

OLD LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

THE STORY ABOUT IT IS ITS CHIEF CAUSE OF INTEREST.

Damming the River the Governor and His People Found Themselves in an Extremely Perilous Position—The Enemy Swept Away by the Flood.

After all, it is the story that makes the castle, or why should we linger with interest among the shapely, steeply rising rocks which represent many homes of the past. If the stately building were only sought, there would be few visitors to Lochleven, for on the sandy island, scarcely five acres in size, situated near the western shores of the lake, there is nothing to see but one crumbling tower and fragments of a garden wall. In fact, Lochleven Castle, in its proudest day, was little more than a country gentleman's residence depending for safety from attack on the water that surrounded it.

On one occasion this very water threatened was confined in the castle, but on May 2, 1568, succeeded in escaping. Willie Douglas, a boy of eighteen, Keeper of the castle boats, she had mainly to thank for her deliverance. Knowing a number of her adherents had assembled in the neighborhood to receive her, he took an opportunity to steal the castle keys, and led the prisoner secretly through gate after gate, carefully locking each behind him. At the lake-side a boat was in readiness, while, to avoid pursuit, Willie had previously rendered all the other boats unfit for use. With vigorous oars the boy drove the little craft across the water, the Queen herself lending assistance. Before the strand was reached, and she was among her friends, a hue and cry was raised in the castle; but thanks to Willie Douglas's precautions, the angry captors were captives themselves, and when pursuit was possible, the Queen was far away, riding, alas!—as we know now—to a longer and more tragic imprisonment in England. Willie Douglas had carried the keys with him, and threw them into the lake. Nearly two hundred and forty years later, in the autumn of 1805, a boy walking along the strand of Lochleven found, embedded in the mud which a long, rainless season had left exposed, a bunch of rusty keys. They were the ones Willie Douglas had used, but the gates he had unlocked, on that historic day, had long since vanished; the very prison itself, with its many secret passages, lying a heap of silent yet eloquent stones.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

And it Was Always Open Towards the Light—A Good Woman.

to be the cause of its overthrow. It was in 1334, when a large force of English soldiers, led by Sir John de Sterling, came to Lochleven to seize the castle. As this proved more difficult than Sir John expected, he hit upon the plan of placing a barrier across the river Leven, which leaves the lake at its eastern extremity. Unable, thus, to find an outlet, the water that came down from the neighboring hills began slowly to rise round the walls of the castle, and in a month the position of the governor and his people was extremely perilous. It became clear that they must either surrender or be drowned. While hesitating as to what course to take, four of their number launched a boat in the darkness of night, to obtain fresh food for the garrison. While on this expedition they heard that most of the enemy had departed to a distant village festival, and, emboldened by the news, they cautiously rowed to the barrier. A few hours' hard toil resulted in a small breach being made in the wall of earth and timber, and the party returned to the castle with the joyous intelligence that they had seen the water oozing through. Before dawn broke, that trickling ooze had grown to a raging torrent which swept the enemy away before it, and Sir John de Sterling was forced to defeat from the very plan by which he had hoped for victory.

There are many other memories of Lochleven, but the event which brought it lasting fame occurred on July 17, 1567, when a party of Scottish nobles, brought a prisoner there, Mary, Queen of Scots. For ten months she was the companion.

The last notes of "Lead, Kindly Light," faded softly away, and only gentle summer sounds—the light stir of the old elm beside the window, the hum of tiny wasps—broke the stillness. All the windows were wide open, and a golden shaft of sunlight fell across the foot of the coffin. The minister was looking at it as he began to speak:

"Dear friends, I know we are all thinking how beautifully fitting it is that we pay our last tribute to the beautiful soul who has left us. In the three days past, I have been thinking over her life here, and it seemed to me that the lesson of it was one for all of us to take to heart. It can be put in a sentence: Her windows were always open to the light."

"Think of her life, as the oldest of you have known it through sixty years. She was always poor, she had no education, she had missed the great joys of womanhood, she had no peculiar gift of person or talent, no influence, we might lightly have said. But the presence of all of you here to-day, and the sorrow and joy that look out of your eyes—sorrow for our loss, joy for her gain—prove how hastily and untruly such judgment would have been pronounced.

