossible for the Saxons to surround it, and to absorb the inhabitants, as they did elsewhere. Indeed, the Saxons never settled Cornwall at all to any extent. Certain great Norman houses—Arundels, St. Aubyns Granvilles, Bevilles and others—acquired estates there, but like the Normans in Ireland, who, as Giraldus says, became *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*, these were absorbed by the Celts, and became as Cornish as any of them. As for Celtic characteristics, who can deny them to the Cornish? The imaginative temperament, the poetic mind the superstitions, if you like to call them so, the religious fervour, the generosity of heart, the kindly hospitality, the passionate nature, the absolute honesty, the thirst for knowledge, the clan spirit, the homing instinct, all these are there. Like the Macgregors whom I have mentioned, the Celt may be a Catholic or a Protestant in the outward form of a religion, but below and beyond the outward form, he is just a Celt, and the Wes-

leyanism of Cornwall and its offshoots, when you get below the surface and the mere outward expression, is nearer akin by far to that most beautiful of religions, Breton Catholicism, than the former is to English Protestantism, or the latter to English Catholicism. There is no questioning the fact that the Cornishman himself recognizes too that he is a near relation of the Welsh and the Bretons.

I think I have shown satisfactorily that the Cornish are mainly of Celtic blood (which I do not think anyone has ever seriously denied), and I have pointed out that their own and recognized characteristics are eminently Celtic. It remains to show that they possess, and that they have preserved a Celtic language and literature.

And now some definitions must come in and we must ask what is meant by "preserving a language," or by an "extinct language," which is a shorter way of saying a language which has not been preserved. There are more ways of preserving a language than by talking it. Who shall say that Latin, Hebrew and Sanskrit are extinct languages, and yet no one of them has been for centuries anyone's mother-tongue? If our modern knowledge of those languages, however complete now, had been laboriously revived by archaeologists as Assyrian was revived, by the discovery of ancient documents and bi-lingual inscriptions, and there had been no continuity of knowledge, one might call them "extinct" languages, but that is not the case, for these three have been continuously preserved, by the Latin Church, the Jews and the Hindus respectively, ever since the time when they were the literary forms of a spoken language.

I admit that the preservation of Cornish has been far less in degree than that of Latin, Hebrew and Sanskrit, but I doubt whether there was ever so very much of it to preserve. It was the least cultivated of the Celtic languages except perhaps Manx, and has the least copious vocabulary; but one may fairly say that most of what there was of it has been preserved, and that it has been continuously preserved, for there has never been a time when there were not some Cornishmen who knew some Cornish; and though others have helped them and have written learnedly about the lan-

guage, the preservation has been mainly the work of the Cornish themselves.

Probably until the time of Elizabeth, the language was spoken over the whole duchy from the Tamar to the Land's End. The Reformation dealt it a hard blow, when the Bible and Prayer-book were used in English, and were not translated into Cornish, but the people remained largely Catholic well into the seventeenth century, so that troubled them less than it might have. In the seventeenth century, it began to recede, and in the Civil War period it was spoken from Truro westward, but very little to the east of that town. In 1700 it was still general among the working classes in the western hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, but the young people spoke it less and less, and though there were people who habitually used it down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century and persons who could speak it, and had done so in their younger days survived till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century, it would seem to have ceased to be anyone's mother tongue before the nineteenth century began. But the work of preservation began before 1700, and though most of those who worked at the subject were very ill-equipped philologists, they did succeed in preventing the language from being quite lost. Moreover, apart from the literary work of educated men, there has been a continuous tradition among the less educated of the people, by which words, numerals and phrases, which once were in common use, have been handed down as parts of the old language without the aid of books, and this tradition continues to this day. I myself received some of it from old people in Newlyn and Mousehole in 1875 so did Mr. Lach Szyrma, who found these people for me, so did Dr. Jago, the author of the English-Cornish Directory. Once there was more of it. It is said, though I do not vouch for the truth of the story, that there were old people in the early nineteenth century who habitually recited the Lord's Prayer and Creed in Cornish at their private prayers, as they had been taught to do as children. Be this as it may, there were people who could have done so, and one instance came under my observation. My own mother-in-law (the late Mrs. Rawlings, of Hayle), when she was a child,

that is to say somewhere before 1830, had learned these two things in Cornish, though of course not as a part of her religious instruction. Unluckily, she had quite forgotten them in later life. Mr. Norris records also that he had heard an old man recite the Creed in Cornish, probably somewhat later. Beside the definite tradition of a small amount of Cornish as a separate language, may be set the existence of a considerable number of Cornish words that are still in use in the mouths of the Cornish working classes. There are perhaps a hundred or more of them, mostly, as may be supposed, the names of things. Thus, a cow-shed is a *bowjy*, a pig-sty is a *crow*, a mine is a *bal* or a *wheal*, heather is *grig* or *griglans*, broom (the plant) is *bannal*, an elder-tree is a *skow*, a newt is a *pajerpaw* (four feet) a frog is a *quilkin*, ants are *murrians*, a toad is a *cronack*, to swallow is to *clunk*, to break is to *scat*, a milking-pail is a *lattis*, a dug well is a *peeth*, while a natural well spring is a *venton*, a fiddle is a *crowd*. These are only a few taken at random, and of mining terms a very large proportion are Cornish, and so are many fishing terms. The names of places in the west of Cornwall are almost wholly Cornish, generally intelligible late Cornish, and not only the generic prefixes *tre*, *pen*, *chy*, *bos*, *zawn*, *porth*, *enys*, *carreg*, and the rest, but also such differentiating epithets as *wartha* and *wollas*, for upper and lower, *gwidn* and *dew*, for white and black, *mear* and *bean* for great and little, are very generally understood. Indeed, *vean*, little, is a common term of endearment, as *bach* is in Welsh—*cheeld vean*, little child, is very common. But all this survival, although it constitutes in my opinion a faint flicker of actual life, is as nothing compared to the has continued to this day. It began with literary work of preservation, which began, as I have said, somewhere about 1700, and the copying and translating into English by John Keigwin of the old Cornish literature, the Trilogy of the *Ordinalia*, the Drama of the Creation, the Poem of the Passion, the collecting of proverbs, verses, epigrams, and phrases, the translating of chapters of the Bible and other things into Cornish, and the collecting of words into vocabularies.

(To be continued.)

With Christ in the School of Prayer.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

Twenty-first Lesson.

"IF YE ABIDE IN ME."

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you."—John XV: 7.

In all God's intercourse with us, the promise and its conditions are inseparable. If we fulfill the conditions, He fulfills the promise. What He is to be to us depends upon what we are willing to be to Him. "Draw near to God, and He will draw near to you." And so in prayer, the unlimited promise, *Ask whatsoever ye will*, has its one simple and natural condition, *if ye abide in Me*. It is Christ whom the Father always hears; God is *in Christ*, and can only be reached by being in Him. To be IN HIM is the way to have our prayer heard; fully and wholly ABIDING IN HIM, we have the right to ask whatsoever we will, and the promise that it shall be done unto us.

When we compare this promise with the experience of most believers, we are startled by a terrible discrepancy. Who can number up the countless prayers that rise and bring no answer? The cause must be either that we do not fulfill the condition, or that God does not fulfill the promise. Believers are not willing to admit either, and therefore have devised a way to escape from the dilemma. They put into the promise the qualifying clause our Saviour did not put there—*if it be God's will*—and so maintain both God's integrity and their own. O, if they did but accept it and hold it fast as it stands, trusting to Christ to vindicate His truth, how God's Spirit would lead them to see the Divine propriety of such a promise to those who really abide in Christ in the sense in which He means it, and to confess that the failure in fulfilling the condition is the one sufficient explanation of unanswered prayer. And how the Holy Spirit would then make our feebleness in prayer one of the mightiest motives to urge us on to discover the secret, and to obtain the blessing of full abiding in Christ.

"*If ye abide in Me*." As a Christian grows in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, he is often surprised to find how the words of God grow, too, in the new and deeper meaning with which they come to him. He can look back to the day when some word of God was opened up to him, and he rejoiced in the blessing he had found in it. After a time, some deeper experience gave it a new meaning, and it was as if he never had seen what it contained. And yet once again, as he advanced in the Christian life, the same word stood before him again as a great mystery, until anew the Holy Spirit led him still deeper into its Divine fullness. One of these ever-growing, never-exhausted words, opening up to us step by step the fullness of the Divine life, is the Master's precious "*Abide in Me*." As the union of the branch with the

vine is one of growth, never-ceasing growth and increase, so our abiding in Christ is a life process in which the Divine life takes ever fuller and more complete possession of us. The young and feeble believer may be really abiding in Christ up to the measure of his light; it is he who reaches onward to the full abiding in the sense in which the Master understood the world, who inherits all the promises connected with it.

In the growing life of abiding in Christ, the first stage is that of faith. As the believer sees that, with all his feebleness, the command is really meant for him, his great aim is simply to believe that, as he knows he is in Christ, so now, notwithstanding unfaithfulness and failure, abiding in Christ is his immediate duty, and a blessing within his reach. He is specially occupied with the love and power and faithfulness of the Saviour; he feels his one need to be believing.

It is not long before he sees something more is needed. Obedience and faith must go together. Not as if to the faith he has the obedience must be added, but faith must be made manifest in obedience. Faith is obedience at home, and looking to the Master; obedience is faith going out to do His will. He sees how he has been more occupied with the privilege and the blessings of this abiding than with its duties and its fruit. There has been much of self and of self-will that has been unnoticed or tolerated: the peace which, as a young and feeble disciple, he could enjoy in believing goes from him; it is in practical obedience that the abiding must be maintained: "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My Love." As before, His great aim was through the *mind*, and the truth it took hold of, to let the heart rest on Christ and His promises; so now, in this stage, his chief effort is to get his *will* united with the will of his Lord, and the heart and life brought entirely under His rule.

And yet it is as if there is something wanting. The will and the heart are on Christ's side; he obeys and he loves his Lord. But still, why is it that the fleshy nature has yet no such power, that the spontaneous motions and emotions of the inmost being are not what they should be? The will does not approve or allow, but here is a region beyond control of the will. And why also, even when there is not so much of positive commission to condemn, why so much of omission, the deficiency of that beauty of holiness, that zeal of love, that conformity to Jesus and His death, in which the life of self is lost, and which is surely implied in the abiding, as the Master meant it? There must be something in our abiding in Christ, and

Christ in us, which he has not yet experienced.

It is so. Faith and obedience are but the pathway of blessing. Before giving us the parable of the vine and the branches, Jesus had distinctly told what the full blessing is, to which faith and obedience are to lead. Three times over He had said: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," and spoken of the three-fold blessing with which He would crown such obedient love. The Holy Spirit would come from the Father; the Son would manifest Himself; the Father and the Son would come and make their abode. It is as our faith grows into obedience, and in obedience and love our whole being goes out and clings itself to Christ, that our inner life becomes opened up, and the capacity is formed within of receiving the life, the spirit of the glorified Jesus, as a distinct and conscious union with Christ, and with the Father. The word is fulfilled in us: "In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in Me, and I in you." We understand how, just as Christ is in God, and God in Christ, one together, not only in will and in love, but in identity of nature and life, because they exist in each other, so we are in Christ, and Christ in us, in union not only of will and love, but of life and nature, too.

It was after Jesus had spoken of our thus through the Holy Spirit, knowing that He is in the Father, and even so we in Him, and He in us, that he said, "Abide in me, and I in you. Accept, consent to receive that Divine life of union with Myself, in virtue of which, as you abide in Me, I also abide in you, even as I abide in the Father. So that your life is mine, and mine is yours." This is the true abiding, the occupying of the position in which Christ can come and abide; so abiding in Him that the soul has come away from self to find that He has taken the place and become our life. It is the becoming as little children, who have no care, and find their happiness in trusting and obeying the love that has done all for them.

To those who thus abide, the promise comes as their rightful heritage: Ask whatsoever ye will. It cannot be otherwise. Christ has got full possession of them. Christ dwells in their love, their will, their life. Not only has their will been given up; Christ has entered it, and dwells and breathes in it by His Spirit. He whom the Father always hears prays in them; they pray in Him; what they ask shall be done unto them.

Beloved fellow believer! Let us confess that it is because we do not abide in Christ as He would have us, that the Church is so impotent in presence of the infidelity and worldliness and heathendom, in the midst of which the Lord is able to make her more than conqueror. Let us believe that He means what He promises, and accept the condemnation the confession implies.

But let us not be discouraged. The abiding of the branch in the vine is a life of never-ceasing growth. The abiding, as the Master meant it, is within our reach, for He lives to give it us. Let us but be ready to count all things as loss, and to say, "Not as though I had already attained; I follow after it, that I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." Let us not be so much occupied with the abiding as with *Him*, to whom the abiding links us, and His fullness. Let it be *Him*, the whole Christ, in His obedience and humiliation, in His exaltation and power, in whom our sal moves and acts; He Himself will fulfill His promise in us.

And then, as we abide, and grow evermore into the full abiding, let us exercise our right, the will to enter into all God's will. Obeying what that commands, let us claim what it promises. Let us yield to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to show each of us, according to His growth and measure what the will of God is which we may claim in prayer. And let us rest content with nothing less than the personal experience of what Jesus gave when He said, "If ye abide in Me, ask whatsoever ye will, it shall be done unto you."

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY."

Beloved Lord! do teach us to take this promise anew in all its simplicity, and to be sure that the only measure of Thy holy giving is our holy willing. Lord! let each word of this Thy promise be anew made quick and powerful in my soul.

Thou sayest, *Abide in me!* O my Master, my Life, my All, I do abide in Thee. Give Thou me to grow up into all Thy fullness. It is not the effort of faith, seeking to cling to Thee, nor even the rest of faith, trusting Thee to keep me; it is not the obedience of the will, nor the keeping the commandments; but it is Thyself living in me as the Father, that alone satisfy me. It is Thyself, my Lord, no longer before me and above me, but one with me, and abiding in me; it is this I need; it is this I seek. It is this I trust Thee for.

Thou sayest, *Ask whatsoever ye will!* Lord! I know that the life of full deep, abiding will so renew and sanctify and strengthen the will that I shall have the light and the liberty to ask great things. Lord! let my will, dead in Thy death, be bold and large in its petitions.

Thou sayest, *It shall be done!* O Thou who art the Amen, the Faithful and True Witness, give me in Thyself the joyous confidence that Thou wilt make this word yet more wonderfully true to us than ever, because it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him. Amen. .



ST. ANDREW'S HIGHLANDERS, DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit Letter

The Caledonian:

The Detroit Post, as has been their custom, invited the St. Andrew's Highlanders as guests on the eve of October 28 last, at their quarters; and the Highlanders and their Pipe Band of twelve pieces, with John Sinclair as Drum Major, assembled at St. Andrews Temple in the early eve, and after uniform inspection by Chief Robert Schram, marched to the quarters of the Post, arriving about nine o'clock. Entering the hall with the Pipe Band playing "The Cock of the North," they marched around the hall to the delight of the veterans.

Marvin Preston, Past Commander of the Post, in a neat speech welcomed the Highlanders, referring feelingly to their previous social meetings, and the warm attachment that existed between the two organizations, formally installed them in possession of the hall, and further exercises of the evening, and closed by introducing to the Post the President of the Highlanders, who took charge of the festivities. The President in accepting the honor, rehearsed briefly the pleasant relations existing between the two bodies, and incidentally referred to the fact that the New York Highlanders had stood with them, the veterans, shoulder to shoulder, in that great civil war for liberty and good government, and that the Highlanders had rendered a good account of themselves in that bloody struggle. It appeared that some of the Post present were somewhat conversant with the fact and received the allusion to the part taken by the Highlanders of New York in the struggle so long ago, with a burst of cheers. The program began with a selection by the Pipe Band, which was followed with a song by William Cameron, "Only one of any thing," which was followed by a quartette by Robert Rankin, William Cameron, William Oliver and Donald Cuthill, followed by an encore. The Highland Fling was given by Albert McRobbie, and as an encore he gave the sword dance. "There's a wee bit land," was sung by William Oliver in a most touching man-

ner. But the Post was delighted with a Highland dance by Miss Dorothea Eldon, ten years old, in kilts, and an encore was insisted on. Robert Rankin, the veteran vocalist, gave several songs. The festivities were further enlivened by Chief Robert Schram giving that picturesque production of Kipling's "Gunga Din," and its rendition appealed strongly to the old soldiers who without doubt had seen like circumstances, so vividly portrayed by the unique description, and the Chief was recalled, but he responded by a very genteel bow, and the audience cheered. A duet "Bunker Hill" was rendered by Robert Rankin and Richard Lindsey, which always appeals to the soldier. And the formal exercises closed by the Highlandman's Toast, solo by Robert Rankin with chorus by the Highlanders, and then "Auld Lang Syne," with hands joined. A sumptuous repast was then served by our hosts, accompanied with social chat and recollections of one year ago under similar auspices, and with a heartfelt shake, and "Guld Nicht" to our hosts, the Highlanders with tuned pipes marched back to their quarters beaming with the pleasures of a well spent evening.

ST. ANDREW'S TEMPLE DEDICATION.

St. Andrews Society of the City of Detroit has been for the last sixty-three years struggling, toiling and planning, to acquire a permanent home in which to gather and have social and intellectual pleasures.

And in the struggles through the years, the basic motive has been to bring to the forefront, the social and intellectual traits of the land from whence they came, and to keep alive the patriotic fervor that has predominated throughout Scottish history, and by which Scotland has been able, through the centuries, to give a good account of herself.

On the eve of November 22, last, St. Andrew's Society beheld the realization of her dreams of years and St. Andrew's Tem-

ple was opened to the Scottish people, and the public of Detroit.

There were present a fine orchestra, discoursing pleasing music, also the International Pipe Band in kilts; also St. Andrew's Highlanders in full Highland dress, under command of their Chief, Robert Schram, who contributed to the picturesqueness of the occasion. A fine program had been arranged. Hon. William Livingston had consented to give the opening address. He is one of the most prominent Scotchmen in the west, and for whom the international channel between Lake Erie and the Detroit River has been named. Year after year he has been President of the Lake Carriers' Association; also President of the Dime Savings Bank, one of the most prosperous banking institutions of Detroit. Unfortunately Mr. Livingston was taken ill, and William Carnegie consented to, and did deliver the opening address. St. Andrew's quartette in kilts, composed of William P. Oliver, Thomas D. Leadbetter, Donald Cuthill and William Cameron, sang, "Robin Adair," and as an encore, "Annie Laurie," and pleased the audience.

Albert McRobbie in uniform followed with the sword dance, and as an encore, gave the Highland Fling, and very much pleased the audience. Jock O' Hazeldean, was rendered by Miss Elizabeth Paton Cant, who also was encored and sang, "Within a Mile O' Edinburgh Town."

Recitations were given by Miss Ruby C. Smith, and the audience laughed heartily at her wit, and unique personations.

James Cassie, gave to the delight of the audience a series of Scotch selections on the violin and he proved a master hand.

Robert Rankin in full highland costume and claymore, gave the Battle of Stirling, a most stirring declamatory song, with such telling effect that the audience simply gave way and would not let him go but called and called until he returned, and he sang, "Standard on the Braes O' Mar." How it touched the Scotch heart was evidenced by the quick response in applause.

Mrs. William F. Haystead sang, "The March of the Highland Brigade," with such telling effect that she was immediately recalled and although she had lifted her audience to the high pitch of Highland enthusiasm, she in her rendering of that beautiful song, "The Land O' the Leal," stilled their demonstration and awakened an entirely different strain of feeling. Every heart was deeply touched, and the finer and deeper emotions were awakened and a quiet sweetness born of deep emotion, prevailed the audience "How sweet, how sweet," was heard from many lips.

The concert was closed by a duet, the "Crookit Baubee," by Robert S. Rankin, and his daughter, Mrs. Haystead, and they gave as encore "Matrimonial Sweets," and the audience amply repaid them by continuous applause.

One of the great blessings of St. Andrew's Society is the possession of these two, Robert S. Rankin and his daughter, Mrs. Haystead, and happy are the audiences before whom they come. For the interpretation of Scottish poetry and song they are unsurpassed. And the great audience joined in Auld Lang Syne. Supper followed, and after supper the dance, and a fine orchestra furnished music into the wee sma oors and thus ended the dedication of St. Andrew's Temple.

Yours truly,

RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

THE IRISH HOME RULE BILL.

One of the leading events in Parliament in December was the passing of the Irish Home Rule Bill by a majority vote of 138 over the opposition.

Last April the bill passed its first reading by a majority of 94 votes. In May, its second reading was passed by a vote of 107. The final reading is expected to take place next March, after which the House of Lords will take it up.

PEACE CELEBRATION.

Ambassador Bryce in his speech last week before the Committee of the Centenary of Peace Celebration said:

"You propose to invite to your celebration members and representatives of other great peoples and races. That is right. There is nothing exclusive in the friendship that we of the various branches of the English stock have for one another. Let your invitation include those other peoples; Germany of whom you have so many excellent citizens here; Frenchmen with whom you have ancient ties of regard; men from Scandinavia and Italy and Spain. Let the celebration be the means of assuring all the great nations of your and our desire to be good friends with them no less than with one another, and of our hope that the bonds of friendship and the League of Peace will be extended to include them all."

JERSEY CITY O. S. C. PIPE BAND.

At the regular monthly meeting of the above band held in Grand View Hall, Jersey City on December 16, a report from Treasurer Rod Davidson, showed that the band was taking care of itself financially. The secretary James McIntosh reported the number of engagements to have been far ahead of expectations, and all up to the present time, fulfilled in a masterly manner which pleased all who heard the band perform. The annual election of officers then took place and resulted as follows:

Drum Major for 1913, John A. Charles; pipe major, James McIntosh; pipe sergeant, Alexander McIntosh; pipe corporal, Michael McIntosh; drum sergeant, George Black; drum corporal, R. C. Cooper; secretary, Henry Clark, 307 North Fifth street, Harrison, N. J.; treasurer, Roderick Davidson.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF NEWARK ENJOY ANNUAL DINNER.

The banquet of the St. Andrew's Society of Newark, N. J., took place at Achtel-Stetter's, on Broad street, on Thursday evening, December 5th and proved to be another of the many enjoyable Scotch nights held under the auspices of this Society. There was a large attendance, many ladies being present. The guests were given sprigs of heather fresh from the Scottish hills, sent to the society, through the kindness of the editor of the Edinburgh Scotsman.

After an excellent dinner had been served during which the diners were entertained with bagpipe selections given by piper Mr. W. A. Donald, President Henry Chapman cordially welcomed the company, and hoped all would have a profitable and enjoyable evening. The toast "The President" was heartily pledged and "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung with right good will. The toast to "The King" followed, and the singing of "God Save the King" was quite enthusiastic.

An interesting feature of this year's dinner was the presence of the former Presidents of the Society. The President gave an auld Scotch toast to the former Presidents. Replies to the toast were made by Dr. Samuel E. Robertson and Messrs. James H. Abercombie, James Flockhart, John Forbes, Thomas Palmer, William M. Mackay, and Henry Chapman. All of their addresses were interesting, and covered the period of seventeen years, during which the Society has been in existence. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the vice-President, Rev. Laird Moffat, and the Chaplain, Rev. John McDowell. During the evening the company were entertained. The affections of all for Bonnie Scotland was stirred by Mr. Archibald Salmond's exquisite rendering of "Scotland Yet" and "Loch Lomond." Miss Joan Spaulding gave a fine rendering, in a pleasing manner sang "Angus McDonald" and "The Auld Countrie" and the Comedian of the Society Mr. James Fleming entertained the company in fine style.

The President spoke of the valuable service rendered for over 12 years by the Secretary Mr. John Campbell, and moved a hearty vote of thanks to that gentleman which was given by acclamation. The banquet committee included Messrs. John Thomson, Alex West, Charles K. Murray, William M. Mackay, and Thomas Palmer. "Auld Lang Syne" sung by all present brought the St. Andrew's Society's celebration to a close half an hour after midnight.

SCOTSMEN CELEBRATED ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN EGYPT.

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated in Cairo on 30th ult. by a dinner in the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Murdoch Macdonald, C. M. G., Under Secretary of State for Public Works, occupied the chair, and he had on his right the guest of the evening, Viscount Kitchener. At the chairman's table there were also Sir

Alexander Baird, Mr. Ronald Graham, C. B., Advisor to the Ministry of the Interior; Mr. P. G. Graham, Advisor to the Ministry of Public Health; Dr. Dunlop, Advisor to the Ministry of Education; and Colonel Harvey Pasha, Commandant of the Cairo Police. The crcuplers were Sir Ian Colquhoun, Mr. Dugald Macdonald, and Mr. D. Scott Moncrieff. Lord Kitchener, who proposed the toast of "The Land We Live In," referred in eulogistic terms to the great work done in Egypt by Scotsmen in the past and in the present. Mr. Ronald Graham gave "Scotland," the toast of the evening, in a remarkable speech, which was listened to with the greatest interest, and the toast was drunk with much enthusiasm, while eight pipers of the Scots Guards played "Scotland for Ever." An eightsome, danced in the course of the evening, included among other representative Scots the Master of Burleigh, the Master of Kinnaird, and Sir Ian Colquhoun of Luss.—Ex.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY PHILADELPHIA, PA., celebrated its 164th anniversary on November 30th, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Mr. Gray the President presided at the dinner. The Rev. William Muir responded to the toast "Scotland." The Hon. William M. Bunn replied to the toast "Our State and City." The dinner was excellent and the speeches were equal to former years. The following are the officers for 1913: President, John Gordon Gray; vice-president, Alex G. Ferguson and C. J. Milne; secretary, B. R. Hoffman; treasurer, Fred S. Giger; physician, Malcolm Macfarlan, M. D., and John K. Mitchell, M. D.; chaplain, Rev. J. H. Lamb, D. D.; counsellors, Hon. M. Hampton Todd and Latimer Smith.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PITTSBURGH, PA., held its annual banquet and entertainment on December 2nd, at the Palm Garden of the Rittenhouse. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Provan, and Mr. A. T. Liddell was toastmaster. The speakers were Revs. David S. Currie, T. M. MacFadden and Mr. William MacDowell, attorney. It was a large and happy gathering of ladies and gentlemen.

THE PHILADELPHIA CALEDONIAN CLUB held its first series of literary and musical entertainments on December 19th. Mr. Joseph Ferguson presided and we are pleased to note that our late representative, Mr. Peter Miller was well enough to take part in reciting "A Night O' Scottish Songs" written by our correspondent, Dr. James Law.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK had a most interesting concert in the Caledonian Hall, on December 19th, consisting of singing, piping and dancing, which was greatly enjoyed.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB had a shuffleboard match with the Newark, N. J., Club on the evening of December 19th. The New Yorkers won.



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

BOSTON LETTER.

HOPE!

THE REV. GEORGE GORDON, D. D., of the New Old South Congregational Church, Boston, is one of the most noted and universally known of America's famous ministers. His standing as a theologian, author and preacher is acknowledged to be of the highest.

On a recent Sabbath evening, I attended his church, and his subject matter was "Hope." I may as well confess that un-Scotsman-like I have forgotten the text, but I also give you Hope for my first word and message for the New Year.

"Ignorance," said Dr. Gordon, "is not the greatest sin. Perversity is worse. What is a cobweb in the pathway of a planet? What are your doubts and misgivings in the eye of Almighty God, who wants to save you? The only truly hopeless man is he who believes not in God."

Dr. Gordon frequently—I was going to say, usually—brings in, in some part of his discourse a quotation from Robert Burns, but considering his subject, I expected to hear one from Thomas Campbell—but no! "Away back," he said, "in the old ultra Calvinistic days in Scotland, 125 years ago, Robert Burns wrote an Address to the Deil, in which he said:

'Oh! would ye tak' a thought an' men,
Ye aiblins micht—I dinna ken—still hae a stake.

What is our hope? That everyone of God's people may attain in time, eternal life, and our hope is such that even the Prince of Darkness be not forgotten. The world is growing brighter, people are growing better, vice and sin and misery must grow less, as the light from above sinks deeper in the hearts of men.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD of the Barony Church of Glasgow, was born in 1812, and last June his centenary was celebrated in Glasgow and elsewhere. Being a son of the Barony I frequently refer to his life, written by Dr. Donald MacLeod his brother. Norman was a broad churchman and had Hope with a big capital H ever present in his big heart. It is almost unbelievable in the present state of our times, to read what happened to him in Glasgow, after his speech on the Sabbath question. Dr. MacLeod believed that to impose the authority of the ancient Jewish Sabbath under present day

conditions, was perilous, extreme and unscriptural. If he had renounced Christianity, the injustice, intolerance, and misrepresentation could not have been worse. He writes himself "I felt at first so utterly cut off from every Christian brother, that had a chimney sweep given me his sooty hand, and smiled on me with his black face, I would have welcomed his salutation and blessed him." He became an object of suspicion and dislike to the unthinking and fanatical, but he was mourned over by many really good men, as one who had become an enemy to the truth. Ministers of the gospel passed him without recognition, one more zealous than the rest, hissed him on the street. Norman had also something to say about the teachings of the hyper-Calvinists and sacer-dotalists, being a thousand times doomed as God would in His own wise, charitable, patient way, educate man, here or hereafter for the fulness of time, the grand 'end.'

This does not mean, by any means that either of these clergymen believed or believes, that faith with or without works, or work with or without faith, be dead. There can be no easy road to eternal life, but each one must work out his salvation in his own way, and according to the talents and opportunities God has given him.

TO-DAY begins a New Year. The date on the calendar does not matter. The earth starts its journey round the sun, every morning, as truly as on the first day of January. It is for us to determine what the year shall be. The demand upon us is not that we succeed, but only that we try, and to try manfully, every day and all day long, is inevitably to attain in the end a supreme success.

THE SCOTS' CHARITABLE SOCIETY observed their 255th anniversary and St. Andrew's Day banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, Monday evening, December 2nd. Over 200 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, and the evening was enlivened by songs from a male quartette, John E. Daniels, tenor; Madame Wilhelmina Calvert, soprano, and Highland dances by Miss Nellie Ferguson, William C. Purdie, piper. President James Pottinger presided, and gave a felicitous and pleasing welcome to the distinguished guests, which included Hon. John Hays Hammond, the speaker of the evening and many of the dignitaries of the City and the State.

During the evening President Pottlinger requested ex-president Alexander McGregor to introduce Mr. Hammond, which he did in these words—"It is a very gracious act on the part of our esteemed president to give me the pleasure of presenting the next speaker of the evening. It is a great honor and a privilege—the fact that he was recently the guest of His Gracious Majesty, King George, when he represented this country at the coronation, will help to lessen the regret that our guest was not born in the land of the 'heather and the thistle,' the land of 'poetry and song.' Though not of Scotch birth, yet is he most unmistakably up to the highest Scotch standard of manhood.

"There is no severer test known to men than the Scotch test. Old Scotia is famous for raising men and Scotia's sons are eminently qualified to be judges of men. Confident am I then to-night of your sincere sympathy with admiration for, and approval of this guest of honor. One who is every inch a man in the truest and fullest sense of the term; a man whose life has been full of romance and chivalry; a man of tremendous energy and influence; a big-hearted, big-brained, noble, patriotic man. I take great pleasure in presenting to you the Hon. John Hays Hammond."

Mr. Hammond's speech which is of international interest, will be found in another column. Among the other speakers were J. Stearns Cleshney of the Governor's Council, Attorney General Swift and President Bentley of the British Charitable Society. The entire arrangements were perfectly made and went through without a hitch, much of the credit being due to the efficient management of Vice President A. C. Nixon.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB'S regular meeting was held Tuesday evening, December 3rd, with Chief James A. Sinclair presiding. The principal business being nomination of officers for the year 1913. Chief Sinclair declined renomination, and the surprise of the evening came when First Chieftain James Urquhart was nominated for the office of Chief with no opposition. Mr. Urquhart has served two years as first chieftain, and is a most estimable young man of ability and initiative. He has a mind of his own and views of his own, especially about how the Caledonian games should be carried out, and he has met with a good deal of opposition on that account, but his opponents could find no one willing to run the risk of defeat by opposing him. Mr. Urquhart has served as Chief of Clan McKenzie No. 2, and his father Robert Urquhart was chief of the club for the year 1908. A contest was also expected for the first chieftainship, but Thomas Grieve was the only nominee. Second Chieftain John Green succeeds himself, but contests are on for all the other offices.

LIFE MEMBERS JAMES WATERS AND THOMAS ROSS, both died during the month of December. The funerals of each were held from Waterman's Undertaking rooms, and the club largely represented by both its officers

and older members. James Waters for years was a valued worker both in the club and in the Scots' Charitable Society. Thomas Ross was well known years ago in the United States and Canada. He was a life long Odd Fellow, and was one of the founders in this country of the Sons of Temperance. He was one of the charter members of Caledonia Lodge.

THE REV. JAMES TODD, D. D., was given a complimentary dinner at Youngs Hotel, December 11th by the members of the Board of Government of the S. C. S. and others, prior to his leaving the city to take up work on behalf of the Sabbath Observance Society in another state. Dr. Todd recently resigned from chairmanship of the Relief Board of the Society on that account.

SUDDEN DEATH OF

JAMES A. SINCLAIR, CHIEF OF THE BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB.

Less than two years ago it was my painful duty to record in these columns the death of James L. Williamson, who had a short time previously laid down the reins of office as chief of the Caledonian Club.

Mr. Williamson was killed while trying to catch a train for his home, a few moments after he and I had parted from each other.

Chief James A. Sinclair died at the Boston City Hospital, Sunday, December 15th, after a few days' illness. His case had baffled the hospital authorities and it was only after the autopsy, it was found that death had been caused by pyaemia or blood poisoning, more specifically to oedema of the brain.

On the Saturday evening a week previous, Chief Sinclair with some friends including his aunt and uncle ex-chief George Scott, attended a surprise party at the home of ex-chieftain Peter M. Miller, and while bidding their host good by, one of the ladies turned her head suddenly and her hat pin grazed Mr. Sinclair's temple. So insignificant did it seem to be Mr. Sinclair paid no attention to the scratch, other than to remark laughingly that he hoped he would not get blood poisoning.

On the Tuesday following, Mr. Sinclair complained of not feeling well, and on the Wednesday the Doctor who was called in diagnosed the case as grip, but on Thursday and Friday he became so much worse, he was ordered to the hospital.

Symptoms of meningitis were apparent, but no signs of spinal disease were found from analysis of the blood serum, and it was not until the autopsy revealed the cause of death, that his friends remembered the scratch made on his temple by the hat pin. This the medical examiner says, was undoubtedly the contributing cause of his death.

A largely attended meeting of the Caledonian Club was held on Tuesday, December 17th, and it was voted that out of respect to the late chief, the club should take charge of the funeral arrangements and attend the funeral in a body. Mr. Sinclair was secre-



JAMES A. SINCLAIR,

Chief of the Boston Caledonian Club.

tary of the Baracca Class of the Second Congregational Church, Dorchester, and funeral services were held there Thursday, December 19th.

This church is over six miles from the city, and owing to the Christmas season, many of the friends and club members could not find it possible to attend, but over 500 people were present at the services which were conducted by the minister of the church, and the Rev. James Alexander, ex-vice president of the Scots' Charitable Society. As a mark of respect, the board of government of the Scots' Charitable Society attended in a body, all the living ex-chiefs of the club were present, and the officers and his brother clansmen of Clan MacKenzie No. 2, of which organization he was a valued member.

Acting chief James Urquhart of the Caledonian Club, assisted by the executive had charge of the funeral arrangements which were admirably and impressively carried out. Over fifty of the club members conveyed the body to Forest Hills Cemetery where interment took place.

Mr. Sinclair succeeded Mr. Williamson as chief of the club, and as in Mr. Williamson's case, I had nominated him for that office on

two successive occasions. This year I had signed his papers and helped to have him sworn in as a citizen of this country. I knew him well, and never found him lacking or wanting in all that makes a good friend, a good citizen, and a good Caledonian. I make it a point to look after likely young Scotsmen and if found worthy to counsel and help and aid them to equip themselves as office holders in our societies, and feel pride, at having helped to give the club such Chiefs as James Williamson and James Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair was the youngest chief of the Caledonian Club, being born on the island of St. Margaret's Hope, one of the Orkney Islands, twenty-eight years ago, where his mother still resides. He had been for five years an office holder in the club, was greatly respected, and had made an excellent chief and presiding officer. He had backbone, grit, and energy, and his administration had been most successful. His early and sudden death has cast a gloom over the whole Scottish community of Boston, and expressions of regret and sympathy have been sent to the club from all classes of people and from many societies.

HUGH MACDONALD. Owing to pressure of other work, I have been unable to conclude my article on Hugh MacDonald. Part two will appear in the next issue.

PAST ROYAL CHIEF WALTER SCOTT, NEW YORK.

Past Royal Chief Walter Scott received a very pleasant and genuine surprise on his natal day—December 22nd—by the visit of a committee from Clan Scott, No. 205, of Brooklyn (which clan was named after him), for the purpose of presenting him with a token of the great esteem in which they hold him. The remembrance was in the form of a set of resolutions worked out on a handsome silver plate, the Scott coat-of-arms most beautifully and artistically engraved thereon, and its beauty enhanced by the purple velvet lined leather box in which it is encased. The plate bears the following tribute:

"Inspired by the exemplary traits that promote the highest and noblest to be attained in cultivating the brotherhood of man, the members of Clan Scott, No. 205, O. S. C., tender their sincere gratitude for the loyal devotion and many kindnesses received from their beloved brother, Walter Scott.

"Long may his sterling manhood and God given virtues be a stimulus and guide to every Clansman."

Richmond Hill, N. Y., December 22, 1912.

It is needless to say that Mr. Scott values the gift as one of his choicest possessions.



MAJOR CHARLES JAMES CATTO,
Toronto.

MAJOR CHARLES JAMES CATTO.

It is with regret that we learn of the death by drowning of Major Charles James Catto, son of Mr. John Catto, of the firm of John Catto & Son, Toronto, Canada. Major Catto was much esteemed as an active Christian worker and business man both in Canada and the United States.

Major Catto, who was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, was a Freemason, a member of St. Andrew's Society and of the Sons of Scotland and a member of St. James' congregation. He was a member of the first Chapter of the Brotherhood when it was formed in St. Luke's Parish, Toronto, being a charter member.

Major Catto's remains were interred with military honors by his late regiment, the 48th Highlanders, in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, being borne thither on a gun carriage, accompanied by a strong turnout of the regiment, also many representatives of other regiments.

The service was conducted by the Venerable Archdeacon Cody, assisted by the Rev. C. V. Pilcher, Curate of St. James.

When in the committal prayers Archdeacon Cody reached the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the kindly hand of Provost Macklem, whom the deceased had known and honored from boyhood, cast the symbols of mankind's return to the earth from which he was taken upon the

casket, and after the momentary pause which this passage always evokes, the beautiful service was continued to its conclusion. A firing party from the late Major Catto's own company of the Highlanders fired the parting salute of three volleys over the grave, the last post was sounded on the bugle and his regiment had done all in its power to honor the memory of an officer generally esteemed by his associates of all ranks. The final office was performed at the foot of the grave where a Highland Piper took up his position and the pipes rolled out the plaintive lament, "Lochaber no more."

OBITUARY.

MR. PETER REID, a native of Govan, Scotland, died at his residence Passaic, N. J., on December 7th, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a member of the St. Andrew's Society of New York and was successful in business.

MR. JOHN W. GORDON died on December 4th at his residence in Orange, N. J., in his seventy-second year. He was born in Dumfries, Scotland. He leaves a wife and five sons to mourn the departure of a loving father. Mr. Gordon was a member of the St. Andrew's Society, New York.

Mr. James Cruickshank, a native of Banff, Scotland, died on December 21st, in his fifty-sixth year, at his residence Big Indian, Ulster County, N. Y. He is survived by his wife, four sons and a daughter. He was a member of St. Andrew's Society, N. Y.

R. R. BEAM.

We note that our friend and neighbor, Mr. R. R. Beam, has become associated with the National Federation of Theatre Clubs and the Federation Theatre Company, as chairman of their Publication Committee.

We feel sure that the same qualities that Mr. Beam has put into his work in other lines will enable him to do active, intelligent and helpful service in this new sphere of effort.

Our best wishes go with him, and augur for the new organizations a large measure of success that will be in no small part due to Mr. Beam's conscientious and tactful attention to details, his geniality and knowledge of the amenities of official and social life.

The National Federation of Theatre Clubs is a great audience club or organization seeking to encourage and assist American playwrights, actors and actresses to enlarged opportunities for coming before the public, to bring worthy works to the notice of producing managers through trial performances instead of manuscripts, and to give its lay members the advantage of witnessing the performance of such plays under special privileges.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas, 170 Kensington St., New Britain, Conn.
Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

VICTORIA LODGE, NEW HAVEN.

Dear Sisters:

Another year has passed and our order has wonderfully increased numerically and financially. We hope for greater things in the future. May our Heavenly Father guide us in the future as He has in the past, so that the good work may go on, with His blessing. I thank you all for the many postals and letters which I have received during the past year, and also for your loving sympathy in my illness.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

MARGARET A. MACKENZIE,
Sr. P. G. C. D.

Torrington, Conn.,
December 17, 1912.

At the regular business meeting of Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., Torrington, Conn., held December 11th, two candidates were initiated into the order, and the annual election of officers took place. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chief Daughter, Mrs. May Campbell; sub chief daughter, Mrs. Christina Reid; past chief daughter, Mrs. Ida Calder; chaplain, Mrs. Agnes Lindsay; treasurer, Mrs. Helen Cameron; financial secretary, Mrs. Mary Miller; recording secretary, Mrs. Ada Hamilton; conductor, Miss Jeanie Bagrie; inside guard, Mrs. Marion McFarlane; outside guard, Mrs. Isabel Clark; pianist, Mrs. Christina Thompson; trustee for three years, Mrs. Jeanie Cameron. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. December 13th, a masquerade was given by the lodge in City Hall, and was enjoyed by a large company, many fancy costumes being worn. The entertainment committee are in hopes that this has been a financial success. Clan Stewart, No. 143, O. S. C., have invited the ladies to have a joint installation December 3rd, which was accepted. The clansmen have planned for a social time after installation.

JEANIE CAMERON,
Correspondent.

The Marjorie Bruce Lodge, No. 35, D. of S., held their regular meeting on Thursday evening, December 5th, 1912 in Metropolitan Hall, New Rochelle. Chief Daughter Bonnington called the meeting to order, and a very busy, as well as interesting evening was spent.

We accepted one new application and

initiated six new members, which goes to show our old members have not been idle.

The nomination and election of officers for the ensuing term was on hand, and for a couple of hours excitement ran high. If arrangements can be made, our Grand Deputy Sister, J. McAllister of the Lady McKenzie Lodge, will perform the installation ceremony next meeting night.

We regret to announce that death has been in our midst and removed from amongst us our beloved sister, Janet Dobbie, who passed away very suddenly November 19th, 1912.

Sister Dobbie was always an active and willing member, and the deepest sympathy of the entire lodge is with the bereaved family. We trust that they may receive strength to bear up under the sad blow which has so saddened their life and darkened their home; and would join them in seeking consolation from our Heavenly Father, who alone can assuage all sorrow. It was further resolved, that the lodge go in mourning and the charter to be draped for sixty days.

Wishing all sisters a prosperous and joyous New Year and good luck to the officers elect for 1913.

Sincerely yours,
CHRISTINA D. BISSET.

HELEN MAGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27,
YONKERS, NEW YORK.

Helen Magregor Lodge has held two meetings in December. Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. At the meeting held December 3rd, business was curtailed owing to the dime social which was arranged for that night. There was a large attendance and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Music was provided by Professor Tondra. The amusement committee for the year deserve special thanks for the able way in which they have managed the social part of our lodge. Everything they have arranged has been a success, both financially and socially.

At the meeting held on the 17th, one member was initiated and six applications received, so that will make a good beginning for the new year.

