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A GLIMPSE INTO THE "LONG AGO."

To those born and bred on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, where history is yet young and the "oldest inhabitant" has seen the foundation, rise and growth of cities, the ancient castles of Europe are objects of much curiosity, not unmingled with awe.



DUNOLLY CASTLE, DUNOLLY.

Their massive ivy covered walls that have endured siege after siege and withstood the storms and sunshine of centuries, their associations with the names and deeds of those giants of ages past whose memories have gained instead of lost through the intervening ages, tradition and exaggeration hiding the substratum of truth, as moss the castle walls—their commanding situation and appearance of desolation, all impress the western visitor in the deepest manner. And then if his mind is allowed to run over the history of those old countries during the period those walls have stood, what wonderful lessons are taught him! Amongst the richest in these associations of all parts of the British Isles is the County of Argyllshire, better known as "the Land of Lorne," the home of the Clan Campbell.

The ancient seat of the Campbells was Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe. The old castle has long since been destroyed and the one now standing was built in the year 1440 during the period of the wars of the Crusades. It is a ghastly ruin, picturesque at all times, but impressive in the moonlight, and grand when the mists cover the Loch, and the waves, impelled by the spiteful winds, lash the rocks at its feet. There it stands, a footstool to Ben Cruachan towering up behind it, the most perfect foreground possible for a mountain picture.

Even older than Kilchurn Castle is Dunstaffnage. The Pictish chronicles relate that previous to 843 it was the seat of Government, but that in this year Forteviot, in Perthshire, was selected in its place. It is probable this movement was caused by the attacks of the Norwegians, and that Dunstaffnage became the centre from which

they robbed. It was here that the Scots transferred the celebrated stone called in Gaelic "Lia Fail," which they had brought

with them from Ireland to the holy isle Iona, after they had wrested the supremacy of the country from the Picts. From this place it was removed to Scone Abbey, near Perth, and held a prominent place in the coronation of many Scotch kings, until carried away to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. of England and embedded in the seat of the famous coronation chair in which have sat the kings and queens of England, while on their heads were being placed the crown as a sign of royal authority, down to the time of Victoria now living.

At the present the castle is a large square ruin commanding a magnificent view. It is built in a quadrangular form, eighty-seven feet square within the walls and has round towers at three of the angles. The walls are sixty feet high and nine thick; their outside measurement is two hundred and seventy feet. The castle surmounts a rock three hundred feet in circumference, and is entered from the sea by a stair-case, which probably belongs to more modern days, having been substituted for a draw bridge.

In addition to these old castles in Argyll-



DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

shire there are Dunolly Castle, which, remaining loyal to King Charles I. in the great civil war in which the cavaliers and round heads took sides, withstood a siege by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery, and Arntonish Castle perched on the top of an isolated cliff, grand

and solitary. The whole country is full of similar associations, rendered the dearer and more familiar by the pen of Sir Walter Scott who lived to picture in poetry and prose the scenes of this north land.

WEARING BRIGHT FACES.

"Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a little three-year-old daughter, as her mother, with rather clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished-for laugh, and the little heart was happy.

And, mothers, I fear we do not laugh enough. The house-keeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating, and even John, kind good husband as he is, cannot understand our vexations and discouragements; and, so wearied and worried, we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings—

we may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell Maunse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my

little ones, unconsciously to you and to themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands are forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children



KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful at home."—Lucy Randolph Fleming.

TYPE SETTING IN JAPAN.

It must be no joke to be employed in a Japanese printing office. In our own and most other countries of the world except China and Japan the language is written by means of an alphabet of several letters. Among the Celestials and their next door neighbors, on the other hand, each word has a distinct character. The compositor's difficulties in either instance are obvious almost at a glance. In setting up this note, he has the letters conveniently arranged before him in what is known as the "case." But in Japan according to an American contemporary, a full font of type comprises 5,000 characters, of which 3,000 are in constant use, and for 2,000 more there are frequent calls. Instead of being compactly arrayed before him, the type is disposed about the composing room on racks, and the unfortunate compositor has to wander up and down the room, setting his "copy" and stretching his legs, though he would probably be quite willing to dispense with the greater part of his enforced exercise. For the reason that it is impossible to apply the system of single character words to telegraphy, that inestimable boom to civilization is apparently unavailable to the inhabitants of Japan and China.

mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary even to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a pitiful effort, which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel the better for the effort, and so will the children. The