"As I have looked back over the twenty years I have known her, I have been astonished to find how much of what we have won in these years has been due to her quiet, steady loyalty to the light.

"You will all recall scores of instances. I can mention only one or two. I came among you a young man, new to my work and to you. It isn't easy to begin a task of any sort with the skill of an experienced worker, was often discouraged, often perplexed and disheartened.

"One day I was calling upon this woman, and the talk fell upon one of these perplexing themes, and before I realized it I had told her my trouble. It concerned a certain man who had lost all the respect and confidence of others, and seemed hopelessly committed to a drunkard's life. I can hear her answer now:

"Don't you be discouraged. I never saw a human being, yet that wouldn't show you what you looked for if you looked long enough. There's three of us looking for the manhood of Joe Trenton—his wife and you and I—and we'll find it yet! Those of you who can look back twenty years will remember how splendidly her faith was rewarded and how we found that manhood.

"Nor was it toward humanity only that she kept her windows open; she opened them no less towards new ways and customs and thoughts. I happen to know that one or two of the innovations in our church life were personally difficult for her to appreciate, but her attitude never changed. 'I'm an old-fashioned body,' she would say, 'and I can't quite keep up, but you go right on; I'll follow the best I can. I won't let you get out of sight.' And more than once or twice that openness of heart, unconsciously to her, and at the time unopposed to us, has been the means of winning for us some of our greatest blessings.

"Better than any gift of earth is this which we may all make our own—such passionate loyalty to the God Who is Light that all the windows of our house of life may always stand open to His truth."

Thoughts Upon Gladstone Centenary.

Born Dec. 29, 1809. A mighty leader in the land, Who served his country and his Queen; The senate, his arena, grand, His pen and tongue his weapons keen.

He fought for liberty and man, A stalwart hero in the strife; To raise the people was his plan, To nobler and to higher life.

Bright was his genius, great his skill, His thought abstruse, his logic strong, His eloquence could move at will, With power that to but few belong.

A king, indeed, but not in name, (Uncrowned and unanointed king), His sceptre an unblemished beam, His throne the hearts that to him cling.

His life was true and good and pure, He prized religion beyond price; Held Christian virtue as the cure, For every evil, crime and vice.

Loyal to Britain—country loved, Above all nations upon earth, His patriotism never swerved, Proud of the land that gave him birth.

And yet his penetrating eye, Could glance beyond this local sphere; And in his heart most tenderly, Embrace the nations far and near.

The fatherhood of God to him, Was as a hand of gold to bind; And power and honor could not dim, His love for all of human kind.

Great Gladstone! though we see thee not, Thy work on earth is far from done, Thy glorious deeds are not forgot, Laurels for thee shall yet be won.

—Geo. W. Armstrong, London, Ont.

The Wonderful Dragon Trees.

Objects of interest in Tenerife are the celebrated dragon trees, really a species of gigantic asparagus. One tree, at Laguna, the ecclesiastical capital of the island, is said to be several thousand years old. The growth of dragon trees is very slow; they do not throw out branches until they have blossomed, which seldom takes place before their fiftieth year, and sometimes not until their thirtieth. The oldest dragon tree grown in the island was that at Orotava, which was at least six thousand years old—some botanists say ten thousand! It was sixty feet high, with a trunk forty-eight feet in circumference at the base. The ancient inhabitants of the island, the Guanches, performed their religious rites in its hollow trunk. In 1867 the upper part was broken off during a storm, and, though every effort was made to preserve the remainder, it gradually decayed, and no trace of it remains. The sap of the tree, a resinous substance like dark treacle, is called "dragon's blood." It becomes brittle and crumbling when dry, and is an article of commerce used in medicine. There are other kinds of dragon trees in different parts of the world, but this particular species is peculiar to the Canary and Cape Verde islands.

Jaunt of Life.