After the usual business, the officers were elected for the coming year as follows:

Chief daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Magee; sub chief daughter, Mrs. Margaret Stevenson; chaplain, Mrs. Janet Orr; recording sec-

retary, Mrs. Jane Gray; financial secretary, Mrs. Mary Dennison; treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Tyall; conductor, Miss Lizzie Gibson; inside guard, Miss Margaret Johnston; outside guard, Miss Isabel Walker; trustees, Mrs. Mary Orr and Mrs. Mary Scott.

SUSAN S. BRUCE,
Correspondent.

Ansonia, Conn.

Lady McDonald Lodge, No. 23, held a very interesting meeting Monday evening, December 9th.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Chief daughter, Mrs. Thomas Brown; sub chief daughter, Miss Margaret Horne; chaplain, Mrs. Agnes Shields; conductor, Mrs. Fanny Ellison; recording secretary, Mrs. George Bevan; financial secretary, Miss Nellie Brock; treasurer, Mrs. James Graham; inside guard, Mrs. Margaret Whitworth; outside guard Mrs. Cameron; pianist, Mrs. Margaret Bell; trustees, Mrs. John Sloan, Mrs. Helen Martin, Mrs. McClean.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for an entertainment on Burns' anniversary. The ladies are looking forward to a good time on that evening. The secretary read a letter from the editor of "The Caledonian" and urged the members, as many as could, to subscribe for the same. "The Caledonian" is very interesting to read and every member should have one, as they couldn't have a cheaper or better paper in their home.

Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, D. O. S.
Meriden, Conn..

December 19, 1912.

The fifteenth anniversary of the Marjory Bruce Lodge, No. 7, D. of S., was celebrated November 19th.

The Chief Daughter, Sister Young, presided and gave the address of welcome. Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Middlemas, of New Britain, was our honored guest. In response to the earnest request of the lodge, Sister Middlemas gave an interesting address, her theme being the birth and life history of the Marjory Bruce Lodge. The Grand Chief Daughter's remarks were concluded with the following original poem dedicated to the Marjory Bruce Lodge:

"Oh Marjory Bruce, oh glorious name!
Auld Scotia well deserves the fame
Ye brocht tae her, through strength, a
truce
That's everlasting—Marjory Bruce.

An' may ye, like ye're namesake be
Aye Scottish tae the core, an' see
Ye help ye're chief tae introduce
Mair members intae Marjory Bruce.

Fifteen years have come an' gane.
Since first ye toddled a' alane,

An' tho' the sea's been kind o' coorse
Ye've weathered weel,—dear Marjory
Bruce.

An' may the coorse that lies before,
Heed lovin'ly tae freenship's shore,
An aye mak' shair the latch string's loose
That sneks the door o' Marjory Bruce."

Selections were then rendered by Sister Agnes Meiklem and Mr. Archibald Fulton, after which little Miss Marjory Meiklem gave a recitation. To complete the program and by special request, our dramatic association presented the play entitled, "Making a Sister."

The following sisters made up the cast of characters:

Mrs. Grosvenor Porter.. Miss Marlon Liddell
Mrs. Frank Gorr..... Miss Agnes Norrie
Mrs. W. B. Johnson.... Miss Isabella Fulton
Miss Jeanette Kay..... Miss Jeanie Fulton
Miss Eva Hart Miss Bessie Norrie

A pleasing lunch was served by the social committee, to whom great credit for the evening's pleasure is due, and which was composed of the following members: Chairman, Mrs. Herbert Benvie, Mrs. James Cumming, Mrs. John Hall, Mrs. Archibald Fulton, Mrs. James Meiklem, Mrs. Samuel Meiklem, Mrs. Frank Gorr, Mrs. Grosvenor Porter.

At our regular meeting on December 3rd, we elected the following officers for the year beginning January, 1913:

Chief daughter, Miss Jeanie Fulton; sub chief daughter, Mrs. Jeanie Porter; chaplain, Mrs. Millie Benvie; recording secretary, Mrs. Jeanie Fulton; financial secretary, Miss Eva Hart; treasurer, Mrs. Jeanie Cumming; conductor, Mrs. Jeanette Hall; inside guard, Miss Marlon Liddell; outside guard, Mrs. Margaret Norrie; pianist, Miss Isabella Fulton; trustees, Mrs. Jennie Meiklem and Mrs. Archibald Fulton.

MRS. JEANIE FULTON,
Secretary.

PROMINENT WORKERS IN SCOTTISH BAZAAR.

A Scottish bazaar for the benefit of the Caledonian Hospital was held in Kismet Temple, Herkimer street and Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of December. There was a large gathering on the opening night, and all who were there listened with pleasure to the address given by Mayor Gaynor, who spoke of the great need for hospitals in our city.

The object of the bazaar was to increase the Building Fund for the erection and maintenance of a hospital building on a plot now in possession of the Trustees, at Woodruff avenue and St. Paul's place, Brooklyn.

The officers and members of the Board of Trustees, Mr. D. G. C. Sinclair, President, were in attendance, and assisted in many ways, by using their automobiles, bringing their friends and purchasing goods.



MRS JAMES BRUCE,
President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the
Caledonian Hospital Society.

The Woman's Society worked hard and brought the fair to a successful issue.

The officers are: Mrs. James Bruce, president, 535 Seventy-third street, Brooklyn; Mrs. J. F. H. King, first vice-president, 281 Sterling place, Brooklyn; Mrs. George Reid, second vice-president; Miss M. I. Milne treasurer, 694 East Seventeenth street, Brooklyn; Miss Lillian D. Major, recording secretary, 702 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; Miss Estelle Noble, corresponding secretary, 389 Decatur street, Brooklyn.

Trustees: Mrs. William E. Cook, Miss Jane Mackay, Mrs. A. Duguid, Miss Christine Moffatt, Miss M. J. Blair, Miss E. K. Brown, Mrs. Charles F. Garlich, Mrs. Alexander Malcolm, Mrs. A. S. Cook, Mrs. Angus Malcolm, Mrs. William H. Rankin, Mrs. Homer L. Bartlett.

The Caledonian Hospital desires to thank the many friends who kindly contributed in money and goods.

MRS. FENWICK W. RITCHIE.

The ladies in charge of the Scottish bazaar stalls were as follows: Scottish stall, Mrs. J. C. Milne; Fancy Articles, Mrs. J. F. H. King; Handkerchiefs, Mrs. L. H. Losee; Miscellaneous Stall, Mrs. Peter Kerr; Dolls and Toys, Mrs. M. Dunsmuir; Tea Room, Mrs. A. M. Stewart; Ice Cream, Mrs. George Reid; Candy Stall, Mrs. W. Turnbull; Cakes, Jellies and Scones, Mrs. Anna Duguid; Stationery, Mrs. Howard Wood; Five and Ten Cent Stall, Mrs. F. R. Campbell; Flowers, Miss

Lillian D. Major. Each of these ladies had an able corps of assistants.

The following served on the Reception Committee: Mrs. James Bruce, Mrs. J. F. H. King, Mrs. George Reid, Mrs. Homer L. Bartlett, Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Peter Kerr, Miss Lillian D. Major, Mrs. Fenwick W. Ritchie, Mr. Finlay A. Forbes, Mr. William B. Carswell, Mrs. J. C. Milne, Mr. Homer L. Bartlett, Mr. Peter Scott, Mr. William F. Daley, Mr. D. G. C. Sinclair, Miss Estelle Noble, Mrs. Alexander Malcolm, Miss M. J. Milne, Mrs. David B. Carswell, Dr. Robert Scott, Mrs. M. P. Corrigan, Mrs. Charles F. Garlich.

"THE FINANCING OF GOD'S KINGDOM," is a prize essay on Christian giving, written by Mrs. F. W. Ritchie, wife of past chief of Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn. A prize was recently offered by the Women's Board of the Reformed Church of America, and we congratulate Mrs. F. W. Ritchie for winning the first prize. This prize essay has been published by request. It is a clear and forcible presentation of the principle of tithing with an effective application.

BLINKERS O' THE BRONX.

Did you ever hear O' Blinkers,
That Cam frae Crossmaliff?
He's the chap that cleaned the clinkers
Off the baker's oven riff.

He has landed in this country
Wie a pair O' empty trunks,
And he's joined the famous Crackers
That's located in the Bronx.

So this Cracker cracke his Clineum,
And he's cutting quite a dash,
Since all the Crackers tip their hats
Whenever he goes past.

And it is with marked attention
That they listen to his grunts,
But its O. K. when its Blinkers
From the Crackers O' the Bronx.

He thinks he is an actor,
And he thinks he is a Scribe;
He thinks he's real important,
Since he landed on this side.

If it wasna for his snevlin.
As he throws it oot in chunks,
He'd get the job as orator
Frae the Crackers O' the Bronx.

All the Crackers are intelligent,
At least they're college bred.
They all have p. q. to their name,
And laurels on their head.

But Clineum's got them skinned a mile,
At pulling up kail runts
For L. S. D. all he can see
In the Crackers O' the Bronx.

PAISLEY.

BOOK REVIEW.

TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH. A book with the above title, written by Robert Chambers, LL. D., many years ago, was recently re-issued by J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. The work is substantially as the author's several revisions left it, with the added attractions of very superior illustrations, the productions of James Riddel, R. S. W. The frontispiece, entitled "An Elegant Modern City," conveys to the eye a delightful picture of one of the finest scenes in the historical city. In the right foreground appears the artistically imposing Sir Walter Scott monument, and in the background, looming through the haze, Edinburgh Castle and portions of the renovated city attract the view. The word "Traditions" very inadequately conveys a correct impression of the book. While it deals with matters lying on the border-land of historical facts, it gives to the reader a clear idea of what Edinburgh was in olden times, and what it has been since. It is perhaps less descriptive than recent books about Edinburgh are, but the author secures the same end by etching the scene upon the reader's memory by its human associations. All the leading persons associated with Edinburgh, from early down to recent times, are introduced into the volume, in connection with certain localities. There is more than a casual mention of Queen Mary, of John Knox, Sir Walter Scott and others that were closely associated with Edinburgh at various periods of its stirring history. The volume also describes social conditions, manners, morals and style of dress at certain periods, and snatches of songs and literary references and allusions reflecting the fashions, foibles, or the preferences of the times, add still more to the interest and value of the book. In brief, the "Traditions of Edinburgh" is the most complete and at the same time the most interesting and instructive book that has been written about the picturesque Capital of Scotland. The price of this valuable book is \$6.00 net.

THE GIRLHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

An elegant work in two volumes, finely illustrated, and published under the above caption, by Longmans, Green & Company, was recently issued. The facts regarding Queen Victoria's childhood fill but a small portion of the book. Selections from the Queen's diaries comprise the great bulk of the volumes. Those selections are interesting, both for the light they throw upon events transpiring during the Queen's reign, but still more for the purely personal relations which such narrations and inner revealings seem to establish between the queenly relator and the reader. To witness the workings of the great woman's mind, to sit, as it were, at her study table, and watch the reflex of emotions upon her sympathetic face, is a privilege to be prized, and one that perhaps never before could be enjoyed so fully of any crowned head. The selections from the dia-

ries display the simple, unaffected disposition of Queen Victoria, while at the same time giving ample evidence of ability to grapple with complex problems of statesmanship and public affairs generally. The volumes would form a valuable addition to the family library, as they cannot be read by either old or young, without benefiting the reader intellectually and morally. The work was edited by Viscount Esher, G. C. B., and has been published by the authority of the British King. The volumes contain some fine illustrations, and are in other respects excellent specimens of the publisher's art. The price of the two volumes is \$9.00.

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS IN GAELIC. Something unique in the way of a translation is a Gaelic version of the songs and poems of Robert Burns. The translator is Mr. Charles Macphater, of Glasgow, a cousin of Dr. Neil Macphater, now a resident of Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Mr. Macphater dedicates his work to the lovers of Gaelic, and of Scotland's great poet, Burns, both at home and abroad.

The self-imposed task of translating all these songs and poems involved an immense amount of labor, and the result achieved is no less creditable to the loving patience necessary in producing so remarkable a work, than it has to the exceptional ability displayed in its accomplishment. The translation is surprisingly literal, when we consider the difference in the idioms of English and Gaelic, and how difficult it is to convey subtle meanings and poetical shades of sentiment from one language to another. The translator, however has not only done this, but he has secured as well, literalness in the rhythm and the poetical form of the verses, so that the songs in Gaelic can be sung to the airs accompanying them when sung in English.

A stanza from Burns' delightful lyric, "My Nannie's Awa'," in the Gaelic translation and in English, will prove to the Gaelic reader the correctness of the foregoing statement:

"An uiseag a dh'eireas 'on druchd chum non
speur,
A dhuisgeas am buachrill 'sa mhrdainn gu
leir,
'Sa smeoraich an seis, ri am feasgain be
balabh,
'Sou truas thair thairis tha m' Anna air
falabh."

"Thou laverock that springs from the dew of
the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the gray, breaking
dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night
fa',
Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa'."

It is scarcely necessary to inform Gaelic scholars that the Gaelic language lends itself with peculiar facility to poetical forms of expression, and that it is much easier to convey sentiments rhythmically in Gaelic than

in English. The translator was also aided in his work by the fact that some of the most difficult words in braid Scots have Gaelic roots, a circumstance which can be proved by comparing the translations with the originals. But the author has done much more than to comply with the original compositions, so far as mere expression and form are concerned. He has also caught the spirit of the bard, and conveyed in Gaelic the pathos, the tenderness and the sympathy so characteristic of the poetry of Robert Burns.

The work—a real labor of love—required the spare hours of many years to prepare it for publication. In his preface, the translator states that he revised it again and again, and that his crowning difficulty arose from his hesitation in presenting his work to the public. The verdict of his friends was that the wishes of the Gaelic-speaking people should be considered, and so he sent it on its mission of good-will to the Gaels at home and abroad. If the translated poems receive the reception they merit, the author cannot fail of securing an appreciation from his Gaelic-speaking compatriots, which he will, doubtless, regard as fully compensating for the years of difficult literary effort the task involved.

The reflection is apt to occur to the studious reader of Mr. Macphater's translation, that the patient labor and talent expended in the work, if devoted to original composition, might have produced something re-dounding even more to his credit than the work reviewed.

A fact that should be noted is that Burns composed most of his delightful songs to Gaelic airs, and that the words were arranged with regard to this musical accompaniment. Robert Burns came quite naturally by his love of Gaelic tunes, as he did also by his sympathy with the exiled Stuarts. His father's family was undoubtedly of Highland origin, and moving south during the Stuart troubles, the name was changed to Burns.

The book, a volume of 355 pages, well illustrated, is a fine specimen of the publisher's art, and was issued by Alexander MacLaren & Son, Argyle street, Glasgow, and by R. G. Munroe, Courier and Herald office, Dumfries.

NEIL MACDONALD.

CAMERON OF LOCHIEL ON IRISH HOME RULE.

Dealing with the subject of Irish Home Rule at a Unionist meeting in Inverness recently, Lochiel asked who were the people who wanted Home Rule for Ireland? The Irish themselves did not want it. He had received very good information from his friends in Ireland that the agitation for

Home Rule was dead among the people themselves. The people who wanted Home Rule were the agitators, and why did they want it? Just because they had no desire to remain within the British Empire. Their whole desire was to set up a kingdom entirely independent and separate from the United Kingdom. Who were opposed to Home Rule? The majority of the people in this country were opposed to Home Rule and also at least one quarter of the population of Ireland. They might ask him how was it that if Ireland did not want Home Rule, and that a quarter of a million of the population were openly hostile to it, they had the majority of the Irishmen in the House of Commons in favor of Home Rule? Simply because at present Ireland was ruled and controlled almost entirely by two great bodies—the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Woe betide anybody who incurred the displeasure of those two bodies, and the result was that the people must vote as those bodies desired, because otherwise they would fall under the pains of the boycott. They had to consider the question of Ulster, where a population existed entirely different and distinct from the population in the rest of Ireland in race, in religion, and in politics. The people of Ulster were of their own flesh and blood, and they appealed to them to support them against what they considered to be disaster to them. Lochiel strongly criticised the financial provisions of the Home Rule Bill. Supposing, he said, Ireland were to go in for a system of protection, what was to prevent her putting up high barriers against imports from this country? Absolutely nothing. He did not believe for one moment that Ireland would finance herself under the bill. It would have to raise fresh taxation. Where did they suppose the taxation would be placed? It could not be put on the land, because the people of Ireland owned the land. It would be put on the wealth and industries of Ulster, and no wonder Ulster feared Home Rule. What about the capital this country had in Ireland? They had invested nearly 120 millions in purchasing the land of Ireland. Where was their security for this money? Supposing the Irish Government repudiated the debt, where would they be then? It was a most dangerous proposition for them from the financial point of view. To sum up the Unionist objections to Home Rule, it would be dangerous to this country to allow a separate country to be set up within a few miles of our own shores which would be openly hostile to this country. It would be disastrous to the continued prosperity of Ireland, and it would be the grossest injustice to the taxpayers of this country. If Home Rule were granted, which God forbid, there would undoubtedly be one of the bloodiest civil wars ever witnessed in their time.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

To the Editor of "The Caledonian":

We are still alive, and still doing business at the old stand, under the auspices of the old guard, and occasionally adding to our number. At our last meeting, we entered on an aggressive policy. A special committee, which was appointed for the purpose several weeks ago, had prepared and presented a circular letter, which was approved of. This letter states that we consider it timely and advisable to solicit financial assistance from our home-loving compatriots, and appeal to them for such financial aid as they, in their judgment and ability, think wise, to carry on the good work, so that the Association can from time to time remit to the other side and encourage those who are on the firing line.

Dr. Chappell, M. P., who was here and spoke for us a few months ago, writes that everything looks favorable, but a little cash would assist them very materially at present, and appeals to us, as we are the first and only "Home Rule" Association so far on this side of the Atlantic, and we would like to be the first to help them; hence this movement of sending out these circulars, which have already met with some success, and we trust that in a short time we will be able to send over to the Scottish National Committee a few "pounds Scots" as our contribution to the cause.

At nearly every meeting, we are in receipt of communications from friends, near and far, asking for information as to the progress made in the good work—some of them offering financial assistance when wanted. Even New Zealand, India, New Orleans are interested.

We hope to have a good accession to our number at the New Year. So far we have been able to pay all obligations, but unable to forward any cash to auld Scotland; but if every loyal Scot out here "this day will do his duty," we very soon will be able to send something. Our next meeting, which will be on the eve of the 17th, will be of a social character, and we hope to meet many friends face to face, and tell them what "Home Rule for Scotland" really means. Every city and town in the United States ought to have a Home Rule Association.

We are the first; now who is going to be the second?

Miss Marion A. Smith, 480 Central Park secretary, is at the call of any Scottish society or clan who would like to know what it means, and why such interest is being taken in it.

Our meeting place is 480 Central Park West, New York, where we are always glad to see anyone anxious to learn about Scottish Home Rule. P. G. J.

CLAN MACDUFF, No. 81, New York, elected officers on December 14th. Their installation will take place on Saturday evening, January 11, a full report will be given in next issue.

CLAN MACDONALD, No. 33, Brooklyn, elected the following officers on Saturday evening, December 7th: Chief, Aikman Ogg; taniat, Robert McCulloch; past-chief, Alex. Anderson; chaplain, Thomas Clark; secretaries, Fenwick W. Ritchie, Peter Carmichael; treasurer, Bryce Martin; henchmen, William Richmond, William Bone; seneschal, William S. Mitchell; warder, R. T. Jack; sentinel, Alexander G. Mitchell; bard, Andrew Munro; piper, Charles MacMillan; organist, J. MacDonald Johnstone; trustees, William Haldane, William Davidson, James F. Slipton; physicians, Peter Scott, M. D., Robert Scott, M. D., Charles A. Campbell, M. D., A. F. Briggs, M. D.; standard bearers, R. Hobbkirk, E. Kilgour, G. M. Morrison, J. R. Lamberton. The installation will be held in the Masonic Temple on January 4th.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB. At the monthly meeting of this club, Tuesday evening, December 3rd, Chief Taylor presided, two new members were received. A large delegation from the Yonkers Club was present, and enjoyed a social evening.

Washington, D. C. Caledonian Club, will hold its annual dinner and concert on January 24th.

THE DULUTH LEWIS ASSOCIATION gave a benefit concert on the 27th ult. for one of its sick members. It was a great success both financially and socially.

THE HIGHLAND GUARD of the New York Caledonian Club, held its annual concert on December 6th in the Caledonian Hall. Captain William Reid is to be congratulated for the splendid talent he secured for the concert, which was greatly appreciated by the large and attentive audience.

New York, Dec. 21, 1912.

"The Caledonian":

Clan MacKenzie, No. 29, O. S. C., has elected her officers for 1913. They are nearly all re-elected from last year, and we are trying to get the Caledonian Hall for our open installation, on January 14th, as the hall we have is not suitable to bring our lady friends into. That is the reason we have not had them in the past year, which has been one of our great drawbacks. Let us hope that in 1913 we will make up for lost time. Our Clan has had a few shocks in the past year, but after the stoor had blawn awa' we started in to repair the damage. So we start the year of 1913 with great hopes of it being more prosperous than 1912. So, wishing all a Happy New Year, I remain

Fraternally yours,

JOHN KIRK.

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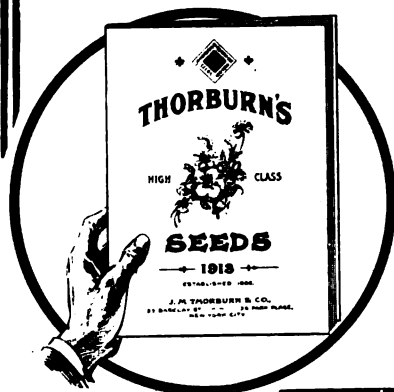
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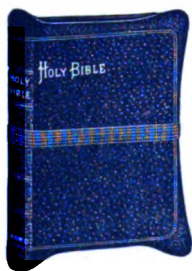
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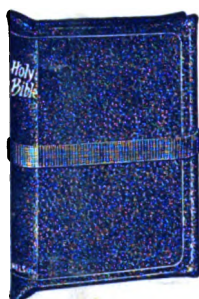
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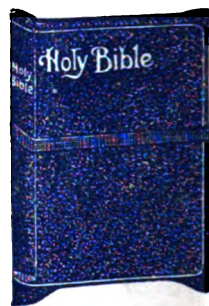
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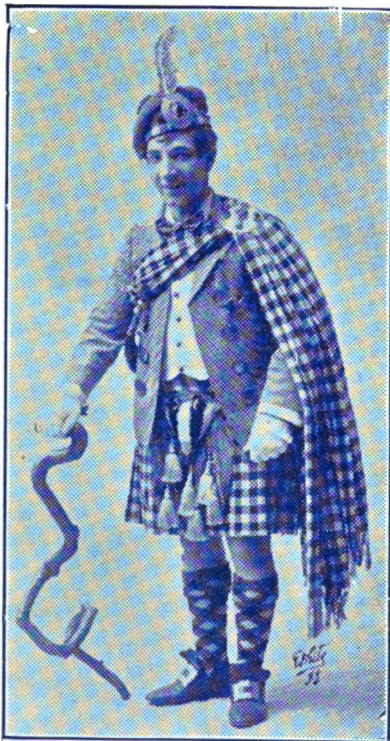
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FEBRUARY 1913.

NO. X

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Current Events.

DOMESTIC.

Yale University purposes erecting a memorial commemorating graduates of the University who lost their lives in the Civil War. Differing from that of Harvard, the Yale Memorial will be for those of the university who fought for the Confederacy as well as those that fought for the Union.

Dr. Wilfred Nelson, who died in New York city recently, was a well known personage to New Yorkers of bygone days. He was born in Montreal, Canada, sixty years ago, and took degrees of science, art and medicine in McGill University. He was an expert on sanitation, and wrote extensively on the subject. Dr. Nelson's father was one of the leaders in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837.

There is a possibility that the conservators of public health may be going too far in their hygienic and prophylactic measures and recommendations. A committee of the New York County Medical Society has placed an interdict on the common broom for sweeping, the house cat, the dog and the parrot. While some of the committee's objections may be well founded, they create probably needless fears in the minds of timid, nervous persons. One way of becoming ill is to be too anxious about preserving the health. If we are constantly looking for trouble, we are tolerably certain to get it.

During last year there were 100,000 divorces granted in the United States, and during the last forty years 3,700,000 persons were divorced in the country. A uniform system of divorce for the whole country would probably decrease the number of divorces and save the country from a real danger.

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, recently, in "The Outlook," wrote an article favoring arbitration in the Canal toll dispute. As President, he signed the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which we have violated, and the arbitration treaty, which we threaten to ignore. He does not admit that the first-mentioned agreement has been broken, but since Great Britain makes that claim, he says, there is nothing to do but submit the question to the Peace Court at The Hague.

Announcement was recently made that the annual Silliman lectures at Yale will be delivered this year by Sir William Osler, of Oxford University. The course will begin April 21.

A telephone company recently announced that they hoped to have the circuits complete before the end of the year, whereby it will be possible to speak by telephone from New York to San Francisco.

An arson trust is one of the latest discovered financial enterprises of the great city of New York. A man named Stein, chief of the arson gang, confessed that he had collect-

ed more than \$300,000 fire insurance on fires started by him and his associates.

Senator Root, on January 14th, introduced a bill to amend the Panama Canal act by eliminating the provision exempting American coastwise ships from the payment of tolls. This will probably be done, or at any rate, the difficulty, if not settled this way, will be by arbitration.

Owing to going to press, it is impossible to report the proceedings of the various celebrations of Burns' anniversary by Scottish societies throughout the country.

In his most recent utterance on the subject of Panama Canal tolls, President Taft receded from his previous attitude, and said that he favored submitting the matter in dispute between the United States and the British Government to arbitration. But in doing so he stipulates certain conditions, which are liable to produce doubts as to his sincerity and absolute fairness. He proposes to submit the question of free tolls to American coastwise vessels through the Panama Canal, not to the Arbitration Court at the Hague, but to arbitrators chosen by the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The British have come out of such deliberations so often in the past second best, that the President naively admitted the Americans would stand a better chance of winning that way than at the Hague. This is not the kind of diplomacy that engenders national self respect, or secures the respect and confidence of other nations.

Sir Charles S. Ross, an extensive landowner in Scotland, who married an American lady, who had been visiting friends and travelling in this country for a time, departed for his home the latter part of January.

J. Bruce Ismay has resigned as President of the International Mercantile Marine. The resignation, which was submitted to the Board of Directors at a meeting in New York, was accepted, to take effect on June 30. It was announced that in due course of time Harold A. Sanderson of Liverpool would be elected to succeed Mr. Ismay. Since the Titanic disaster Mr. Ismay's position has not been an easy one. Unjust reflections were made upon him presumably for saving his life where so many lost theirs.

An old bell, was found recently underneath a stage in the Guild Hall of Trinity Church, Newport, R. I. The bell is dated 1702, and an arrow and inscription shows it to have been the gift of Queen Anne. Undoubtedly, it is the oldest bell in America, not excepting the Liberty Bell.

The legislative committees of both houses of the State Legislature at Albany, on January 7, reported favorably on the bill giving the ballot to both sexes. This, of course, will be highly pleasing to suffragettes and

to many other women, who do not clamor so loudly for the privilege of voting.

The Countess of Aberdeen and Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the British Premier, have been visiting in this country lately and were the objects of many social civilities.

Preventive medicine, stated Charles W. Elliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, in a lecture at the Harvard Medical School lately, will be capable, in the future, of averting poverty and misery, industrial disputes, and of contributing to the cause of international peace. If reported correctly this is surely optimism gone mad. Prophylactic medicine can do much, but not work miracles.

One of the greatest dangers threatening the American nation at the present time, is the creed of violence and destruction professed by many, perhaps a majority, of the leaders in the ranks of unionized labor. Recently thirty-two men, prominent in labor unions, were adjudged guilty of transporting dynamite, it is said, for lawless, destructive purposes, by a United States court, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment at Leavenworth. Instead of repudiating those guilty of crime, prominent labor leaders, Mr. Gompers and others, look upon them as martyrs in a social war, in which the use of dynamite is justified as a means towards securing an ultimate triumph of the unions over capital. These doctrines, intolerable in any condition of humanity, savage or civilized, are too generally embodied in the creed of the members of labor unions.

A detailed statement of the foreign mission work of the Protestant churches during the past year has been issued by The Missionary Review of the World, and this shows an astonishing growth in this phase of church work.

The following facts are culled from the statement: More than \$30,000,000 were expended by the Protestant Churches of the World for Missions in 1912. There are 24,000 foreign workers engaged in mission work, and in Asia and Africa there are 1,500,000 mission native students.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Recent judicial statistics show a great decrease in serious crimes in Scotland.

Captain Dunbar, the Laird of Pitgareney, recently started for British East Africa, on a hunting expedition. Captain Dunbar has shot every species of African game, and when he goes hunting dresses in a kilt, to the great delight of the natives. The Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, and his recently wedded wife, are spending their honeymoon in the same East Africa hunting region.

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice, who will succeed Hon. James Bryce as British Ambassador at Washington, was many years ago attached to the British Legation at Washington.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow, recently re-

ceived a letter from the Lord Mayor of London, thanking him for Glasgow's contribution of £4,258 to the Titanic Fund, which was additional to previous contributions.

Glasgow ship owners have granted an increase of ten shillings monthly to seamen and firemen sailing from the Clyde.

Dundee was presented with a public park by Dr. I. K. Caird as a New Year's gift. Dr. Caird was a liberal contributor to the city previously.

A decline in the export of coal from Scotland, of about 1,250,000 tons, has been noticed for last year, as compared with the year before.

Viscount Haldane has an educational project in view whereby the child of the poorest man can climb to the top if he has the mental capacity to do so. The scheme, linking the primary schools with the universities has attracted wide attention.

Two explorers, Messrs. Mackenzie and McAllister, engaged by the Palestine Exploration Fund, on January 13th, unearthed the ancient City of Beth-shemesh. This place is mentioned in the Bible as suffering a great calamity on account of the Ark of the Lord being irreverently handled by the people of the City.

The returns for last year in Marine insurance in London shows a loss of \$35,000,000 by shipwrecks, etc. Last year was the most disastrous since marine insurance began 250 years ago.

The British Government will pay the National Telephone Company of the United Kingdom \$62,576,320 on the transfer of the company's system to the State, according to a decision of the Railway and Canal Commission, sitting recently as a court of arbitration.

In 1911, for the ninth time in the period 1901-1911, inclusive, British India led the world in the production of tea with a crop aggregating 256,344,000 pounds. This figure was the highest touched by any tea producing country in the period specified, and surpassed the next highest record, made by the same country in 1910, by nearly 6,000,000 pounds.

The suffragettes of London have adopted various drastic expedients to advance their cause, but those having failed, they threaten something more serious than the so-called "mild atrocities" of the past. They proposed recently to vary their program by kidnapping members of the Cabinet. It would almost appear as if an "Inquiendo de lunatico" would be the proper legal mode of procedure in the case of the most rampant and lawless of the suffragettes. Previous to 1861, women in England possessing property rights, were entitled to vote. Ultimately they will secure the suffrage, probably to the benefit of public affairs in Britain, though the tactics of the English suffragettes do not tend to encourage such a hope.

CANADIAN.

Mr. Harland Peck and Mrs. Peck, unknown to fame, but possessing American dollars, recently rented Arudhilly House on the Spey, with its grouse moors and its fishing privileges. Some Americans are not popular as landlords in the Highlands. Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, who at one time rented an estate of 100,000 acres in Invernesshire, was regarded as one of the most intolerable and tyrannical men that ever rented an estate in Scotland.

James Hamilton, second Duke of Abencorn, died in London, January 3, aged seventy-five. He was a member of the House of Commons and for twenty years represented Donegal as a Conservative. Though an Irish peer, he was of Scottish descent. The Marquis of Lansdown married the late Duke's sister.

Remarkable increases in the trade of the United Kingdom are shown by the Board of Trade figures for the year ended, December 31. With total imports of £744,896,514 (approximately \$3,724,482,570) and total exports of £487,434,002 (\$2,437,170,010), the aggregate increase reaches the enormous sum of £98,053,691 (\$490,268,455).

The South African Rugby Football team scored a brilliant victory over the home team in a recent game played in London. The South African team won in all the international matches in which they have taken part in their present tour, as they also have beaten Scotland, Ireland and Wales, a feat no team had previously accomplished.

Tariff reforms, so far as it involves the taxing of food products, has been practically repudiated by the majority of the Unionist leaders. Andrew Bonar Law, the Canadian Unionist leader in the House of Commons, favored such a reform. That he shall retain the leadership under the conditions stated is doubtful.

Alfred Deakin, leader of the Opposition in the Australian House of Representatives, resigned recently, acting under the orders of his doctors. He announces his intention of retiring from public life at the dissolution of the present Parliament.

It was recently reported at Sydney, N. S. W., that two planters, James and Hermann Weber, brothers, were killed and eaten by natives in New Guinea.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent scientist, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday on January 8th, expressed the following gloomy views as to human progress: "I have come to the general conclusion that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel-laying of the latest dreadnought. Through all those thousands of years morals and intellect have been stationary." A statement so pessimistic independent of its falsity or truth, will find few indorsers now-a-days.

The value of Canada's field crops for last year amounted to \$500,000,000.

Sir Edward Shea, probably the oldest active legislator in the British Empire, died at St. Johns, N. F., recently, aged ninety-three years. He was a former president of the Legislative Council and continued a member to his death.

During the present year the Skidegate Indians whose village lies at the southeast end of Vancouver Island propose installing an electric system for lighting their village and furnishing power for a variety of industrial enterprises to be carried forward on co-operative principles. They will also put in a modern sewer system, waterworks and complete fire protection equipment.

The next meeting of the American Bar Association will be held in Montreal, September 2nd to 4th. The selection, it was explained by the executive committee of the Association, was made in recognition of repeated courtesies extended by the bar of Canada.

Miss Patricia Irwin, a prominent British house decorator, recently arrived in Montreal, where she will attend to the decorations of the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In Scotland, Miss Irwin decorated the castle of Sir David and Lady Kinloch and many quaint country houses. She severely criticised the taste of some wealthy people of New York, who decorate their homes for show and effects, not for comfort.

The United States Steel Corporation intends to erect works costing \$20,000,000 at Sandwich, Ont. By constructing in Canada the steel company will avoid paying \$15,000,000 annually in duties. The projected works will manufacture steel rails and other materials produced at the main works at Pittsburg.

A serious recurrence January 8th, of the illness which prostrated the Duchess of Connaught last May made it necessary to remove her to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for treatment. The Duchess, was taken to Montreal on a special train accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia.

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, ex-postmaster general, declared in favor of forcing an election on the government naval policy at a reform club meeting held recently in Montreal. Of course he and other supporters of Sir Wilfred Laurier's naval policy are opposed to the naval plan of the government now in power at Ottawa, not only because it is the Conservative policy, but because it is too British.

Tenders for a new technical school in Toronto, call for an expenditure of \$1,500,000.

Women in Toronto and other parts of Canada, it was reported recently, are not prepared to aid the Minister of Militia in the project to develop militarism in the

Dominion. The Women's Council, Suffrage and Girl Guides have refused his invitation to attend a conference.

The provincial government of Alberta has become security for a company which will prepare better facilities for the housing and shipment of the crops of the province. The work is to be done at Winnipeg.

Among the new year's list of honors conferred by the King, were the following Canadians: Sir Edward Morris, of St. John's, N. F., and Sir James Whitney of Toronto, Ontario, are each made Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Among the knights are included John Stephen Willison, a journalist, of Toronto, and Auguste Real Angers of Montreal.

NOTABLE HISTORY WRITTEN IN 1912.

Much notable history was written in the year 1912. Events of vast importance and of world-wide interest followed each other in the quick march of the past twelve months. Death and disaster, war and tumult, have marked much of the year 1912. Early in January, the great Equitable fire in New York occurred, with a loss of twenty million dollars, and the death of Fire Chief Walsh. That month also witnessed the disastrous strike at Lawrence, Mass. But overtopping all calamities, the loss of the Titanic, with 1,519 souls, and a valuable cargo, ranks as the greatest marine disaster in all history. It occurred on April 14, and was in appalling tragedy. Another event which shocked the entire civilized world was the attempted assassination of Theodore Roosevelt, former President, and candidate for the Presidency on the Progressive party ticket. A highly sensational crime, with wide bearings on municipal conditions in Greater New York, was the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler. The speedy arrest and conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker and four of his tools, was a triumph for civic righteousness. Another triumph for law and order was the conviction of the dynamite conspirators, and the imposition of sentences upon them. Among many deaths of notable persons may be mentioned particularly that of Wilbur Wright, who is known as the "Father of Practical Aviation." The year 1912 also witnessed the discovery of the South Pole by Captain Amundson, the Danish explorer, who also is the discoverer of the long-sought "Northwest Passage." The map of Europe also has been changed by the revolt of the Balkan States against the Turkish Empire, which put an end to the Sultan's ancient supremacy in Eastern Europe. The sudden rise of the minor States which comprised the Balkan Allies, is one of the marvels of the age. No less remarkable was the swift and

decisive way in which they swept the Turks across the plains of Thrace and forced them back to the banks of the Dardanelles. In political importance the greatest event in the history of 1912 was the over-throw of the centuries-old dynasty which occupied the throne of China, and the establishment of a Republic. These events will change the entire future of Asia and the world. In America, the formation of a new national political party, and the return of the Democratic party to power after sixteen years, by the election of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, to the presidency, on the Democratic ticket were the leading political events. In the matter of legislation, perhaps the most important features were the veto of the new Democratic Congress' tariff bills relating to wool, cotton and iron, and the farmers' tree list, by President Taft, and the defeat in Canada of the reciprocity agreement. Several important opinions were handed down by the United States Supreme Court, the chief of these being the opinion touching the Union-Pacific merger. The action taken by the court resulted in the dissolving of the great railroad combination which had been effected by the late E. H. Harriman. Another Supreme Court decision which caused much comment was in relation to the Anthracite Coal Trust. While the opinion of the court purported to be adverse to the trust, many commentators hold that it will not injure the coal interests in the least. In the field of science, great progress was made, especially in surgical experiments. The Nobel prize, for the most notable achievement of the year in the latter field, was awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrell, of the Rockefeller Institute.—Presbyterian.

EDINBURGH.

"We had wild weather here last Sabbath, treacherous and squally. As I was going to church I saw a poor woman, caught by the wind, suddenly collapse on the pavement. At the end of the street, a gentleman was walking with a young girl, evidently his daughter. Seeing the accident, he ran at full speed to offer his services, and with great difficulty he managed to raise the woman to her feet. 'I'm lame,' she explained, with white face and shaking limbs, and would have fallen again but for his support. 'I will take you to the corner,' he said, and, signing to his daughter to take her other arm, he carefully helped her along. I watched the trio until they turned down a side street, the fashionably-dressed gentleman and girl caring for the poorly-clad woman as gently as if she belonged to them. And I wondered if a more eloquent sermon would be preached in any church in Edinburgh that Sabbath morning."

Bits of Scottish History

ENGLISH CLAIMS OVER SCOTLAND.

In 924 the first claim by an English king, Edward, to the over-lordship of Scotland appears in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The entry contains a manifest error, and the topic causes war between modern historians, English and Scottish. In fact, there are several such entries of Scottish acceptance of English suzerainty under Constantine II, and later, but they all end in the statement, "this held not long." The "submission" of Malcolm I to Edmund (945) is not a submission, but an alliance; the old English word for "fellow worker" or "ally" designates Malcolm as a fellow worker with Edward of England.

This word (*midwyrhta*) was translated *fidelis* (one who gives fealty) in the Latin of English chroniclers two centuries later, but Malcolm I held Cumberland as an ally, not as a subject prince of England. In 1092, an English chronicle represents Malcolm III as holding Cumberland "by conquest."

The main fact is that out of these and similar dim transactions, arose the claims of Edward I to the over-lordship of Scotland—claims that were urged by Queen Elizabeth's minister, Cecil, in 1568, and were boldly denied by Maitland of Lethington. From these misty pretensions came the centuries of war that made the hardy character of the folk of Scotland.

THE SCOTTISH ACQUISITION OF LOTHIAN.

We cannot pretend within our scope to follow chronologically "the fightings and flockings of kites and crows," in "a wolf age, a war age," when the Northmen from all Scandinavian lands and the Danes, who had acquired much of Ireland were flying at the throat of England, and hanging on the flanks of Scotland; while the Britons of Strathclyde struck in, and the Scottish kings again and again raided or sought to occupy the fertile region of Lothian between the Forth and Tweed. If the dynasty of MacAlpine could win rich Lothian, with its English-speaking people, they were "made men"; they held the granary of the North. By degrees and by methods not clearly defined, they did win the Castle of

the Maidens, the acropolis of Dunedin, Edinburgh, and fifty years later, in some way, apparently by the sword, at the Battle of Carham (1018), in which a Scottish King of Cumberland fought by his side, Malcolm II took possession of Lothian, the whole southeast region, by this time entirely anglicized, and this was the greatest step in the making of Scotland. The Celtic dynasty now held the most fertile district between Forth and Tweed, a district already English in blood and speech, the center and focus of the English civilization accepted by the Celtic kings. Under this Malcolm, too, his grandson, Duncan, became ruler of Strathclyde—that is, practically of Cumberland.

Malcolm is said to have been murdered at haunted Glamis, in Forfarshire, in 1034. The room where he died is pointed out by legend in the ancient castle. His rightful heir, by the strange system of the Scots, should have been, not his own grandson, Duncan, but the grandson of Kenneth III. The rule was that the crown went alternately to a descendant of the House of Constantine (863-877), son of Kenneth MacAlpine, and to a descendant of Constantine's brother, Aodh (877-888): These alternations went on till the crowning of Malcolm II (1034-1034), and then ceased, for Malcolm II had slain the unnamed male heir of the House of Aodh, a son of Boedhe, in order to open the succession to his own grandson, "the gracious Duncan." Boedhe had left a daughter, Gruach; she had by the Mormaer, or under-king of the Province of Murray, a son, Lulach. On the death of the Mormaer, she married Macbeth, and when Macbeth slew Duncan (1040), he was removing an usurper—as he understood it—and he ruled in the name of his grandson, Lulach. The power of Duncan had been weakened by repeated defeats at the hands of the Northmen, under Thorfinn. In 1057 Macbeth was slain in battle at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire and Malcolm Canmore, son of Duncan, after returning from England, whither he had fled from Macbeth, succeeded to the throne. But he and his descendants, for

long were opposed by the House of Murray, descendants of Lulach, who himself died in 1058.

The world will always believe Shakespeare's version of these events, and suppose the gracious Duncan to have been a venerable old man, and Macbeth an ambitious Thane, with a blood-thirsty wife, he himself being urged on by the predictions of witches. He was in fact Mormaer of Murray, and upheld the claims of his stepson, Lulach, who was son of a daughter of the wrongfully extruded House of Aodh.

Malcolm Canmore, Duncan's grandson, on the other hand, represented the European custom of direct lineal succession against the ancient Scots' mode.

MALCOLM CANMORE—THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The reign of Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093) brought Scotland into closer connection with western Europe and western Christianity. The Norman Conquest (1066) increased the tendency of the English-speaking people of Lothian to acquiesce in the rule of a Celtic king, rather than in that of the adventurers who followed William of Normandy. Norman operations did not at first reach Cumberland, which Malcolm held, and on the death of his Norse wife, the widow of Duncan's foe, Thorfinn (she left a son, Duncan), Malcolm allied himself with the English Royal House by marrying Margaret, sister of Eadgar Aetheling, then engaged in the hopeless effort to rescue northern England from the Normans. The dates are confused. Malcolm may have won the beautiful sister of Eadgar, rightful king to England, in 1068 or at the time (1070) of his raid, said to have been of savage ferocity, into Northumberland, and his yet more cruel reprisals for Gospatric's harrying of Cumberland. In either case, St. Margaret's biographer, who had lived at her court, whether or not he was her Confessor, Turgot, represents the Saint as subduing the savagery of Malcolm, who passed wakeful nights in weeping for his sins. A lover of books, which Malcolm could not read, an expert in "the delicate, and gracious, and bright works of women," Margaret brought her own gentleness and courtesy among a rude people, built the abbey church at Dumfermline, and presented the

churches with many beautiful reliquaries and fine sacramental plate.

In 1072, to avenge a raid of Malcolm (1070), the Conqueror, with an army and a fleet, came to Abernethy on Tay, where Malcolm, in exchange for English manors, "became his man" for them, and handed over his son, Duncan, as a hostage for peace. The English view is that Malcolm became William's "man for all that he had"—or for all south of the Tay.

After various raidings of northern England, and after the death of the Conqueror, Malcolm renewed, in Lothian, the treaty of Abernethy, being secured in his twelve English manors (1091). William Rufus then took and fortified Carlisle, seized part of Malcolm's land in Cumberland, and summoned him to Gloucester, where the two kings, after all, quarrelled and did not meet. No sooner had Malcolm returned home than he led an army into Northumberland, where he was defeated and slain, near Alnwick (November 13, 1093). His son Edward fell with him, and his wife, St. Margaret, died in Edinburgh Castle: her body, under cloud of night, was carried through the host of rebel Celts and buried at Dumfermline.

Scotland was, indeed, a country predestined to much ill fortune, to tribulations against which human foresight could erect no defense. But the marriage of the Celtic Malcolm with the English Margaret, and the friendly arrival of great nobles from the south, enabled Scotland to receive the new ideas of feudal law in pacific fashion. They were not violently forced upon the English-speaking people of Lothian.

DYNASTY OF MALCOLM.

On the death of Malcolm the contest for the crown lay between his brother, Donald Ban, supported by the Celts; his son Duncan by his first wife, a Norse woman (Duncan being a hostage at the English Court, was backed by William Rufus); and thirdly, Malcolm's eldest son by Margaret, Eadmund, the favorite with the anglicised south of the country. Donald Ban, after a brief period of power, was driven out by Duncan (1094); Duncan was then slain by the Celts (1094). Donald was next restored, north of Forth, Eadmund ruling in the south, but was dispossessed and blinded by Malcolm's son Eadgar, who reigned for ten

years (1097-1107), while Eadmund died in an English cloister. Eadgar had trouble on all sides, but the process of anglicising continued, under himself, and later under his brother, Alexander I., who ruled north of Forth and Clyde; while the youngest brother, David, held Lothian and Cumberland with the title of Earl. The sister of these sons of Malcolm, Eadgyth (Matilda), married Henry I., of England, in 1100. There seemed a chance that, north of Clyde and Forth, there would be a Celtic kingdom; while Lothian and Cumberland would be merged in England. Alexander was mainly engaged in fighting the Moray claimants of his crown in the north and in planting his religious houses, notably St. Andrews, with English Augustinian canons from York. Canterbury and York contended for ecclesiastical superiority over Scotland; after various adventures, Robert, the

prior of the Augustinians at Scone, was made Bishop of St. Andrews, being consecrated by Canterbury, in 1124; while York consecrated David's bishop in Glasgow. Thanks to the quarrels of the sees of York and Canterbury, the Scottish clergy managed to secure their ecclesiastical independence from either English see; and became, finally, the most useful combatants in the long struggle for the independence of the nation. Rome, on the whole backed that cause. The Scottish Catholic churchmen, in fact, pursued the old patriotic policy of resistance to England till the years just preceding the Reformation, when the people leaned to the reformed doctrines, and when Scottish national freedom was endangered more by France than by England.

(*Andrew Lang, "History of Scotland"*)

Robert Burns

THOMAS CARLYLE ON BURNS.

Burns' brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth has told me that Robert, in his younger days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart; far pleasanter to hear than, stripped cutting peats in the bog, or such like, than he ever afterwards knew him. I can well believe it. The basis of mirth, a primal element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of hope dwells in him, spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the Mon shaking dew drops from his mane, as the swift-bounding horse, that laughs at the shaking of the spear.

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his. Yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he did under obstructions, are only poor fragments of him. Burns' gifts expressed in conversation are the theme of all that ever heard him. Lockhard has recorded: how the waiters and hostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak.

The chief quality of Burns is the sincerity of him. So in his poetry, so in his life. The life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity; a sort of a savage sincerity, not cruel, far from that, but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things.

Burns in Edinburgh—Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. Few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. All common Lionism, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to him. It is as if Napoleon had been made a king. Burns still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer a plough-man; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages, \$35 a year, and these gone from him. Next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled Duchesses to dinner, the cynosure of all eyes. Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity, tranquil, unastonished, not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation. He feels that he has these in Robert Burns, that the rank is but the guinea stamp.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

Abraham Lincoln passed his boyhood in three places and in three different States. He was born at Nolan's Creek in Kentucky, and lived there till he was eighteen years old. Then his father removed to Pidgeon Creek, near Gentryville, in Southwestern Indiana. Here young Lincoln lived till he was twenty, a man grown, when the family moved once more to Sangamon Creek, in Illinois. All his homes were log cabins, and he was to all intents and purposes a pioneer boy.

No boy ever began life under less promising auspices than young Abraham Lincoln. The family was very poor; his father was a shiftless man, who never succeeded in getting ahead in life. Their home was a mere log cabin of the roughest and poorest sort known to backwoods people. The rude chimney was built on the outside, and the only floor was the hardened earth. It was not so good and comfortable as some Indian wigwams. Of course, the food and clothes and beds of a family living in this way were of the most miserable kind.

The family lived as did most pioneer families in the backwoods of Indiana. Their bread was made of corn meal. Their meat was chiefly the flesh of wild game shot or trapped in the woods. Pewter plates and wooden trenchers were used on the table. The drinking cups were of tin. There was no stove, and all the cooking was done over the fire of the big fireplace. Abe's bed was simply a couch of leaves freshly gathered every two or three weeks.

At that time Indiana was still part of the wilderness. It had just been admitted to the Union as a State. Primeval woods grew up close to the settlement at Pidgeon Creek, and not far away were roving bands of Indians, and also wild animals—bears, wildcats and panthers. These animals the settlers hunted and made use of for food and clothing. Young Abe and his brothers and sisters spent the larger part of their time out of doors. They hunted and fished and learned the habits of the wild creatures, and explored the far recesses of the woods. This forest lore Abe never forgot, and the life and training made him vigorous and tough and able to endure in after days the troubles and trials that would have broken down many a weaker man.

Lincoln was fortunate in his mothers. His own mother died when he was eight years old, but she had done her best to start her boy in the world. Once she said to him: "Abe, learn all you can, and grow up to be of some account. You've got just as good Virginian blood in you as George Washington had." Abe never forgot this. Years afterwards he said, "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my blessed mother." His step-mother, Sarah Bush, was a kind-hearted, excellent woman, and did all she could to make the poor, ragged, barefooted boy happy. She was always ready to listen when he read, to help him with his lessons, to encourage him. After he had grown up and become



A. LINCOLN.

famous, she said this of him: "Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused to do anything I asked him. Abe was the best boy I ever knew."

There was a backwoods school house quite a distance away, which Abe attended for a short time. These log school houses in Lincoln's day had large open fireplaces, in which there was a great blazing fire in the winter. The boys of the school had to chop and bring in the wood for the fire. The floor of such a school house was of rough boards hewn out with axes. The schoolmasters were generally harsh, rough men, who did not know very much themselves. Abe soon learned to read and write, however, and after awhile he found a new teacher, and that was—himself. When the rest of the family had gone to bed he would sit up and write and cypher by the light of the great blazing logs heaped up on the open fireplace.

So poor were this pioneer family that they had no means of procuring paper or pencil for the struggling student. Abe used to take the back of the broad wooden fire shovel to write on, and a piece of charcoal for a pencil. When he had covered the shovel with words or with sums in arithmetic, he would shave it off clean and begin over again. If his father complained that the shovel was getting thin, the boy would go out into the woods and make a new one. As long as the woods lasted, fire shovels and furniture were cheap.

There were few books to read in that frontier cabin. Poor Abe had not more than a dozen in all. These were Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Aesop's Fables, the Bible and a small history of the United States. The boy read these books over and over till he knew a great deal of them by heart, and could repeat whole pages from them.

One book that made a great impression upon him was "Weems' Life of Washington." This book he borrowed of a neighbor, who loaned it to him on the condition of his returning it in as good a condition as he received it. And this the young student intend-

ed to do. But one night there was a great storm, and it rained down in the cabin and seriously injured the precious volume. Lincoln was very much troubled and informed the neighbor of what had happened. The surly old man told him that he must give him three days' work shucking corn, and that he might keep the book for his own. It was the first book that Lincoln ever owned. No one knows how many times he read it through. Washington was his ideal hero, the one great man whom he admired above all others. How little he could have dreamed that in the years to come his own name would be coupled with that of the Father of his Country by admiring countrymen.

By the time the lad was seventeen, he could write a good hand, do hard examples in arithmetic, and spell better than any one else in the country. Once in awhile he would write a little piece of his own about something which interested him. Some times he would read what he had written to the neighbors, when they would clap their hands and exclaim: "It beats the world what Abe writes!"

So Lincoln was all the time learning something and trying to make use of what he did know. Perhaps the great success of his life lay in the fact that in whatever position he was placed he always did his best. The time when the boy could no longer stay in the small surroundings of Pidgeon Creek came. He tried life on one of the river steamboats, then he served as a clerk in a store at New Salem, where he began at odd moments to study law. In a short time he was practicing his profession, and people in the West were talking of the tall, lank young lawyer and of what a future he had before him.

Such was the humble boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, but its very simplicity and the hardships he endured and overcame made him a strong man, a successful man. Later, when he came to be President and the leader of a Nation through a great civil war, we find that it was these same qualities of perseverance and courage and fidelity which enabled him to triumph over difficulties and become the saviour of a Great Republic. His life is a lesson and an inspiration to all aspiring boys.—*Fred M. Colbey—U. Presb.*

The February Century contains three Lincoln features of much interest. One is an explanation of Lincoln's secret promise to co-operate with McClellan to save the Union in the event of McClellan's election. A facsimile of the manuscript which is owned by Mrs. John Hay, illustrates the article. John Langdon Kaine has written of "Lincoln as a Boy Knew Him," giving several anecdotes both serious and humorous. The third feature is "A New Story of Lincoln's Assassination," hitherto unpublished record of an eye-witness, by Jesse W. Welk.

THE CHOICE.

One bright pair of eyes is black as night,
The other bright pair is blue.
Which color do I prefer, you ask,
And which ones will prove more true?

The love in the depths of those of black
Reigns in my heart without peer,
While the eyes of blue were given us both
To strengthen it year by year.

So if you were me, and I were you,
To choose would you not be loath?
Or would you, too, and without reserve,
Surrender to each and both?

AMELIA CAMPBELL.

THE CHILDREN OF KING GEORGE.

Among the most studious and best brought up boys and girls in all England are the six children of the royal family. Even in the summer, when the family goes to the royal castle at Balmoral, Scotland, there is a corner in one of the gardens set aside for nature study. Each child has a piece of land, where he digs and plants and sows. They are earnest, hard-working little farmers.

When the royal family is at home in London, at Buckingham Palace, the King often goes with the children to a large lake in the park, where they have a fleet of little ships which they learn to manage. King George also frequently accompanies the children on long walks, and takes them to see football games. The King loves his family devotedly, and they are all very affectionate and happy.

Prince John, the baby of the family, is a sturdy little fellow, now almost six years old. Next comes Prince George, nine years, and Prince Henry, eleven. The only daughter is Princess Mary, who is fourteen, and is said to rule her brothers with a rod of iron. She is described as a fearless little lady, with a strong will of her own, and she is very fond of study. Prince Albert is sixteen, and Prince Edward was eighteen on June 23.

As heir-apparent, Prince Edward is studying very hard to prepare himself for his future duties. For two years he has been one of the best pupils at the naval school at Dartmouth. He fares as do the rest of the students, eating, playing, working just as they do. He is fond of all sports, swims like a fish, boxes and plays football. The prince is a manly young fellow, and is said to have "a heart of gold." His kindness toward animals was shown one day, when he said, "When I am king, nobody shall cut puppies' tails." Edward, who was a favorite with his grandfather Edward VII, is altogether a charming young prince, handsome, full of popular spirits and humor. He is extremely popular, for "his kindness, his perfect courtesy and his unaffected way makes him loved by everybody."—*Presbyterian Witness.*

Hynde Horn

(A Children's Story)

"Oh, it's Hynde Horn fair, and it's Hynde Horn free;
Oh, where were you born, and in what countrie?"

'In a far distant countrie I was born;
But of home and friends I am quite forlorn.'"

Once upon a time there was a King of Scotland, called King Aylmer, who had one little daughter whose name was Jean. She was his only daughter, and, as her mother was dead, he adored her. He gave her whatever she liked to ask for, and her nursery was so full of toys and games of all kinds, that it was a wonder that any little girl, even though she was a Princess, could possibly find time to play with them all.

She had a beautiful white palfrey to ride on, and two piebald ponies to draw her little carriage when she wanted to drive; but she had no one of her own age to play with, and often she felt very lonely, and she was always asking her father to bring her someone to play with.

"By my troth," he would reply, "but that were no easy matter, for thou art a royal Princess, and it befits not that such as thou should play with children of less noble blood."

Then little Princess Jean would go back to her splendid nurseries with the tears rolling down her cheeks, wishing with all her heart that she had been born just an ordinary little girl.

King Aylmer had gone away on a hunting expedition one day, and Princess Jean was playing alone, as usual, in her nursery, when she heard the sound of her father's horn outside the castle walls, and the old porter hurried across the court yard to open the gate. A moment later the King's voice rang through the hall, calling loudly for old Elspeth, the nurse.

The old dame hurried down the broad staircase, followed by the little Princess, who was surprised that her father had returned so early from his hunting, and what was her astonishment to see him standing, with all his nobles round him, holding a fair-haired boy in his arms.

The boy's face was very white, and his eyes were shut, and the little Princess thought he was dead, and ran up to a gray-haired baron, whose name was Athelbras, and hid her face against his rough hunting coat.

But old Elspeth ran forward and took the boy's hand in hers, and laid her ear against his heart, and then she asked that he might be carried up into her own chamber, and that the housekeeper might be sent after them with plenty of blankets, and hot water, and red wine.

When all this had been done, King Aylmer noticed his little daughter, and when he saw how pale her cheeks were, he patted her head and said, "Cheer up, child, the young cock-sparrow is not dead; 'tis but a swoon caused by the cold and wet, and me thinks when old Elspeth hath put a little life into him, thou wilt, mayhap, have found a playfellow."

Then he called for his horse and rode away to hunt again, and Princess Jean was once more left alone. But this time she did not feel lonely.

Her father's wonderful words, "Thou wilt mayhap have found a playfellow," rang in her ears, and she was so busy thinking about them, sitting by herself in the dark by the nursery fire, that she started when old Elspeth opened the door of her room and called out, "Come, Princess, the young gentleman hath had a sweet sleep, and would fain talk with thee."

The little Princess went into the room on tiptoe, and there, lying on the great oak settle by the fire, was the boy whom she had seen in her father's arms. He seemed about four years older than she was, and he was very handsome, with long yellow hair, which hung in curls round his shoulders, and merry blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

He smiled at her as she stood shyly in the doorway, and held out her hand. "I am your humble servant, Princess," he said. "If it had not been for thy father's kindness, and for this old dame's skill, I would have been dead ere now."

Princess Jean did not know what to say; she had often wished for someone who was young enough to play with her, but now that she had found a playmate, she felt as if someone had tied her tongue.

"What is thy name, and where dost thou come from?" she asked at last.

The boy laughed, and pointed to a stool which stood beside the settle. "Sit down there," he said, "and I will tell thee. I have often wished to have a little sister of my own, and now I will pretend that thou art my little sister."

Princess Jean did as she was bid, and went and sat down on the stool, and the stranger began his tale.

"My name is Hynde Horn," he said, "and I am a King's son."

"And I am a King's daughter," said the little Princess, and then they both laughed. Then the boy's face grew grave again.

"They called my father King Allof," he said, "and my mother's name was Queen Godyet, and they reigned over a beautiful country far away in the East. I was their only son, and we were as happy as the day was long, until a wicked king, called Mury, came with his soldiers, and fought against my father, and killed him, and took his kingdom. My mother and I tried to escape, but the fright killed my mother—she died in a hut in the forest where we had hidden ourselves, and some soldiers found me weeping beside her body, and took me prisoner, and carried me to the wicked king.

"He was too cruel to kill me outright—he wanted me to die a harder death—so he bade his men tie my hands and feet, and carry me down to the sea-shore, and put me in a boat, and push it out into the sea; and there they left me to die of hunger and thirst.

"At first the sun beat down on my face, and burned my skin, and by and by it grew dark, and a great storm arose, and the boat drifted on and on, and I grew so hungry, and then so thirsty—oh! I thought I would die of thirst—and at last I became unconscious, for I remembered nothing more until I woke up to find yonder kind old dame bending over me."

"The boat was washed up on our shore, just as his Highness the King rode past," explained old Elspeth, who was stirring

some posset over the fire, and listening to the story.

"And what did you say your name was?" demanded the little Princess, who had listened with eager attention to the story.

"Hynde Horn," repeated the boy, whose eyes were wet with tears at the thought of all he had gone through.

"Prince Hynde Horn," corrected Princess Jean, who liked always to have her title given her, and expected that other people liked the same.

"Well, I suppose I ought to be King Horn now, were it not for that wicked king who hath taken my kingdom as well as my father's life; but the people of my own land always called me Hynde Horn, and I like the old name the best."

"But what doth it mean?" persisted the little Princess.

The boy blushed and looked down modestly. "It is an old word which in our language means 'kind' or 'courteous,' but I am afraid that they flattered me, for I did not always deserve it."

The little Princess clapped her hands.. "We will call thee by it," she said, "until thou provest thyself unworthy of it."

After this a new life opened up for the little girl.

King Aylmer, finding that the young Prince who had been so unexpectedly thrown on his protection was both modest and manly, determined to befriend him, and to give him a home at his Court until he was old enough to go and try to recover his kingdom, and avenge his parents' death; so he gave orders that a suite of rooms in the castle should be given him, and arranged that Baron Athelbras, his steward, should train him in all knightly accomplishments, such as hawking and tilting at the ring. He soon found out too, that Hynde Horn had a glorious voice, and sang like a bird, so he gave orders that old Thamil, the minstrel, should teach him to play the harp; and soon he could play so well, that the whole Court would sit round him in the long winter evenings, and listen to his music.

He was so sweet-tempered and lovable, that everyone liked him, and would say to one another that the people in his own land had done well to name him Hynde Horn.

To the little Princess he was the most delightful companion, for he was never too busy or too tired to play with her. He taught her to ride as she had never ridden before, not merely to jog along the road on her fat palfrey, but to gallop alongside of him under the trees in the forest, and they used to be out all day, hunting and hawking, for he trained two dear little white falcons and gave them to her, and taught her to carry them on her wrist; and she grew so fat and rosy that everyone said it was a joyful day when Hynde Horn was washed up on the sea shore in the boat.

But alas! people do not remain children for ever, and as years went on, Hynde Horn grew into as goodly a young man as anyone need wish to see, and of course he fell in love with Princess Jean, and of course she fell in love with him. Everyone was delighted, and said, "What is to hinder them from being married at once, and then when Princess Jean comes to be our Queen, we will be quite content to have Hynde Horn for our King?"

But wise King Aylmer would not agree to this. He knew that it is not good for any man to have no difficulties to overcome, and to get everything that he wants without any trouble.

"Nay," he said, "but the lad has to win his spurs first, and to show us of what stuff he is made. Besides his father's kingdom lies desolate, ruled over by an alien. He shall be betrothed to my daughter, and we will have a great feast to celebrate the event, and then I will give him a ship, manned by thirty sailors, and he shall go away to his own land in search of adventure, and when he hath done great deeds of daring, and avenged his father's death, he shall come again, and my daughter will be waiting for him."

So there was a splendid feast held at the castle, and all the great lords and barons came to it, and Princess Jean and Hynde Horn were betrothed amidst great rejoicing, for everyone was glad to think that their Princess would wed someone whom they knew, and not a stranger.

But the hearts of the two lovers were heavy, and when the feast was over, and all the guests had gone away, they went out on a little balcony in front of the castle which overlooked the sea. It was a lovely

evening, the moon was full, and by its light they could see the white sails of the ship lying ready in the little bay, waiting to carry Hynde Horn far away to other lands. The roses were nodding their heads over the balcony railings, and the honeysuckle was falling in clusters from the castle walls, but it might have been December for all that poor Princess Jean cared, and the tears rolled fast down her face as she thought of the parting.

"Alack, alack, Hynde," she said, "could I but go with thee! How shall I live all these years with no one to talk to, or to ride with?"

Then he tried to comfort her with promises of how brave he would be, and how soon he would conquer his father's enemies and come back to her; but they both knew in their hearts that this was the last time they would be together for long years to come.

At last Hynde Horn drew a long case from his pocket, out of which he took a beautifully wrought silver wand, with three little laverocks sitting on the end of it. "This," he said, "dear love, is for thee; the sceptre is a token that thou rulest in my heart, as well as over broad Scotland, and the three singing laverocks are to remind thee of me, for thou hast oft-times told me that my poor singing reminds thee of a lark."

Then Princess Jean drew from her finger a gold ring, set with three priceless diamonds. It was so small it would only go on the little finger of her lover's left hand. "This is a token of my love," she said gravely, "therefore guard it well. When the diamonds are bright and shining, thou shalt know that my love for thee will be burning clear and true; but if ever they lose their lustre and grow pale and dim, then know thou that some evil hath befallen me. Either I am dead, or else someone tempts me to be untrue."

Next morning the fair white ship spread her sails, and carried Hynde Horn far away over the sea. Princess Jean stood on the little balcony until the tallest mast had disappeared below the horizon, and then she threw herself on her bed, and wept as though her heart would break.

Afer this for many a long day, there was nothing heard of Hynde Horn, not even a message came from him, and peo-

ple began to say that he must be dead, and that it was high time their Princess forgot him, and listened to the suit of one of the many noble princes who came to pay court to her from over the sea. She would not listen to them, however, and year after year went by.

Now it happened that when seven years had passed, a poor beggar went up one day to the castle in the hope that one of the servants would see him, and give him some of the broken bread and meat that was always left from the hall table. The porter knew him by sight, and let him pass into the courtyard, but although he loitered about for a whole hour, no one appeared to have time to speak to him. It seemed as if something unusual were going on, for there were horses standing about in the courtyard, held by grooms in strange liveries, and servants were hurrying along, as if they were so busy they hardly knew what to do first. The old beggar man spoke to one or two of them as they passed, but they did not pay any attention to him, so at last he thought it was no use waiting any longer, and was about to turn away when a little scullery-maid came out of the kitchen, and began to wash some pots under a running tap. He went up to her, and asked if she could spare him any broken victuals.

She looked at him crossly. "A pretty day to come for broken victuals," she cried. "when we have all so much to do that we would need twenty fingers on every hand, and four pairs of hands at the very least. Knowest thou not that an embassy has come from over the sea, seeking the hand of our Princess Jean for the young Prince of Eastnesse, he that is so rich that he could dine off diamonds every day, an' it suited him, and they are all in the great hall now, talking it over with King Aylmer. Only 'tis said that the Princess does not favour the thought; she is all for an old lover called Hynde Horn, whom everyone else holds to be dead this many a year. Be it as it may, I have no time to talk to the like of thee, for we have a banquet to cook for fifty guests, not counting the King and all his nobles. The like of it hath not been seen since the day when Princess Jean and this Hynde Horn plighted their troth these seven years ago. But hark-ee, old man, it might be well worth thy while to come back

to-morrow; there will be plenty of picking then." And flapping her dish clout in the wind, she ran into the kitchen again.

The old beggar went away, intending to take her advice and return on the morrow; but as he was walking along the sands to a little cottage where he sometimes got a night's lodging, he met a gallant Knight on horseback, who was very finely dressed, and wore a lovely scarlet coat.

The beggar thought he must be one of the King's guests, who had come out for a gallop on the smooth yellow sands, and he stood aside and pulled off his cap; but the Knight drew rein, and spoke to him.

"Cod shield thee, old man," he said, "and what may the news be in this country? I used to live here, but I've been in far-off lands these seven years, and I know not how things go on."

"Sire," answered the beggar. "things have gone on much as usual for these few years back, but it seems as if changes are in the air. I was but this moment at the castle, and 'twas told me that the young Prince Eite!, heir to the great Kingdom of Eastnesse, hath sent to crave the hand of our Princess; and although the young lady favors not his suit (she being true to an old love, one Hynde Horne, who is thought to be dead), the King, her father, is like to urge her to it, for the King of Eastnesse is a valuable ally, and fabulously rich."

Then a strange light came into the stranger's eyes, and, to the beggar's astonishment, he sprang from his horse, and held out the rein to him. "Wilt do me a favor, friend?" he said. "Wilt give me thy beggar's wallet, and staff and cloak, if I give thee my horse, and this cloak of scarlet sarsenet? I have a mind to turn beggar."

The beggar scratched his head, and looked at him in surprise. "He hath been in the East, me thinks," he muttered, "and the sun hath touched his brain, but anyhow 'tis a fair exchange; that crimson cloak will sell for ten marks any day, and for the horse I can get twenty pounds," and presently he cantered off, well pleased with the bargain, while the other—the beggar's wallet in his hand, his hat drawn down over his eyes, and leaning on his staff—began to ascend the steep hill leading to the castle.

When he reached the great gate, he

knocked boldly on the iron knocker, and the knock was so imperious that the porter hastened to open it at once. He expected to see some lordly knight waiting there, and when he saw no one but a weary-looking beggar man, he uttered an angry exclamation, and was about to shut the great gate in his face, but the beggar's voice was wondrously sweet and low, and he could not help listening to it.

"Good porter, for the sake of St. Peter and St. Paul, and for the sake of Him who died on the Holy Rood, give a cup of wine and a little piece of bread to a poor wayfarer."

As the porter hesitated between pity and impatience, the pleading voice went on, "And one more boon would I crave, good man. Carry a message from me to the fair bride who is to be betrothed this day, and ask her if she will herself hand the bite and the sup to one who hath come from far?"

"Ask the bride! ask the Princess Jean to come and feed thee with her own hands!" cried the man in astonishment. "Nay, thou art mad. Away with thee; we want no madmen here," and he would have thrust the beggar aside; but the stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said calmly, as if he were giving an order to a servant, "Go, tell her it is for the sake of Hynde Horn." And the old porter turned and went without a word.

Meanwhile all the guests in the castle were gathered at the banquet in the great banqueting hall. On a raised dais at the end of the room sat King Aylmer and the great Ambassador who had come from Prince Eitel of Eastnesse, and between them sat Princess Jean, dressed in a lovely white satin dress, with a little circlet of gold on her head. The King and the Ambassador were in high spirits, for they had persuaded the Princess to marry Prince Eitel in a month and a day from that time; but the poor Princess looked pale and sad.

As all the lords and nobles who were feasting in the hall below stood up and filled their glasses, and drank to the health of Prince Eitel of Eastnesse, and his fair bride, she had much ado to keep the tears from falling, as she thought of the old days when Hynde Horn and she went out hunting and hawking together.

Just at that moment the door opened,

and the porter entered, and, without looking to the right or to the left, marched straight up the hall and along the dais, until he came to where the Princess Jean sat; then he stooped down and whispered something to her.

In a moment the Princess' pale face was like a damask rose, and, taking a glass of ruby-red wine in one hand, and a farl of cake in the other, she rose, and walked straight out of the hall.

"By my faith," said King Aylmer, who was startled by the look on his daughter's face, "something hath fallen out, I ween, which may change the whole course of events," and he rose and followed her, accompanied by the Ambassador and all the great nobles.

At the head of the staircase they stopped and watched the Princess as she went down the stairs, and across the courtyard, her long white robe trailing behind her, with the cup of ruby-red wine in one hand, and the farl of cake in the other.

When she came to the gateway, there was no one there but a poor old beggar man, and all the foreign noblemen looked at each other and shook their heads, and said, "Certs, but it misdoubts us if this bride will please our Prince, if she is wont to disturb a court banquet because she must needs serve beggars with her own hands."

But Princess Jean heard none of this. With trembling hands she held out the food to the beggar. He raised the wine to his lips, and pledged the fair bride before he drank it, and when he handed the glass back to her, lo! in the bottom of it lay the gold ring which she had given to her lover Hynde Horn, seven years before.

"Oh," she cried breathlessly, snatching it out of the glass, "tell me quickly, I pray thee, where thou didst find this? Was't on the sea, or in a far-off land, and was the hand that it was taken from alive or dead?"

"Nay, noble lady," answered the beggar, and at the sound of his voice she grew pale again, "I did not get it on the sea, or in a far-off land, but in this country, and from the hand of a fair lady. It was a pledge of love, noble Princess, which I had given to me seven long years ago, and the diamonds were to be tokens of the brightness and the constancy of that love. For

seven long years they have gleamed and sparkled clearly, but now they are dim, and losing their brightness, so I fear me that my lady's love is waning and growing cold."

Then Princess Jean knew all, and she tore the circlet of gold from her head and knelt on the cold stones at his feet, and cried, "Hynde Horn, my own Hynde Horn, my love is not cold, neither is it dim; but thou wert so long in coming, and they said it was my duty to marry someone else. But now, even if thou art a beggar, I will be a beggar's wife, and follow thee from place to place, and we can harp and sing for our bread."

Hynde Horn laughed a laugh that was pleasant to hear, and he threw off the beggar's cloak, and behold, he was dressed as gaily as any gallant in the throng.

"There is no need of that, Sweetheart," he said, "I did it but to try thee. I have not been idle these seven years; I have killed the wicked King, and come into my own again, and I have fought and conquered the Saracens in the East, and I have gold enough, and to spare."

Then he drew her arm within his, and they crossed the courtyard together and began to ascend the stairs. Suddenly old Athelbras, the steward, raised his cap and shouted, "It is Hynde Horn, our own Hynde Horn," and then there was such a tumult of shouting and cheering that everyone was nearly deafened. Even the Ambassador from Eastnesse and all his train joined in it, although they knew that now Princess Jean would never marry their Prince, but they could not help shouting, for everyone looked so happy.

And the next day there was another great banquet prepared, and riders were sent all over the country to tell the people everywhere to rejoice, for their Princess was being married, not to any stranger, but to her old lover, Hynde Horn, who had come back in time after all.—(E. Grierson, —*Scottish Ballads.*)

MY HEART NEEDS THEE.

My heart needs Thee, O Lord, my heart needs Thee! No part of my being needs Thee like my heart. All else within me can be filled by Thy gifts. My hunger can be satisfied by daily bread. My thirst can be allayed by earthly waters. My cold can be removed by household fires. My weariness can be relieved by outward rest. But

no outward thing can make my heart pure. The calmest day will not calm my passions. The fairest scene will not beautify my soul. The richest music will not make harmony within. The breezes can cleanse the air, but no breeze can cleanse a spirit. This world has not provided for my heart. It has provided for my eye; it has provided for my ear; it has provided for my touch; it has provided for my taste; it has provided for my sense of beauty; but it has not provided for my heart. Provide Thou for my heart, O Lord. It is the only un-winged bird in all creation; give it wings, O Lord. Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it in the mire. Be Thou the strength of my heart. Be Thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its covert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude. Guide it in its gloom; help it in its heat; direct it in its doubt; calm it in its conflict; fan it in its faintness; prompt it in its perplexity; lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins. I cannot rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of thine own wings.—George Matheson.

THE NOBLEST MAN.

What varied types of men engage
Our thoughts upon life's primal stage—
Sinner, or saint, or clown, or sage,
None need we scorn!
Each points a moral or adage
To guide or warn.

It needs no necromancer's rod
To find a man above the sod
Whose hands have wrought, whose feet have trod
In paths of Pan;
Who loves to plant a tree for God,
And fellow-man.

We welcome, and we hold him dear—
The teacher, faithful, wise, sincere,
With hand to help, with voice to cheer
The ones who fall,
Who, like his Master laboring here,
Has love for all.

But of all types none may compare
With him who, faithfully, doth bear
The Ark Domestic; sweet his share
Of worthy fame,
While wife and children proudly wear
His honored name.

For such as he, and for his mate,
The golden years with blessings wait.
Well may they guard their happy state
From year to year,
Wreathing the cold, hard bars of fate
With love and cheer.

—GORDON CHELLIS BLOOMFIELD.

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Hugh MacDonald

HUGH MACDONALD THE RAMBLER.

Part II.

BY ROBERT EARLE MAY.

On a Saturday afternoon in the month of October 1877, I attended with my father, the unveiling of the memorial fountain to Hugh MacDonald, erected over the Bonnie Wee Well, on Gleniffer Braes. Many times afterward I have rambled over the Gleniffer Braes, and always with this objective point. No one was more sorry than I was, at the marks of vandalism which gradually disfigured the memorial. Human nature, however, is the same all the world over. The latest instance of this I found one day last summer, away out in Pigeon Point, the easternmost extremity of Cape Ann, a spot where vandals or hoodlums would least frequent. A bronze tablet on which is inscribed Ralph Waldo Emerson's apostrophe to the ocean and the everlasting rocks, as viewed from this standpoint, is affixed to a massive boulder. This tablet has been used as a target by rock throwers, and the bronze portrait tablet on the MacDonald memorial fountain became so much defaced by the same means, that the whole structure was years afterward taken down and re-erected on Glasgow Green. The Paisley bodies felt this as a disgrace, and I understand they erected another memorial, some years later, which I hope was ever afterward undisturbed.

One of the reasons for erecting the memorial on this lonely spot, is found in the following extract from the Ramble to Gleniffer and Elderslie. Standing at the Bonnie Wee Well, he describes the scene. "At our feet is the castle of Stanley, with its sheet of water glittering in the sun; beyond is the magnificent basin of the Clyde, stretching away to the Campsie and Kilpatrick Hills, with all its garniture of woods and fields, mansions and farms, villages and towns set down as in a map. In the middle distance are Paisley and Renfrew, to the right our own good city (Glasgow), with its canopy of smoke. On the horizon to the north a grand sweep of the

western Highlands meets the view, with Ben Lomond and a score of other gigantic peaks, raising their dim crests against the sky."

Of the well he writes: "Full many a crystalline draught are we indebted to that tiny well. Oft in our rambles over these braes, alone or in company with valued friends, have we come for rest or refreshment to this secluded but commanding spot. Many are the blythe groups we have seen circled around it, while each individual in turn dipped his beard in its stainless bosom. Fair faces, too, have we seen mirrored in its waters, while rosy lips have met—substance and shadow—on its cool, dimpled surface. Were we a rich man we should gift thee a handsome basin, thou well loved little fountain; but silver and gold have we none; so thou must even content thyself with a humble poet's honest mead of praise." Then follows his poem which contains not only silver and gold, but beauty and grace, sweetness and melody, sympathy and harmony, simplicity and blessedness.

"The bonnie wee well on the breast o' the
brae
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloaming
sae gray.
Where the wild moorland birds, dip their
nebs and tak' wing.
And the lark weets his whistle, ere mounting
to sing."

Shortly after leaving the well, the summit of the ridge is reached, where a broad tableland of moorland pasture stretches for miles. Amid such desolation stands or stood a lonely hostelry, with a painted sign board over the door, on which was painted a wonderful bird, bearing no relation, so naturalists stated, to the name affixed—"The Peesweep Inn."

I was only a boy in these days, and never entered beneath its lintel, but had heard my father tell of many a gathering within its walls, and because of its lonely situa-

tion and its association with Hugh MacDonald and his rambles, I have often looked forward to the time when I could visit it in person. In this same category is the Tam-o-Shanter Inn at Ayr. A few years ago I read somewhere, the Peesweep Inn was no more, and I felt as if one more door in Scotland was closed to me for ever. Once, when rambling with a few boy companions, we passed, and could hear the joyful clattering and jovial singing of some Ramblers Club, and we spoke of the time when we too, would rest and enjoy ourselves at this inn, like our elders. On this same ramble we walked over the moors to Neilston, and about a mile or so from the village we stopped to listen to the singing of some girls at work in a harvest field. One of our number recognized the song to be "Oh! Are Ye Sleeping Maggie."

Years afterward this scene came back to me, when reading the sad life of Robert Tannahill. Modest and diffident as to his ultimate position as a song writer, he often expressed as the dearest and greatest delight of his heart, that he might live to hear his songs sung by the lads and lasses of the countryside. It was my first knowledge of any of Tannahill's songs, and gained by hearing it sung by the lasses at their work in the harvest fields.

MacDonald admired Tannahill's songs, and once when he visit Christopher North at Edinburgh, the great editor quoted from Wordsworth's Lucy

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were few to praise,
And none at all to love.
A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye:
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Hugh asked the professor if he was familiar with "The Lass o' Arranteenie" by Tannahill, and although Professor Wilson had also been born in Paisley, he had left there when a boy, before Tannahill's time, and the song was unknown to him. Hugh quoted Tannahill's lines

"Yon mossy rosebud doon the howe,
Jist opening fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweet aneath the hazel bough,
And scarcely seen by ony,

Sae sweet amang her native hills
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie—
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The lass o' Arranteenie."

The professor agreed with Hugh that the transition in Wordsworth's lines from the violet to the star, was perhaps too violent, or too far-fetched. He allowed that Tannahill's lines were very beautifully expressed and at least equal to Wordsworth's.

My valued friend, of whom I have written, had often heard MacDonald relate his experience when paying his visit to "Kit North," and many times has he repeated to me Tannahill's lines as Hugh would quote them. Perhaps because of this, I think them far more sweet and expressive than Wordsworth's, but in the same poem of "Lucy" there is another verse with the one line which Tannahill never approached.

"She lived unknown and few could know,
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me."

One favorite ramble, a few miles from his home, Hugh would most frequently take his friends, and the scene has often been described to me.

"We hurried on,
To where the river ran
In the grey evening, 'tween the hanging
woods
Of sweet Kenmuir."

Kenmuir woods are on the banks of the upper Clyde about five miles from Glasgow, and here on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon Hugh and his attendant disciples would sit under his inspiration and watch

"The sunset build a city, frail as dreams,
With bridges, streets of splendour, towers,
and saw
The fabrics crumble into rosy ruins,
And then grow grey as heath.
Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse,
'Twas here we drank them, here for hours
we hung
Over the fine points and tremble of a line;
Oft standing on a hill's green head we felt
Breezes of love, and joy, and melody,
Blown through us, as the winds blow
through the sky."

Kenmuir bank is a steep acclivity which rises directly from the margin of the Clyde, to the height of some sixty or sev-

enty feet. It is a wild and bosky scene, and the habitat of flowers innumerable.

It was here that Hugh endeavored to teach Alexander Smith and the others, the mysteries and the beauties of nature, and it was here that he for once allowed that his idol Robert Burns had shown his fallibility in "The Posie" "he has jumilt the flowers of spring, summer, and harvest a' into ae bal, a' thing that's clean contrar' to nature. Ye'll never find 'the primrose, the firstling o' the year' (as Burns ca's it, although it's no' the firstling), in the same walk as the budding rose; and yet our favorite poet bauldly said he 'wad gather them together and twine them wi' ither flowers a' to be a posie to his ain dear May.' Tak' my word for it," he continued "Rab was nae botanist, or he wudna ha'e made sic a mistake."

Although Hugh had not a specially musical voice and of course was not a trained singer, he loved to lilt on these rambles any old Scotch song, descriptive of the scene, and he had considerable powers as a vocalist. He lived in the song and acted it with genuine lyrical impetuosity. What mattered the tune or the shakiness of the voice, if the soul was behind it? As for his own songs, he would fit them to any or no tune, but would sing them all the same, and his listeners never tired. After delivering this lecture about "The Posie," he said "if ye'll jist be quiet for a wee, I'll sing ye a genuine botanical sang," and then to the tune of "I am Asleep, Do Not Awaken Me," he sang the Flower Lovers' Song—

"When sweet summer's smile sets the braes
a'a-blooming,
And swallows return frae their haunts
o'er the sea,
While rosebud and hawthorn their dens are
perfuming,
And speedwells are bright, as a fair maid-
en's e'e;
Kingscup and daisies fair,
Spangle our meadows rare—
Lillies are glancing where clear streamlets
flow;
Forth over hill and glen,
Far frae the haunts of men,
Joyously wandering, we flower-lovers go.

The Kenmuir woods ramble, had another advantage which was rather a necessary

adjunct to complete enjoyment of Hugh and his companions; this was a nearby modest hostelry, a very pet "howf" of his, kept by a fine typical old Scotch woman whose cakes and ale were excellent, and whose racy, old homelike humors, made you feel as if, in entering her hut, you had walked into a Waverley Novel. Hugh's appearance has been described by one of his companions, as follows:

"If, at any time during summer, you chanced to be wandering about Loch Lomond, or any where in the beautiful Highland district, which the Firth of Clyde lays open with its branching arms, you were nearly sure to spy, on the deck of some steamboat, a quaint little figure in a huge old rusty pilot coat, crowned with a Glen-garry bonnet, jauntily set on one side, in which a considerable sprig of heather was always defiantly stuck, as making a testimony to all men. This was Hugh MacDonald on one of his perpetual "Rambles." In addition his oddity was somewhat enhanced by a huge tin case slung around him, which he called (as readers of his Rambles will well remember) a *Vasculum*! This implement was popularly supposed to receive and conserve botanical specimens, but nobody ever saw any in it. Smith and others used to banter Hugh about never being seen abroad without it, as if it conferred on the expedition some savor of the dignity of science. If it never brought back any specimens however, it never failed to take out with it a fair supply of whiskey and sandwiches."

Hugh describes this *vasculum*, in his Ramble to Eaglesham. "In our admiration of the landscape here, we unfortunately dropt our *vasculum*, which for the benefit of the non-initiated, we may explain to be a sort of japanned tin canister, used by botanists for the convenient conveyance of their specimens. It has been our companion on many a flower-gathering excursion, and although of no great value in a pecuniary sense, we have a sort of affection for it, which makes us regret its loss considerably." We are certain this *vasculum* was put to more than one use, and trust Hugh found it or got another.

(To be continued)

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMEISON.

(Continued)

Chapter XIX.

The master of the Crask was a man of strength, filled on the first day of a new year with the force that friends coming to visit his home, aroused a thousand memories, their past laid bonds upon him indeed. There had been a wedding of their spirits in a long love. The dim hours of early morning had come, before he silently stole upstairs, after handing his bedroom candle to Ross, which was not required, because daylight had come. He came forward to the fire, in his wife's room; he put his hands upon the chair where she sat, and caressed it. These hours of talking had undone him. Alma had prepared herself for this coming—understandingly. Time alone, she knew, can loose some old grips. She was sharing his trouble somehow, so no pain touched her. She had learned the folly of haste; and the wisdom of dealing tenderly and justly toward what we care for, lest it slip into some hidden way, and be lost.

She had come from the window to the fire, her hair blown a little by the wind, her Indian shawl had fallen from her shoulders—she thought she'd sit a while and wait. Alma picked up a fallen peat with the tongs and settled it, using elaborate care. In a loving, softened mood, she spoke, telling how she admired the dazzling white splendor of the snow seen from the window.

"It's no wonder, and it doesn't matter—nothing matters till this season is past," was Alma's reply.

He treated his wife in that hour as if she was the most precious thing on earth. She had brought him to life again, also to-night her eyes had a misty look, like that of a woman in a compelling dream, with the smile on his face which he kept for her alone, and which warmed her heart and face. They were hearkening to the echo of songs now silent, moved as they sat by the fire together inhaling faint odors from other "snow nights" that had gone by. But before them both stretched a life radiant and blessed, full of love and rest, for which their hearts were weary.