Walt Mason. This life is just a little jaunt across a little plain; we're reaching for the things we want, and often reach in vain. The things we want are sordid things, and made of sounding brass; we do not hear the bird that sings, nor mark the growing grass, we miss the splendor of the night, the glory of the dawn; for we are dreaming of the fight that every day brings on. The useless fight for useless dress, the war of hands and brains; and Oh, how heavy is our loss—how futile are our gains! This life is but a little jaunt across a little sphere; there's nothing in the path to daunt, or bring a sigh or tear; there's nothing there to blanch the cheek, or fill the heart with care, if we would only cease to seek out trouble in its lair. If we would only look around upon the good in life! But overcome, with hawk and hound, we search the woods for strife.

Travelling in Central Africa.

Hundreds, nay thousands, of otherwise well-informed persons think that the middle of Africa is a wilderness of sand, across which the dusty traveler wanders from oasis to oasis on the uncomfortable hump of the dromedary. Many others have the equally mistaken idea that, if the Uganda Railway will not take them most of the way across Africa, at all events the Cape to Cairo Railway will set them down within a few minutes' walk of most places on the Dark Continent. Neither idea is anywhere near the truth. In that part of tropical Africa south of the Sahara said is conspicuous by its absence, and the "commissariat camel" would soon get his feet wet and die in the swamps. The Uganda Railway—which, by the way, is not in Uganda at all—has a length of less than six hundred miles from the east coast, and the Cape to Cairo Railway exists chiefly on paper and in the imagination of its promoters.

A Physiological Curiosity.

A modern Captain Castagnette has written to the authorities of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, in this remarkable plight: "Sir, I wish to ask you if you will take me in the hospital I have no wimpie I will come if you will take me in I suppose I am the only man on earth like this it was cours by a fall please will you let me no."

Napoleon's famous captain boasted of a silver top to his head and a leathern sash, as well as a pair of wooden legs and arms; but even he could scarcely have got along without a "wimpie."

A United States Visitor to England was in a museum, being shown Milton's chair. "And is that really the chair?" queried the man, as he knelt down and kissed it.

"Yes," said the museum attendant; "and that is the table on which he wrote 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Did he really write 'Paradise Lost,'" asked the man with some surprise.

"Of course Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,'" answered the astonished attendant.

"Oh, Milton! Why, I thought you said Lytton," replied the American with disgust.

A big-hearted Irish politician in a Western city had just left a theatre one night, when he was approached by a beggar, who said:

EMPEROR, THE MONK, IS BUSY.



CHIEF OFFICER WILKINS AND HIS PET

Over in the Standard Oil docks of Constable Hook the British bark Arrow is loading case oil for the Orient. The bark has been in port a month, after a voyage from Iloilo, in the Philippines, and during this time Emperor, a Japanese monkey, has held virtual sway over the big ship. Captain McCoy had no need of a quartermaster or even a second mate on the trip from the Far East. Emperor kept watch on all that was doing on board and the learned simian went so far as to time the watches and keep

tabs on the crew. When the Arrow finally tied up to a pier in the Kill wren Emperor appointed himself a committee of one to see that rules and regulations were obeyed on board the vessel. One strict rule in the Standard Oil docks is that there shall be no smoking. Many a time did Emperor catch a workman with a sly pipe on board, and every time he would take the hidden pipe from its hiding place and bring it to Mr. Wilkins, the chief officer, in his room. Emperor was responsible for saving the life of a sailor, by giving an alarm.

THE FLIPPANT PRESS.

No Escape at Least For the Sufferers From Hay Fever.

As nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand singers enunciate so indistinctly that no hearer can get meaning from the sounds they utter, unless his eye follows the libretto, will some one kindly explain what difference it makes whether an opera be sung in Italian, Getman, English or Choctaw?

An astronomer declares that flowers and green foliage are to be found on the planets of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. There seems to be no escape for hay fever patients.

The Canadian Government has bought the cruiser Rainbow. The name suggests that the Opposition will have a great time following their usual occupation of chasing it.

An Indiana editor has been sentenced for stealing meat and groceries. His delinquent subscribers are undoubtedly still at large growling because the paper is late.

Carl Bartlett says that in the Arctic regions a man thinks a long time before saying anything. The Arctic and the Canadian Parliament are reversed in practices.