This beloved companionship, this sympathy of thought and feeling, all that made existence of value, all wooed them back to life, back from chains and fetters that bind the living to the dead. Now his wife's eyes answered his; she was his best friend, this woman who knew, how the years separate and destroy, and blot out the things that count for the most.

Into the two watchers' hearts had come a new year in time and tune with the outer world, where the dark earth was white with snow.

"Come over to the window, Alma," said he,

"and see the straying gleams of dawn and the inimitable horizon beyond these hills."

"Norman," said she, "although so much is grey and colorless, it is none the less a sure promise of daybreak."

How the pattern in the weaving of their lives had been changed by the God who warped their loom; both patterns were blended, though not changed in quality. They were too happy to sleep. There was no false note anywhere, a subtle harmony of line and color weaving the new fabric.

Norman lit the lamp under the silver tea kettle, which waited on a side table, and the fire still blazed cheerily in the big fire-place.

"Isn't this great!" said Alma. "A big fire and a singing kettle! Everything to welcome the new year. You have paid down love, Norman, as your price for this pleasure."

His eyes were fastened upon her, and he said, "Yes, by vows the most sacred human lips could frame. As I stood beside you in Borrello's silent city in fair Ceylon, with my hand in yours, I knew there was no impediment between me and you, for I loved your high-souled thoughts, and I then longed to give you my name. This place was dear to me, Alma, my own ancestral home, where my carekess childhood and my happy youth were passed, the home where so many of my forefathers had lived; home—the nearest and holliest tie of all—the home where my father and mother died, where as a boy I leaned against her knee, sitting by this very fire-side."

"But, Alma," he said as he bent over her hand and kissed it, clasping the other in his strong clasp, "if out of the ashes of our fire all the dear, familiar spirits of my house could come they would only cry 'Welcome home!' and stretch their hands in love toward you. Here you are sheltered for life with a love that you must have hungered for, as those that have been accustomed to love often do, and now you have made the home bear a different coloring. Surely destiny has taken our helm and surmounted all the difficulties of our friends' home coming. You know how I hold them in exceeding tender affection and the thought of wounding Donald Ross would have been distressing to me."

There was a melancholy earnestness in the strong man's voice and countenance and a pathetic appeal in his strange gray eyes, which fascinated his wife. He seemed to be trying to read her countenance, to find out what impression his words had made, but the stillness was broken only by the crackling of the fire, until a sweet voice said, her arms resting on the arms of her chair, "Nor-

man, you can look back in the past and thank God for the friendship of Donald Ross who cleaved to you through all and would so have cleaved howsoever your life had turned."

His arms closed about Alma, and his warm lips touched hers while a deep joy steeped their present and their future. There was no need to doublelock any chambers of the past. Alma McIver held the key, in the sound of her voice, the tenderness of her smile, the voice that never spoke harshly to him and her smile never failed to welcome the Australian friends. She knew how they loved one spot in fair St. Andrews where no voice, however loud, can hope to waken a response. There, under the great waving old tree she one day saw a simple white head stone, but her noble trust and her unselfish love taught them all faith in a loving woman's nature.

Mingled with Alma MacIver's joy was a breath of sadness and sometimes longing, and over it all and always the picture of one spot near a light far away where no Easter lilies, no winter violets, could cluster around a sailor's tomb; and here, were Alma near, even the living would be forgotten in the memory of the dead. "If"—ah if! How much of our life hinges upon "if."

But if Alma MacIver suffered she made no sign. Her step was still elastic, not one note had died out of her voice, it was cheerful as ever. The blood of a proud race flowed in her veins and she bore herself as a proud woman, the daughter and mistress of such houses should. She was much too true a woman to have given her vows in a half hearted way. A woman with many resources in the troubled life of time with its long passages that lead to chambers whose doors are closed, but they are labelled with names that no wind of fate can blow away. The name of an old song, the scent of a flower, in the moon-light opens the doors. These barriers are never very strong. The light lying on some causes them to crumble away.

The hands of women are often strong to build high altars in secret chambers, and time can never despoil a true woman of her "lights" on her "altars," but very often lights burnt on "altars of sacrifice" burn steadfastly although they may be the last light. Scotch women guard their lights until a day comes when all is right. This they consider part of their bond. They are often animated by one great emotion, the refusal to let life get the better of them. Such women know no death in the midst of life: some times a life that 's mysterious though very human, short in years but very long in some sufferings.

Chapter XX.

A Scotch winter had brought back to the two men at the "Crask" their boyish tastes, all the sweeter because the bygone years with one, and months with the other, had been spent far away from a Scotch home,

spent not in the chase of pleasure, but in the utter absence of the surroundings which they, from their cradle upward, had been taught to look upon as absolute necessities. Now both had much to look forward to and long for. Minds at peace, time not of its usual value, soft hands to tend them, Ah! It was easy then to talk of submission; but under other circumstances—it takes more strength than people dream of or allow until they feel it.

It was the soft spring time before they went north from the Fifeshire coast where they enjoyed life in its fullest perfection with mutual friends. Fate had not taught any of our travellers that delicate satire which men and women of the world use, making their soft voices such keen weapons, polished words that strike hard. No, Highlanders, such as Donald Ross, are by nature singularly trustful and loyal, and where they believe they are loved, they allow no hints or doubts to creep in.

Alma had decided it her duty to consider Nellie Ross and Aileen first—they had asked her and her husband to join them for a few months when everything lay before them, bright and calm as a summer sea. She had tried to weigh it all clearly and give judgment upon their plan. There were two courses open, but she had decided they would pursue the course of duty before thinking of any other happiness.

Norman was delighted to go back and see the once happy home, the white house and the familiar cliffs near the long stretches of moorland where the crofters' lot is not materially improved, although the price of land and labor is in value much higher. The Highlands of Scotland had and have their own industries; fishing is carried on in the ports and villages of the coast, while the storm cloud is sweeping at its will over moorland, mountain and coast. They got to Sutherland, when the endless weird light of a northern sunrise and sunset is at its best, when nature is using such magic effects that the charm of the sunrise infuses strange attractions into the sea coast that in winter seems harsh and cruel. This was no new world to MacIver and Ross, and the latter, a world full of charm and loveliness, but everything makes a difference.

"We can't get back over our dead selves to where old roads would have taken us. We come back to strike out along a new trail and get our bearings in what seems a fresh country. These two, could not go back in life, and they couldn't go forward the same way, they had stepped out of it; everything was altered.

"I'm not changed" Ross whispered to Norman.

"Why," said Norman as he smiled gently; "You're the most altered of any."

"Well not to you, Norman," Donald breathed.

"Why yes," the other exclaimed with the

same tenderness "and probably to me most of all."

How they reveled in the affluence of color among the mosses and the shades in the newly turned furrows of Easter moss, and its brown, rich earth.

The Australian bore the marks of one bound upon a quest which cald forth the noblest elements in his being. There was a startling purity in his bearing which left some who met him wondering how anyone, who had lived so far away, and for so long a time, with his eyes so truthful.

"Sutherland and Ross-shire," he said unconsciously stretching out his hands—"I can well understand the love of the men and women, who lived and died here, their love for your straths and your glens." When he spoke there was a certain lyric quality in his voice which stirred the imagination, building up pictures in the minds of his party which out-did in splendor the mere meaning of his words.

The past in the glens and clearances of Sutherland, Donald Ross thought a great picture to gaze back upon, "A Curio" which was purchased at an extravagant price. The environs of the old white house were by no means lacking in charm and command of beautiful prospects both southward and westward.

They carried across the Indian ocean to Australia a poetic picture of the old spot, on a spring morning among the neighboring fields and woods: They felt to the full the peculiar beauty which some day they must forsake, everything in a very short time bespoken luxury and the presence of refined women; from the curtains at the windows and the careful array of ferns on the sills to the china upon the table.

They spoke to one another face to face, as it is given to few men and women to speak. Some say that the same man never comes back after going away; the Australians would go away but they would remember many wooded spots and fruitful valleys and highland regions by no means lacking in picturesque features. If it never suggests the sublime, it mainly suggests true contentment and repose, its old world quiet and peace.

The old, staid university town of St. Andrews, in the northeast they often spoke about, and the lang toon of Kirkcaldy, where the quiet is greatly broken, and the scenery is lacking there that attracts even strangers to the Highlands of Scotland and the districts bordering on them, full of superior loveliness and loftier highland hill eminences—rising into such mountain summits as Ben Lomond—Ben Venue, Ben Ledi and Ben Vorlich.

They saw the steep ridges of the Ochils and southward the western portion of a valley bounded by the Campsie fells and the hills of Mentieth. They saw it all when summer heat had passed and the fruit was plucked from the trees and the earth lay resting

in Scotch twilight. It seemed good to see so much of old Scotland—the Burns country and his cottage at Allowan, some two miles from Ayr—with inquiry in their eyes, asking if it were all changed. Some months of it all made the strangers feel as if they dreamed; the dreams were reality. There was no real inconsistency in this, each passing feeling was sincere in itself.

Donald Ross proposed a flying visit to the island, in the Hebrides, where William Black wrote his "Princess of Thule." One bright day they crossed the "Minch" to see the modern old-fashioned house standing on the shores of little Berneras' Sound, where Sheila lived, and Black wrote; a home of Seamists, and the seagull that is spreading its restless wings and swooping to depths in the lovely sound, until weary of soaring, the pure white gull sees a footing on the immovable rocks and makes its nest there. The bonnie island is worth seeing though changes have come on that old home, not a few, and the little room, with the concealed bed, where Black commenced his book. The low roof, the simple furniture are all survivals apart from Black, and the humble room has its own interest; there is a touch about it of all that was best in the old island life, its stern simplicity, and noble self denial. The old place offers a subtle charm of life and a strange hallucination of color! They seemed full of mysterious minor light while there. The quiet seemed to light up sanctuaries where they explored self. An old life of simplicity, yet fullness.

Chapter XXI.

How few comparatively of the men who have left the thatched homes on Sheila's island returned to them. The perfume of the orange and pomegranate blossoms commingle near some of their new homes, the scent of the magnolia clings about their verandas, floating subtly into their homes from their fragrant gardens. They often wish they could see the Lewis moon when it rises over the sounds and harbors until her pale reflection is entombed in the still bosom of a Dulzy sea, and they cannot speak the island's name without a sharp spasm as of severe physical pain, and the silent pressure of some mother's hand is a bond enough between them and this island in the West. They may lean over gates near white roads, where the dewy tendrils from the vine on the trellis touches their now silvery soft hair, yet with a peaceful sigh they thank heaven for thatched homes in boyhood, homes whose stars were in their heaven, stars in the sleeping and shimmering Lewis Sea. These lights are to them pictures gleaming through the shadows in foreign cities or perhaps ports full of voices and laughter and the tinkle of mandolins watching their picture. They are silent and cannot trust themselves to speak, peering through the gloom they may see smiling faces. Their troubles have ceased forever, they have passed away.

(To be continued.)

My Lady of Aros

BY JOHN BRANDANE.

(Continued.)

Chapter XXIV.

THE QUARREL.

On the afternoon of the day following the irruption of the red-coats, Morag took her accustomed walk with Belle, by the side of quiet Loch Uisg, far from the bustle of the search at the Castle. Their converse was of Drumfin and his flight, accompanied by Fraser; for the inner circle at Moy who knew of Drumfin's presence there, comprised both gentle and simple, and a secret bond of intimacy seemed to link all who were free of entrance to this magic ring.

"Puir body! and a cold day for him on the hill!" said Belle. "As kindly a man and as harmless as ever I saw. What the sorrow harm has he done them? What ails them at him, that they should harry him through the heather like a driven hare?"

"How you talk, Belle," said Morag irritably, "Is it not that he is aiding Drumfin?"

"It's Drumfin himself I mean," said Belle.

"Oh!" said Morag, reddening a little, "I thought it was of Mr. Fraser you spoke."

She walked on, brooding over the events of the night before: her brother, Pennyfuaran, the surgeon, Drumfin—all in her mind's eye by turns; but oftener she came back to Norman and his wild life. At their last meeting she had sought to learn the truth from him regarding the story of Fraser's adventures in T'ree, but all she had succeeded in eliciting were mysterious suggestions as to the danger of a Jacobite agent's task, and the need of secrecy. The interview had ended by her pleading with him to leave his perilous work for this broken race of Stuart, whose waning hopes he so bewailed. But now as she thought of Drumfin and his companion, hounded through the hills of Aros, her old compassion for the Prince renewed itself, her old hatred of Hanover revived. And yet, the glamour and the grace were fading from her vision of a revival of the old clan-life; every day, indeed, her hopes of the cause were fainter, and hints of the wild ways of the Prince, which in former times she had brushed aside in scorn, were remembered afresh and dwelt upon. After all, the sleepy, orderly regime that Hanover promised might not be so great an evil as the reign of a Prince debauched, or a return of the stormy days of the chiefs and the clans.

"Would he had never left France?" she said suddenly to Belle.

"Miss Morag!" Belle stopped in her heavy, lurching walk, and lifted her hands in horror. "Och, but I'm wonnerin' at you. It's Drumfin you mean now?"

"Yes, Drumfin," persisted the lady. "If

the cause is so hopeless, why should he have so embroiled us?"

"I'm wonnerin' at you, Miss Morag! Och, I'm wonnerin' at you," was all Belle permitted herself to reply, and she shook her head and fell behind, casting angry glances at her mistress the while. Herself contemptuous of the Jacobite interest, she had her enthusiasm of sentiment for some among the supporters of this forlorn hope: Drumfin was one, and Morag was another. But here was a reversal of ideals with a vengeance, and she resented it, not so much because it suggested somewhat of disloyalty, as that she did not understand the hidden workings that had brought about the change. Again and again she shook her head in disapproval, and finally, sulking outright, fell far behind her mistress.

Accustomed to these fits of vapours in her maid, Morag went on unattended, and soon was out of sight of Belle. The track rising and falling in hillocky fashion, came close to the water's verge; on the landward side the hill rose steep and wooded, and the spot seemed loneliness itself, save for a hawk that soared as in menace, midway between her and the battlemented cliffs of the opposite shore.

Fraser and Drumfin, lying at watch, high on a spur of Creigaven, beheld her figure come slowly into view around a promontory.

"A lady in a blue riding-habit, but on foot," said the surgeon. "It's Miss Morag, I think."

"Your eyes are young," said Drumfin. "I cannot recognize her from this height. But it's doubtless she, for she takes after her mother, that lass, aye given to lonely walks and brooding." He sighed, and seemed to dwell on old memories for a space. "It's scarcely safe, though," he went on, "for her to be so far from Moy and unattended, too, and the countryside so full of soldiers and gipsies as it is."

"Look!" said Fraser, suddenly. "That was a prophecy, I fear. Did you not see the birches move down there?"

He pointed to a wood on a hill-slope, half a mile beyond Morag's slow-pacing figure, where a single unit of the birch-planting tossed heavily, its leaves shimmering in a sudden sunburst.

"There's a man in that tree, taking the lie of the land," said Fraser. "Wait—he's down. Looa there!"

Far on the bare sunlit hillside, two dots of men emerged from the wood, and, running for a little, flung themselves prone on the heather, then crawled on again, and lay flat once more.

"Is it the girl they're following?" asked Drumfin.

"There is none else to follow," said Fraser, putting off his cloak.

"You are going?" asked the exile.

"Yes, keep us in view, sir, and help if need be."

What Morag's reverie was at the particular moment when Fraser brushed through a copse on the slope above her, she could never afterwards recall, but it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the surgeon in person should step into her thoughts just then. Yet she greeted him coldly.

"Sir," she said. "I give you a good evening."

"Madam," he said as coldly, "a fair evening to you. You are far from Moy to be unattended."

"Not so, sir surgeon, for it seems that you still play warden to me." Her eyes flashed angrily. "I go back even now," she said.

There was dismissal in her tones as she turned, and the whole miserable scene of the tiff at the assembly came back to him; but he wheeled as if about to accompany her. She halted, smiling.

"I hope there will be no occasion for a further indebtedness, Mr. Fraser. There are Hanoverian soldiery enough in Aros to protect us all, I trust.

"And yet they were not far from Cameron Cave two nights ago?"

She flushed angrily, and walked on. "I should not remind myself of Cameron Cave, sir, if I were you," she answered. "It sounds a trifle vain-glorious."

"Madam," he said, "if it sounds warning also, I care not."

She stopped again. "I tell you, I aspire to no further indebtedness, sir. Will you, indeed, thrust your company upon me?"

For answer Fraser set his face like a flint, stalking on ahead of her towards Moy; and at last she resumed her walk, so that in a little they were side by side, pursuing the narrow path in silence, and as if in haste to be rid of each other's company. It was thus that Belle found them, when they suddenly came around a bend of the road, face to face with her.

"Keep me! What's this? You've been crying, Miss Morag?"

"Nonsense, Belle, I'm hot and tired, that's all. Mr. Fraser and I have just escaped from the most dreadful band of brigands, you see." She was derisive in her scorn. "But now we are safe at last. Good-bye, Mr. Fraser."

The surgeon looked coldly at the little hand, and bowing over it, took his place at her side, as she continued her walk.

"I shall go on a little way yet," he said.

They went forward again, and Belle followed gloomily; here was a further knot she could not unravel. Were these good folk and herself in their sober senses?

"Look you, Miss MacLean," said Fraser after a space, "I was rude to you the other night in the matter of Pennyfuaran, but you have punished me already in a way you know

not of." He had a vision of a bridge with two figures on it, seen dimly in a moonlit glade. "You can add nothing to that if you torture me from here to Moy."

"To Moy?" she cried, halting once more.

"I go on to Moy," he said stubbornly, and was still.

"Oh," she cried, "You treat me like a tairn, sir."

"Madam, it's a whipped child you've made of me," he said bitterly, and they passed on in an angry silence.

It was just as they came in sight of the Castle that Morag saw Fraser glance around apprehensively at the wood on the hill above the road; next she saw him pause, and turning to look, she beheld the figures of two men slinking behind the larches on the fringe of the copse. Then the surgeon's hand went to his hanger; the two fellows instantly broke from the planting, and made for the open corrie; a third, seeming to rise from the earth, joined them, and all were instantly over the hill's shoulder. They did not disappear so quickly but that the observers could make out that they were wild, unkempt fellows, wearing leg-coverings of rough hide.

"Why!" said Belle, "it's the Three men again, and the Sidler Roy not a mile off!"

"Three men if you like, Belle," said Fraser smiling, "but Miss Morag will have it that they are brigands. And it's second sight she has, I think, for she was telling us of them before they even appeared."

He ascended the slope, as if in pursuit of the fleeing islesmen. "Good-bye!" he called, waving his hat.

Morag beheld in a flash the cause of the surgeon's intrusion, and saw now what this forcing of his escort meant.

"Oh, stay, Mr. Fraser!" she called, but he was already out of sight over the rise of the hill.

"Oh, Belle!" said the girl, turning helplessly to the maid, with tear-filled eyes; but Belle, scornful and puzzled by turns, received her testily.

"Ooch, what has come over you, ma'am?" said she. "You tell him to go when he'd bide, and to bide when he'd go. This day or two you're beyond my comprehension entirely, Miss Morag, entirely."

Chapter XXV.

BESIEGED.

"Here is Craig at last," said Fraser. "Rest in the heather whilst I forage."

Ghastly pale from the exhaustion of continued flight, Drumfin nodded; the surgeon, despite his wounded arm, had supported him for the last three miles. The disposition of the red coats had turned them away from the short-cut by Loch Fuaran, and once more Fraser had to take the weary road by Spelve shore. Ardura passed, they felt safer, for now they had left the direct route between Moy and Duart, where the Fort-William soldiery had a temporary garrison.

A chill wind blew, it was dusk already, and lowering clouds were everywhere in

the west, when Fraser, carrying a pot of milk and some bannocks, returned to the hollow where the old Jacobite lay. They ate and drank greedily.

"I'm for no more nights in the heather than I can help, Mr. Fraser, after this spell," said Drumfin; "though this, through your kindness, is pleasanter than I had hoped. But I tell you fairly, you risk much in aiding a man in my case. Why you do it, God kens."

"Instinct, I suppose," said the surgeon smiling. "There is an evil face with these soldier-folk, a man named MacQuarie, and though it's four days since first I set eyes on him, even yet his airs make me grue. 'Twas enough for anyone of my way of feeling to know him on the other side to you: instinct, as I say,—instinct did the rest, and bade me take your part."

He stopped, astounded at the discovery of himself as fairly a rebel at last, aiding an insurgent in his flight from His Majesty's soldier. Very far away, indeed, seemed his service on the old *Thesars* with its stuffy hammock-hospital, from this free hill in the wind and the rain. And far away, too, seemed the Ian Fraser—the Whigamore of other days—from the present partisan of lost causes and broken hopes. He shrugged his shoulders lightly. As well on one side as another, he told himself, if that side could produce a man so clean and strong in action as Drumfin, so chivalrous, so responsive to every delicate overtone of life. Yet, even as he reasoned, he flushed guiltily: for in his heart he knew that many motives had prompted his present course, and not the least had been Morag's espousal of the cause by which the old exile held.

"Instinct?" said Drumfin. "Instinct let it be. In any case my thanks to you again, sir. And new thanks for the present fare—from the bottom of my heart, or of my appetite, shall I say?"

"That reminds me," said Fraser. "In the kitchen where I got these scones you praise so mightily, I saw a face I should remember, but cannot. I trust he was no unfriend; but he glanced at me like one while the goodwife poured the milk for me: a wild tyke, but I cannot place him. And, mind you, always his eye on this tell-tale sling on my arm."

He pushed a tuft of heather aside and looked down through the dusk at the huddle of thatched roofs beside the dim river.

"Surely not a King's man so far afield?" said Drumfin.

"Who'll say what strange crop will grow where gold is raining?" said the other. "Look at this MacQuarie, selling you as he did. If this new face is a traitor's also, we should have done better by starving until we drew Kinloch. Shall we to the road again? But bide you a little, and I'll return this plover, making that an excuse for sounding this fellow."

He was gone some time, and when he re-

turned, it was by devious ways, although the dark was falling.

"No sign of him now," he said; "and the goodwife has a new grip of her tongue. It looks black for us that he should have left the house, and the night so threatening. I'll warrant he's on watch for you or me, sir, but we'll stir for Kinloch, all the same. You know the road, you say, and you're sure the landlord there is friendly?"

"Yes," said Drumfin, rising and joining him on the rude path. "Friendly—friendly in half-hearted fashion like the lave now-days * * * Alas, alas, the weary road, Mr. Fraser, the weary road! * * * Well, I've had my last taste of old Scotland, sir, and I'll soon cut ower the water again! * * * The weary road! But it's just the same heather and rock I'll see in dreams. Had, when I tramp the Paris causey, I'm thinking."

"I'm sure, sir," said Fraser respectfully, touched by the old man's emotion.

"Ay, ay. And I'll be thinking my little lodging in the Rue Roquette none so taking as a cave on Beinn-nan-Uaimh, that I ken well. Oh, it's there I lay often and oft, dry and snug on my heather bed, and looked out on the sea and the hills of God spread pure and sunswept in the airs of the morning."

"I understand, sir; I understand," said the younger man softly.

"Do you think I'd open my heart to you if you did not?" asked the exile almost fiercely. Then his voice grew soft again, and he went on: "Alas, alas, my country, sir, my country! Oh, the glens and the bens and the children of them that are as nought and for ever!"

"'Twas over Aros township your cave, sir? asked Fraser seeking to distract him from his melancholy.

"Ay, on the hill above Aros. Ah, Aros of the bens, where is the hill like Beinn-nan-Uaimh on a clear day of autumn, with all Albainn at my feet? Over Ben Shiant you'd look to Moidart, sir; and beyond that, far and shining, like a dream of the heavenly places, the Coolins in pinacles of white. But Ichabod, Ichabod—the red sorrow's at my heart for the days that will never return. My longing and my pain!"

As they came by the rushes and bog of the Goladoir, squalls and rain-bursts were added to the discomfort of the thick darkness. They held by the river's right bank till the ford was reached, and here, although the water came to their middles, Drumfin guided safely over.

"'Tis fourteen years since I last crossed," said the exile, "and yet the stream's bed is but little altered, it would seem. Ah, the days—the old lost days!"

Two miles more of a tramping through the moss, and then they stood, wet and cold in the gusty dark, knocking at the door of Kinloch Inn. The burley figure of MacKay, the landlord, made shadow and barrier in

the fan of light that fell on them from the opened door; but when he saw Drumfin's face, pale beneath its tan, he drew aside instantly."

"Come in, sir, and welcome," he cried. "Bless you, you'll be the weary one with never a horse beneath you on this night of nights."

"Weary is the word, MacKay," said Drumfin. "Cold and wet and weary!"

Yet half an hour later—so assiduous was the Skye man—Drumfin sat in dried clothes on one side of a roaring fire of logs in the upper room, and equally cosy on the other side was Fraser. It was well on for midnight now, and each felt his eyelids weighty; but the curious feeling of being too tired even for rest, which comes from extreme exhaustion, was heavy on both; and thus they sat half-drowsing in the warmth of the chamber, when a hammering at the hostelry door, woke them fully. Like a cat Drumfin was on his feet, and loosening his hanger, crept to the balustrade at the stair-head and lcaut over.

"MacKay," he called in a loud whisper, as he heard the landlord come into the kitchen below, "you ken me; and I solemnly charge you to ward your trust, for there's a youth with me, who has nothing to do with my affair. Let none enter unchallenged, man. You ken the price that's on me these fourteen years, but it's the last ditch, MacKay, and I'll die hard."

"Blessing on you," whispered back MacKay. "Keep you still, and I'll speak them fair. Trust me to manage them, sir."

"This is the work of your man at Craig with his eye on your sling," said Drumfin to Fraser. "He's got the red-coats on our track despite the night-fall. Listen! Listen."

Leaning over the stair-rail, they heard the parley in Gaelic.

"Who is there?"

"Open."

"My door is open to every man with a name. Who is it?"

"Open and see: open speedily."

"What are your wants?"

"Open, MacKay."

"Unless you name your name, I tell you, your bed is waiting you elsewhere this night."

"Open, MacKay, open."

"Then if these be all your manners, there will be no opening," cried MacKay in anger, dropping an extra bar across the door and walking away from it. He lifted his lit cruise from the floor, and stood at the stair-foot, waiting. There was a scurry of feet outside and a heaving of the door as several bodies fell full weight against it; but the great wooden bars did not give. Next came a musket report, a smell of gunpowder, and, with an oath, MacKay bent to grip his foot.

"The dogs!" he roared, and fell.

Fraser and Drumfin were by him instantly, and before the next shot came, they had dragged him into the kitchen.

"A bullet in the ankle," said the surgeon, examining hastily. "He has fainted from the shock."

Having nothing wherewith to attempt the extraction of the ball, he quickly dressed and bandaged the wound, and as he did so MacKay came to himself.

"Curse them," growled the landlord. "But gentlemen," he said, "I have guns despite the Disarming Act. There are muskets and powder and ball under the middle flags of the inner room there."

With fire-irons for levers the fugitives pried up the stone and secured the arms and ammunition. As they replaced the slab a tousy-headed lad appeared from the back-quarters, rubbing gummy eyelids.

"Here, Hamish," called MacKay. "There are robbers outside, and it's shot I am. Help these guns upstairs and come back to me."

Though shaking with terror, and snuffling tears he strove to hide, the lad obeyed, and began bearing arms to the upper chamber; while with a run, for all his years and weariness, Drumfin passed him on the gangway, and reaching his room, commenced extinguishing fire and candles.

Fraser assisted, and when all was in darkness, they unfastened the inner shutter and flung wide the casement. A splatter of rain-drops entered; a cold blast ran round the room, and with it came the noise of waves; but for the rest there was silence everywhere. Born of the night there suddenly came a point of fire and a report, and Drumfin, taking quick aim at the dot of light replied with his musket. The echoes roused on Ben More and called to each other fainter and fainter; but the Inn stood miles distant from any dwelling, and a thousand echoes could bring no succour in this lonely place. There were two more splashes of light in the outer blackness, and a bullet whizzed past the heads at the window, shattering the panel of the door of the room. Below them they heard a shot within the house, and MacKay called up that it was his serving-man at a hole in the shutter. And now the air bore mingled odors of seawrack and sulphur-fumes, and a sinister atmosphere of battle and treachery seemed to surround the besieged, so that they started at the scratching of a rat in the wall, or a sudden onset of the wind.

"Do you think there are more than six in the attack, Mr. Fraser?" asked Drumfin. "To judge by their fire, I'd say four only. But in affairs of this kind I've always found it safer to allow a surplus."

There was the alertness of a young warrior in this man with the silver hair, as again and again, after patient waiting, he took steady aim and fired. Forty minutes of give-and-take in this work was followed by a lull that lasted throughout the night.

"They save their powder," said Drumfin grimly. "Let them."

(To be continued.)



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Pasted 'n an edition of "Poems by Robert Burns," published by B. Chapman in Philadelphia in the year 1823, I found a clipping, which stated that Robert Burns wrote two additional verses to 'Scots Wha Hae' which were never published, as his friends advised him they were unequal in merit to the rest of the lines.

"At Bannockburn the English lay—
The Scots they werna far away,
But waited for the break o' day,
That glinted in the east;
But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up the hill of death,
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed.
Scots wha hae—

When Burns sent this song to George Thomson for publication, that gentleman objected to several expressions, notably, 'Welcome to your gory bed,' stating that no leader would strike terror and fear into the hearts of his followers by using such words. He suggested 'Honor's bed' and a few other foolish changes which Burns tried to incorporate, as Thomson also objected to the tune of 'Hey, Tuttle Taittie' and tried to adopt the words to the tune of Lewie Gordon. Later, Burns asserted himself and 'Scots Wha Hae' as now printed is from a holograph of the poet's now in the possession of Lord Dalhousie. Many copies of 'Scots Wha Hae,' in the handwriting of the poet are still in existence, but all the others are worded differently to suit the tune of Lewie Gordon.

I have never, however, heard or read, that Burns wrote any other verses than those usually published, and the lines printed above do not carry the Burns hall-mark. It is possible some of my readers may have further facts relative to these lines, and I would like to hear from any correspondent regarding them.

THE SCOTS CHARITABLE SOCIETY held their annual meeting Thursday evening, January 15th, at Tremont Temple. All the candidates proposed by the nomination committee were unanimously elected. Councillor Walter Ballantyne being the new president, Sewall C. Brackett, vice president; John N. Jordon, treasurer; Gilbert Patterson, secretary, and the Rev. H. A. Manchester is the new chairman of the Relief Board, the hardest and most onerous position of all. State Council-

lor McGregor in proposing a vote of thanks to retiring President Pottinger, voiced the sentiments of every one of the members, praising him for the amount of work he had done, and the large increase in the funds of the society during his term of office. Speaking of Mr. Ballantyne, Mr. McGregor said, "We have elected him to-night as president of our society, we hope next year to elect him mayor of the City of Boston. He has the heart, the ability, the desire to serve the City of Boston as our brothers do the City of Glasgow, simply for the honor there is in the position and for the welfare of the community."

An amendment to the constitution, proposed by the writer, providing "that members in good standing for thirty consecutive years, shall be entitled to have their names placed upon the roll of life membership, and shall thence forward be exempt from all dues," provoked considerable discussion. Payment of thirty dollars down, constitutes life membership, and yet it was shown that annual members had paid for thirty, forty, and over fifty years and yet could be dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues. The society by a practically unanimous vote, only one member recording his vote against, decided to adopt the amendment as printed, and the first honorary life membership, was voted to a member who had paid his dues for thirty-eight consecutive years.

HARRY LAUDER came to Boston New Year's week, and gave twelve performances at the Schubert Theatre. The prices charged for seats ranged from fifty cents to two dollars each and by the end of the week, high premiums were being charged and hundreds were unable to get seats at any price. He visited the State House, escorted by his pipers and was received by Governor Foss and his lady, and photographs were taken of the party. All of his songs were new to Boston with the exception of "The Saffest o' the Family," and the evergreen classic "I Love a Lassie," and his success was as great as upon any of his previous visits.

THE HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION of Massachusetts, held their annual concert and dance in Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, Thursday evening, January 2nd. President Thomas Bell was chairman and he had as special guests many of the chiefs of nearby clans and also President Pottinger of the Scots Charitable

Society. The hall was crammed to suffocation and the concert program, although a most pleasing one, was unsatisfactory to the artists and the audience. A larger hall must be obtained for their future gatherings.

THE BOSTON CALEDONIAN CLUB held their annual election Tuesday evening, January 7, and although there was no contest for the principal offices, there was a large turnout of the members. James Urquhart was unanimously elected Chief; Thomas Grieve for First Chieftain, and John Green for Second Chieftain. Peter Niven and Thomas Bell were the successful contestants for Third and Fourth Chieftains and another election is necessary to determine the successful candidate for the Fifth Chieftainship.

THE BURNS' ANNIVERSARY Concert and Ball, to be held at Mechanics' Hall, Friday evening, January 24th, is expected to be one of the most successful ever held. The Grand Opera singer, first favorite in Boston and Montreal Opera House, Miss Evelyn Scotney, will be heard for the first time at a Burns' concert. By special arrangement with Director Russell of the Boston Opera Company, several of their artists will assist Miss Scotney, and Miss Barbara Foster, late of the Glasgow Select Choir, will also be heard. Miss Nellie Ferguson's troupe of Highland Dancers are engaged; also Feal's Military Orchestra and the band and pipers of the Highland Dress Association.

"THE JOLLY SCOTS," a new Scottish society founded by the younger people, has sprung into full maturity in less than a month. The young Scots' lads and lassies wanted an association of their own, and although they have held only one business meeting and a social, over sixty members are already enrolled. The president is Mr. Glen Millar; vice president, David McMillan; treasurer, Miss Mackie; recording secretary, Andrew Elliot; Corresponding Secretary, John M. Maxwell. Membership is limited to ladies and gentlemen of Scottish birth, and the object—literary, musical and social enjoyment.

THE GRAND CLAN OF MASSACHUSETTS, held a class initiation Saturday, January 18th, at which eighteen candidates from various clans were presented and initiated. Royal Secretary Peter Kerr, and Ex-chief Frank Abercrombie were the principal officers at the giving of the vows and the exercises were conducted in a most able, elevated and forceful manner.

STAMFORD, CONN.

New Year's Eve, known as Hogamanay night was celebrated by the Scottish Society, of Stamford, at O. U. A. M., hall, consisting of bagpipe selections, singing, piano and violin duet and remarks by President Brown. Addresses were made by Rev. H. A. Johnston of the Presbyterian church and Rev. Mr. Phelps of St. John's Episcopal church. Both clergymen spoke appropriate New Year's words of advice and cheer and were very entertaining as well as instructive. Rev. Johnston spoke of the great and

good work that the Scottish Society is doing in Stamford and had a word of praise for the president of the society, John M. Brown. Mr. Phelps' talk was along similar lines only of a more general nature.

BURNS CELEBRATION

BURNS SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

A very interesting celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, was held by the Burns Society of the City of New York, at Delmonico's on Saturday evening, January 25th. Hon. Charles P. McClelland presiding. About 150 gentlemen sat down to the banquet at an early hour. The menu was Delmonico's best. The decorations were more than usually elaborate, the grouping of the flags of all nations with the Scottish Standard and Banner in the center being exquisitely artistic. After the usual toasts to the President of the United States and the King of Great Britain, the president fittingly introduced the exercises in a fine speech illustrative of the great work that Burns had done for Scotland and humanity. Mr. Robert Cooper Smith K. C., of the Montreal Bar delivered a glowing oration on the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," in which he analyzed the character and genius of the great poet in a manner that was rapturously applauded. Mr. John Reid, senior, sang with his old time vigor "Scots Wha Hae," and aroused great enthusiasm, after which Professor Axson of Princeton University spoke of the "Land We Live In," with great power and eloquence. Mr. John Young sang several of Burns' best songs with fine feeling, after which Mr. John Ford in a scholarly and eloquent speech spoke of the "Land of Cakes," after which Mr. George A. Fleming, the enthusiasm with his fine rendering of some of the war songs of Scotland. His rendering of "Gae Bring to Me a Pint o' Wine," was particularly fine.

It is needless to state that Delmonico's orchestra rose to the occasion. The selections were admirable, while the martial blasts on the bagpipes by Piper Armstrong were finely executed and warmly received. Another red letter day was scored by the society, and it would be difficult indeed to present a better celebration of the memory of the Poet of Humanity, than was presented by the members and friends of the Burns Society of New York, on this occasion. Much of the credit of the successful celebration was due to the intelligent activity of the committee of which Mr. John Reid, Sr., Dr. John J. MacPhee, Mr. William M. MacBean, together with President McClelland and secretary James Kennedy were the members. They were the right men in the right place, and in hands like theirs the memory of Robert Burns was honored as it should be.

THE NEW YORK SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The Burns celebration of the Society, on Thursday evening, January 23, in Aeolian Hall, was excellent. The Burns Concert by this society has been for years, one of the leading musical events in New York. During the fall and winter, the Choral Union, consisting of the younger members of forty voices is under training in vocal and instrumental music by competent leaders. At the annual celebration of Burns' night the Choral Union makes its public appearance to the delight and joy of all enthusiastic lovers of Scottish songs. In fact, its a whole concert in itself. Every one seems to be disappointed when it does not respond to two or three encores. This year it seemed to excell itself more than usual. The procession of forty young ladies and gentlemen well dressed escorted by pipe major Cooper onto the platform was very attractive. President D. Sharpe, of the society, the efficient conductor of the Choral Union for the last two years must have felt proud last night, at the result of his work, when he stood before them with his baton, hearing the loud applause of the audience coming from every corner of the beautiful new hall, when the Choral Union rendered with most pleasing effect—"There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle," "Now Tramp Over Moss and Fell," "And Lord of the Waves Are We." The soloist, Miss Jessie Robertson, performed her part remarkably well.

Miss Mary Henry, who is one of the fin-



MARY HENRY.



W. D. SHARPE.



FREDERICK SMYTHIE.

est violin players in the city, and is a member of the Choral Union as well as of several musical clubs, was at her best that evening. She was encored three times with appreciation. Mr. Fred Smythe, a former conductor of the Choral Union and now a leader in the choir of the Cathedral Epopei Church sang with a great deal of pathos "Afton Water" and the encore songs were also excellent. He has a sweet melodious voice.

Mr. Charles T. Tittman, baritone, Mrs.



MISS PEARL B. JONES.

Pearl B. Jones, and Mrs. A. MacAdam, were also well received. Mrs. Jones, contralto, sang with skill and power, "Wi' a Hundred Pipers," and "The Flowers of the Forest." The pouring rain prevented many from being at the concert.

CLAN GORDON, NO. 199 OF PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

Between eight and nine hundred people crowded into St. Mary's Hall, Port Chester, N. Y., Thursday evening, January 23, when Clan Gordon, No. 199, gave its annual concert and ball for the benefit of its sick relief fund, and also to commemorate the birth of Robert Burns, the plowman poet. Every seat was taken and persons were standing in the rear of the hall when the concert opened, and a more enthusiastic and appreciative audience it would have been hard to find.

The concert was one of the best that has been heard in the village in recent months and it marked the most successful affair that Clan Gordon, O. S. C., has held during its existence. From the opening selections by Piper J. Callender, to the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the company, the standard of excellence was maintained throughout, and many times during the evening, the artists were compelled to respond to the insistent calls of the audience, and give encores to their numbers.

The artists were John Young, the noted tenor of New York; Miss Mary Ogilvie, of

Easton, who charmed all; Jack Brown, a comic singer, recently from Scotland; the Misses Hamilton and Peterson, Highland dancers.

The concert was followed by dancing. It was as grand Scotch night, and the clan made the greatest hit that has been made in the town in a long time. The success of their next concert and ball is assured.

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB celebrated Burns' anniversary on Friday evening, January 24th, by a very enjoyable concert. It was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Rev. Dr. Moffat, of Newark, gave the oration on Robert Burns. After refreshments a social time followed till a late hour.

CLAN MACDUFF, NEW YORK, celebrated "A Nicht Wi' Burns" after their regular meeting on Saturday evening, January 25th. The members of Lady MacDuff Lodge, D. of S., and other friends were present to enjoy the excellent program of vocal and instrumental music. Mr. R. W. Waterson, late secretary of the Clan, spoke of "The Genius and Character of Burns."

CLAN MacKENZIE, NEW YORK.

This progressive Clan, met on Tuesday evening, January 14th, at the hall of the Caledonian Club and had their officers installed by Royal Deputy Andrew Wallace. The Clan has wisely retained its efficient Chief John MacLean, and the majority of the other officers were re-elected at the previous meeting, and installed at this time. Mr. John Kirk, who for several years served as secretary, but for the past two years has been excused, at the urgent request of the Clan, resumed the arduous duties of this office; Mr. Kirk is one of our valued correspondents.

CLAN SCOTT, RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

The Royal Deputy, Andrew Wallace has been kept busy this month, installing the officers of the Clans. On Saturday evening, January 11th, he installed the officers of Clan Scott, one of the youngest and most enterprising Clans of the O. S. C.

MR. E. C. C. SINCLAIR.

D. G. C. Sinclair, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and who has been President of the Caledonian Hospital from the foundation of the institution, leaves February 1st for a long trip to Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, Scotland and Ireland, returning to New York in May. Mr. Sinclair has been in poor health on account of overwork for some time. He has tendered his resignation as President of the Caledonian Hospital, to take effect immediately, as in his absence he feels someone ought to be responsible for the carrying out of the energetic campaign that is necessary to make it a success.

CLAN GRAHAM, O. S. C., NEW YORK.

This growing clan held its meeting on January 4th, when the following officers were installed for 1913, by Royal Deputy Andrew Wallace: Chief, Charles Turnbull; tanist, William McArthur Lennie; past chief, Roland S. rachan; chaplain, William Aitken; secretary, James F. Brunton (719 Oakland place), financial secretary, William A. Chambers; treasurer, James A. Smith; senior henchman, Alex. Winchester; junior henchman, John Phillips; senechal, John MacKinlay; warder, Robert Jack; sentinel, Alex. Mann; standard bearers, James Millar, Colin Keillor; physician, Dr. W. R. S. George (523 East 187th street); trustees, William Mitchell, Alex. J. Stephen, James Clark.

Meets on 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month, at Masons' Temple, Washington avenue, Tremont.

J. W. BRUNTON, Secretary.

CLAN MacDONALD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday evening, January 4th, 1913, Clan MacDonald, Brooklyn, met for the first time in their new hall, Masonic Temple, Claremont and Lafayette avenues. As it was an open meeting, a large number of ladies from Flora MacDonald Society, and other visitors were present. Clan MacDonald Glee Club, leader Past Chief John Ritchie; organist, J. MacDonald Johnston, entertained the large company with several fine selections.

Past Chief Duncan MacInnes installed, in a very pleasing manner, the following officers:

Chief, Aikman Ogg; tanist, Robert McCulloch; past chief, Alex Anderson; chaplain, Thomas Clark; secretaries, Fenwick W. Ritchie, Peter Carmichael; treas., Bryce Martin; henchmen, William Richmond, William Bone; senechal, William S. Mitchell; warder, R. T. Jack; sentinel, Alexander G. Mitchell; bard, Andrew Munro; piper, Charles MacMillan; organist, J. MacDonald Johnstone; trustees, William Haldane, William Davidson, James F. Slimon; physicians, Peter Scott, M. D., Robert Scott, M. D., Charles A. Campbell, M. D., A. F. Briggs, M. D.; standard bearers, R. Hobkirk, E. Kilgour, G. M. Morrison, J. R. Lamberton.

Later refreshments were served in another hall where a most enjoyable time was spent until a late hour.

YONKERS SCOTTISH CHOIR CONCERT.

A concert, with a program consisting entirely of the works of Robert Burns, was given by the Yonkers Scottish Choir, in Hollywood Inn Hall, Friday evening, December 17. There was a large attendance, and the singing was greatly enjoyed. This was the first concert of the choir, which consists of forty-five members. David M. Robertson was the Conductor, and Miss Jennie Gordon was pianist. The program:

Piano—The Thistle Miss Gordon

Part Song—There Was a Lad Choir
Part-Song—Corn Rigs Choir
Tenor Solo—The Lea Rig

William Dougherty

Part-Song—Green Grow the Rashies ..Choir
Duet—Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Mrs. Wm. Dougherty and Mrs. Jas Waddell

Part-Song—John Anderson, My Jo....Choir

Bass Solo—My Bonnie Mary.....

James Anderson

Part-Song—Scots Wha Hae

Soprano Solo—Within a Mile

Mrs. Dougherty

Part-Song—Duncan Gray

Trio—Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut..

Messrs. Dougherty, Malcolm and Robertson

Part-Song—Tibbie Fowler

Tenor Solo—Kirkconnell Lea

John R. Neilson

Part-Song—Mary Morrison

Fart-Song—The De'il's 'Awa'

Finale—Auld Lang Syne.

The officers of the choir are: William R. Jackson, President; Mrs. Magee, vice president; Robert Glover, treasurer; David M. Robertson, secretary.

The Concert Committee comprised William Dougherty, William Baird, James Elder, James Waddell, T. Powrie, James McGreuer, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Cameron. The ushers were Colin Henderson, David Wilkie and Thomas Slimmon.

The choir proved itself to be a well trained, efficient musical organization. It included fifty voices and the hall was of a size to best allow this number to make its best impression. Scotchmen appeared to be peculiarly favored in the bass voices granted to so many of them and the bass choir, though not large, was strong enough in volume of tone to satisfactorily contrast the effect of a considerably larger number of women's voices. In addition to beauty of tone, the whole choir proved a talent for musical art and a program amply rehearsed.

CLAN MacDUFF, NEW YORK.

On Saturday evening, January 11th, Clan MacDuff, New York, held the annual installation of officers for the ensuing year in their commodious hall, Masonic Temple, Lenox avenue and One Hundred Twenty-sixth street.

It was an open meeting, and a large number of Clansmen and their friends were present. The Auditing Committee gave a very complete report of the finances of the Clan, and this was accepted with appreciation; the Emergency Fund has been increased by more than \$800 during the year. Numerically and financially, Clan MacDuff is one of the strongest clans in the Order; four new members were proposed at this first meeting of the new year, and the outlook is very promising.

After three years of faithful leadership, Chief Arthur Fairweather retired, and is

succeeded by John MacDougall. Past Royal Deputy, James Kennedy, installed the following officers:

Chief, John MacDougall; tanist, Alexander Mill; past chief, Arthur Fairweather; chaplain, Samuel M. Douglas; secretary, William Moncur; financial secretary, William Gray; treasurer, William Youngston; junior henchman, John C. Cumming; seneschal, Douglas MacLeod; warder, John Stewart; sentinel, James Paterson; physician, James Law; standard bearer, John MacDougall, Jr.; piper, J. G. MacKenzie; organist, William Duncan; literary correspondent, Robert MacKay; trustees, John Bremner, Louis McCook, Arthur Fairweather.

After the installation, the Clansmen and their guests adjourned to the dining hall below, where an excellent supper was served, and a social time enjoyed till a late hour. The new chief, John MacDougall, presided; stirring songs were given by various members, which showed the talent of the Clan; speeches were made by Royal Deputy James Kennedy, Dr. Law, Rev. D. MacDougall, Past Chief Smith of Clan Bruce, New Rochelle, and Chiefs Turnbull of Clan Graham, and Arthur Fairweather, tanist Alexander Mill, the presiding officer and others.

Several of the old members were present, among them Past Chiefs, James Gordon, Baxter and Birnie.

CLAN CAMPBELL, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Clan Campbell had the following officers installed for 1913, by Royal Deputy Douglas of New London. Chief, John MacDougall; tanist, Andrew Park; chaplain, William B. MacNaughton; secretary, Everett Japp, 500 Park street; financial secretary, William Arnot; treasurer, M. H. Gowling; senior henchman, George Pearson; junior henchman, Earle Martin; seneschal, Alex McPherson; warder, John Brown; sentinel, William Duffes, Jr.; piper, John Robinson; physician, Dr. I. L. F. Nettleton; standard bearer, Donald Nicholson; trustee for three years, John Japp.

NEW YEAR'S EVE CELEBRATION.

The object of the New Year's Eve Celebration in New York city, was not only to celebrate the New Year but to stop the rowdism on that night.

It was suggested by the Scottish Home Rule Association that the Scottish people should not only honor their national custom of celebrating the New Year, but as American citizens to assist the good cause.

The New Year's Eve committee in charge of Rev. Arthur J. Smith, who boasts a "wee drop of Scottish blood" gladly received the suggestion.

Through the influence and patriotism of Mr. Walter Scott, therefore, a number of Highlanders went to Herald Square and at 11:30 the skirl of the bag-pipes delighted the ears of the Scottish people and caused

others to say that that was all that was needed to add the finishing touch to the New Year's Eve celebration. M. MacLEOD.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

An organization has been started in Scotland for the purpose of carrying on propaganda work in favor of National Self-Government for Scotland. The organization is called "The Scottish Home Rule Council" and consists of representatives elected from the Scottish Liberal Unofficial Members of Parliament, the Scottish Liberal Association, the Scottish Women's Liberal Federation, and the Young Scots Society.

The Council have secured a list of a large number of ladies and gentlemen prepared to address meetings throughout Scotland, and meetings are now being arranged. Meetings in the large centres will be addressed by prominent leaders of the movement, and it is expected that a member of the present Liberal administration will address a large meeting in Edinburgh in February.

In recent speeches delivered by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M. P., at Kirkcaldy, and by the Right Hon. Colonel Seely, M. P., Secretary for War, at Glasgow, both gentlemen gave prominence to the question of Home Rule for Scotland.

Special literature will also be prepared by the Council, and all those favorable to the object of National Self-Government are being appealed to for financial and other assistance.

Amongst the Honorary Office Bearers of the Council are: The Right Hon. The Lord Provost, of Glasgow; Councillor D. M. Stevenson; Sir William Robertson, of Dunfermline; Mr. Norman Lamont, Jr., of Knockdow, Toward; Mr. J. Arbour Brown, J. P., Paisley, and the Joint Treasurers of the Council are Sir George Green and Mrs. Crosthwaite, both of Glasgow.

WILLIAM WEBSTER, J. P.,
Edinburgh.

A LETTER FROM A VENERABLE NEW SUBSCRIBER TO THE CALEDONIAN.

December 28, 1912.

To Editor "Caledonian" New York: I am a Scot branded heavy with love of worthy countrymen. Our ship from Glasgow, with a lot of mechanics aboard, landed in New York harbor in April 1851—my hand is more wabby than 'twas then—plenty of employment offered for all branches of mechanics. Early in 1859 I came to Minnesota amongst the Indians. Though thus far on my journey of life, I can admire, Dear Editor, your finest production in the December magazine read to me by a Scottie namely "Scotchmen's place in American History." I am from Renfrewshire, born in 1827.

Please find one dollar for a year's subscription for the Caledonian, send December number. Address John Niven, 282 Harrison avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF DETROIT.
JOHN HENRY, PRESIDENT.

The 154th anniversary of Scotland's immortal Bard was held in the Armory, Thursday evening, January 23, this being the sixty-third year of the life of St. Andrew's Society of this city.

The extensive previous preparations for the great event resulted in a degree of completeness in every department rarely experienced, and added to the occasion a degree of satisfaction rarely excelled, and stamped Detroit a living center of pronounced Scottish intertats.

During the assembling of the vast audience, Lorenzen's orchestra discoursed music, including a fine selection of Scottish airs.

The concert was formally opened by St. Andrew's Pipe Band of twelve pieces, in kilts, marching into the hall to the stage, and there confronting the audience played such pipe music that stirred the audience to enthusiastic applause, and on retiring they were recalled, and their advent produced an abundance of enthusiastic good nature.

A Scotch reel followed by Aggie Rankin, Jessie Hunter, Albert McRobbie and James Campbell with an encore, with John Sinclair as piper, and the Highland Fling by Jessie Hunter followed. The other Highland dances were Reel O'Tulloch and Ghillie Callum by the same performers, and the suppleness and agility displayed by the dancers delighted the observers. Mr. Albert McRobbie by request gave the sword dance, and at his appearance with the sword and scabbard the audience received him with applause, for they knew they would witness agility and grace of movement unsurpassed and rarely equalled.

Mr. James Fiddes the tenor of the evening gave "Afton Water" and gave to that beautiful song a new charm, and was recalled and gave "Burn's and Scotland Yet," and the audience were lifted by its rendition, and called vociferously for him, but he declined to respond. His next call on the program was "Gae Bring tae me a Pint O' Wine," and this seemed really to glue him to his hearers, and on being recalled he sang "Where Has Scotland Found Her Fame," and more than ever the people wanted him. The warmth of sentiment involved in the song was so augmented and embellished by the interpretation of Mr. Fiddes that it seemed the song came closer to the heart than ever before. He was again called and he sang "O' A' the Airts," and the sweetness of the love of Burns was made manifest, and in a Burns Concert how appropriate! and it was sung so sweetly that the audience seemed to love to linger and sip the sentiment and to grip the sweet interpretation, and he was recalled and gave, "A Man's a Man For A' That," and the singer made all feel the universal equality of man, and that great audience blessed the personality that laid bare and brought home to them the real heart embedded in the songs which he had interpreted for them. There are three facts

apparent in Mr. Fiddes that place him as a tenor, almost without a peer, personality, range and sweetness of voice, and intelligent interpretation.

Harry Bennett entered upon his part of the program with "Piper McFarlane," and as an encore he gave "The Picnic." He was a revelation to the audience, for they had not expected such a masterpiece of fun and drolery, and they did not expect to laugh all the time. He followed with "John McKie" and as encore he gave "The Messenger Boy," and again he was recalled and gave "Roaming in the Gloamin'," and again being recalled gave "Deoch an Doris," and the audience were so affected by him that they kept him on the stage and simply would not let him go, and his last song was repeated several times and the whole audience accompanied him, and the audience said, there is a first rival to our Harry Lauder.

Mrs. Flora McIvor Craig was the Prima Donna of the occasion, and the moment she confronted her audience, she, by her manner and poise captured them. As her voice pronounced "Cam' ye by Athol" it was apparent that her soul was in her subject, and that the song was her own, and she was recalled and gave "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" full of sweetness. Her next was "Tam Glen," and in this showed her versatility and she was recalled and gave "Coming Thru the Rye." Her next song on the program was "The Star O' Robbie Burns." In this rendition there was plainly displayed a keen appreciation of the sentiment of the song; the patriotism manifest in the artist, moved the audience perceptibly and they recalled her and she gave "There's Nae Luck About the House," and she was again recalled, and gave by request "Robin Adair," and her audience seemed perfectly willing to linger in the sweet atmosphere she produced by her thoughtful, intelligent interpretation of the sentiment of her selections.

The violinist, Mr. James Cassie in his "Scottish Rhapsody," and his "The Auld Tunes," (introducing the bag pipes), did, as he at all times does, make his audience his, and all are glad that he lives among us.

Miss Elsie Forbes acquitted herself as pianist as she ever does, to the entire satisfaction and pleasure of her patrons, and in addition she gave a piano solo. "Prince Charlie," and the audience sang "Auld Lang Syne." Thereupon St. Andrew's Highlanders under command of their Chief, Robert Schram, gave an exhibition drill, and supper and a ball followed into the wee sma' hours. The occasion will be long remembered by all who were present as a record night.

Sincerely yours,
RONALD SCOTT KELLIE.

The Banquet given at Pontiac, Mich., accompanied by a concert was also a great affair. The orators were Rev. Dr. Cameron, "Burns;" Ronald Scott Kellie, Esq., "Scotland and Scotchmen at Home." Report will be in next issue.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas, 170 Kensington St., New Britain, Conn.
 Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
 Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

GRAND LODGE, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Torrington, Conn., January 18, 1913.
 Sisters in the Daughters of Scotia:

We have begun another year and started on a fresh leaf; let us hope there will be fewer blots than ever before, and may all our wishes and endeavoring be blest wif Fortune's smiles and favors.

I meant to have a full list of secretaries' names and addresses in our paper this month but have not got all reports in so far, but will put in what I have. I am also starting to make up a new roll book and transferring all names from the old books and wish every secretary, that has not sent me a full list of members names, with per capita tax, to do so before the first of March. I know it means a little work for some, but just think of what it means for the Grand Secretary. But it will be much more satisfactory than at present, with three roll books, for this one will last a life-time. Another thing, (the treasurer this time) it is the white slip that goes with assessment money to Grand Treasurer and the yellow one to the Grand Secretary; also that money for supplies and tax goes to the office of Grand Secretary as usual, and don't forget please, that there is 25 cents to pay for assessment slip books.

I am sorry to report two more deaths—Janet Dobbie, of Marjorie Bruce, No. 35, New Rochelle, and Elizabeth Manning, of Lady MacLean, No. 34, Passaic, N. J.

I thank all retiring secretaries for their courtesy and unfailing kindness and welcome the new ones, wishing them success in their office; also wishing every sister a bright and happy new year. May this year be the best and biggest for the D. of S. Here's tae us, wha's like us? Naeboddy? And may it also bring good luck to the "Caledonian" and a large number of new subscribers

Yours sincerely,
 MARY MILLER,
 G. S., D. of S.

New Rochelle.

The relatives and friends of the late Janet Dobbie, Marjorie Bruce Lodge, No. 35, D. O. S., beg to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many kind expressions of love and sympathy extended to them in their sad and sudden bereavement; also thanks for floral tokens received.

HEATHER BELL LODGE, No. 4, DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Manchester, N. H., January 19, 1913.

At the last regular meeting of Heather Bell Lodge, held in A. O. W. W. Hall, Thursday evening, January 2nd, we had the pleasure of a visit from our Grand Chief Daughter, Mrs. Mary Middlemas. And as it was her first official visit to any lodge since she was elected to the office of Grand Chief Daughter, we felt justly proud of the honor. And as it was the first meeting of the new year and the installation of officers, there was a well attended meeting, and we were helped greatly in our work by the suggestions of our Grand Chief Daughter. The officers were installed by Grand Deputy, Mary B. Dobbie with Past Chief Daughter, Christina Smith as Grand Conductor, and Past Chief Daughter, Margaret Smith as Grand Secretary. After the close of the meeting Grand Deputy, Mary Dobbie in behalf of the lodge, presented our Grand Chief Daughter with a cut glass bowl as a remembrance of her visit to Heather Bell Lodge. And in a few well chosen words the Grand Chief Daughter thanked the lodge for the same.

Refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed by all. The officers to serve for the year 1913, are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mary Fisher; Sub Chief Daughter, Jeannie Leach; Chaplain, Jessie Torrance; Recording Secretary, Christina Smith; Financial Secretary, Bella McIlvin; Treasurer, Sarah Moore; Conductor, Jeanet McGreagor; Inside Guard, Martha Schriker; Outside Guard, Elizabeth Hay; Past Chief Daughter, Mary B. Dobbie; Pianist, Margaret Smith.

CHRISTINA SMITH,
 Secretary.

MARJORY BRUCE LODGE, NO. 7, D. OF S. Meriden, Conn.,

January 19, 1913.

At the meeting of January 7th, Marjory Bruce Lodge, No. 7, D. of S., installed their officers for 1913. The installation was conducted by Grand Deputy Mrs. Adamson of Ansonia, assisted by Mrs. Brock, as conductor. After the installation a very pleasant social time was held, and Mrs. Adamson made a few remarks which were very favorably received. After lunch was served, Mrs. James Melklem rendered a beautiful solo.

MRS. HERBERT BENVIE,
 Chairman Press Com.



MRS. MARGARET MACKENZIE,
First Grand Chief Daughter, and Institor
of the Grand Lodge.

VICTORIA LODGE, NO. 1,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The annual installation of officers of this lodge took place on Friday evening, January 17th. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: Chief Daughter, Mrs. D. R. Campbell; Sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Bradley; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. MacPherson; Chaplain, Mrs. G. Bone, Jr.; Treasurer, Mrs. G. Bone; Financial Secretary, Mrs. H. Jones; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Watson; Conductor, Mrs. W. Afflick; Inside Guardian Mrs. Thompson; Outside Guardian, Mrs. A. Currie; Pianist, Miss Ellen Bone; Trustee, Mrs. Charles Grant.

The installation ceremony was performed by the Grand Deputy Mrs. W. B. Johnson and staff, of Meriden. Following the ceremony the retiring Chief Daughter, Mrs. MacPherson, was presented with a Past Chief Daughter's pin, by the Grand Deputy. She replied in her usual gracious manner, and thanked the lodge for the gift. Remarks were made by the Grand Deputy; also by Past Grand Chief Mrs. Jennie Fulton, and Sr. P. G. C. D. MacKenzie. Songs were sung by several of the sisters.

Among the visitors present were Sisters Adamson and Brock of Ansonia, and Sister Archibald Fulton of Meriden. Mrs. Campbell, the newly elected Chief Daughter, was presented with a magnificent bouquet of flowers. Refreshments were served after the cere-



MRS. D. R. CAMPBELL,
Chief Daughter, Victoria Lodge.

mony, thus bringing to a close a very pleasant evening.

Banquet—A grand banquet was served by the retiring Amusement Committee of the Victoria Lodge New Haven, on Wednesday, January 15th. Each Daughter of Scotia was allowed to bring a guest, and a very large number was present, and all enjoyed the repast, and entertainment. Speeches were made by two prominent Clansmen, and a fine poem to the "Honor of the daughters of Scotia," by Mr. George Bone. Songs and remarks were given by several of the sisters, and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

MARGARET MACKENZIE,
P. G. C. D., Correspondent.

HELEN MACGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27,
D. O. S., YONKERS.
98 Ash Street,
Yonkers, N. Y.

January 18, 1913.
Helen Macgregor Lodge, No. 27, D. of S., held the first meeting of the year on January 7th, in Odd Fellows' Hall, North Broadway, Yonkers. The officers for 1913 were installed by Grand Deputy, Miss Jean Ross, of Lady Hamilton Graham Lodge, Bronx. The meeting was open to sister lodges; also to Clan Macgregor, O. S. C., and Caledonian Club, Yonkers. Among the installing staff were Grand Conductor, Mrs. Bruce, Grand Chaplain, Mrs. Wallace. Past Grand Deputy, Mrs. Laird, was also present. During the installation ceremony, suitable marches were played by Professor Lonard's orchestra.

which were greatly appreciated by all present. Each officer in turn got a hearty reception and applause, but the climax was reached when our Chief Daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Magee, was conducted to her chair. She was supported on the platform by the Deputy Miss Jean Ross, Mrs. Laird, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Wallace, Chief Henry Scott of Clan Macgregor, and Chief Robert Glover of Caledonian Club, who in turn encouraged the members by suitable remarks. The refreshment committee were ably assisted by Clan Macgregor amusement committee in serving tea, coffee, sandwiches, cookies and cake, to which all did full justice. Mrs. Laing, Past Chief Daughter of Ellen Douglas Lodge, Hartford, Conn., who attends our meetings regularly, kindly presented a conductor's baton to the lodge.

SUSAN S. BRYCE,
Correspondent.

LADY MACKENZIE LODGE, NO. 31,

D. O. S.

New York, January 16, 1913.

At the regular meeting of the above lodge, held December 23rd, five candidates were initiated into membership and one application received.

On January 13th, 1913, we held our installation, Grand Deputy Sister King presiding.

The following officers were installed: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Christina M. Dunn; Sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Marion D. Louttit; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Barbara Robertson; Chaplain, Mrs. Clara M. Reid; Treasurer, Miss Isabel Masson; Financial Secretary, Miss M. Violet Matthews; Recording Secretary, Miss Agnes Dunlop; Conductor, Mrs. Elizabeth Whittet; Inside Guard, Mrs. I. Strachan; Outside Guard, Mrs. Janet Glass; Pianist, Miss Norma MacLean; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Barbara Robertson.

Our Junior Past Chief Daughter, Sister Wallace's breath seemed to be quite taken away when Grand Deputy Sister King presented her with a beautiful clock in the name of Lady MacKenzie Lodge, No. 31, D. O. S., in appreciation of her many services and untiring efforts for its success.

We were entertained by speeches from Grand Deputy Sister King, Past Grand Deputy Sister Laing, Grand Deputy Past Chief Wallace and Chief MacLean of Clan MacKenzie, No. 29, O. S. C., the Presidents of Flora MacDonald Society of Brooklyn and Lady Scott's Auxillary of Richmond Hill (which societies we are trying to encourage to join the D. O. S.) and representatives of Sister Lodges, of whom we are most happy to welcome a goodly number.

We were entertained with songs by Sister Davidson and Mr. Lambert, and a violin solo by Sister Willson, and after the exercises, refreshments were served.

Lady MacKenzie Lodge, No. 31, D. O. S., had a very successful year during 1912 and are greatly elated not only at being the banner lodge, but having its Past Chief Daugh-

ter (Sister Wallace) installed into the Grand Lodge as Grand Chaplain.

ISABEL MASSON.

HEATHER HILL LODGE, NO. 30,
HOMESTEAD, PA.

Heather Hill Lodge, No. 30, Homestead, Pa., held their regular meeting in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Ninth avenue, on the first Monday of the year. Sisters will please remember that the night of meeting has been changed to the first and third Mondays of the month now, so that the young ladies may have a better opportunity of attending the meetings. We had a very pleasant time and the new officers were elected, which are as follows: Chief Daughter, Sister L. Campbell; Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Robertson; Conductor, Sister Haldane; Chaplain, Sister Woods; Secretary, Sister M. Stanton (re-elected); Treasurer, Sister M. Clark (re-elected); Financial Secretary, Sister Patterson; Past Chief Daughter, Sister Brockie.

Our new Chief Daughter has got a fine staff of officers to help her this year and we are looking forward to having a very successful year both socially and financially. Good luck to you Louise. I hear the applications are coming in already, let us hope they may reach the fifty mark this year. This is all this time, but hope to have a grand report for next month.

MRS. NELLIE A. C. FORBES,
Past Chief Daughter.

ELLEN DOUGLAS LODGE, NO. 8,

Hartford, Conn.,

January 17, 1913.

"A Guid New Year" has started and we are now well on the way. Ellen Douglas Lodge has elected her new set of officers for 1913 and Mrs. Annie Jones of New Haven, acted as Grand Deputy in installing same. The new officers are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Agnes Robb; Sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Cecelia Green; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Annie Pullar; chaplain, Miss Jean Whiteside; Treasurer, Mrs. Isabella Struthers; Financial Secretary, Miss Lucinda Riddell; Secretary, Miss Mary J. Cairns; Conductor, Mrs. Isabella Micol; Inside Guard, Mrs. Davdlena Penny; Outside Guard, Mrs. Isabella Stewart; Trustee, Mrs. Margaret Christie.

The year promises to be a prosperous one in all branches. New applications have started to come in, and we all look forward to our social meetings, the first in each month.

Ellen Douglas Lodge will always be glad to see any out-of-town sisters who happen in Hartford on the second and fourth Fridays of the month.

MARY J. CAIRNS,
Secretary.

LADY STEWART, NO. 14, D. O. S.,
TORRINGTON, CONN.

Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., and

Clan Stewart, No. 143, O. S. C., held their joint installation exercises January 3rd, in Pythian Hall. Grand Deputy Sister, Lennie Sloan, of New Britain, installed the officers of Lady Stewart Lodge. Three of the officers elect were unable to be present; two on account of sickness in their family and Sister Isabella Clark on account of the sudden loss of her sixteen year old son by drowning. Sincere sorrow is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Clark and they have the sympathy of all the sisters of the lodge in their bereavment. Royal Deputy Rutherford installed the officers of Clan Stewart.

Refreshments were then served, and a social time enjoyed until midnight.

MRS. JEANIE CAMERON,
Correspondent.

LADY MACDONALD LODGE, NO. 23,
ANSONIA, CONN.

The last meeting of Lady MacDonald Lodge was a very interesting one. The officers elected in December were installed by Deputy G. C. D. Miss Elizabeth Anderson, of Hawthorn Lodge, No. 9, of Bridgeport, Conn., assisted by Miss Margaret Laurie of the same lodge, and Mrs. James Brock of Lady MacDonald Lodge.

A social time followed the installation. A solo was rendered by Miss Margaret Laurie, of Bridgeport; also one by the Chief Daughter of Hawthorne Lodge; an address was given by Grand Deputy Miss Anderson, followed by a solo by Mrs. Margaret Bryce of Lady MacDonald, and piano selections by Mrs. Agnes Cleveland, and Miss Margaret Bell, also of Lady MacDonald. Refreshments were served, consisting of cake, coffee and sandwiches. The ladies are looking forward to a rael guid time Burns' night; it is the first of its kind the ladies have given, and they are working hard to make it one grand time.

Secretary.

A stranger entered the church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

LIST OF SECRETARIES OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Lodge

- 1 Victoria, Mrs. G. S. Watson, 149 Huntington avenue, New Haven, Conn.
- 2 Thistle, Miss M. B. Brown, 4½ Hammond street, Worcester, Mass.
- 4 Heather Bell, Mrs. C. Smith, 128 West Merrimack street, Manchester, N. H.
- 6 Blue Bell, Mrs. Jane McOwan, 4 Emery street, Jersey City, N. J.
- 7 Marjory Bruce, Mrs. Jeanie Fulton, 103 Sherman avenue, Meriden, Conn.
- 8 Ellen Douglas, Miss M. J. Cairns, 85 Wadsworth street, Hartford, Conn.
- 9 Hawthorn, Mrs. E. Robertson, 290 Stillman street, Bridgeport, Conn.
- 10 Bonnie Doon, Miss Agnes Thomson, 52 Hunter street, Newark, N. J.
- 11 Jeanie Deans, Mrs. E. M. Brewing, 280 Dudley street, Roxbury, Mass.
- 12 Lady Aberdeen, Mrs. C. M. Johnson, 17 Cottage street, New London, Conn.
- 14 Lady Stewart, Mrs. A. Hamilton, 160 Albert street, Torrington, Conn.
- 15 Lady Marion, Miss Flossie Sullivan, Box 787, Berlin, N. H.
- 16 White Heather, Mrs. S. W. Collins, 21 South Reid street, Elizabeth, N. J.
- 17 Lady Leslie, Mrs. Bessie Reardon, Wilcox Park, Westerly, R. I.
- 18 Flora McDonald, Mrs. Nellie Hayden, 103 Main street, Passaic, N. J.
- 19 Balmoral, Miss S. S. Beveridge, 294 Maple street, Kearny, N. J.
- 20 Marion Wallace, Mrs. M. Hendershott, 2127 Newton street, Denver, Col.
- 21 Flora McDonald, Mrs. Jennie Scott, 233, Forty-fifth street, Newport News, Va.
- 23 Lady McDonald, Mrs. Alice Bevan, 50 Olivia street, Derby, Conn.
- 24 Lady Wallace, Miss B. J. Wilson, Kensington, Conn., Box 141.
- 25 Argyle, Mrs. Helen Proven, 601 Harrison avenue, Harrison, N. J.
- 26 Lady H. Graham, Mrs. Jane Ross, 326 East 239th street, Bronx, N. Y.
- 27 Helen MacGregor, Mrs. Jane Gray, 204 Elm street, Yonkers, N. Y.
- 28 Balgownie, Mrs. A. Robb, Hardwick, Conn., Box 581.
- 29 Lady Sutherland, Mrs. M. McIntyre, 3540 Handman avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 30 Heather Hill, Mrs. M. Stanton, 400 Eighteenth street, Munhall, Pa.
- 31 Lady McKenzie, Miss A. Dunlop, 85 Myrtle avenue, Jersey City, N. J.
- 32 Lady Gordon, Miss A. Carmichael, 3050 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 33 Gleniffer, Mrs. Jane Barr, Firthcliffe, N. Y.
- 34 Lady McLean, Mrs. R. M. Howard, 432 Harrison street, Passaic, N. J.
- 35 Marjorie Bruce, Miss C. D. Bisset, 300 West 121st street, New York, N. Y.
- 36 Braemar, Mrs. Sara Lacan, 67 Clark street, Jersey City, N. J.
- 37 Lady Douglass, Mrs. Janet Stewart, Gillespie, Ill.
- 38 Lady Cameron, Mrs. A. Montgomery, Coal City, Ill.
- 39 Bonaccord, Miss M. Stewart, 146 Forresthill street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
- 40 Lady McDuff, Miss L. B. Reid, 2774 Eighth avenue, New York, N. Y.
- 41 Purple Heather, Miss Elsie Tait, 247 East street, Pittsfield, Mass.
- 42 Lady Victoria, Mrs. M. Skinner, 316 North Church street, Rockford, Ill.
- 43 Craigielea, Mrs. J. Spalding, 207 Stebbins Place, Plainfield, N. J.
- 44 Helen MacGregor, Miss Jean Thomson, 4559 Lackawanna street, Frankfort, Pa.
- 45 Lady McDuff, Miss Effie Kiddie, 7407 Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BALGOWNIE LODGE, NO. 28, D. O. S.,
HARDWICK, VT.

At our last meeting, held on January 15th, we had a visit from our G. C. D. Sister Middlemass, the first time we have had the pleasure of entertaining a grand officer since our lodge was instituted three and a half years ago; and we hope it will not be a great while before we have the same privilege again as it seemed to put new life into us. She arrived here at a very important time, the installation; so our Grand Deputy, Flora Coutts, asked if she would do us the honor of performing the installation ceremony. She was more than pleased to do it, so, with the assistance of our Past Chief Daughter, Elizabeth Blackhall, the following officers were installed for the coming year: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Gray; Sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Isabella Porter; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Flora Coutts; Chaplain, Mrs. Jennie Stewart; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Lily MacWilliam; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Alexina Robb; Treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Watt; Conductor, Mrs. Cordelia Hendry; Inside Guard, Mrs. Helen Baxter; Outside Guard, Mrs. Frances Aitken; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Maggie Copland.

After the installation, which was open to Clansmen and their wives, our Chief Daughter Margaret Gray presented our Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Middlemass with a silver plated baking dish, as a little token of remembrance from the sisters in Hardwick. She replied with a short address on the good work of the Daughters of Scotia, which we hope will be the means of bringing a few more members into our lodge. We then retired to the dining hall, as the Amusement Committee had promised us something good, and I think they deserve great credit for the way they worked to make the evening a success. I do not think they were disappointed either, for everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, the banquet part especially. After a few songs, and readings, not forgetting the toast of our Grand Chief Daughter, the entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

MRS. ALEXINA ROBB,
Secretary.

An old woman who heard her grand-daughter reading from the Bible that Job had three thousand camels, remarked:

"Ay, very like. They're an auld clan, the Cam'els. Read on and see if it says anything about the Camerons."

OBITUARY.

Ewen McIntyre, the oldest pharmacist in this city and for fourteen years President of the College of Pharmacy of the City of New York, died January 9th, at his home, 303 West Seventy-fourth street. Mr. McIntyre was eighty-eight years old, and he had the distinction of having been the oldest elder of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

and the oldest living graduate of Columbia's School of Pharmacy.

Mr. McIntyre was of Scotch stock that came here before the Revolution. He was born on a farm at Johnstown, N. Y., on January 25, 1825. He worked on his father's farm until he was seventeen years old, and then came to this city. He was employed by a druggist until he went into business for himself.

At a meeting of Session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, held January 11, 1913, the following minute was adopted and ordered to be sent to the family of Elder McIntyre and published in the calendar.

"Session records the death of Elder Ewen McIntyre on the ninth instant in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

"Elder Ewen McIntyre united with this Church on February 9th, 1865; was ordained one of its Deacons on March 8th, 1877, and one of its Elders on March 12th, 1882.

"For thirty-five years he filled these offices in this Church, and specially as a stay and supporter of our Church Mission work at Romeyn Chapel with the approval and admiration of the Church and congregation.

"His long and successful business career was a notable example of probity and integrity, and he did distinguished service as Trustee, Vice-President and President successively of the College of Pharmacy and in other charities.

His modesty and his piety were founded upon a fidelity and firmness which made up a character of singular impressiveness and stability, and made him an influence for good in the City as well as in the Church.

"Though Elder McIntyre had served in office long beyond his three score years and ten, Session mourns the loss of a faithful friend and efficient helper in the work of the Master, Who has called him to higher service in His own presence."

Mr. McIntyre was a life member of the St. Andrew's Society for many years.

Sir. James Coats, of the well known firm of J. & P. Coats, Paisley, Scotland, died January 21, at the age of seventy-eight. He built the mills at Pawtucket, R. I., and was a well known philanthropist.

JAMES ARTHUR THOMSON.

James McArthur Thomson, of Hartford, Conn., founder of Brown, Thomson & Co., which has the second largest department store building in New England, died January 15th. He was born in Scotland in 1838 and came to Boston when twenty years old to learn the dry goods business, beginning as a cash boy. The firm of Brown, Thomson & Company was organized in 1866. Mr. Thomson was a member of St. Andrew's Society of New York and a director of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Phoenix National Bank of this city. He is survived by three children, two sisters and one brother, William Thomson of Glasgow.

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To pass by woods of masts and ratlined
shrouds,

As erst by Afric's trunks, Hanahung.

" 'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but neverfalling
will,

By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief
and sage,

The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower
wage.

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work
is known;

He lived and died for good—be that his fame;
Let marble crumble: this is Livingstone!"

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Current Events

DOMESTIC.

The graduates of Stevens Institute of Technology, of Hoboken, N. J., congratulated Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys, upon the completion of ten years as president of the Institute, at a dinner in the Hotel Astor, on February 14th. Dr. Humphreys is a native of Edinburgh and a member of St. Andrew's Society and other national organizations.

A. Barton Hepburn, chairman of the board of directors of the Chase National Bank, of New York, recently left London for Africa, where he and a number of friends intend to hunt big game. Mr. Hepburn is a past president of St. Andrew's Society.

John W. Alexander, a distinguished artist of New York, said recently that the people of the United States were developing a resemblance to the Indians. Statements of so surprising a character are not rare. They at least attract public attention to the authors of them, which perhaps, was the main reason for making them.

In connection with the thorough discussion of methods pursued in the schools of New York city of late, various suggestions and recommendations have been made. Among those was one submitted by Prof. McMurray, of the New York Teachers' College, in which he recommended the corporal punishment of recalcitrant pupils. There is much to be said in favor of this advice. The immature mind, especially a thrawn one, finds it difficult to grasp abstract notions of right or wrong, separated from their consequences. The argument of the rod, if not logical, is at least convincing, and proves to the young that it is grievous to be bad.

The inauguration of President-elect Wilson promises to be in some respects comparatively tame and lacking in picturesque features to attract the vulgar eye. There will be no inaugural ball, nor will there likely be the riot of hand-shaking to which other unfortunate Presidents had to submit. One spectacular attraction, however, there will be, of which previous inaugurations could not boast, viz., a regiment of suffragettes. The advance guard of the suffragettes started on their walk to Washington from New York about the middle of February.

A statue is to be erected shortly in the City of New York, to commemorate Joan of Arc, the heroic Maid of Orleans, who helped to free her country from the English invaders. Joan of Arc was condemned by a church court to be burned at the stake on the charge of witchcraft, a sentence which was executed at Rouen in 1431. She was canonized by the Pope in 1909—a species of long deferred apology made for the crime of an ecclesiastical court of five centuries ago.

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire have fixed upon April 8, as the date for the great Shakespeare fete, to be held in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York. The fete is to benefit the fund for the home for British aged men and women.

When Ambassador Bryce's resignation was announced it was said that his departure from the United States would depend upon the settlement of the Panama Canal question between Great Britain and the United States. This was based upon the assumption that the issue may be brought to an amicable settlement or that an agreement may be reached before the expiration of the present Administration at Washington for its arbitration. As such a desideratum is not probable, it is not likely that Ambassador Bryce will be long in this country representing the British Government.

It has been reported that arrangements will soon be made whereby the Brocklebank, Anchor and Cunard Lines will be combined under one management, and that the Cunard will enter Australian trade.

There are perjurers, gamblers, burglars, wife-beaters, common thieves and even child-killers on the police force of New York, said Alderman Curran of that city recently, in an address on the work of the Aldermanic Committee.

At the Carlisle Indian School there are seventy-eight tribes of Indians represented at the school, a total of 1,031 students being enrolled, with 614 boys and 417 girls.

Prince Michel Murat, the son of the late Prince Louis Napoleon Murat, and Miss Helena Macdonald Stallo, the daughter of Edmund K. Stallo, of Cincinnati, were married recently in Paris. The bride is a granddaughter of the late Alexander MacDonald, a native of Scotland, who was a member of St. Andrew's Society, of New York, and was associated with the Rockefeller oil interests.

Congress passed February 19th, the annual pension bill, which appropriates \$180,300,000 for pensions during 1914, which is about \$25,000,000 more than the pension bill reported to the House last session.

Clergymen of New York city to the number of three hundred and fifty, met at the Hotel Astor, February 17th, at a luncheon given to the Hon. James Bryce, retiring Ambassador from Great Britain. More than forty denominations were represented. Bishop David H. Greer of the Episcopal diocese of New York, presided, and many short addresses were made, in all of which Mr. Bryce was eulogized. Mr. Bryce spoke of the progress the various religious bodies had made in the past fifty years, which he attributed largely to their willingness to cooperate with one another.

This is indeed the age of wonders, the moving pictures alone were sufficiently surprising, but moving pictures which both act and talk, cap the climax. This new invention of Thomas A. Edison was displayed recently before a surprised and delighted audience in a New York theatre.

One of the organizations of ladies' tailors in New York announced recently its purpose to make the new skirts fully six inches narrower than at present. The vagaries of fashion are inscrutable to men perhaps; also, to women, even when they are most slavishly followed. Dresses, tapering like inverted cones are not artistic and certainly cannot conduce to comfort.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt had lately this to say respecting arbitration of the Panama Canal dispute between this country and the British Government: "A general arbitration treaty is nothing whatever but a promise, and surely every man in private life understands that the whole worth of a promise consists in its being kept, and that it is deeply discreditable for any man to make a promise when there is reasonable doubt whether he can keep it."

In its quarterly review, issued lately, the New York Bible Society makes an appeal for \$44,000, in order to secure a gift of \$22,000, promised upon such conditions by Mrs. John S. Kennedy, to complete an endowment fund of \$200,000. It is matter of surprise to some thoughtful people, that so many of the gifts of the wealthy are made conditional. A gift absolute would seem to be more in keeping with Christian charity. The object, doubtless in making the gifts in this was that it may be an incentive to others to contribute.

After ten days' fighting last month in the City of Mexico, between the Federal forces and those opposed to President Madero under General Diaz, came to an end by the capture of the President and his enforced resignation. In the city conflict, five thousand were killed and seven thousand wounded, many of the killed and wounded being non-combatants. It is impossible to predict anything with certainty about the duration of this peace where a violent and emotional people are always on the verge of a tragedy.

The Burnett-Dillingham immigration bill, which was vetoed by President Taft, was passed February 18th, by the Senate over the President's veto. Congress, however, reversed the process and sustained the veto. This immigration bill has been generally reprobated, for it would exclude many desirable immigrants by the education test imposed, while it might allow free entrance to those most undesirable. A moral test would, of course, be the best, if it were possible, to make it.

CANADIAN.

The population of Winnipeg is now 260,436. Not many years gone by, what is now

a thriving, populous city was a small trading post, important only as one of the receiving depots of the Hudson Bay Company.

It was rumored recently at Ottawa that Lord Strathcona would shortly resign as High Commissioner for Canada, at London. This position is a political one, but if the venerable Commissioner resigns, it will be voluntarily, as a political change in the ruling power in Canada would not, presumably, affect Lord Strathcona in his office.

There is a great scarcity of teachers in the Province of Alberta, and it has been proposed to invite teachers from the United States and to accept their credentials as valid without examination.

Former Premier Frederick Bond, prominent politically in Newfoundland for many years, sailed recently for England, on the advice of his physicians. His friends intimate he is considering withdrawing from public life within a short time.

The Canadian Pacific Railway intends to run an "Around the World" excursion in connection with the initial sailing of the "Empress of Russia," which will leave Liverpool April 1st. This splendid vessel was lately launched from a Clyde ship-building yard.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie recently offered the City of Edmonton, Alberta, \$75,000 for the building of a library. This generous offer will doubtless be accepted.

After May 1st, no intoxicating liquor can be sold on the Manitoulin Island. This is an island of considerable size in the Georgian Bay. The above prohibition is the result of a vote taken under the Canadian Temperance Act.

Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., conferred the honorary degree of D. C. L. on the Duke of Connaught on February 12th.

The largest meat packing plant in western Canada, which was situated at Calgary, was lately destroyed by fire. The loss, which is estimated as \$2,000,000, is largely covered by insurance. The fire was one of the worst that has occurred in the West.

The new hospital at Victoria, B. C., will cost about \$500,000, of which the Victoria ladies have collected \$110,000; the city by-law just passed adds \$200,000, and the Provincial Government will be asked to give \$200,000.

During the ten months from April 1st to February 1st, 344,983 immigrants arrived in Canada, of whom 130,500 were British, and 118,826 were from the United States.

In view of the possible retirement of the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General, the name of Lord Methuen has been suggested. Lord Methuen gained an unenviable record in the Boer War for ordering the Highland Brigade into a death-trap, in which Col. Wauchope and many more were slaughtered.

The Rev. W. A. Cameron, on February 16, declined a call to the pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church, of New York. Mr. Cameron is the pastor of the Bloor Street Baptist Church of Toronto. Calvary Church offered him a salary of \$12,000 a year, the service of a secretary, an assistant pastor, and a permanent organization of church workers. The Bloor Street Church is paying him a salary of \$3,000 a year. When Mr. Cameron told his congregation in Toronto, the congregation arose and sang, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

The Duke of Connaught, Governor General, and the Duchess and the Princess Patricia, will leave Canada for England late in March or early in April.

The will of C. M. Hays, the Grand Trunk Railway President who lost his life in the Titanic disaster, filed at Toronto, February 20, disposed of an estate valued at \$762,298, all of which goes to Mrs. Hays, the widow.

One of the evidences of the prosperity of Canada is conveyed in the fact, that its foreign trade in 1912 exceeded \$1,000,000,000.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

At the beginning of the present term of Edinburgh University 3404 students, including 525 women, were matriculated. This famous seat of learning still retains its well merited prestige. Though the students are mainly Scots, there are representatives in the University from all civilized and some uncivilized countries of the world.

The new dock at Methil, Fifeshire, constructed for the North British Railway, costing £750,000, was opened lately by the Countess of Dalkeith.

Prof. George Knox, a native of Patna, Ayrshire, and at one time a pit boy in Scottish mines, was recently appointed director of mining in a new school of mining in South Wales.

The herring season in the west of England has proved a complete failure this season, with the consequence of serious distress to the herring fishers and their families. Many engaged in these fisheries, are Scotsmen and Cornishmen.

Provost Bayne of Stirling, recently expressed to the Town Council his intention of presenting a statue of Robert Burns to the town.

A few weeks ago Lord Roberts was presented in London, with a birthday gift, consisting of a statuette of silver and money, close upon £5,000, by the National Service League, in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the cause of national service. Lord Curzon made the presentation.

Mr. Edward Davis, a jeweller of Glasgow, who recently died, left £50,000 to charitable institutions in that city.

William MacPherson, of Sydney, Australia, sent £2 to each family in Drumguish, Inverness-shire, as a New Year's gift. The present was not large, but the heart that prompted it was large and sympathetic.

The citizens of New Zealand have been called upon to keep the birth rate down by the Christ Church Labor Union in order to defeat the purpose of the compulsory defence act, which requires the youth of the country to serve a term of military instruction. The despotic rule of such Unions is becoming intolerable. The most galling of all tyrannies is the tyranny of the mob.

Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, has been appointed a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague by the British Government. His appointment is to fill a vacancy to be caused next August by the retirement of the president of the British delegation, the Hon. Sir Edward Fry, who will then be eighty years old.

It was reported lately in London that, in order to secure a normal development of the pulmonary portion of his body, the Prince of Wales was ordered to practice on the bagpipes, the manipulation of which tends to increase lung power. A piper of the Scots Guards, it is averred, will make a weekly visit to Oxford University, where the Prince is a student, to direct his playing of the pipes.

On the passage in the House of Commons of the bill disestablishing the Church of England in Wales, the Welsh members sang their delight in their own Welsh language. The House was then in session, and such a display of vocal enthusiasm was unprecedented in its history.

Captain Scott, R. N., the noted explorer, who reached the South Pole on January 18th of last year, on his return journey with his party, perished March 26th, last, when but 11 miles from One Ton Depot. There was something peculiarly sad and tragic about the death of the heroic Anarctic explorer, when so near food and shelter. Exhausted through lack of food and fuel, the brave leader and his comrades lay down to die, with a howling blizzard chanting a requiem over them. Previous to his death, Captain Scott wrote a brief message, which reflects credit, not only upon himself, but upon humanity. In it, among other notable passages are the following: "We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but how to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."

The English suffragettes have of late been displaying a phase of frantic hysteria akin to madness. Among their most recent performances have been the burning of Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George's proposed country house, and the pavillion at

the Kew Gardens. If they keep on going as they have of late, an asylum for the criminal insane will be the most suitable place for some of their leaders and the most vicious of their followers.

Sir William Ramsay and other British scientists, claimed recently that they had proved either the transmutation of elements, or have evolved matter from energy. So it appears that the dream of the alchemist was no vain figment of the brain, but an intuitive perception of a reality, which they vainly attempted to grasp.

The Bishop of Khartoum has received from one of General Gordon's family the prayer mat used by Gordon when he was Governor of the Soudan from 1875 to 1879. It is a piece of woolen needlework, about a yard long and 18 inches wide, such as a devout Moslem carries with him to kneel on when praying.

At the annual meeting of Glasgow Savings Bank, it was stated that the number of new accounts opened during the year was 42,224, the highest number on record. The total funds, for the first time in the history of the bank, exceeded twelve millions sterling, and showed an increase for the year of £395,912.

The British Government will guarantee interest on the loan of £3,000,000 to be raised by the Soudanese government for the development of the cotton industry. The new cotton field is Gezira plain, which lies north of Khartoum, between the White and Blue Niles. About 20,000 bales were exported from this district last year, the area under cultivation being 2,000 acres out of 5,000,000 acres available for this purpose.

By a statute which has promptly received royal assent and goes into effect at once, Great Britain forbids foreign airships to cross her borders without permit. Should they pass over forts, arsenals or dockyards they are liable to be fired on. These precautionary measures are fully justified by the fact of repeated flights of airships over the English coast, nothing being known of the place from which these aerial visitors came, or their object in coming.

A statue of Florence Nightingale by Countess Feodora Gleichen. is to be erected as a national memorial in front of the Derby Royal Infirmary, in her native county.

Archibald Brown, brother of John Brown, the famous Highland attendant to Queen Victoria, died recently at Windsor at the age of seventy-one.

Lord Lovat, Chief of the Clan Fraser, addressed a large meeting lately in the Club Hall, Foyers, under the auspices of the Inverness-shire Unionist Association. His lordship was played to the hall by the local band of pipers, and on entering the meeting he was accorded an enthusiastic reception.

Control of the province of Ulster is now in

the hands of the Nationalist home-rulers, the social count of the recent election showing that David C. Hogg, Nationalist, defeated Colonel H. A. Packenham, the Unionist candidate, by the narrow margin of fifty-seven votes. Mr. Hogg is a leading Presbyterian and to this fact he doubtless owed his election, as numbers of his co-religionists supported him, though not ardent for Home Rule.

The executive committee of the Midlothian Liberal Association recently recommended to the association the adopting of the Hon. Alexander Shaw, son of Lord Shaw, as prospective candidate for the next election.

Malcolm Campbell Macphail, generally known as the Bard of Lorne, died recently at Dalmally. He wrote many Gaelic poems and songs and thirty-five years ago published a volume of Gaelic poems, which were well received. The late Professor Blackie, who knew William Macphail well, translated numbers of his poems into English.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN EGYPT.

The new year of 1913 opens with a very significant change in governmental state of affairs in North Africa. Egypt passes out from under the control of the Sultan of Turkey once for all, and enters under the direct domination of England. The English Government assumes an absolute protectorate over Egypt, guaranteeing the peace of the land and protection from any enemies the present government of the Khedive, who is a liberal ruler, may have.

The mighty Nile, the ruins of Memphis, Thebes, of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, the granaries of one of the mightiest civilizations the ancient world knew, all come under the domination of the white man and a Christian nation. There is added to the population of the British Empire more than five million people and several hundred thousand square miles of territory. With her possessions in Cape Town, and the old Transvaal and Orange Free State, of South Africa, England now becomes the most powerful civilizing factor on the Dark Continent. Her Zambesi railway, which Cecil Rhodes planned, and which now stretches northward a considerable distance from Cape Town, is slowly but surely advancing toward Egypt, and it will be only a few years before the traveler will be able to ride in one passenger or sleeping car, without change, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Suez Canal. The long ocean journey to Europe or England will then not be necessary.

Not so very many years ago English statesmen observed that Egypt, under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey was going to ruin. The Valley of the Nile, so famous in biblical and secular history as a food-granary of the world, was neglected, the Nile itself was a

Bits of Scottish History

KING DAVID I AND HIS TIMES.

With the death of Alexander I (April 23, 1124), and the accession of his brother, David I, the deliberate royal policy of introducing into Scotland English laws and English institutions, as modified by the Norman rulers, was fulfilled. David, before Alexander's death, was Earl of the most English part of Lothian, the county held by Scottish kings, and Cumbria, and resided much at the court of his brother-in-law, Henry I. He associated, when Earl, with notables of Anglo-Norman race and language, such as Moreville, Umfraville, Somerville, Gospatric, Bruce, Balliol and others; men with a stake in both countries, England and Scotland. On coming to the throne, David endowed these men with charters of land in Scotland. With him came a cadet of the great Anglo-Breton house of Fitzalan, who obtained the hereditary office of seneschal or steward of Scotland. His patronymic, Fitzalan, merged in Stewart (later Stuart), and the family cognizance, the *fesse chequy* in azure and argent, represents the Board of Exchange.

The earliest Stewart holdings of land were mainly in Renfrewshire; those of the Bruces were in Annandale. These two Anglo-Norman houses between them were to found the Stewart dynasty.

We have not space to disentangle the intricacies of David's first great domestic struggles. Briefly, there was eternal dispeace caused by the Celts, headed by claimants to the throne, the MacHeths, representing the rights of Lulach, the ward of Macbeth. Lord Reay represents these MacHeths or MacKays.

In 1130 the Celts were defeated and their leader, Angus, Earl of Moray, fell in fight near the North Esk, in Forfarshire. His brother, Malcolm, by aid of David's Anglo-Norman friends, was taken and imprisoned in Roxburgh Castle. The result of this rising was that David declared the great ancient Celtic Earldom of Moary—the home of his dynastic Celtic rivals—forfeit to the crown. He planted the region with English, Anglo-Norman and Lowland landholders, a great step in the Angli-

cization of his kingdom. Thereafter, for several centuries, the strength of the Celts lay in the west, in Mordart, Knoydart,, Movar, Mamore, Lochaber, and Kintyre and in the Western Islands, which fell into the hands of "the sons of Somerled"—the MacDonalds.

From David's daughter descended the chief claimants to the Scottish throne in 1292, namely Balliol, Bruce and Comyn. The last also was descended in the female line from King Donald Ban, son of Malcolm Canmore.

SCOTLAND BECOMES FEUDAL. The result of the domestic policy of King David was to bring all accessible territory under the political system of western Europe—"The Feudal System." Its principles had been perfectly familiar to Celtic Scotland, but had rested on a body of traditional customs, rather than on written laws and characters signed and decreed. Among the Celts the local tribe had been, theoretically the sole source of property land. In proportion as they were near of kin to the recognized tribal chief, families held lands by a tenure of three generations. If they managed to acquire abundance of oxen, which they let out to poorer men for rents in kind and labor, they were apt to turn the lands which they held only temporarily, in possessing into real permanent property. The poorer tribesmen paid rent in labor or services, also in supplies of food and manure. The Celtic tenants also paid military service to their superiors. The remotest kinsman of each lord of land, poor as they might be, were valued for their swords, and were billeted on the unfree as servile tenants, who gave them free quarters. Under the reign of David, where his rule extended, society was divided into three classes—nobles, free, unfree. His reign is memorable for various reasons. He claimed the right to the English throne for his niece, Mathilda (daughter of Henry I, the rightful heir). The throne was taken by Stephen. David crossed the Border in arms, but was bought off. About 1138 he led his army to Yorkshire, but was defeated after fighting a great battle—"The Battle of the Standard." David founded

numerous abbeys and places of worship, such as Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, Holyrood and Camblenskeneth. He gave crown lands and royal funds lavishly to the Church. He and his successors, till the end of the thirteenth century, made Scotland more civilized, and kept it a much less disturbed country than it was to remain during the War of Independence, while the beautiful abbeys, with their churches and schools, attested a high stage of art and education.—(Condensed from Andrew Lang's History of Scotland.)

"ROUGH-FOOTED" RAIDERS.

Let us see what sort of mounted infantry it was with which the Scots used to raid and invade England.

The practice was begun soon after Bannockburn, when "the good Lord James" Douglas, and Randolph, Earl of Murray, were entrusted by Robert Bruce with the task of harrying and laying waste the northern counties of England. Their soldiers, as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his "Tales of a Grandfather," were about 20,000 in number, all lightly armed and mounted on horses that were but small in height but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision except a bag of oatmeal, and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which when they pleased they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in a coarse way, cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle and fitting them to their ankles like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them "rough-footed Scots," and sometimes from the color of the hide "Redshanks." As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wherever they came, and recrossing the Border with an immense amount of booty before their victims could catch a sight of their heels.—Charles Lowe.

OLD HIGHLAND REGIMENTS

LOUDON'S HIGHLANDERS, 1745-1748.

The unexampled bravery displayed by the Black Watch at Fontenoy convinced the Government that it was of the utmost importance to secure the military services of the Clans, and an authority was accordingly

granted to the Earl of Loudon, who, in a very short space of time, raised a body of 1,250 men, of whom 750 assembled at Inverness and the remainder at Perth. The Colonel of the Regiment was the Earl of Loudon, and the Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyll.)

Before the Regiment was properly disciplined, the "Rising of 45" broke out, and the communications between the two bodies at Perth and Inverness were cut off. They were therefore, obliged to act separately, and it was considered fortunate that the Regiment had been raised, for many of its members would certainly have joined in the Insurrection, and, as a matter of fact, some of the officers and men actually did go over and throw in their lot with the supporters of the Stuart cause.

Three Companies were taken prisoners* at the battle of Gladsmuir, and three other Companies fought at Culloden, where one officer and six men were killed and two men wounded.

On the 30th May, 1747, the Regiment embarked at Burntisland for Flanders, but it joined the Duke of Cumberland's army too late to take part in the battle of Lafeldt, which was a sore disappointment to the men, who were anxious to distinguish themselves in action. This opportunity, however, soon presented itself, for Marshal Saxe having resolved to attack the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom all available forces, including Loudon's Highlanders, were sent to defend the lines. The fortress was considered impregnable, but the siege was carried on with the utmost vigour for two months, during which time the garrison made many gallant sorties. In one of these the Highlanders sallied forth, sword in hand, and succeeded in destroying the enemy's grand battery, killing so many of them, that their Commander beat a parley, in order to bury his dead. This was refused on the ground that by setting fire to the city with red hot shot the besiegers had outraged the recognized rules of war, and the garrison were resolved in consequence neither to give or ask quarter.

On the night of the 16th September, the besiegers, in an unexpected attack, mounted the breaches which they had succeeded in making, and entering the place established themselves on the ramparts, taking the garrison almost by surprise, so much so indeed that it was even asserted that the aged Governor Cronstrun, rushed to take up command dressed only in his shirt. The possession of the ramparts, now in the besiegers' hands, practically sealed the fate of the town, but the Highlanders assembled in the Market Place and attacked the French with such fury that it was only after calling up reserves that they were slowly beaten off, disputing every inch as they retired, and leaving two-thirds of their number killed and wounded. The other troops had retreated immediately, and the enemy thus became complete masters of the position. Three hundred of the Scotsmen fought their way through, and it

is remarkable that they brought their colors with them, having twice recovered them at the point of the bayonet after the French had taken them.

The Allies felt the loss of the fortress very keenly, for it was well provisioned and large sums had been collected for its defence, and to be presented to the soldiers if they compelled the enemy to raise the siege. Every soldier who carried off a gabion from the enemy received a crown, and some of the Scots are said to have earned no less than ten crowns a day in this kind of service.

After the loss of Bergen-op-Zoom, London's Highlanders joined the Duke of Cumberland's army, and at the peace concluded in 1748 returned to Scotland, and were reduced at Perth in June of that year.

MONTGOMERIE'S HIGHLANDERS, OLD 77TH REGIMENT, 1757-1763.

Acting on the advice of Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt), King George II., in 1757, issued letters of service for the raising of several Highland Regiments, the Minister being convinced that this was the surest means of attaching the Clans to His Majesty's person.

The call was well responded to, and even those who had been most devoted to the Stuart cause, Frasers, Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and Macphersons came forward eager to be enlisted.

The Hon. Archibald Montgomerie, son of the Earl of Eglinton, soon raised and was given command of a Regiment of 1,460 men, who became known as Montgomerie's Highlanders.

The Regiment embarked at Greenock for Halifax, and at the outbreak of hostilities in 1758 joined the command of Brigadier General Forbes, who had been ordered to proceed with 6,250 men to take Fort DuQuesne. Having reached Raystown, some 90 miles from the Fort, the Brigadier sent forward Colonel Bouquet with 2,000 men to occupy Loyal Henning, some forty miles further on. Arrived there, this officer in turn sent forward Major Grant of Montgomerie's Highlanders with 400 of his own men and 500 Irregulars to reconnoitre. This latter officer would seem to have been possessed of little military genius or native caution, for on coming within sight of the position he at once advanced with pipes playing and drums beating. The enemy marched out and gave battle without the slightest hesitation, but the Highlanders, discarding their equipment and coats, delivered a furious onslaught and scattered them.

They soon rallied, however, and being joined by Indians, and favored by the thickly wooded country, they commenced a kind of guerilla attack on the British, succeeded in surrounding the whole force, and inflicted such a severe defeat on them that only one hundred and fifty escaped to join the main body. No less than two hundred and thirty-one of the Highlanders were lost in this unfortunate engagement. The main force

having now advanced, the enemy at once withdrew, and General Forbes took possession of the Fort and renamed it Pittsburg in honor of Mr. Pitt.

The Regiment remained at Pittsburg till May of 1759, when they took part at the Operations at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, under the command of General Amherst. In these operations they were associated with the Black Watch; but the opposition was feeble, and no severe fighting took place.

After having taken part in an expedition to chastise the Cerokee Indians, the Regiment were called on to send six companies to form part of the expedition sent to capture Dominique. On the way thither one of the transports carrying Montgomerie's Highlanders fought a successful action with a French privateer. The force arrived off Dominique on the 6th of June, 1761; troops were at once landed, and after a feeble show of resistance the Governor surrendered.

In 1762, Montgomerie's Highlanders took part in the expedition against Martinique and Havana, but saw little fighting and suffered only trifling losses. At the conclusion of these operations they returned to New York. Here they were rejoined by the remaining two Companies, who had in the meantime been employed with the force occupied in the investment of St. John's, Newfoundland, which the French surrendered to General Amherst without much resistance.

The whole Regiment, having wintered at New York, were in the summer of 1763 called on to supply a detachment to accompany the force sent to relieve Fort Pitt, which was besieged by Indians. This was accomplished after several sharp engagements.

At the termination of hostilities an offer was made to the officers and men either to settle in America and receive a grant of land, or to return to Scotland. On the outbreak of the American War, a number of those who had remained joined the Royal Standard, and formed a corps which was included in the 84th Regiment.—(London Scottish Gazette).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EARLY SCOTTISH HISTORIANS.

JOHN FORDUN, 1384. Little is known of his birth or death. He was a native of Fordun, Kincardineshire, in which town he wrote his *History of Scotland*. He was a priest and a chaplain in the Cathedral of Aberdeen. He was the first to attempt to write a continuous history of his country, all previous efforts having resulted in brief chronicles and sketches. It is recorded that after the destruction of the national records of *Scottish History*, that John Fordun, desiring to repair the loss, wandered like a "curious bee" with his manuscript in his breast, in search of material for his history. This journey took place between 1363 and 1384. Before his work was completed death intervened and it was left for Bower to finish the work of John of Fordun's *Chronicle of the Scottish Nation*.

WALTER BOWER, 1385, was born at Haddington and at the age of eighteen was a priest. In 1418, he was Abbot of Inchcolm. In his translation of Fordun's *Chronicles of Scotland* he made many additions and interpolations. The date of his death is not known.

SIR JAMES BALFOUR (1657), was born near the close of the sixteenth century, the eldest son of Michael Balfour, laird of Fiffe. He spent many years in travel and was a friend of the distinguished antiquarian, Sir Robert Cotton, and of many other noted men. Balfour was created Lord Lure, King at Aems in 1630, by Charles I. He was a collector of documents relative to heraldry and author of many valuable pamphlets. Balfour's *Annals and Short Passages of State* after two centuries of obscurity in manuscript, were published in 1825, by James Haig of the Advocate's Library. His history of the Picts is a valuable production. He died in 1657.

HECTOR BOECE (1465-1536), was born in 1465, at Dundee, where he began his education, and afterwards continued in Aberdeen and Paris. In 1497, he was professor of Philosophy in the College of Montacute. In 1500, he became principal of King's College, Aberdeen, which he filled with dignity and honor. During his residence at the college, he wrote "*The History and Chronicles of Scotland*," which was published in 1526. He was one of the most noted Latin scholars of his time. He died in 1536.

JAMES ANDERSON (1662-1728), was a noted Scottish scholar, educated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1705, he published a Historical Essay, showing that the Scottish Crown and Kingdom is imperial and independent. In 1727 he published collections relating to the history of Queen Mary.

JOHN MAJOR (1469-1549), was born at Glenghornie, North Berwick; he graduated as D. D. at Paris in 1505. He also studied at Cambridge and was one of the best scholars in France and Europe, and was regarded as the "Veritable Chief of the Scholastic Philosophy," and also as a "Prince of the Paris Divines." Among his pupils were George Buchanan and John Knox. Major's History, by which he is best remembered, was printed in Paris in 1521, and reprinted at Edinburgh in 1740. He was the first author of fame to advocate the union of England and Scotland. He died in 1549.

GEORGE BUCHANAN (1506-1582, was born at Drumnakill, and was a graduate of St. Andrew's. He was employed by Queen Mary, as her literary adviser, and was later given charge of the education of her son, James VI., of Scotland, and I, of England. He was the author of many essays and poems. He was one of the most distinguished writers and scholars of his time. His History of Scotland is his best known work.

INNES COSMO (1798-1874), was born at the old Manor House of Davess on Deeside. He studied at the Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow, and afterwards at Balliol Col-

lege Oxford. In 1822, he became an advocate at the Scottish bar, and in 1830, assisted in arranging the documents in the Register House, and was noted as an authority on history. He died in 1874.

THOMAS INNES (1662-1744), was born at Drumgask, Aberdeen. He went to Paris in 1677, where he studied for the priesthood. In 1624, he returned to Scotland in search of material for the *Early History of the Church of Scotland*. His chief work was his critical essays. He died in 1744.

JAMES LOGAN (1794-1872), was born and educated in Aberdeen. In 1831, his "*Scottish Gael-Celtic Manners*" was published in two volumes. His "*Scottish Gael*" is an acknowledged authority on the characteristics, history and literature of the Celt in Scotland. Mr. Logan died in 1872.

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR (1754-1835), was born at Thurso Castle, Caithness. He studied at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Oxford. He was elected to Parliament in 1790, 1802, 1807. He was the founder of the Agricultural Society of Scotland and compiler of the "Statistical Accounts of Scotland," a work upon which he spent many years of labor. He died in 1835.

JOHN SPOTSWOOD (1565-1639). He became archbishop of St. Andrew's in 1615, and was made Primate of Scotland. His great work was the *History of the Church in Scotland*, which made a favorable impression. He died in London in 1639.

WILLIAM F. SKENE (1809-1892), graduated from the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's as advocate. In 1837, he won the prize offered by a London society in the "*Highlanders of Scotland*." In 1876, he published the first volume of *Celtic Scotland*, and in 1867, he published *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*. When John Hill Burton (the author of the History of Scotland) died in 1881, Skene was appointed to the position left vacant by him—Historiographer Royal of Scotland. Skene died in 1892.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), was born in Edinburgh. He was an advocate by profession. As a writer of fiction poetry and history, he is unsurpassed. "The greatest of all war poets. His poetry might make a very coward fearless." "Pibroch of Donail Dhu" "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," "Hail to the Chief," "MacGregor's Gathering," "Loch-invar," are among the most wonderful songs ever published.

E. W. ROBERTSON. After graduating at Oxford in 1833, he began to study Scottish history; his work on Scotland under early Kings, published in 1862, is a book of great research and merit.

JOHN PINKERTON (1758-1825) is widely known as a historian and Critic (Condensed from Gregg's "Controversial Issues on Scottish History").

David Livingstone

A century shall have expired on the 19th of this month since David Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, was born at the Village of Blantyre, about seven miles from Glasgow. Very properly this anniversary will not be permitted to pass unnoticed, and various religious bodies and geographical societies purpose celebrating the event in a manner somewhat commensurate with the fame and achievements of a man so essentially great. The Royal Geographical Society will hold a special meeting in honor of Dr. Livingstone, in London, on March 17th, when Sir Henry Johnston, the noted African explorer and administrator, is to deliver an address, and Sir John Kirk, the only surviving companion of Livingstone on his expedition of 1858-'64, is expected to be present.

Dr. David Livingstone was of distinguished Highland descent and could trace his origin back to the Barons of Bachuill, of Lismore. The Gaelic form of the name Livingstone, is Mac-an-leigh, (son of the physician), but how it became anglicised is a matter of doubt.

His ancestor, not far removed, Neil Livingstone, son of the Baron of Bachuill, joined the army of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and was in the rising of 1745. He escaped the disasters of Culloden, and made his way home to Bachuill. But Lismore was not a safe asylum, being the country of the Campbells, and the parish of the Rev. John MacAulay. This John MacAulay, who had been minister of South Uist, was the grandfather of Lord Macaulay, and like his father in Harris, the Rev. Aulay MacAulay, he made himself obnoxious by trying to secure the Prince. Neil Livingstone crossed from Lismore to Morven, and after a time from Morven to Mull, and finally from Mull to the small island of Ulva, adjoining.

Donald Livingstone, the son of Neil Livingstone, was in the local Fencibles of his day. During the annual drills at Oban and Stirling, he made the acquaintance of his namesake and distant kinswoman, Catherine Livingstone, whose father was a farmer at Bailemore, in Kerrara, opposite Oban. When his regiment was

finally disbanded, Donald Livingstone married Catherine and brought her home with him to Ulva. Things, however, did not



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

prosper in Ulva with the young people, and after a time they removed to Blantyre, on the Clyde. Donald Livingstone had a son, Neil, the father of David Livingstone, the subject of our sketch, who was destined to attain world-wide celebrity for qualities and achievements, which place him among the noblest of our race.

Both of Dr. Livingstone's parents were pious God fearing people, and in the humble home of his youth, he was reared in habits of industry and to love goodness and truth. He had the characteristic Scottish love for his parents and their memory was ever precious to him.

Early in life he was engaged as piecer in a cotton factory, and still later he became a spinner. When nine years old he received a New Testament for repeating the 119th Psalm. With the first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's Rudi-

ments of Latin. He snatched sentences of his lessons through the day, and from eight to twelve he studied at home, until his mother seized the book from his hand and forced him to retire. His thirst for reading was very great, and he devoured everything he could reach, except novels, and they were forbidden.

Still working as a spinner in the summer, he began the study of medicine and divinity in the University of Glasgow in the winter term, meanwhile, as he said, "picking up as much of carpentry and other useful trades as possible to prepare himself for his future life." After his acceptance by the London Missionary Society in 1838, he resumed the study of theology, medicine and science in London for two years, and then qualified and took his degree in medicine at the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow.

His first desire was to labor in China, but it was decided that he should go to Africa, and on December 8, 1840, he sailed for Cape Town. Thence he proceeded to Kuruman, the station of Dr. Moffat and Hamilton, visited the Bechuana country, and at Mabotsu, in 1843, nearly lost his life in an encounter with a lion.

In 1844 Livingstone married Miss Moffat, daughter of the noted missionary, and with his wife removed to Chonuane, where Shoshele, chief of the Backwains, was captized after undergoing three years instruction. In the meantime the Boers treated him in a hostile manner for teaching the natives, whom they regarded as their property.

With the object of opening up Central Africa to Christianity and commerce, which he believed would end the slave trade, Livingstone started on a tour of discovery, discovered Lake Ngami, and in 1851 he reached the Zambesi river in the heart of Africa, thereby making an important geographical discovery, as the great river had been hitherto supposed to have its source much further to the east. His family having suffered greatly from sickness, he decided to send them to England for two years, while he explored the country for a healthy centre for mission work, and also to trace the Zambesi from its source to the coast, thus opening up a path to the interior. After discovering Victoria Falls and performing other ex-

ploring and missionary work, Dr. Livingstone in March, 1855, arrived in an emaciated condition at the furthest outpost of the Portuguese in Africa, and remained there until he had recuperated. Thence he started for the Indian Ocean, which he reached May 20th, four years after his departure from Cape Town, having traversed the continent from ocean to ocean, and traveled on foot over 11,000 miles.

On December 12th, 1856, he sailed for London, where he was received with enthusiasm and great honor. Severing his connection with the London Missionary Society, he was appointed British Consul for Eastern Africa and the districts of the interior.

Still impelled, however, by his original aim to suppress the slave trade, he led an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. On this exploration he discovered Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa, in 1859, and mapped out a well watered country which he had opened up for missionary settlements. In 1864, he again returned to England, and was urged by Sir Roderick Murchison, to relinquish the missionary work and to give his whole time to exploration. He replied: "I would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary, and do geography by the way."

He next accepted a commission from the Royal Geographical Society to try and discover the watershed of Southern Central Africa, and to determine whether the ultimate sources of the Nile were among the hills or lakes, south of the point where Speke and Grant saw that river flowing from the Victoria Nyanza. He also desired to settle the relation of the Nyassa with the Tanganyika, and before leaving was appointed British consul for Central Africa. On August 8, he reached Lake Nyassa, a well-watered and fertile region, but largely depopulated by slave hunters, the traces of whose barbarities he encountered on his march. Surmounting countless difficulties and hardships, he then proceeded northwards, and sighted Tanganyika in April 1867. Wasted by fever, and weakened by dysentery, he was here obliged to rest, but on his recovery, he again started with his followers to the West, and succeeded in discovering Lake Moero and Bomba. He then returned to Tanganyika and reached Ujiji in 1869.

Although disabled by disease, he again struggled westward and eventually reached Nyangwe, an Arab settlement, the western limit of his explorations of Luahala. He then started on his return journey of 600 miles to Ujiji, but misfortune dogged his footsteps, and when he arrived at his destination, about November 1, 1871, he was in desperate straits, and to make matters worse he found that his caravan had been disbanded and his goods sold by the chief. It was here, on November 10, 1871, that he was found by the Welsh explorer, Henry M. Stanley, who had been commissioned by the New York Herald, in 1869, to set out for Africa and head an expedition to discover, and if necessary extricate and relieve Livingstone.

At the end of the year they traveled together to Unyamwebe, where they parted in March, 1873. Sir Henry M. Stanley, in his auto-biography, gives a most interesting account of this parting, between the two famous explorers. In the August following, Livingstone, in renewed health and spirits started on a fresh exploration of the river system of the Zambesi,

convinced that it would prove to be the head waters of the Nile; but overcome by hardships and by sickness resulting from the climate, he died at Ilala, beyond Lake Bemba, on May 1, 1873.

His faithful followers, after embalming his body as well as they could, buried his heart under a mvulu tree, in the district where the Congo takes its rise, and bearing the remains, wrapped in calico and bark, they carried it with all his papers and instruments to Zanzibar, a year's journey, whence it was shipped to England and interred in Westminster Abbey. The British Government bore the whole cost of the interment and the accompanying ceremonies.

Dr. Livingstone's manner was irresistibly winning and with a fund of genuine humor and fun that would break out on the most unlikely occasions, and which enabled him to overcome difficulties and placate refractory chiefs when all other methods failed. Personally he was a pure and tender hearted man and full of human sympathy. The motto of his life was the advice he gave to some school children in Scotland—"Fear God, and work hard"

George Washington, the Patriot

BY JAMES LAW, M. D.

Washington's early ancestors were not English, but French, who were powerful knights of the north of France. When the Duke of Normandy conceived the ambition of being king of England, among those who responded to his call was an ancestor of George Washington, of the name of William De Hertburn. The famous "Doomsday Book," records that William De Hertburn be entered and that William the Conqueror reward him for his faithful services, and give him the estates of Wessyngton. The estate known as Wessyngton was so spelled, and officially entered as Wessyngton, the proprietors assuming the same name. Then later again it is recorded as Washington, the owners taking the same name as the property. The proprietors became known as John, William, Lawrence, Robert and Nicholas De

Washington. Finally the heraldic shield and the prefix "De" was dropped, and the modern spelling prevailed.

The Washingtons were prominent in the military and civic life of England. In the days of Henry the 8th, Washington sided with the king, and later confiscated the monasteries, convents and Churches of the Roman Catholic Church, which brought to the Washingtons the estate of Sulgrave, which for over one hundred years they ruled. So we see that Washington had a very distinguished pedigree, reaching far back to the noble knights of Normandy. A decline came to the family, for in 1620 the year that the Pilgrims set sail for America, the Washingtons were forced from their residence and Sulgrave estates, and took up their abode in Brighton with minor manors and holdings. The loss of

lands were in a measure counteracted by the marriage of a Sir William Washington to a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, bringing about a new alliance, and affiliations, which made Washington possible for America, and ultimately to the rearing of George Washington to be the military leader of the colonies, and eventually the first President of the United States. The marriage brought the Washingtons into direct domestic and social relationship with the Court; and with the prominent king and his powerful influence. The Washingtons performed heroic services for the king; but Cromwell became powerful and victorious. England got too hot for them and they fled to America. George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732.

His father died while he was a child. His mother, Mary Ball, gave him an admirable training. He had little of actual schooling, save such as made him a practical surveyor. He spelt badly, but he could count well. He wrote poor verse, but was careful to copy out fifty "rules of conduct," tamed wild and fiery horses, and admonished his unruly school mates. He was fond of all out door sports and showed ever a dutiful regard to his mother, who kept him under her influence. At sixteen he surveyed the lands of Lord Fairfax. He gained a reputation for sobriety, and prudence, and respect from the savage tribes, and officials of Williamsburg. His early manhood was spent in the kind of work that best fitted him for higher duties. He rose rapidly and in a few years was made adjutant-general. In 1753 he was sent on a trying mission by the Governor of Ohio, which had many dangers and difficulties, but which was so well performed that it won for him great praise and many honors. When the Revolution clouds began to gather he declared at Williamsburg in 1774 that he was ready to raise one thousand men, and support them at his own expense; and to march to the relief of Boston. A few weeks later he went to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, and was ready to give his life for his country. In his modesty he left the Chamber when John Adams nominated him as the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, which he accepted with only his expenses,

and no pay, saying that he was unworthy of such high honor.

As one traces the long weary years now in the sunlight of a finished work of all the struggles and conflicts from July 3rd, 1775 till December, 1783, in the light of this finished work, it is clearly seen that the wise hand of Providence marked out the destiny of this great Republic. Only his loyalty, his consecrated patriotism could sustain him in his single purpose of freedom for the oppressed nation. *Liberty!* was his watch word, and guiding star. Washington was endowed with great common sense. He was no master of style, but certainly in directness and vigor of phrase, in patriotic purpose, he was a master. For insight, his circular letter to the Governors of the States, June 30th, 1783, is unsurpassed among the political documents of the world. He created the American army, fought the British Generals, Howe Burgoyne, Clinton, and Cornwallis with varying results, till finally he surrounded Cornwallis and compelled him to capitulate.

This country is chiefly indebted to him for the independence which was secured to it by the treaty of peace concluded in 1783. His closest friend said of him that "he was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. He was indeed a wise, a good, and a great man." Soon after Washington resigned his commission to Congress, he returned to his seat in Mount Vernon, and became the farmer. He attended the Convention of 1789, and was chosen President and inaugurated in New York, April 30th, 1789; and for a second term held office till 1797.

When once again called to be Commander-in-Chief while difficulties were threatened with Fraser, on December 12, 1799, he was exposed while in the saddle for several hours, to cold and snow; he was attacked with acute laryngitis, and died on December 14th, so at last, giving his life for his country.

It may not be out of place for me as a Scotchman, to say a few words about some of the Scots that helped Washington during Revolutionary times. None were more conspicuous than Dr. Witherspoon. Walpole gave him the entire blame for the Revolution, saying, "Our cousins in Amer-

ica have run away with a Presbyterian parson." Witherspoon said at a critical moment, "To hesitate now is to consent to our slavery." Several Scottish writers claim that half of Washington's Generals were of Scotch descent, among some of the most eminent there can be no doubt of such names as: Alexander McDougall, Lachlan McIntosh, Hugh Mercer, Arthur St. Clair, William Alexander, known as Lord Stirling and Robert Erskine, Washington's personal friend. Alexander Murray was a sailor who served with credit in the Revolution; and who afterwards commanded the Constellation. Most notable, and standing forth as a great figure is *Paul Jones*—most famous of old time American sea fighters. He was a Scotch laddie of thirteen, when he landed in

America, and he has left a name that will be honored for all time.

Of the four men that formed Washington's cabinet, three of them were of Scottish descent: Knox, Randolph and Hamilton! The last named won a reputation for constructive statesmanship, which the lapse of time has only made greater instead of less; leaving a name, and fame, that will last as long as the Constitution of the United States will last.

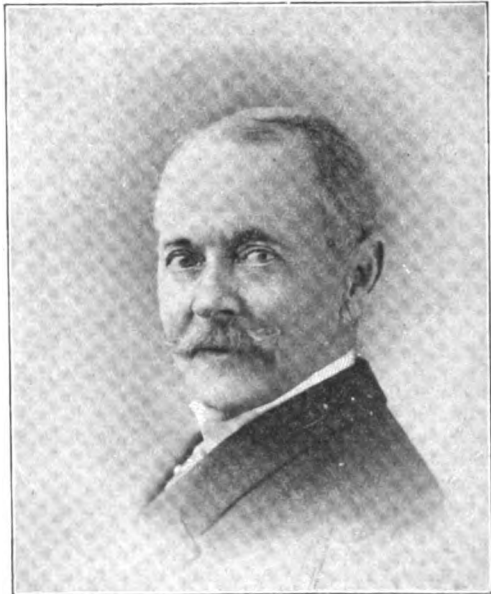
NOTE.—This address was delivered by Dr. Law before the Loyal Association of the Royal Arcanum of New York, February 18th. Dr. Law is well known in Scottish circles, having been for twenty years physician of Clan MacDuff, and is also first vice president of the Scottish Home Rule Association.

James B. Hammond

The Inventor of the Hammond Typewriter.

Mr. James B. Hammond died on January 27th, 1913, at St. Augustine, Florida, in his seventy-fourth year. His funeral service was conducted at Union Theological Seminary, New York, of which he was a graduate, and he was buried on January 31st.

Mr. Hammond was born in Boston, April, 1839, and his ancestors on both sides were among the first colonists of Massachusetts, and were identified with the first Puritan Church in Boston, as early as 1639. He was a good student, and showed his ability by winning the Franklin Medal at the Mother School when only twelve years of age. He attended the Boston High School, and is a graduate of Phillips Academy, at Andover, where his name is enrolled among other distinguished scholars and great inventors. He was graduated from the University of Vermont with honors in 1861. While in college he studied shorthand, in which he became an expert, and his work in this connection finally led to his great invention. He spent some time as a reporter for the Boston Traveler and New York World, and later accepted a position as war correspondent for the New York Tribune. His adventures during this time were very thrilling, and he had several narrow escapes.



JAMES HAMMOND.

After the war, he took a full course at

Union Theological Seminary, New York, and later studied at the University of Halle, Germany. In some way he was diverted from his plans of entering the ministry, and began business.

Mr. Hammond had utilized his knowledge of stenography in his literary work; the waste of time and strength in writing out his shorthand notes suggested the idea of a mechanical substitute for chirography; and this necessity was the mother of his invention. Although the range of his studies had included mechanics, he had no practical experience in the use of tools or skill in mechanical construction. Yet the idea of creating a labor-saving substitute for penmanship had been revolving in his mind for years before putting it into practice, and before he had any knowledge of the efforts of others with a similar aim. When the mechanical problem had taken possession of his mind, he resolved to follow it to the end. For fifteen years he struggled against discouragements and disappointments that would have made a weaker man give up in despair.

With abiding faith in the ultimate usefulness of the machine he had already constructed in his mind, he persevered with his experiments, involving intricate details and marvelous patience.

The first official public appearance of the Hammond was in the winter of 1884-85, at the New Orleans Centennial Exposition, where it came in competition with the Remington and the Caligraph, and carried off the honors by winning the gold medal. Since then its competitive trials have been a succession of triumphs. It has fairly won the medals received from all the important expositions at home and abroad. Perhaps the most significant of these was the Elliott Cresson gold medal bestowed by the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, after a critical examination of the different styles of standard machines on the market. This award was conferred at the instance of the Committee on Science and the Arts, whose elaborate report in conclusion stated: "Celerity and certainty of operation, perfection of alignment, and great durability in service are meritorious features which the Hammond machine possesses in an eminent degree, and the sub-committee commend it as the best type-writing machine that has come to their knowledge. The committee believe that the invention of the impression and feeding mechanism, and especially of the unique principle of letter selection, as well as the perfection attained in the construction of this instrument, are deserving of the highest award in the gift of the institute."

Mr. Hammond's death occurred when he was about to give the public the Multiplex Hammond, which he expected to be his greatest success. His estate is valued at three million dollars. Dr. Neal D. Becker succeeds Mr. Hammond as president of the company.

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waste of waters. Savage tribes and more savage religions, warred with each other, so that the progress of civilization was next to impossible. It was then that Englishmen determined, if it were possible, that Egypt should be restored to something of her former glory as an agricultural nation. Englishmen came to be the chief advisers of the Khedive, who is progressive in all his tendencies, and Englishmen made it plain to the Sultan of Turkey that misrule must cease in the land.

The Assuan dam, one of the mightiest in the world, was planned to control the waters of the Nile, and was built through the genius of English workmanship. Thousands of acres of land were redeemed from waste, and modern methods of farming introduced upon them. Intelligent young Egyptians were taken by English teachers and educated as to how to care for the land. Where the sands of the deserts had uselessly blown for years, green-hued farms crept in and the lion and predatory Bedouins disappeared.

Modern steam vessels were placed upon the Nile, and modern railways built upon the land. In doing all this there was some physical conflict, notably that which ended in the death of Chinese Gordon at the siege of Khartum, but the battling was not as severe as it has been in many other instances. With reasonable rapidity the Egyptians came to see that the way England was opening for them was the right one, and today the nation is making as rapid strides forward as any section of hitherto unconquerable Africa.

Of the situation Lord Charles Beresford said to me some years ago, when he was traveling in the United States:

"England has taken the plow, the seed corn and the seed wheat, the schoolbook and the church, with which to conquer and rebuild this wonderful land of Egypt. In richness of soil it is one of the most wonderful spots on the globe; its supply of natural water can hardly be excelled; the cheapness with which large crops can be produced is extraordinary; the beauty of the skies and sunsets, the mildness of the climate can hardly be described.

"Much of our present modern civilization originated in ancient Egypt, although I by no means believe that it was the original cradle of the world. But in surgery, astronomy, mathematics, control of water, engineering feats, the old Egypt was a stupendous land, and we of this day owe much to it. The descendants of these old Egyptians are bright and kindly and they have taken well to the advent of the white man and his way of doing things. Within the next one hundred years we will have an entirely new Egypt, in which the genius of the white man and that of the bronze man will have united for better things. In the end, I look for all of Africa to be dominated by white men, and the work will have been brought about through just such methods as England is now using in Egypt."—(H. F. Cable, in "Boys' World").

Children's Tales From Scottish Ballads

THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

"Oh, heard ye of a silly harper,
Wha lang lived in Lochmaben town,
How he did gang to fair England,
To steal King Henry's wanton brown?"

Once upon a time there was an old man in Lochmaben, who made his living by going round the country playing on his harp. He was very old, and very blind, and there was such a simple air about him, that people were inclined to think that he had not all his wits, and they always called him "The silly Lochmaben Harper."

Now Lochmaben is in Dumfriesshire, not very far from the English border, and the old man sometimes took his harp and made long journeys into England, playing at all the houses that he passed on the road.

Once when he returned from one of these journeys, he told everyone how he had seen the English King, King Henry, who happened to be living at that time at a castle in the north of England, and although he thought the King a very fine looking man indeed, he thought far more of a frisky brown horse which his Majesty was riding, and he made up his mind that some day it should be his.

All the people laughed loudly when they heard this, and looked at one another and tapped their foreheads, and said, "poor old man, his brain is a little touched; he grows sillier and sillier"; but the Harper only smiled to himself, and went home to his cottage, where his wife was busy making porridge for his supper.

"Wife," he said, setting down his harp in the corner of the room, "I am going to steal the King of England's brown horse."

"Are you?" said his wife, and she went on stirring the porridge. She knew her husband better than the neighbors did, and she knew that when he said a thing he generally managed to do it.

The old man sat looking into the fire for a long time, and at last said, "I will need a horse with a foal, to help me: if I can find that, I can do it."

"Tush!" said his wife as she lifted the pan from the fire, and poured the boiling porridge carefully into two bowls; "if that

is all that thou needest, the brown horse is thine. Hast forgotten the old gray mare thou left at home in the stable? Whilst thou wert gone, she bore a fine gray foal."

"Ah!" said the old Harper, his eyes kindling, "Is she fond of her foal?"

"Fond of it, say you? I warrant bolts and bars would not keep her from it. Ride thou away on the old mare, and I will keep the foal at home; and I promise thee she will bring home the brown horse as straight as a die, without thy aid, if thou desire it."

"Thou art a clever woman, Janet: thou thinkest of everything," said her husband proudly, as she handed him his bowlful of porridge, and then sat down to sup her own at the other side of the fire, chuckling to herself, partly at her husband's words of praise, and partly at the simplicity of the neighbors, who called him a silly old harper.

Next morning the old man went into the stable, and, taking a halter from the wall, he hid it in his stocking; then he led out his old mare, who neighed and whinnied in distress at having to leave her little foal behind her. Indeed he had some difficulty in getting her to start, for when he had mounted her, and had turned her head along the Carlisle road, she backed, and reared, and sidled, and made such a fuss, that quite a crowd collected around her, crying, "Come and see the silly Harper of Lochmaben start to bring home the King of England's brown horse."