There may be a better reason than at first appears why that St. Louis minister does not expect to meet any lawyers in heaven. Possibly he has no passport himself.

When a copy of the scriptures is placed in every hotel room the fellows who have accommodations on the twelfth floor may develop into critics.

Isn't it rather strange that S. H. Blake, who wants the Bible made a subject of study in the public schools, should object to its study in the university?

An archaeologist has discovered that the Hitlites played the bagpipes 1000 years B.C. Perhaps that was why they were wiped out by the Israelites.

To avoid further unfortunate misunderstandings, Punch suggests that a visitor's book should be placed at the North Pole.

A dry goods firm has bought an old New York church. The building will now work six days in the week for the first time.

A Belgian professor says that Leopold might have been worse. Maybe, but scarcely in the time he had at his disposal.

Maybe you have noticed that a chap with the artistic temperament is likely to allow his wife to carry up the coal.

Probably Dr. Cook regards \$100,000 as ample compensation for the world's scorp.

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH.

Things That Have Done Much to Create Good Humor.

When Professor Tait went to Cambridge he was located next door to a musical family. The lady practising her scales disturbed his equanimity so very much that he remonstrated with her father, and received a curt reply: "Mr. Tait regrets that his daughter's musical education cannot be neglected. The Professor was 'cast down, but not destroyed.' He sent to Edinburgh for bagpipes, and, not knowing a note of music, he started practice whenever the young lady played the piano. It was then another's turn to sue for peace, and with it the future professor's triumph. His reply was that "Mr. Tait much regretted that his musical education could not be neglected." Terms were soon arranged.

A United States visitor to England was in a museum, being shown Milton's chair. "And is that really the chair?" queried the man, as he knelt down and kissed it.

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"Heaven bless you bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple." The politician gave the man some coins, saying: "And how are you crippled, old man?" "Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

The little daughter of an English gentleman was looking at a political cartoon. "Who is this, daddy?" she asked, pointing to a person with a coronet. "That is one of the Peers, my dear," replied her father. "Oh, I thought peers were places we sat on at the seaside," said the little one. "So they are, dear, but we are going to sit on these Peers all over the country now," was the quick response.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells questioned a small boy on the subject of the parables. "You have, of course, heard of the parables?" said Dr. Kennison.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Good! Now, which of them do you like best?" "I like the one, was the answer, "where somebody, loafs and fishes."

One of the first essentials for a parliamentary candidate is a gift of repartee. When a candidate for a West Country constituency was addressing an open-air meeting, a cabbage was thrown by a man in the crowd. He contrived, however, to "field" the cabbage, and, holding it up, quietly remarked: "One of our political opponents appears to have lost his head."

Guido's mother being about to leave her little son for a two weeks' trip, the former inquired anxiously, "Mother, are you really going to start to-morrow?" "Yes, my darling," "Then," said the little fellow, with a sigh: "I wish to-day would be a hundred years long."

Examine—What is meant, Mr. Smoothly, theologically speaking, by necessity and free will.

Candidate—Well, where a man gives because he belongs to the church himself, that is free will. But where he gives because his wife belongs, that is necessity.

These answers were actually given by a schoolboy. "The blood vessels are the veins, arteries, and arterioles." "A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs." "Algebra was the wife of Euclid." "The masculine of vixen is vicar."

A bishop who dwelt in the buoyant and delightful city of Cork was fond of addressing his congregation in a most friendly, not to say affectionate manner. "Dear souls," was one of his pet forms. Great was the surprise and amusement of an American visitor one Sunday when the bishop broke out in the fervent remarks: "Dea' Cork souls!"

Edith, aged six, had just been informed that twin boys had been added to the family. "That's funny," she mused. "Ethel and I both prayed for a baby brother, but we thought it was the same one."

"How's your son getting along in his art studies?" "Fine! fine! His pictures are hanging in some of the best saloons in Paris."

Another Old Superstition.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French-Canadians, who brought it from Brittany. It arose from that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently, every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, with bitterness on his part against society. Rather than that homeless and disgruntled spirits should vent their ill-feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders, a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified.

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