At last the Harper got the mare to start, and he rode, playing on his harp all the time, until he came to the castle where the King of England was. And, as luck would have it, who should come to the gate, just as he arrived, but King Henry himself. Now his Majesty loved music, and the old man really played very well, so he asked him to come into the great hall of the castle, and let all the company hear him play.

At this invitation the Harper jumped

joyously down from his horse, as if to make haste to go in, and then hesitated.

"Nay, but if it please your Majesty," he said humbly, "my old nag is footsore and weary: mayhap there is a stall in your Majesty's stable where she might rest the night."

Now the King loved all animals, and it pleased him that the old man should be so mindful of his beast; and seeing one of the stablemen in the distance, he turned his head and cried carelessly, "Here, sirrah! Take this old man's nag, and put it in a stall in the stable where my own brown horse stands, and see to it that it has a good supper of oats, and a comfortable litter of hay."

Then he led the Harper into the hall where all his nobles were, and I need not tell you that the old man played his very best. He struck up such a merry tune that before long everybody began to dance, and the very servants came creeping to the door to listen. The cooks left their pans, and the chambermaids their dusters, the butlers their pantries; and, best of all, the stablemen came from the stables without remembering to lock the doors.

After a time, when they had all grown weary of dancing, the clever old man began to play such soft, soothing music, that everyone began to nod, and at last fell fast asleep.

He played on for a time, till he was certain that no one was awake, then he laid down his harp, and slipped off his shoes, and stole silently down the broad staircase, smiling to himself as he did so.

With noiseless steps he crept to the stable door, which, as he expected, he found unlocked, and entered, and for one moment he stood looking about him in wonder, for it was the most splendid stable he had ever seen, with thirty horses standing side by side, in one long row. They were all beautiful horses, but the finest of them all was King Henry's favorite brown horse, which he always rode himself.

The old Harper knew it at once, and, quick as thought, he loosed it, and, drawing the halter which he had brought with him out of his stocking, he slipped it over his head.

Then he loosed his old gray mare, and tied the end of the halter to her tail, so

that, wherever she went, the brown horse was bound to follow. He chuckled to himself as he led the two animals out of the stable and across the courtyard, to the great wrought-iron gate, and when he had opened this, he let the old mare go, giving her a good smack on the ribs as he did so. And the old gray mare, remembering her little foal shut up in the stable at home, took off at a gallop, straight across country, over hedges, and ditches, and walls, and fences, pulling the King's brown horse after her at such a rate that he had never even a chance to bite her tail, as he had thought of doing at first, when he was angry at being tied to it.

Although the mare was old, she was very fleet of foot, and before the day broke she was standing with her companion before her master's cottage at Lochmaben. Her stable door was locked, so she began to neigh with all her might, and at last the noise awoke the Harper's wife.

Now the old couple had a little servant girl who slept in the attic, and the old woman called to her sharply. "Get up at once, thou lazy wench; dost thou not hear thy master and his mare at the door?"

The girl did as she was bid, and, dressing herself hastily, went to the door, and looked through the keyhole to see if it were her master. She saw no one there save the gray mare and a strange brown horse.

"Oh mistress, mistress, get up," she cried in astonishment, running to the kitchen. "What do you think has happened? The gray mare has gotten a brown foal." "Hold thy clavers!" retorted the old woman; "methinks thou art blinded by the moonlight, if thou knowest not the difference between a full-grown horse and a two-months'-old foal. Go and look again, and bring me word if 'tis not a brown horse the mare has brought with her."

The girl ran to the door, and presently came back to say that she had been mistaken, and that it was a brown horse, and that all the neighbors were peeping out of their windows to see what the noise was about.

The old woman laughed as she rose and dressed herself, and went out with the girl to help her tie up the two horses.

"'Tis the silly old Harper of Lochmaben they call him," she said to herself, "but I

wonder how many of them would have had the wit to gain a new horse so easily."

Meanwhile at the English castle the Harper had stolen silently back to the hall after he had let the horses loose, and, taking up his harp again, he harped softly until the morning broke, and the sleeping men round him began to awake.

The King and his nobles called loudly for breakfast, and the servants crept hastily away, afraid lest it might come to be known that they had left their work the evening before to listen to the stranger's music.

The cooks went back to their pans and the chambermaids to their dusters and the stablemen and grooms trooped out of doors to look after their horses; but presently they all came rushing back again, helter-skelter, with pale faces, for the stable door had been left open, and the King's favorite brown horse had been stolen, as well as the Harper's old gray mare. For a long time no one dare tell the King, but at last the head stableman ventured upstairs and broke the news to the master of the house and the master of the house told the Lord Chamberlain, and the Lord Chamberlain told the King.

At first his Majesty was very angry, and threatened to dismiss all the grooms, but his attention was soon diverted by the cunning old Harper, who threw down his harp, and pretended to be in great distress.

"I am ruined, I am ruined," he exclaimed, for I lost the gray mare's foal just be-

fore I left Scotland, and I looked to the price of it for rent, and now the old gray mare herself is gone, and how am I to travel about and earn my daily bread without her.

Now the King was very kind-hearted and he was sorry for the poor old man for he believed every word he said, so he clapped him on the back and bade him play some more of his wonderful music, and promised to make up to him for his losses.

Then the wicked old Harper rejoiced, for he knew that his trick had succeeded, and he picked up his harp again, and played so beautifully that the King forgot all about the loss of his favorite horse.

All that day the Harper played to him, and on the morrow, when he would set out for his home, in spite of all his entreaties that he would stay longer, he made his treasurer give him three times the value of his old gray mare, in solid gold, because he said that if his servants had locked the stable door, the mare would not have been stolen, and besides that he gave him the price of this foal, which the wicked man had said that he had lost. "For," said the King, "'tis a pity that such a marvelous harper should lack the money to pay his rent."

Then the cunning old Harper went home a triumph to Lochmaben, and the good King never knew till the end of his life how terribly he had been cheated.

(E. GRIERSON).

From the "Haunts of the Stag" to Australian Plains

ANNIE MACAULAY JAMEISON.

(Continued)

Chapter XXI.

The moon-light lay upon the floor of the room in Lewis, where Black had written. Alma MacIver is sitting there. Presently she heard the now well-beloved step and saw the well known stalwart form of Norman coming along the twilight road from the shore. She joined him, and took his hand. He was thinking in his great tender way, full of pitying love, how pale and beautiful she looked, in the mysterious Lewis evening light that makes steadfast eyes graver and more wistful.

They would all fain have stayed longer

on the island where they enjoyed the twilight night watches, and white flashing lights, such as the "Seven Hunters" on the "Eilean More" and Loch Carloway with Aird Leimisher's flashes every three seconds.

They drove to see the old Bute of Lewis, the northern point of the Hebrides. A light visible nineteen miles, Lloyd's signals, were shown them there, and they heard the fog siren with its blasts high and low in quick succession.

There was no barrier between the Aus-

trallians and the kindness that was pressed upon them from all quarters and highest ranks. For a while they forgot the outer world. In the poorest thatched cottages in the island they saw one book wherein for years the Crofters and fisher men found light and pure nourishment and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in them, the Gaelic version of the Holy Scripture. With rich possession they are at one, praising and blessing God.

In a world-wide sense, they take up the influence of their own "sweet language," at home and all over the world. It lives on in their ears like a music that can never be forgotten by them, the most winning of languages. Somehow, rest and faith came to them all in the silence of Sheila's island. Here, they learned to be content and wait on in the island with William Black's haunting names, near the moon-silvered wash of the waves. Sometimes Alma MacIver sat near the shore, turning it all over in her mind. This was rest; after the tide of life too full for sound or foam, closing her eyes and dreaming of cocoanut trees, and palms and the long swell of the breakers, near India's coral strands. Nothing blotted these spots out. The bitterness they brought Alma would never die, yet she always saw the stars in the infinite of heaven; "God knows all about it," she thought. With this thought an eager light would come into her eyes, her face would change, with an intangible change. "He has his own way of doing things and works them out straight, a deeper, a kinder, safer way," said Alma to herself.

After a long night of sorrow and pain, joy had come to this woman,—her light had broken in the East. What she sowed, she reaped, loving words. They all came back in blessings on herself. In spite of her upbringing and early surroundings there was for years a strong spiritual trait in Alma MacIver's character, she liked to go to the "Blue stone church" not so far from the Butt light, into the solemnity and the peaceful atmosphere. It seemed to her that the souls of the fisher-folks who sat there every Sabbath were lifted up to heaven, like the holy sisters in some convents. But two fishermen came easily back to earth again to be of the earth, earthy for some time.

What rivets of fellowship, these Sabbaths on Sheila's island promote, like the nails that fasten the planks in their fishing boats, they bind securely against the strength of the world and the ocean's waves. The great life designer has fashioned the "style" of it all. They are all working for one common end, fishers and crofters, each has his special task until they slip their cables to greet the unseen and receive their new name.

Much that was soft and gentle spoke to our Australians out of the mouths of Lewis fisher folks, their Biblical training over-

shadows so much with its authority from their birth to their death.

Those people on the shores and crofts are naturally very glad to have among them strangers who know their own common speech. Highlanders all over the world cherish even fragments of it with reverential fondness; it satisfies their outward sense and very often opens their inward sense of worship, which is the far grander result. Their remembrance of early sanctuaries in the green spots in Lewis attunes the mind in other lands to religious thoughts, helping many men over the sea to translate into tangible action and deeds the grand mission of life, making the designer's vision an actual and splendid fact.

CHAPTER XXII.

Men and women who know "Sheila's island" well, find some Crofters' sons in Glasgow's big yards, in lives of industry of an amazing kind where grey hounds of the deep are built and launched. Some of them saw their first yard not far off from "Arnish light" and the "Black Beacon" on the "Seid Rock" serving their time, where keels and mast were made when the master of the yard loved brigs and schooners and he had ideas that quickened into life their success.

With much regret they said good-bye to their island's Billing's gate—the market for the products of the depths of the sea where the steam trawler is both smack and carrier combined.

These sons of the island went away to the carnivals of labor where from morn till night the thud of some colossal steam hammer shakes the earth, and immense furnaces pour molten lava into appointed moulds. They have become workers in iron and steel and brass, in places of mystery, but they know every man's life is a plan of God, a Divine drawing.

Our Australians slept in rooms on Sheila's island, rooms very still, where there was no sound save the quiet purr of the flames in the peat fire and the fall of ash on the hearth. Summer nights there were windless and very quiet, and only the stars looked down upon altars that were never changed, and calm hearts trying to win courage and throwing themselves forward in order that God's plan might be lived with the light of eternity upon broken ways.

The nearing time made Ross and MacIver sad. They had a foretaste on this island of much that weaned them all from spots where the palms lift their fronded heights in the tropical air. They were weaned from it all by this touch of simple life. They felt as though lifted up out of the swirling drift of wordly cares and ambitions, surrounded by sweetness and peace, but the end came quickly for Ross was cabled—"Come home."

You do not know what these words meant to them all, this call summoning the squatter back to life again, but he never faltered and they all believed that a day would dawn

when they must meet again. The eyes of the men were dim with tears when they awakened on that last morning in the Crask home, yes, awakened with the birds and the rays of light. Donald Ross could hear the murmuring of the burn, it came softly on his ear through the morning mist; he listened in perfect resignation, full of manly patience and great and beautiful submission to the Will of God and a very glory smote the sorrow and the loss in parting. His ear caught the chirpings in the "Crask" and the notes of loud warbling melody. From tree to tree and bush to bush there burst forth one universal Scotch song. A chorus of heaven-taught music from the linnet, the black-bird, the lark and the mavis, various notes mingled together, a melody most rich, varied, sweet and even sublime.

Into whatever land the Highlander may wander can he ever forget the "Lark on the Wing," the little speck that rises from the earth and melts away in God's blue sky. Such glorious music filled the air, is this the note of songsters going up from earth or that of angels coming down from above? Australian birds have no such song. Oh! the rich and delicious music made by the birds of Scotland. How the shepherd in the hills and glens is regaled every morning through the long spring and summer with this enchanting music and his eyes drink in the beauties of nature. These are causes that have given our Highlands an old poetic people. Many countries, remarkable for fine scenery, have produced no Burns. The soul has the eye to see what is in nature, else the bodily eye will see but very little.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Even in the silence of some "Good-byes" there can be an arresting magnetism. There is an order of monks who never utter human speech, yet some of them are beloved, above all their fellows. In our dreams we sometimes find rooms with no one in them, our desire force took us there in sleep to rooms that used to be full of an atmosphere of feeling.

The two men who must say "good-bye" sat down before the whisping fire. Norman MacIver bent his face on his hand.

"You must not mind our going," said Donald Ross softly, "these are the partings that cause our lamps of life to burn low. We must bury the pain and husband veneration for things in life that were beyond what we could compass."

Nellie Ross was silent though her hands moved. She was trying to forget the going from the spots for which her heart had hungered, she would have liked to see another Christmas in the world where it seems to be always snowing, when the carols ring out peace and good will. For some reason she tried to look assured and strong. She had a look of grave tenderness that brought contentment to her face. She

knew the softness in her husband's nature, he could suffer and bear and strain, but to-day he was pained for Norman and his faithful service of love.

The sunshine makes plants grow. Alma MacIver's enfolding of Norman's past might not be swift, but he would find her sunshine warm and beautiful, in a paradise of great content. Then the snow would be gone and their spring-time come.

With strong passions usually Highlanders have strong self command. They bear partings and keep still, putting out their hands in a gentle clasp in that divinest gesture of strong men and women's cherishing although the heart answers, but not in words—"O, my friend; my love!"

Some days after saw the Australians out on the deep with a smile on their lips, lest their sadness might seem a reproach to those who were dear to them. The parting darkened their lives, but they held it as too sacred for the eyes of strangers to spy it out, they shrined its memories in their holiest of holies. There was a great deal of strength in Nellie Ross's character; her enthusiasm, her fervent feeling, her imaginative powers, her perseverance, her affections were strong, deep and very lasting. hers was not the ordinary love, warm, but too often evanescent. Hers was the passion of a brainy woman, of fervid affections and impassioned Scotch character, a frank, truthful nature and that candid expression of all, she felt and thought. Donald Ross understood the character of the woman, who was his first and last love. All her thoughts sleeping and waking were with him, since she nestled in his arms and listened to his vows in the golden glory of a happiness unspeakable. Nellie Ross helped her husband to bury his dead, to go forward with recovered strength which would illuminate and reconstruct and inspire.

In the Crask house they found funerals were necessary: things around them that were better to die out; they belonged to a treasured past that was knit into the life story of Donald Ross, Nellie and Norman.

At times, sitting by the peat fire, they looked back at them with lingering eyes; stretching out longing hands to them, for they had built for them the beauty of the days that had been. Pictures of a gracious past, they loved the sweet haze of their vanishing glory; they found it impossible not to give this heritage its full value, but a new picture had to be drawn; they must come out of that past, and it will be made all the more valuable, more precious, ever true and real, since a new task has assumed a royalty, a new day has dawned, and a victory is won.

Nellie Ross's coming to Fay-side braced Norman MacIver for the new race in life. It had to be run: he was released from the fetters of what had been; they could not bide. He was only human, and Nellie Ross knew Norman had borne much.



Scottish Societies



Boston and Vicinity.

Robert E. May, Literary Editor in Charge.

RABBIE—ROBBIE—BOBBIE, OR ROBERT BURNS.

Discussion has arisen in some circles regarding the propriety of indulging in that familiarity which is said to lead to something else, when we allow unquestioned the use of the diminutive, or as some say, the endearative, instead of the plain matter of fact, unromantic, baptismal christian name of Robert, in connection with our poet.

My own name is Robert, and I answer without feeling of annoyance or resentment to Robbie, Robin, Rab, Rob or any other way of ringing the changes 'on my name, but I dislike to hear Burns referred to in public or in private, in speech or in writing, as Rabbie or Robbie Burns.

When a newspaper writer recently asked me whether he should make use of Robbie or Bobbie, when writing an article on the poet, I am afraid I shouted in his ear, "Neither—call him Robert Burns!"

I know of course, that Burns often referred to himself in his writings as Rab, and Robbie and Robin, but he has been honored and in his grave for over one hundred years, so let us refer to him as Robert Burns. The disuse of Rabbie, or Bobbie will not lessen our love for him, while it may increase the respect of the unthinking.

BURNS' CELEBRATION.

Year after year these become more numerous and more largely attended and this year a further innovation has taken root with some of our Burns Clubs.

It has been the custom for years, for many of our St. Andrew's Societies to send friendly greetings to sister societies throughout the country on St. Andrew's Day. Halifax, Fredericton, Vancouver, Detroit, St. Augustine, New York and societies elsewhere, have for years sent congratulatory messages to the Scots Charitable Society, which are usually read at the banquet held in Boston. This year on the anniversary of Burns' birthday, messages were received in Boston from Albany, Colorado Springs, Rutland and Detroit Burns' Clubs.

THE CALEDONIAN CLUB'S CELEBRATION held at Mechanics' Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, January 24th, was attended by 5,000—8,000—10,000—15,000 people, according to the reports published in the Boston Daily Press

the next morning. I helped to count the tickets and know the exact figures, and although none of the reports as published were correct, the attendance was only limited by the capacity of the hall, which is the largest in the city.

All records were broken and more people were present than at any previous celebration held by the Caledonian Club. Every seat was occupied on the floor and in the galleries and rows of people ten deep stood for hours along the sides and back part of the hall. The instrumental part of the program was provided by Teel's Military Band of thirty pieces, and the band and pipers of the Highland Dress Association. Through the kindness of Director Russell, of the Boston Opera Company, Miss Evelyn Scotney and Mr. Howard White, of the Boston and Montreal Grand Opera staff were engaged by the club. Miss Barbara Foster, late of the Glasgow Select Choir, and Mr. Michael Dwyer of Boston, were the other artists, and Miss Nellie's Ferguson's troupe of Highland dancers also contributed to the enjoyment.

Acting Chief James Urquhart delivered the address of welcome and referred in a most touching manner to the great loss sustained by the club, through the sad death of Chief James A. Sinclair. He closed with an eloquent tribute to Robert Burns by quoting the following lines from James Henderson:

"When genius on her fiery wing,
Earthward came to seek her King,
She sought him not, in halls of state
Or midst the wealthy and the great;
She found her King behind the plough,
And placed her wreath around his
brow."

Later in the evening Mayor John F. Fitzgerald delighted the audience by a most pleasing and worthy tribute to the poet, and the people of Scottish birth who had helped so much in the business life of Boston.

THE BRITISH CHARITABLE SOCIETY held their annual Charity Ball in the Hotel Somerset, Wednesday evening, January 29th, and chiefly through the cooperation and support given by the majority of the other British societies in Boston, the financial returns must have been considerable. According to one of the reports published in a Boston paper Scotsmen and Scotswomen were almost

solely in charge of all the features connected therewith. Miss Geraldine Talbot directed the Grand Pageant in costume, which depicted the periods of the Four Queens of England, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria.

THE ANNUAL CURLING BONSPIEL of the United States and Canada was held in the rinks of the Boston Curling Club, at the Arena, and resulted in the winning of the Gordon medal by the Canadian Curlers, by the score of 176 to 137. The cleverest playing of the series was that of the Caledonian Rink of Montreal, which defeated the Caledonians of New York.

SCOTTISH PLAY ACTORS IN BOSTON.

What a revolutionary change has occurred in the make-up and characteristics of the Scottish people during the last quarter of a century in regard to the stage and play-acting. (See how I unwittingly brought in a stage-phrase myself—make-up). During the past month, a company of Scottish players, in a Scottish play have been delighting thousands of people by the marvelous artistic charm of their acting. I have had the pleasure of meeting some of them socially and know that stage life has in no way changed their natural manner nor behavior.

At the Schubert Theatre, Robert Mantell, America's one time leading romantic actor, and now her most talented leading tragedian, has given Shakespearean drama for weeks to most appreciative audiences. Robert Mantell was born in Irvine, Scotland, and some time ago, he and I had a most interesting talk about Irvine, Kilwinning, Eglinton Castle, and other scenes of his boyhood and mine. At that time he had an ambition to produce in America, "The Lady of the Lake," and "Rob Roy," staged in the manner they put it on, at the old Theatre Royal, Glasgow. In view of the theatrical vogue for things Scottish, this would seem a propitious time for the venture.

Cissie Loftus was head-liner at another theatre, and although Cissie was not born in Scotland, her mother Marie Loftus, was a Glasgow woman. Marie Loftus was the Harry Lauder of her generation, the highest salaried serio-comic singer on the variety or vaudeville stage, as it is now called. Cissie Loftus has had a varied career, first as mimic and impersonator at a very youthful age, then as a comic opera star, and next as Henry Irving's leading lady, comic opera again, and now back to vaudeville. She has genius and talent of a very high order, but to me she lacks the wonderful magnetic quality and power of her mother, who years ago used to enthral us by her singing of "Love, Sweet Love Is the Poet's Dream."

At still another theatre, the Musical Gordon Highlanders were head-liners, and as their act is one of the finest and cleanest musical acts in vaudeville, they are first favorites wherever they appear. While they were in Boston last fall, I had done them a favor which they appreciated highly, and

they were generous in their appearances before some of the Scottish societies. The Caledonian Club and Clan MacKenzie No. 2, reciprocated by attending the National Theatre one night in a body. At the moving picture shows, they tell me, Scottish feature acts are among the most popular and frequent.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS."

No sooner had Harry Lauder and his pipers with their public spectacular appearances, left Boston than the much talked of Scottish play of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," made its appearance at the Majestic Theatre, where it has held the stage for six weeks. Owing to the enormous success of the play in New York and the subsequent write-ups which have appeared for over a year in the magazines and in the press, Boston people awaited its coming with eagerness, and for weeks the company has played to crowded houses. While the press and the American people give unstinted praise to the play and the performers, I find the Scottish people, like Scottish people, cautious and careful in their commendations, not always commending even and knowing as I do the unprecedented success the play has met with in London and New York, and the almost universal approval given it by the critics everywhere, I found it hard to analyze my own feelings after I witnessed it the first time. If it had been a Scottish play by a Scottish author and Scottish artists, I may have said something out loud in spite of the critics, but I am reminded of the Scottish farmer servant lass to whom Mrs. Dunlop loaned a copy of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. Mrs. Dunlop expected that the beauty and accuracy of the narrative and the wonderful descriptive power of the poet would appeal so much to the heart and soul of the lassie that she would be overwhelmed with thanks. Not so, however, the lassie had read it faithfully and when she returned it, told Mrs. Dunlop, she didn't see anything very wonderful in that poem, she couldn't say anything different, for it was just what she had seen herself hunders o' times. Perhaps that is how Scottish people now feel about "Bunty" and why other people get such pleasure and delight from its wonderful holding of the mirror up to nature.

THE KILMARNOCK ASSOCIATES held their fourth annual banquet at Deacon Halls, Friday evening, February 21st. Over three hundred people were present when President John Caskie sat down to dinner which was a long-drawn out affair, not because there were so many courses, but from the crowded condition of the hall. The committee were surprised themselves by the popularity of their gathering, and I was also surprised by the number of people I met, who had come from Kilmarnock. After a short speech by the President and the Rev. Dr. Alexander followed by a few vocal selections, the President wisely decided to have the hall cleared to enable the young people to have a dance.

Ayrshire still holds the palm for bonnie lasses, for seldom have I seen at any gathering, a lovelier or sweeter galaxy of youthful budding beauties as were present at this gathering.

THE AMERICAN ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS, held their annual banquet the same evening at another hall in the same building. Royal Chief James Campbell presided, assisted by Royal Secretary Robert Bruce and Royal Chaplain John Withers. Speeches were made by Chief Urquhart and others and after a few songs the hall was also cleared for dancing. It was a more mature class of people who were present here, but they seemed to enjoy themselves as thoroughly, and during intermissions, friendly visits between the two gatherings were indulged in.

THE JOLLY SCOTS. The membership of this organization of young people of both sexes has risen in two months to over one hundred and thirty, showing the need of some of the older societies for giving the young folks more chance for social intercourse.

THOMAS GRIEVE.

Thomas Grieve, of 69 Kilby street, well known in Boston business district because of his big insurance and steamship agency bookings, has joined "The Caledonian's" Boston staff.

Mr. Grieve is a past chief of Clan Ramsay, No. 145, and is connected with almost every other Scottish society in Boston. He has been prominent in the Caledonian Club for nearly twenty years, holding at present the office of First Chieftain. Mr. Grieve will have charge of the subscription and advertising departments, and as he has the reputation of being a persistent and indefatigable worker, his acceptance of this position augurs well for a big increase in the New England circulation of "The Caledonian."

ROBERT E. MAY.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Mr. Editor:

From the shadowy valleys of a long sickness, I am thankfully able once more to take up my devoted work of letter writing to "The Caledonian," and to let you know how the "Quaker City Scots" are moving along in the great "drama of life," with its sorrows and bereavements, its pleasures and enjoyments; and of the former we have had some dark, ghostly visits of late, clouding our hearts for a little in the gloom of despair, but never utterly dispelling the lighter and brighter spirit of the latter; for we know "some must weep while some must play; thus run our varied lives away." But this last year we in Philadelphia have felt the hand of sorrow and bereavement weigh most heavily in the death of the following good men and true Scots: First, Hugh Tulloch, who was a pillar of strength to the Caledonian Club, honorary member of Clan Cameron; and since its inception a worthy cronie of the Tam-o'-Shanter Club. Then John M. Thom, reg-

ular member of all three, and James Croll, for many years faithful and trustworthy treasurer of Clan Cameron. William Martin, another member of the societies just mentioned, and lastly, Samuel Wilkie, in his seventy-ninth year—"a real old Scottish gentleman, and one of the olden kind." He will be missed by the Thistle Club members, who never thought their St. Andrew's supper nights complete without his happy rendering of the auld sang "We'll Be Happy a' Thegither Owre a Wee Drappie o't." These four men were all prominent in Scottish Circles here, deeply mourned and affectionately remembered.

But all these personal bereavements we must own are completely overshadowed in the year's past history, by the international calamities of the Titanic and Antarctic disasters. We should all feel a pride in living in this age exemplifying how men can nobly face death in the extremest circumstances, so fast one great woe treads on another's heel, that "Pathos shivers in the fretful blast." Scott and his companions' sad memoirs will be read and told as long as our language is printed and spoken.

For Science sake they faced a doom
Magnificent in martyrdom.
Hear, their last cry from snow built cairns,
"Like men we die—Protect our bairns."

It is now late in the season to write much about our Burns' anniversaries held here, but his name and fame now may claim all seasons for its own; our Burns Club held their annual supper at Nolan's dining room G. street and Kensington avenue. There was more than the usual attendance and the ladies and gentlemen present had a most enjoyable time, "when the dance gaed thro' the licht ha" in the wee sma' hours of Saturday morning of January 25th.

"The Tam o'Shanter Club celebrated on Saturday evening at Adams restaurant, Broad and Spring Garden, and the attendance was so large the purveyor had to call into requisition an annex room for lack of seating capacity; it was a great and merry night of speech and song; though some of them in the annex felt a little vexed at not hearing it all to the best advantage.

Our Ladies here are all agog preparing for a grand bazaar to be held in Parkway Hall, Broad and Cherry streets on April 3rd, 4th and 5th, the proceeds to go to defray expenses of entertaining the delegates to Royal Clan Convention in August in this city. They are all working like Trojans for this laudable object and I sincerely hope they will have satisfactory results for their strenuous efforts.

On Friday evening, February 21st, the Caledonians will hold their fifty-third annual concert at Tunngemeinde Hall, Broad street and Columbia avenue. They have a fine array of talent in the prospectus—Elizabeth Merson, Scottish soprano; Flora Hardie, Scottish contralto; Henry Gurney, famous

tenor; John G. Anderson, comedian; Ronald G. Mustarde, violinist; Miss Isabel Macklinson and Master Edward Cairns, highland dancers, with Club Highland Guard Pipe Band and Ingham and McGhee's Orchestra. This galaxy of talent should give us a pleasant night's entertainment, and send us home weel pleased and a' contented on the morning of George Washington's Birthday.

PETER MILLER.

BURNS CELEBRATIONS IN DETROIT.

The enormous growth of Detroit in recent years is reflected in the vigorous growth of the local Scottish organizations. Old St. Andrew's has no longer a field all to itself in Scottish matters. Detroit is too big a city to be a one-society town for Scotchmen. St. Andrews, in the sixty-three years of its existence, has done glorious work. Its main object is the grand one of relieving the distressed, and it has done a work which no other society in the city could have done, and it has done that work well.

The recently formed Clan Campbell, No. 206 of the Order of Scottish Clans, fills a gap which was not filled by the older society. In the past three years, hundreds of young Scotchmen have come to our city, attracted by the great automobile industries and others which have given the city a world-wide reputation. These young artisans, many of them without a relative in the country, needed a Clan or similar organization to look after them in case of sickness, providing medical attendance and giving them a weekly allowance; also to give them life insurance at the lowest cost, thus ensuring their loved ones protection without charity in the event of an untimely death. In addition, the members are encouraged to cultivate fond recollections of Scotland and to hold its traditions. That such a society was needed is evidenced by the fact that in less than two years it has a large active membership.

Clan Campbell's Burns Concert and Social was held in St. Andrew's new auditorium, on January 24th, and the large hall, which says much for the wisdom and forethought of the St. Andrew's Building Committee, was filled to capacity. Perhaps the most notable feature of the evening was, in the words of that St. Andrew's veteran, Alexander Watson, the overwhelming majority of young people present. The concert was a grand success, the numbers particularly worth noticing being Mr. Beer's rendition of "The MacGregor's Gathering," and Duncan MacPhail's Highland dancing to the pipe music of good John Sinclair. The grand march, led off by Chief Neil Barr and his estimable lady, and followed by hundreds of the clansmen, their wives and lassies, heralded three hours of the waltz and two-step, intermingled with the dances of Scotland. The only fault that could be found was that there was too much of a crowd. But that can be remedied.

It was left to the Detroit Burns Club to supply the biggest surprise of the week's



E. GOODWILLIE.

Burns Celebrations. This was the first banquet of the local club, held in the Tuller Hotel on the real Burns Night, January 25th. This club was formed but a year ago, but it had *enthusiasm* as its watchword, and nothing can stop the enthusiasm of Burns men. Nearly one hundred sat down to the sumptuous repast, at which, to be sure, the Haggis was featured. The President of the club, Mr. Edward Goodwillie, who has made a name for himself throughout the world as the author of the recently published "World's Memorials of Robert Burns," ably acted as toastmaster, and during the evening Mr. Goodwillie had a surprise sprung on him when Dr. E. B. Smith presented him on behalf of the club with a solid gold link chain and Masonic pendant in recognition of his founding of the Burns Club.

Telegrams and letters of greeting were read from Greenock, Paisley and Elgin, Scotland; Liverpool, England; also Toronto, Colorado Springs, Chicago, Canton (Ohio), Atlanta (Georgia), etc. The greeting from Chicago was in rhyme and was signed by Dr. W. A. Barclay, President of the United Scottish Societies. It follows:

"We're proud o' Robin, like yoursels,
An frae leal hearts true gladness wells,
As once again the day returns
That marks the birth of Robert Burns.

We're rale proud, tae o' that Scots billie,
Dotroit's bricht author chap, Goodwillie,

Wha's book shows hoo a' lands acclaim
Wi' sculptured tributes, Burns' fame.

Lang may ye meet, mid mirth and joy,
As in Chicago, Illinois,
We join wi' ye tae bring tae min'
Dear Scotia's bard and 'Auld Lang Syne'."

Dr. Smith's toast, The Immortal Memory of Burns, was handled magnificently. Dr. Smith paid a high tribute to the work being done by New York's St. Andrew's Society. Dr. P. J. Livingstone's address on "The Scot in America," was scholarly indeed, and his Gaelic verses pleased the Highlanders present. Other toasts were the following: "The King and President," by Mr. J. M. Inverarity, of Windsor, Ont.; "Scotland," by J. P. Broomfield, delivered in verse; "Sister Scottish Societies," by Past Chief A. Mason, responded to by Mr. J. Andrew for St. Andrew's and by Chief Neil Barr for Clan Campbell; "The Press," by Mr. W. S. Duncan; and "The Lassies," delicately handled by Mr. Neil McMillan. Mr. L. F. Blair's recital of "Tam O' Shanter," was grand, while Miss Mary Duncan and Messrs. Beer and Maxlow, contributed appropriate songs.

At the business meeting before the banquet, the following office bearers were elected: President, Wm. Ross; Vice Presidents, J. C. Robertson and J. P. Broomfield. The office of Secretary and Treasurer was left open till next meeting. It was unanimously agreed to raise the membership from thirty to ninety, and no doubt the limit will again soon be reached.

The club is full of life and enthusiasm and the prospects for an early realization of the object in view—the erection of a Burns statue in Detroit the Beautiful—are bright indeed. Mr. William Livingstone, President of the Dime Savings Bank and also of the Great Lakes Carriers' Association, probably the strongest man financially and in a business way in Detroit, has consented to act as honorary treasurer of the Burns statue fund. His name will inspire confidence in the public.

PONTIAC, MICH.

Seven hundred sons and daughters of old Scotia and their friends celebrated the anniversary of Robert Burns in this city on Monday evening, January 27th, at the Light Guard Armory Hall. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Detroit sent a large delegation of its Scottish Highlanders, attired in the Stuart hunting tartan, to share in the celebration. Shortly after eight o'clock, the large company sat down to the sumptuous banquet prepared for the occasion. The program proper began at ten o'clock, with selections by the orchestra and by the pipers' band.

James H. Lynch, City Attorney, was introduced by Dr. R. Y. Ferguson, President of the Burns Society, as toastmaster, who paid an eloquent tribute to the poet. Robert Rankin, of Detroit, rendered with great feeling "The Star of Burns." "Angus MacDon-

ald" was sung by E. F. Blackstone. Rev. Dr. Angus H. Cameron, of Detroit, responded to the toast, "The Memory of Robert Burns." Mrs. Haystead sang "The March of the Highland Brigade." Attorney Ronald Scott Kellie, of Detroit, spoke briefly of the pleasure he had at being present, but felt constrained to shorten his address owing to the lateness of the hour. John Oliver, the proprietor of the Hodges House, clad in Highland costume, from slipper toe to the feather in his jaunty cap, rendered "When I return Again to Scotland." He was given an ovation. The St. Andrew's Highlanders gave a drill exhibition, after which the vast assemblage sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The success of the banquet was due in large part to the untiring efforts of Dr. Ferguson, president of the society; J. F. Miller, vice president; William Miller, secretary and treasurer, and to the chairmen of the following committees and their able corps of assistants: Invitation and reception, Dr. Ferguson; banquet, William Miller; decoration, R. M. Todd; publicity, Frank MacVicar; program, J. F. Miller.

Mr. William Miller, secretary of the Burns Society, represents "The Caledonian" at Pontiac.

LEAD, SOUTH DAKOTA.

On Saturday evening January 25th, the members of Clan Stewart, their families and friends gave a grand social in Society Hall, Lead, in honor of Scotland's poet, Robert Burns.

The gathering was a happy and contented lot of people for they were there to celebrate one whose name is known all over the world where the Scottish tongue is spoken, and as Clan Stewart is the only Scottish Society in South Dakota, those who were present at the gathering had a right to celebrate to their hearts' content. The committee, headed by Mr. P. McIntyre, had arranged a program of special interest. The music, dancing, and recitations were all so good and happily received that the hours passed quickly, and everyone was sorry to part; but the remembrance of the 154th anniversary of Robert Burns will be a lasting one to those who were present.

Past Chief of the Clan, G. M. Heggie, of Terry, made a neat little address of welcome, and also paid a high tribute to the poet, explaining how he came to write "A man's a man for a' that." The speech made everyone feel at home on the instant and after he concluded, Piper Gregor Stewart played a number of selections on the pipes. The selections of the pipes were followed by an old fashioned Scotch quadrille, and nearly everyone in the hall took part.

Mr. Kilminster next favored the gathering with a song, "There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle," and the way the song was sung was a credit to the singer, as well as the song, for it was sung "par excellence," and Mr. Kilminster was encored again and again.

"Alton Water" was most sweetly sung by Miss Dorin Eslick, the sweet voice of the young lady giving an added beauty to the words of the song.

Our Chief, Mr. Robert Kennedy, gave an exhibition of Indian club swinging. The Chief is certainly an expert with the clubs, for it was grand to watch every movement and swing to the time of the music, and it would have bothered a professional to have equalled "Our Chief" through the performance.

Mr. Kilminster again favored the audience with a song, "Bonnie Loch Lomond."



LIZZIE STEWART.

Next in order was "Our Ain Dancer," Miss Lizzie Stewart, daughter of our piper. Gracefully she danced the sword dance, and she certainly took the company by surprise, for we haven't seen anything like it for a long time. It was poetry and motion combined, and the applause Miss Stewart received was well deserved. So, here's to you, Miss Lizzie—"Sound heart, long life and glee!" The next number on the program was a quartette, "Ye Banks and Braes," by Mrs. P. McIntyre, Miss McLaren, Mr. W. Joffries and Mr. P. McIntyre. How beautifully the song was rendered! The interpretation of the words was as clear as the water that runs under the Auld Brig.

Lunch was then announced, and, oh my! what a lunch! It was simply delicious, for everything was home cooked. Oatcakes, shortbread, haggis and scones, tea, coffee,

fruit, and lots of other kinds of cakes. Mrs. T. J. Grier provided the oatcakes, and everyone declared they could not have been improved upon, and were one of the features of the feast.

The first number after the supper had been disposed of was selections of pipe music and Scottish reels by Piper Stewart. Mr. James Miller, of Deadwood, then favored the audience with selections on the violin. "Highland Wreath"—how the heart did beat with joy to hear the old Scottish tunes played by Mr. Miller on his violin.

Mr. P. McIntyre sang a few of Harry Lauder's songs, and the way "Mack" sung them, one would have thought Harry had just dropped down from Scotland "per airship," into Lead, South Dakota.

At the close, the clansmen and their friends joined in dancing "The Flower o' Edinburgh," and then all clasped hands and sang "But we'll meet again some ither night, for auld lang syne."

Mrs. T. J. Grier, on the piano, accompanied all the songs along with Mr. James Miller, on the violin, and their contribution to the enjoyment of the evening was one of the pleasing features of the program. And thus ended one of the greatest gatherings of the clan that has ever been held in Lead.

CERES FIFE.

BURNS CELEBRATION BY CLAN MACLEOD, AT SPOKANE, WASH.

Clan MacLeod and ladies of the Clan Auxiliary celebrated the poet's birthday by a banquet in the Knights of Pythias' Hall, on Friday evening, January 24th. The weather was anything but favorable, there having been a heavy fall of snow, and a thaw having set in that morning, made travelling disagreeable, but the Scotch folk are not easily scared by the weather and turned out in good numbers, upwards of three hundred sitting down to supper, which was served at seven o'clock; and included Haggis and other Scotch dishes, with lots of scones, oatcakes, and shortbread.

During supper, the orchestra discoursed Scotch music. After ample justice had been done to the supper a splendid program of vocal and instrumental music was opened by a stirring selection by the pipe band and was followed by such old favorite songs as "There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle," "The March of the Cameron Men," "Duncan Gray," "Mary of Argyle," "Annie Laurie," "Macgregor's Gathering," "The diels Awa' wi' the Exciseman," "Bonny Leezie Lindsay," and others, which were heartily applauded.

Interspersed with the songs, were selections of Scotch airs on the piano, and readings, mostly Scotch and humorous.

Among the artists were Messrs. R. B. Todd, D. G. Black, James Burt and Clansman A. Strachan and Misses Gladys Harvey and Lillian Robertson. The program was brought to a close by a selection on the bagpipes by

the Lady Piper of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. D. K. MacDonald whose splendid playing of the stirring tunes was received with ringing applause.

A dancing competition for children under twelve years of age was next staged, and brought forth a large number of competitors. The dance was "The Highland Fling," and the judges finally decided that Miss Margaret Brown, who is only five years old, was the best dancer.

The prize, a handsome silver cup, was presented to the winner by Chief Dr. A. D. MacIntyre, who intimated that the Clan would provide another prize to be danced for next year.

Clansman A. Y. Anderson, who acted as chairman in bringing this part of the entertainment to a close, thanked all those who had helped to make the meeting such a success, and intimated that the celebration in 1914 would be held on January 26th, and promised that it would be better than ever.

Dancing was then engaged in, to the strains of the pipe band and the orchestra, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing Auld Lang Syne, everyone being of the opinion that it was the best celebration ever held in Spokane.

BURNS CELEBRATION AT PATERSON, N. J.

The Scots in Paterson, N. J., celebrated the 154th Anniversary of Robert Burns, on Saturday evening, January 25th, at the Hamilton Club. Among the guests at the banquet table were the following gentlemen: Mayor Andrew F. McBride, ex-Judge Francis Scott, Donald McHenry, John Crawford, James Robertson, Richard Lumsden, David McGregor, A. H. Smith, William McKenzie, ex-Mayor of Rutherford, the Rev. Dr. B. Canfield Jones, Congressman-elect Robert G. Bremner, Professor John Phin, James G. Blauvelt, J. Campbell, Hugh Maclean, A. C. Pond, D. C. Goldie, Robert H. Fordyce, A. S. Dodds, W. H. Young, A. Graham, Dr. J. M. Stewart, David Young, Dr. Orville Hagen, C. Newman, W. E. Sinclair, Dr. Robert M. Curtis, Hugh C. Lendrim, Dr. Alexander MacIntosh, Duncan Cameron, Dr. McFadden, John Campbell, Dr. Elias Marsh, John Bentley and J. Mackenzie.

The singing and speeches were of high order. The toastmaster was Judge Francis Scott.

Mayor McBride in a neat little speech, said how pleased he was to be at the dinner and incidentally covering Scotchmen with glory, and winding up with an exordium to every Scotchman to make a good place of Paterson.

The Mayor said he was indebted to Burns, for had that poet not lived, there would have been no birthday dinners and he would have been denied a treat.

The Rev. Dr. Jones was the next speaker.

He spoke of the genius of Burns, and addressed his remarks at the outset to "Brother Americans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Irishmen, and not to Scotchmen."

He aroused much merriment at his stories, particularly when he complained that at every dinner at which parsons were present some one would talk about hell.

"Even Judge Scott has tried to put me between the devil and the deep sea."

In an eloquent address, Dr. Jones pointed out the beauties of the Burns lyrics. The poet was a great man, he said, because he was so human and knew human nature everywhere, and because of this was able to speak a message to mankind. There was no poet such a phrase maker, such a word painter as Burns, said the speaker, quoting lines from "Hallowe'en," which he termed the very perfection of music. The scholarly speech was loudly applauded at its close.

Hugh McLean followed with a spirited song "Hurrah for the Highlands."

Dr. James Stewart, introduced by the toastmaster as "Paterson's Poet Laureate," read a poem written by himself, a choice little morsel entitled "Good Night."

Professor John Phin was the last speaker and in his own inimitable way talked of Burns, poetry, art and other topics, to the delight of the auditors.

Great credit is due to the committee of arrangement, consisting of John Campbell, James Robertson, W. S. Morrison and David Young.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DINNER OF THISTLE LODGE, F. & A. M.

The first annual dinner of Thistle Lodge, No. 900, F. & A. M., of Yonkers, was held at Francfort's Hotel, that city, January 31st. About sixty men were at the tables in the large dining room, and it was a very enjoyable occasion. The menu was excellent.

The program was as follows: "Grand Lodge of the State of New York," proposed by William R. Jackson, Master of the Lodge; responded to by J. Edward Murphy. Song, "Asleep in the Deep," John Malone. "Sister Lodges," proposed by Simpson McPhail; responded to by W. B. Jones, of Rising Star Lodge. Song, Signor Franco. "The Land We Live In," proposed by J. Richardson; responded to by George Mee Master, of Nepphan Lodge. Song, "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," Alexander Bruce. "The Craft," proposed by Brother Murphy; responded to by Rev. D. G. Lawson. Song, "Friar of Orders Gray," J. C. Anderson. "Thistle Lodge," proposed by Fred Hare; responded to by Brother Jackson.

Harry Blackburn was the accompanist for the singers. Past Master Simpson McPhail was presented with a gold watch as a token of appreciation for the services rendered by him while occupying the Master's chair, last year.

Rev. Mr. Lawson read original verses, which made a hit.

Thistle Lodge's officers for 1913 include: William R. Jackson, Master; Robert M. Barr, Senior Warden; Thomas H. Slimmon, Junior Warden; John Ross, Treasurer; Alexander

M. Russell, Secretary; Robert C. Mathieson, Senior Deacon; Alexander Bruce, Junior Deacon.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS.

The New York Scottish Highlanders held their annual concert and social gathering at the Amsterdam Opera House, on Wednesday evening, February 19th. It was a most enthusiastic Scottish assembly, and the artists' performances were of a high order, and the applause and encores were frequent. Miss Flora McIver Craig (soprano), of Toronto, and a native of Inverness, showed herself to be a singer of a high order. Everyone seemed to be delighted with her modest appearance and musical, powerful voice.

Miss Mary Henry, Scottish violinist, proved to be without a rival.

The Hamilton trio, Scottish vocalists, dressed in their kilts, made not only a picturesque appearance, but delightfully entertained the audience.

John Anderson, the comedian, is held by the New York societies as the second Harry Lauder. He is full of humor, and can both sing and dance.

The Forbes Orchestra did its part remarkably well, and the Lion Troupe of dancers was a wonder.

The New York Scottish Highlanders' Pipe and Drum Band, consisting of ten pipers and three drummers, were as attractive and entertaining as they usually are; but when they all appeared with some thirty or more Highlanders dressed in kilts, in the body of the hall, for review, it was a sight not to be forgotten. The committee of arrangements is to be congratulated for the success of the evening's entertainment.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

The Newburgh, N. Y. Scottish Society celebrated Burns' Anniversary on January 29th, in the Academy of Music. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed, and the singers did their part remarkably well.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH CURLERS.

The New York Scottish curlers found the ice at Van Cortlandt Park strong enough on February 6th and 12th to play their annual curling match between themselves, and the Caledonian Club. On the 6th, the New York Scottish Society won by 47 to 17, and on the 12th the victory was assigned to the Caledonian Club.

NEW YORK SCOTTISH CELTIC SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of this society was held in the Caledonian Hall, on Thursday evening.

Mr. Donald Ross presided over a representative gathering of members and their friends. This being installation night, more

than usual interest was taken in the meeting. The following are the officers elected for the current year: President, John MacKay; First Vice President, Donald Ross; Second Vice President, Hugh Gilchrist; Secretary, William Gann; Treasurer, Donald Bain; Financial Secretary, John Cormach; Entertainment Committee, James MacKay, George A. Lambert, John T. Lambert, Kenneth McLean, Mrs. A. M. Campbell, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Mardo Bain, Mrs. Weir, Miss Bessie Irvine, Miss M. Wright.

The installation address was delivered by Mr. Donald Ross, in his usual interesting and happy way. Special reference may be made to the fact that the newly elected President, Mr. John MacKay, has been closely identified with Celtic affairs, ever since the society was organized twenty years ago, and the members are to be congratulated on securing his services as their President.

The social part of the proceedings were most enjoyable. Songs were rendered by the following: Mrs. A. M. Campbell, Miss Annie Irvine, Mr. D. Ross and Mr. Turk.

Miss Jeannie Birnie delighted the audience by playing several stirring marches on the bagpipes, as well as by her exhibitions of dancing. It did "oor hairts" good to see this "bonnie lassie" in her pretty Highland costume, her breast shining with medals, so gracefully play and dance.

This is the first occasion a Lady Piper, played before a Scottish audience in the Caledonian Hall. Selections were also rendered during the evening by Pipers Fraser and Gilchrist. The members propose making their annual Ceilidh, which is to be held in the Caledonian Hall on February 27th, a great success, and preparations are being made towards this end.

WILLIAM GUNN,
Secretary.

ASHTABULA, OHIO.

The Scottish people of this city and vicinity celebrated Burns' Birthday on Friday evening, January 24th, at the K. O. T. M. Hall, Bridge street. The program consisted of songs, addresses and Highland dancing. At the opening, the company joined in singing the One Hundredth Psalm—

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth. His praise
foretell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The New York Caledonian Club will hold their annual concert on March 25th. The following artists have been engaged to take part: Mary Ogilvie, soprano; Mrs. Jones, contralto; Mr. David Robertson, baritone; Mr. Pickhard, humorist; the Lyon Troupe of Dancers, and the New York and S. H. Pipe and Drum Band.

HOW TO JUDGE BAGPIPE PLAYING CONTESTS.

Having attended a few Highland gatherings in this country where bagpipe playing contests were an important feature, and where each piper is good, the judge very often experiences difficulty in awarding the prizes so that the best players will receive their proper place in the prize list. It may sometimes happen that a player of third rate ability receives first honors, and be entitled to such; but in most cases a mistake has been unconsciously made. In order to prevent this, a judge should have a scale of points made out, and criticise carefully each particular movement performed by contestant, and add up total number of points when piper finishes his piece. Judges should adopt the following scale of points, which embraces all the principal articles to observe in bagpipe playing for march, Strathspey and reel, and if noted faithfully a mistake on the part of the judge cannot possibly be made. Any person, whether piper or not, may be able to judge by using his eyes and ears, and this table, and marking points according to his taste.

MARCHES.

	Points
Sound of Pipes and Tuning.....	3
Start, if G., V. G., or Ex.....	1, 2 or 3
Time for Marching.....	2
Clean and Open Playing.....	6
Clean and Crisp Playing.....	8
Execution of Laorbaugh.....	2
Execution of Dirl (little finger).....	6
Lift of Tune (If not draggy).....	4
Carriage and Marching.....	2
Correct finger on each note.....	6
Is piece difficult? (Name of tune).....	5
Has tuning altered? (If not).....	5
Has time altered? (If not).....	5
Finish, if G., V. G. or Ex.....	1, 2 or 3

STRATHSPEY.

	Points
Sound of Pipes and Tuning.....	3
Start, if G., V. G. or Ex.....	1, 2 or 3
Strathspey Time.....	5
Clean and Open Playing.....	6
Clean and Crisp Playing.....	8
Execution of Dirl (little finger).....	6
Position and appearance of Piper.....	5
Correct finger for each note.....	6
Is piece difficult? (Name).....	3
Has Time altered? (If not).....	3
Finish of Strathspey and start of Reel, (If O. K.).....	6
Reel time.....	4
Does Piper show fatigue or carelessness? (If not).....	5
Is piece difficult? (Name).....	5
Is time still O. K?.....	5
Has tuning altered? (If not).....	5
Finish, if G., V. G., or Ex.....	1, 2 or 3

The above table shows maximum number of points when added together, and a piper may have a great deal less, according to the judge's opinion.

PIPE MAJOR JAMES McINTOSH,
N. Y. Scottish Highlander Pipe Band.
(Winner of over 200 prizes.)

CLAN MacKENZIE, No. 29.

New York, Feb. 17, 1913.

"The Caledonian":

The other clans around Greater New York, Long Island and New Jersey are keeping our members so busy at present going to their open meetings, concerts, Burns nights, Lincoln's and Washington's birthday parties, that it is a wonder that they are able to come to our meetings at Terrace Garden at all.

The ladies don't forget to send us invitations to their hat trimming and basket rackets. It would be all right to go to them if they would provide you with a chair to sit on, and a spoon to sup your ice cream, but standin' on yer feet eating ice cream wi' your fingers is really not up-to-date, but we will excuse them this time, as they did not know how very popular they were. Our clan sent a good sized delegation to the Lady MacKenzie installation, and we had our three Guardsmen there—the three longest clansmen in the order—18 feet 9 inches long, dressed in full regalia; but they could not get in. We thought they might make a hit with the ladies, as one is a single chap, but the other two are unfortunates like myself. However, anyone that wants a good look at them, if they come to our concert on April 4th, at Amsterdam Opera House, can see them and judge for themselves.

We have not many on the sick list at present; in fact, I believe I am the sickest o' the lot. It would make anyone sick to meet clansmen every day who have not been to a meeting in years, and other clansmen who accept office in the clan, and don't try to fulfill their duties.

JOHN KIRK, Secretary.

MR. PETER MILLER.

Our readers, not only in Philadelphia, but throughout the country, will be glad to learn that Mr. Peter Miller, of Philadelphia, is now able to resume his work as correspondent and agent for "The Caledonian" in Philadelphia. For nearly a year his eyes have been in such a serious condition that he has been unable to attend to this work. Mr. Miller is not only a gifted writer, but a man greatly beloved.

Mr. Thomas Grieve, 69 Kilby street, Boston, Mass., represents "The Caledonian" in Boston and vicinity. Mr. Grieve is widely known among the Scottish societies in Massachusetts, as a representative of insurance and steamboat agencies. He is first chieftain of the Boston Caledonian Club, and past chief of Clan Ramsay, and treasurer of the Highland Dress Association. We heartily commend him to all Scotsmen.

Mr. Robert E. May, 33 Franklin street, Boston, still continues as literary editor for Boston and vicinity. "The Caledonian" is fortunate in having such representative men.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

To the Editor:

I was pleased to see in February's "Caledonian" a communication from William Webster, J. P., of Edinburgh, in which he sets forth in a very concise way how "Home Rule for Scotland" is being pushed to the front, and by whom, and how they (the Home Rule Council) have struck the keynote when they say a large number of well known people, both ladies and gentlemen, has been secured to go out and speak the news that Scotland wants and must have the privilege of attending to and managing her own home affairs.

The names mentioned must inspire confidence in those who have been for years hoping and praying for the time when the rights of Scotland could be demanded without fear of being sent to jail, as once was the case, and without being considered a secessionist or a traitor. We trust the Council will have abundant success.

The Association of New York is making headway, every meeting showing progress. It has secured a hall at 227 Lenox avenue, where we held our first meeting on January 22d, making it a house-warming, with music, songs, speeches, recitations, refreshments, etc., till a late hour.

We have sent the following greetings to many Scottish societies, to remind them that Scotland still lives.

P. G. JEFFREY, Secretary.

The Scottish Home Rule Association of New York send you best wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year.

That the day may soon come when Scotland once again shall have her own Parliament, is the earnest wish of the sons and daughters of Auld Scotia, who though distant, never forget her.

We would be greatly pleased to hear of your work, and especially what part you are taking in the Home Rule movement.

A Scot's a Scot the world o'er, we'll brithers be for a' that.

Yours in the thought of Scotland Forever,
Marion A. Smith,
Corresponding Secretary.

HARRY LAUDER.

Mr. Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch comedian, had a most successful ten weeks' tour in the Eastern and middle western States, under the auspices of Mr. William Morris, beginning December 23d, in the Broadway Theatre, New York, and closing March 1st at the same place. The enthusiastic reception he received everywhere far exceeded that of former times.

In March Mr. Lauder, accompanied by Mr. Morris, will visit the Southern States, speaking at New Orleans, Jacksonville and other large cities. The trip will be partly for recreation, and is to be made in a private car. The constant speaking twice each day has strained Mr. Lauder's throat, but he has in Mrs. Lauder a most careful and watchful nurse. They expect to return to Scotland in April.

OBITUARY NOTES.

IRENE ELLIOTT BENSON.

Mrs. Irene Elliott Benson died on Thursday, February 6th, at her late residence, 445 West 53rd street, New York, at the age of sixty-three. The funeral service was held at the Church of Zion, West 57th street, on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Benson was a writer of short stories and poems for magazines, and author of several books, among them "The Yellow Princess," "Billy" and "The Jimmyjohn Twins." At the time of her death, Mrs. Benson was engaged in writing a series of Boy Scout and Girl Campfire stories. Mrs. Benson leaves two daughters, Mrs. Walter Scott and Mrs. John T. Fisher.

Mrs. Benson was a contributor to "The Caledonian," and we had the pleasure of reviewing several of her interesting and instructive books.

MRS. JAMES H. MURDOCH.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Murdoch, the beloved wife of James H. Murdoch, of Glassport, Pa., passed away on Monday evening, February 3rd, at the McKeesport hospital, where she recently underwent an operation. The end had been anticipated and members of the family were with her when her spirit departed.

Mrs. Murdoch was born in Jerviston Square, Hamilton, Scotland, and in her girlhood was a dairymaid on the Duke of Hamilton's home farm. In 1880 she came to the United States, residing at Shawnee, O.; and there she was married, in 1884, later removing with her husband to Glassport. Five children were born of the union. One James, is dead. The surviving children are Thomas, assistant superintendent of the Republic Tube mill at Youngstown, O.; Lillie, wife of Emerson Marks, of Glassport; and Robert and John, who live at home.

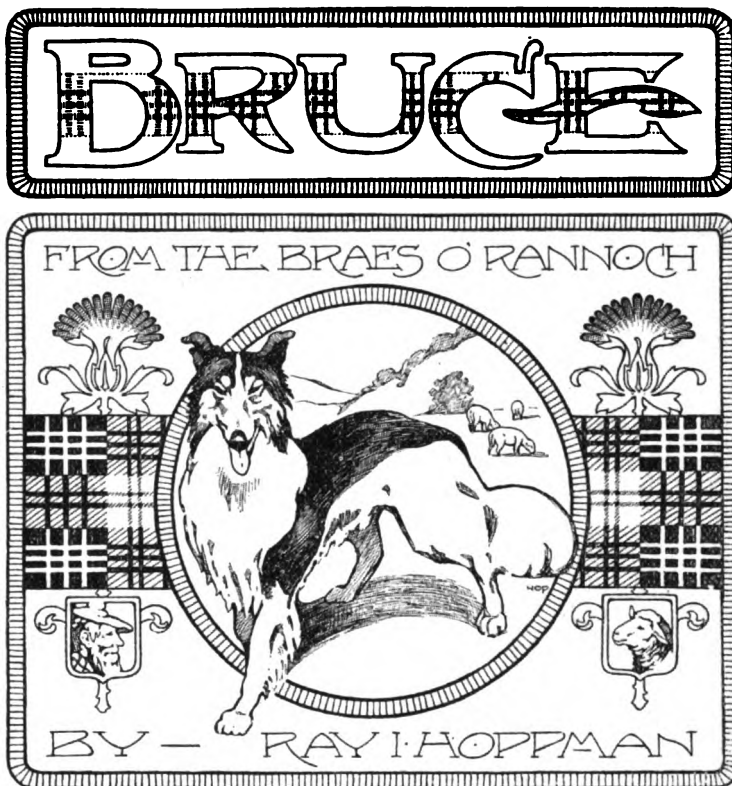
She was reared in the Presbyterian faith, and was a member of the Glassport Presbyterian Church. Her husband is known, not only in this district, but in many parts of the United States as one of the most gifted writers of Scottish poems. A collection of these entitled, "Lays of the Hameland," is treasured in many libraries.

The Rev. Dr. Henry, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, died on Tuesday, February 18th, after a lingering illness. The funeral was conducted in the church where he had been pastor for seventeen years.

MRS. ROBERT CAREY.

Mrs. Carey, the beloved wife of Past Chief Robert Carey, of Clan MacLean, Passaic, N. J., died early last month of pneumonia. Mrs. Carey was an active member of the Daughters of Scotia, and much beloved, and will be greatly missed.

ANDREW MUNRO, bard of Clan MacDonald, died February 23rd, at his home in Brooklyn, Obituary notice in April issue.



In bonnie old Scotland, far over the sea,
Lived the shepherd MacGregor, a collie had
he,

A collie as fine as a collie could be,
Called Bruce—from the braes o' Rannoch.

Now Mac lived alone, on the hill, in a shack,
A hoary old hermit, with bent form and back,
And Mac loved the collie—the collie loved
Mac,

This dog from the braes o' Rannoch.

In times long ago, in days o' the clan,
Each chieftain was watched by his sturdy
henchman,

But no better guard did MacGregor want
than

Bruce—from the braes o' Rannoch.

At dawn o' the day, 'mid the bluebell and
thistle,

When Bruce saw the shepherd, his thick coat
would bristle.

With joy, as he heard the good morning
whistle,

This collie from auld Rannoch.

And at dusk o' day, 'mid the heather and
pine,

That surrounded their shack, would he hap-
pily whine,

As Mac smoked his pipe and sang Auld Lang
Syne,

This Bruce from the braes o' Rannoch.

And oft to his dog would Mac tell the story
Of Wallace, the Campbells and past Scottish
glory,

Then on the bagpipes he'd play Annie Laurie
To his dog from the braes o' Rannoch.

Now, one day, alone, to the town went old
Mac,

With Bruce left in charge o' the sheep and
the shack;

And darkness came on, yet he did not come
back

To his collie from auld Rannoch.

Now thieves came around to steal from the
pack

The best o' the sheep in the absence o' Mac;
But they reckoned not with the dog in the
shack,

With Bruce—from the braes o' Rannoch.

The battle was short that took place in the
shack,

The thieves were surprised at the sudden at-
tack

Of Bruce, and were foiled in their plan to
ransack

By this dog from the braes o' Rannoch.

Now Bruce vowed the robbers must penalty
pay,

And kept them at bay, to their utter dismay,
'Till MacGregor returned at a late hour that
day

To his dog from the braes o' Rannoch.

A jury of shepherds convicted the thieves,
As a warning to them and their lawless col-
leagues;

Thus was caused the defeat o' their sinful in-
trigues

By Bruce—from the braes o' Rannoch.

—Dumb Animals.

DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

OBJECT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

To keep us in ever-loving remembrance of our native land; to assist the Clansmen, and to bring together their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, and women of Scotch descent for "Auld Lang Syne."

Grand Chief Daughter, Mary Middlemas, 170 Kensington St., New Britain, Conn.
 Financial and Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Mary Miller, 378 Church St. Torrington, Conn.
 Treasurer, Miss Janet Duffes, 93 Orchard St., Bridgeport, Conn.

ARGYLE LODGE, NO. 25, D. O. S.

The officers of Argyle Lodge, No. 25 were installed on January 14th, 1913, at Rentschler hall, Harrison; by Grand Deputy, Mrs. Sarah Collins, of Elizabeth. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jeanie Mathers; Sub Chief Daughter, Miss Jeanie Davidson; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Mary Jones; Chaplain, Mrs. Annie Smith; Secretary, Mrs. Helen Proven; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Jessie Wright; Treasurer, Mrs. Marjorie Smith; Conductor, Miss Helen Black; Inside Guard, Mrs. Jeanie Prichard; Outside Guard, Miss Elizabeth Rae; Pianist, Mrs. Mary Buist; Trustees, Mrs. Agnes Jeffrey, Jeanie Mathers and Elizabeth Harkness.

We were pleased to have a number of the Grand Officers with us; also large delegations of sisters from Balmoral, Bonnie Doon, Blue Bell, White Heather and Flora McDonald Lodges, and Clansmen from Clan Campbell, No. 167, O. S. C.

Our Past Deputy, Mrs. Madeline Gordon, of Paterson was presented with a cut glass bowl, and our Chief Daughter, who was re-elected, with a china fern dish. The retiring Sub Chief Daughter, Conductor and Inside Guard, were also remembered with gifts in appreciation for their work in the lodge.

A few short addresses were given by our Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Mitchel of Bonnie Doon Lodge; Past Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson, and Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce; also a few remarks from Chief Harkness, of Clan Campbell.

After refreshments were served, a few songs were rendered by Clansman Boog, Sister Carrie and others, the eve passed pleasantly. In conclusion, I would state that the officers and members of Argyle Lodge are looking forward with great pride to making 1913 their banner year, as it is going to be a great one for them, owing to the convention to be held in Harrison in September.

HELEN PROVEN,
 Secretary.

LADY McLEAN LODGE, NO. 34.

Passaic, N. J., Feb. 19, 1913.

At our meeting of January 28th. we met with sad hearts, as that day we had laid to rest one of our most valued members, Isabella Carrie. and just one week before we had performed the same sad ceremony

for another dear sister, Elizabeth Manning, so it has been an unlucky year to begin with for us, but we trust this will be the last.

On the 29th of January we held an open installation at our hall, Kantor's Auditorium. The hall was filled with the members of Clan McLean, No. 133, O. S. C., and visiting sister lodges and friends.

The installation was conducted in a most beautiful and impressive manner by our Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Sara S. Beveridge, of Kearny, and a full staff of Grand Lodge officers.

The following officers were installed for the ensuing year: Chief Daughter, Frances McLay; Sub-Chief Daughter, Jessie Milligan; Past Chief Daughter, Susan Losh; Chaplain, Mary Nicoll; Recording Secretary, Renie M. Howard; Financial Secretary, Mamie Nichol; Treasurer, Eliza Gadeka; Conductor, Margaret Nicoll; Inside Guardian, Alice Gibb; Outside Guardian, Elizabeth Reid; Pianist, Florence McLay; Trustee for two years, Helen Sutherland; Trustee for three years, Hannah Gibb.

After installation ceremonies, our newly installed Chief Daughter gave a few remarks; also our Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Sara S. Beveridge; Grand Conductor, Sister Mitchell and others. After the business session, all formed a march to the banquet hall, where refreshments were served. We then had a splendid concert of Scotch songs and recitations. We meet now every second and fourth Wednesdays at Junior Mechanics' Hall, corner of Main and Passaic avenues. Will be glad to have sister lodges visit. Cars pass door of hall.

RENIE M. HOWARD,
 Secretary.

LADY GORDON LODGE, NO. 32, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The annual installation of officers of the above lodge took place Thursday evening, January 9th. The installation was conducted by Grand Deputy Mrs. Shaw as Conductor.

It was an open meeting, and a large number of clansmen and friends were present. Refreshments were served, and a social hour was enjoyed by all.

ANNIE CARMICHAEL,
 Secretary.

WHITE HEATHER LODGE, NO. 16.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Since writing you last, we have gained a few and lost a few members, but still keep above one hundred. One of our charter members has left us to make her home in Scotland, and in behalf of the Lodge, Past Chief Daughter Sister Jeanie Murray presented Sister Finlay with a gold locket and chain.

Our Deputy Chief Daughter, Sister Janet Preston, and installing staff, of New Jersey, installed the following officers: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Margaret Cox; Sub-Chief Daughter, Mrs. Euphemia Thomson; Past Chief Daughter, Miss Mary Smart; Chaplain, Mrs. Jean Gibson, re-elected for the eleventh term.; Recording Secretary, Sara Collins, re-elected for the fifth term; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Jennie Broadly; Treasurer, Mrs. Jean Hufton; Conductor, Mrs. Rachel Reddie; Inside Guard, Mrs. Isabell Reynolds; Outside Guard, Mrs. Johana Jackson; Trustee, Mrs. Janet Matson.

Deputy Sister Preston presented the retiring Past Chief Daughter, Sister Mary Smart, with a past chief daughter's pin and jewel.

We are now on the eve of our annual entertainment. It is one of our socials that "White Heather" is noted for, and always draws large crowds.

Wishing all sister lodges a prosperous and harmonious year,

I am fraternally,

SARA W. COLLINS,

Secretary.

HELEN MacGREGOR LODGE, NO. 27

Yonkers, N. Y.

Helen MacGregor Lodge, No. 27, D. O. S., have had two meetings in February, Mrs. Magee, Chief Daughter, presiding. At the meeting on the 4th, two candidates were balloted for, and six new members initiated. Arrangements were made for a valentine party, next meeting.

At the meeting on the 18th, business was curtailed owing to the party, which was very well attended. Valentines were given as souvenirs. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all, part of the success being due to the help given by the Amusement Committee of Clan MacGregor. The Amusement Committee for the year is Mrs. Margaret Vanderwende (Chairman), Mrs. Margaret McBride, Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, Mrs. Janet Orr, Miss Joan Clark, Miss Lizzie Gressick, Miss Mary Craig, Miss Susan Bryce.

SUSAN S. BRYCE.

LADY STEWART LODGE, NO. 14, D. O. S.,
TORRINGTON, CONN.

February 18, 1913.

The regular meeting of Lady Stewart Lodge, No. 14, D. of S., was held in Lower Pythian Hall, January 22nd, and the usual business transacted. Several of the sisters were reported on the sick list. After the meeting closed a grab bag social was held.

A number of Clansmen and friends were present who helped to make the evening an enjoyable one with speeches, songs and piano selections. Games were also played and refreshments served. A neat little sum was netted from the social.

MRS. JEANIE CAMERON,

Correspondent.

LADY MACKENZIE, NO. 31.

New York, February 1, 1913.

The Amusement Committee and a host of friends were entertained by Grand Chaplin Wallace, with the assistance of her charming and talented daughters. It was a double event. Not only was it the anniversary of the birth of the Ayrshire Ploughman 'oor ain Robbie Burns, January 25th, but also the anniversary of our gracious hostess, Sister Wallace. I presume many observations of this day were held, but none could surpass the bounteous spread placed before the many appreciative friends.

"The sisters may travel frae
Harlem tae Bamf and in lots of fine hames
May find solace,
But they never meet hearts more loyal and
true
Than they get when they visit
The Wallace."

The many expressions of friendship were beautiful, the flowers presented by the various sisters a glory.

Past Chief Daughter Robinson started the repast with Burns' grace. The strains of the pipes and huge steaming dish carried and served by Sister Wallace, brought these lines to the many present. The address to the Haggis:

Great Chieftain o' the puddingrace,
Aboon them a' ye tak your place.
Faich tripe or thairm
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

Many speeches were made. Grand Conductor Bruce made a neat speech. Her presence is always pleasing. Her many good wishes for the D. O. S. I know were reciprocated. After the supper we were entertained with song and recitations. A flashlight was taken. I remarked some time ago on the difficulty of surpassing a MacKenzie. Many knowing my qualification as a spae wife will coincide with me.

Royal Deputy Wallace in his greeting of welcome, spoke of the propinquity of the D. O. S. to the O. S. C., which made every heart beat with pleasure. Before departing for our various homes, each and every sister was presented by Sister Wallace with a pretty souvenir of the occasion. The strains of Auld Lang Syne and a Wee Deoch An Dorius, brought a most happy evening to a close.

"Then let us do what gude we can
Though the best are whiles to blame.
For in spite o' riches, rank and land
Lost girls we are a' the same."

HELEN MacGREGOR.

VICTORIA LODGE, NO. 1

New Haven, Conn.

The regular monthly meeting of Victoria Lodge, No. 1, D. O. S., was held on February 21st. Our new officers are doing splendid work. The innovation of a new march by Sister Bradley has added greatly to the ceremony of opening the Lodge.

Three ladies were initiated into the mysteries of the order.

Mrs. Malcolm read a "braid" Scotch poem, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

The evening was pleasantly ended with serving of refreshments. What a delight it is to meet with each other in harmony and love!

The Daughters of Scotia held their monthly afternoon tea on February the sixth, in their lodge room. The sisters bring their friends to spend a pleasant social afternoon. During the afternoon, a dainty Scotch tea is served.

Our regular monthly meeting is held the third Friday of every month in the Insurance Building, where we will be pleased to see any sisters who may be visiting in the "City of Elms." All will receive a cordial welcome from the sisters of Victoria Lodge.

M. A. MACKENZIE,
Correspondent.

BALMORAL LODGE, NO. 19.

Kearney, N. J., Feb. 18, 1913.

Balmoral Lodge, No. 19, D. O. S., held its annual installation of officers, January 21st, 1913, at Roche Hall. The newly elected officers were installed by our Grand Deputy Chief Daughter, Sister Margaret McBride, of Yonkers, assisted by a full staff of deputies. We also had with us our Grand Sub-Chief Daughter, Sister Catherine Mitchell; Grand Chaplain, Sister Wallace, and Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce, and many visiting sisters from New York and New Jersey, to whom our Chief Daughter, Sister Laird, wished all a pleasant evening amongst us.

The following are the new officers for 1913: Chief Daughter, Sister Jean Reid; Sub-Chief Daughter, Sister Margaret Howard; Past Chief Daughter, Sister Christina Laird; Chaplain, Sister Margaret Wylle; Treasurer, Sister Louise Hutchinson; Financial Secretary, Sister Margaret Aitken; Secretary, Sister Sarah S. Beveridge (re-elected); Conductress, Sister Jennie Yates (re-elected); Inside Guard, Sister Jane Ferris; Outside Guard, Sister Christine Cook; Pianist, Sister Mary Cook (re-elected); Trustees, Sister Margaret Nixon and Margaret Beveridge.

During the evening, our retiring Chief Daughter, Sister Laird, was presented with a handsome cut glass fern dish, reflector and hand drawn center piece for her faithful work and services during the year. This shock was too much for Sister Laird, who thanked one and all for their help during the past year. Speeches and songs were enjoyed by all, and refreshments served by the refreshment committee. Balmoral Lodge

has had some very fine meetings since last heard from through "The Caledonian," and are taking in new members at every meeting. We long to be able to say "200." We would be pleased to see sisters from any lodge at any of our meetings, and will endeavor to have them spend a pleasant evening with Balmoral members. As the year 1912 was a success to us, may the year 1913 be just as successful to the Daughters of Scotia, both financially and socially, and we wish every member of our order a bright and prosperous New Year.

Fraternally,
S. S. BEVERIDGE, Secretary.

BONNIE DOON LODGE, NO. 10, D. O. S.

Iroquois Hall,
262 Washington Street,
Newark, N. J.

The regular meeting of the above lodge was held January 23rd, when the following officers were installed, by Deputy Grand Chief Daughter, Sister Mary Jones, and a full staff of Past Chief Daughters, assisted by the Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce.

Chief Daughter, Sister B. Carnahan; Trustee for three years, Sister Annie Thomson; Past Chief Daughter, Sister Janet Dunn; Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Agnes White; Chaplain, Sister Annie MacIntosh; Recording Secretary, Sister Agnes M. Thomson; Financial Secretary, Sister Martha Brennan; Treasurer, Sister Jeanie Andrew; Conductor, Sister Davida Hunter; Inside Guard, Sister Catherine Elder; Outside Guard, Sister Annie Pollock; Pianist, Sister May MacIntosh.

After the installation interesting remarks were made by Grand Deputy, Sister Jones, Past Deputy, Sister King; Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce; G. S. C. D., Sister Mitchell; P. G. C. D., Sister Robinson.

The newly installed Chief Daughter, Sister B. Carnahan favored the lodge with a few remarks, after which she presented our Past Deputy, Sister King, with a cut glass orange bowl. Sister King with a few well chosen words, conveyed her appreciation of the gift and good wishes of Bonnie Doon Lodge.

Chief Daughter also presented our Past Conductor, Sister Janet Baxter with a D. of S. pin, in appreciation of her services. Sister King kindly presented to Past Chief Daughter, Sister Janet Dunn, a cut glass comport and reflector, in appreciation for her services to the lodge as Chief Daughter. Sister Dunn accepted the gift in the spirit given and thanked the sisters for the good wishes.

Refreshments were served and a social time followed.

We were entertained with songs from Chief Daughter Mathers, of Argyle Lodge, and Sisters Pickard, Drummond, Crombie and Chief Daughter, Sister B. Carnahan, which were well received and heartily applauded. A drawing then took place for two cut glass pieces. First prize won by Clansman Thomas Lawson; second prize won by Bennie Cohen, of Maplewood.

Sister Jeanie Andrew having resigned

from her office as treasurer, Sister Elizabeth Lennox was duly installed treasurer at our last meeting, February 13, by Grand Deputy, Sister Mary Jones, assisted by our Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Catherine Mitchell as Grand Conductor.

We are making preparations for our 13th anniversary, to be held Thursday evening, February 27th, 1913.

Bonnie Doon Lodge meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting sisters are always welcome.

AGNES M. THOMSON,
Secretary.

BLUE BELL LODGE, NO. 6.
DAUGHTERS OF SCOTIA.

Jersey City, N. J.,
February 14th, 1913.

At the regular meeting, January 8th, Blue Bell Lodge, No. 6, installed their officers for 1913. The installation was conducted by Grand Deputy, Sister Gilgour of Kearny, N. J., the following officers were installed:

Chief Daughter, Sister Evans; Sub Chief Daughter Sister MacIntosh; Past Chief Daughter, Sister Gordon; Chaplain, Sister Nye; Secretary, Sister McOwan; Financial Secretary, Sister Pentland; Treasurer, Sister Thomson; Conductor, Sister Wilson; Inside Guard, Sister Hamilton; Outside Guard, Sister Hopton; Pianist, Sister Griffen; Trustee for three years, Sister Hogg; Trustee for two years, Sister McOwan.

After installation, remarks were made by our Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Mitchell; Grand Chaplain, Sister Wallace; Senior Grand Past Chief Daughter, Sister Robinson and many other visiting sisters. The Grand Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Mitchell, presented our Past Grand Deputy, Sister Harkness, with a cut glass bowl, in appreciation of her many services to us. Our Past Chief Daughter, Sister Gordon was presented with a traveling bag and Past Chief Daughter's pin as a token of remembrance from Blue Bell. Our retiring pianist, Sister Smith was also given a D. of S. pin, after which refreshments were served, and I believe a very pleasant evening was spent by everyone.

MRS. JEAN McOWAN,
Secretary.

MARJORIE BRUCE LODGE, NO. 35, D. O. S.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

In Metropolitan Hall, North avenue, New Rochelle, the Marjorie Bruce Lodge, No. 35, D. O. S., held their regular meeting and annual installation of officers on Thursday evening January 2nd, 1913. The ceremony of installation which was an open one, was conducted by Grand Deputy Sister Jessie McAllister assisted by Grand Chaplain Sister Wallace; Grand Conductor, Sister Bruce and others.

The following were the officers installed: Chief Daughter, Sister Betsy Nicol; Past Chief Daughter, Sister Margaret Bonnington; Sub Chief Daughter, Sister Agnes Mc-

Lauchlin; Chaplain, Sister Elizabeth Renwicks; Recording Secretary, Sister Christina Bisset; Financial Secretary, Sister Jane Wiseman; Treasurer, Sister Barbara Blackley; Conductor, Sister Annie McIntosh; Inside Guard, Sister Mary McDonald; Outside Guard, Sister Agnes Henderson; Pianist, Sister Elizabeth Rich.

After the officers had been installed in their respective places refreshments were served, and a very enjoyable evening came to a close at a late hour, when everyone went home feeling assured that a very prosperous year was in store for Marjorie Bruce Lodge.

We received a very pleasant surprise in the shape of an invitation from Clan Bruce, No. 180, O. S. C., to celebrate with them their fifth anniversary on Wednesday evening, January 29th, 1913.

A select program of singing, etc., had been prepared for the ladies, who enjoyed themselves to the utmost; more so, I think, because it was so unexpected.

CHRISTINA BISSET,
Secretary.

HAWTHORNE LODGE, NO. 9, D. O. S.,
BRIDGEPORT CONN.

Hawthorne Lodge No. 9 D. O. S., held a short business meeting January 9th in Airlon Hall, 62 Cannon street, after which an open installation was held. There was a large delegation of Clan Campbell present.

Past Grand Chief Daughter, Liza C. Henderson of Helen Douglas, No. 8, assisted by Grand Treasurer Janet Duffes, and Past Grand Deputy, Mary Guest, installed the officers for 1913, as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jessie Prain; Sub Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jane Arnett; Past Chief Daughter, Mrs. Christina Bell; Chaplin, Mrs. Maggie Magor; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Elsie Robertson, 290 Stillman street; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Johanna Craighead; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Anderson; Conductor, Miss Susie Broadbent; Inside Guard, Mrs. Minnie Lennant; Outside Guard, Mrs. Jane Hay; Pianist, Miss Martha Mansfield; Trustee for three years, Mrs. Annie Mathewson.

Grand Deputy, Liza C. Henderson made a few interesting remarks which were very favorably received and in behalf of the lodge, presented the Chief Daughter with a small token of esteem; also Sisters Mathewson and Guest were presented with five dollar gold pieces, Sister Guest having served two successive years as Chairlady of the Amusement Committee. Mrs. Campbell was also presented with a bracelet from friends in the lodge. This lodge has a membership of one hundred and twelve and is in a very flourishing condition.

Songs were sung during the evening by Clansman William McQuilton and Miss Mary Pillegrew, which were greatly enjoyed by all present. Selections on the bagpipes by John M. Robertson, Clan Piper and Sister Margaret Lawrie played some good Highland Scottishes on the piano.

Refreshments were served and the fun was kept up till the wee sma' hour ayont the twae'.

Sister Mary Guest, retiring chairlady, gave her Amusement Committee and a few friends, sixteen in all, a theatre party at the Poll's Theatre De Luxe, January 28. All enjoyed the evening immensely. But the best part came when we were surprised with a delicate little Scotch lunch, prepared by our hostess, after we returned home.

Sincerely and fraternally,
MRS. ELSIE ROBERTSON,
Secretary.

BONACCORD LODGE, NO. 39, D. O. S.
AUXILIARY TO CLAN SUTHER-
LAND, BROOKLINE, MASS.

This lodge held the installation of officers in the Goddard Hall, Brookline, on February 11th, 1913. The ceremonies were ably conducted by the Grand Deputy, Mrs. Christina Smith, of Heather Bell Lodge, No. 4, Manchester, N. H., assisted by the Grand Conductor, Miss Jessie Black, of Lady Aberdeen Lodge, New London, Conn. The officers for 1913 are as follows: Chief Daughter, Mrs. Jessie Blair; Past Chief Daughter, Louisa Burnett; Sub Chief Daughter, Emma Caley; Chaplain, Martha Robertson; Recording Secretary, Margaret Burnett; Financial Secretary, Katie Simpson; Treasurer, Ida Curley; Conductor, Margaret Stewart; Inside Guard, Margaret Douglas; Out Side Guard, Elsie Donald; Trustee for three years, Jessie Beattie; Trustee for two years, Mrs. Jessie Cannon; Trustee for one year, Georgiana MacLeod.

Speeches was made by the Grand Deputy, Mrs. Christina Smith, Sister Jessie Blair and Mr. George Gould, Chief of Clan Sutherland.

Refreshments were then served. "Annie Laurie," and "Comin' Through the Rye," were splendidly sung by Mrs. Diamond, of the Jeannie Dean Lodge; piano selections by Miss Mary Rankin, of Aberdeen Lodge, New London, Conn., whom we were glad to welcome. A duet "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was beautifully rendered by Miss Nellie Snowden and Mrs. Kenny. Miss Nellie Snowden then delighted the company with a "Nameless Lassie," and Miss Elsie Donald then rendered a very interesting reading. Taking all together a very enjoyable evening was spent. Among other friends, the Jeannie Dean Lodge and Clan Sutherland were well represented.

Yours very sincerely,
MARGARET BURNETT,
Secretary,
69 Bay State road,
Boston, Mass.

"WONDERLAND."

Mr. William Morris is making "Wonderland," at the New York Theatre, a very popular amusement. Very beautiful motion pictures are presented, and the films cost about \$50,000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SEVEN SCOTS STORIES," by Jane H. Findlater, with five colored plates by Henry W. Kerr, E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1913. Price, \$1.35 net.

These sketches of Scotch farm life are most charming and varied: the young, middle-aged and the old; the shrewd and simple; the intelligent and the half-witted; the grasping and generous, all have a place in the different stories. There is also a mingling of the pathetic and ludicrous, which is most true to life. The dainty water-color illustrations on a dark mounting, are a great addition to the book

"CROSSRIGGS," by Mary and Jane Findlater. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price, \$1.35 net.

The Misses Findlater introduce us to the gentle folk of the village of Crossriggs, a town not far from Edinburgh. The heroine, Alexandra Hope, is a woman of a strong and beautiful character. The burdens she has to bear seem at times far too great, but her cheerful disposition and delightful sense of humor almost always help her out of her discouragements; and yet we are glad to note that she is truly human, and is, at times, subject to the depression that comes from physical weakness. There are many bright and humorous sayings in this really delightful book.

"PENNY MONYPENNY," by Mary and Jane Findlater. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1913. Price, \$1.35 net.

This is a family story, and the two old bachelor uncles are exceedingly anxious to have the name and family traits preserved. The writers have introduced into the book a number of interesting and unique people, but Penny, her mother and Kit Monypenny are the most real and admirable of all.

"PATSY," by S. R. Crockett, The MacMillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue, New York, 1913. Price, \$1.25 net.

Patsy is a bright and lawless girl, but at the same time capable and warm-hearted. The time of the story is that of the Napoleonic wars, just one hundred years ago, and there is much smuggling on the Solway coast, and many (unusually unsuccessful) raids of the press-gang. Patsy's run across the sands and through the heather, to warn the lads of the coming of the press-gang, is an important incident in the early part of the book, and one on which many others hinge. The reader will be sure to come under the spell of Patsy's genius, and to join in the homage which all pay her.

"Topics of the Time" discussed in the March Century are "President Wilson and the Foreign Service," "The Peril of Labor Unions" (the need of wiser leadership), "Considerate Judgment for President Taft," "The New Game of Playing With Fire" (the right of the young man not to be forced to study eugenics), and "Mr. Root's Great Speech."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND CARLYLE.

Confidential letter to Thomas Carlyle asking his consent to have the Queen confer on him "The Grand Order of the Bath"

"Sir: A government should recognize intellect. It elevates and sustains the tone of a nation. But it is an office which adequately to fulfill requires both courage and discrimination, as there is a chance of falling into favoritism and patronizing mediocrity, which instead of elevating the national feeling would eventually degrade or debase it

When I consider the literary world, I see only two living names which I would fain believe will be remembered and they stand out in uncontested superiority. One is that of a poet—if not a great poet, a real one; and the other is your own.

"I have advised the Queen to offer to confer a baronetcy on Mr. Tennyson, and the same distinction should be at your command if you like it; but I have remembered that, like myself, you are childless and may not care for hereditary honors. I have therefore, made up my mind, if agreeable to yourself, to recommend to her majesty to confer on you the highest distinction for merit at her command, one which I believe has never yet been conferred by her except for direct services to the state, and that is "The Order of the Bath."

"I will speak with frankness on another point. It is not well that in the sunset of your life you should be disturbed by common cares. I see no reason why a great author should not receive from a nation a pen-

sion, as well as a lawyer or statesman. Unfortunately, the personal power of her majesty in this respect is limited, but still, it is in the Queen's capacity to settle on an individual an amount equal to a good fellowship, which was cheerfully accepted and enjoyed by the great spirit of Johnson and the pure integrity of Southey.

"Have the goodness to let me know your feelings on these subjects. I have the honor to remain, sir,

Your faithful servant.

B. Disraeli."

Carlyle who never liked Disraeli, was greatly surprised by this recognition. He wrote the Prime Minister from Chelsea.

"To my great surprise, I had the honor to receive your letter containing a magnificent proposal for my benefit, which will be memorable to me for the rest of my life. Allow me to say that the letter, both in purport and expression, is worthy to be called magnanimous and noble, that it is without example in my own poor history; and I think it is unexampled, too, in the history of governing persons toward men of letters, at the present, or at any time; and that I will carefully preserve it as one of the things precious to memory and heart. A real treasure or benefit it, independent of all results from it."

He then goes on to his refusal:

"Except the feeling of your fine and noble conduct on this occasion, which is a real and permanent possession, there can not anything be done that would not now be a sorrow rather than a pleasure."

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One asked Disraeli the difference between a misfortune and a calamity? "Well," he replied, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune; and if anybody pulled him out, that I suppose, would be a calamity."

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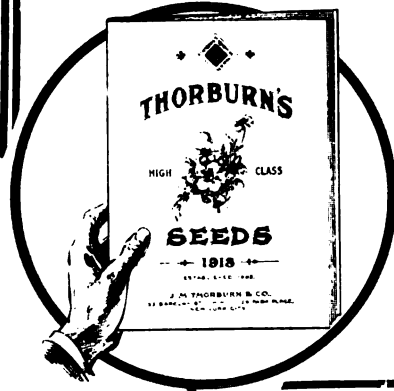
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Editor "*The Caledonian*"

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