

part of the castle, stands near the centre of the Horseshoe cloisters. It contains a peal of eight bells, the chimes of which play every three hours, at three, six, nine and twelve o'clock. The tower, with its interesting crypt or dungeon, can be inspected on applying to the Belfry Keeper, who lives in the Tower. Evidently these sentences do not, as a rule, strike the everyday tourist as anything interesting or likely to lead to anything worth seeing. For of the crowds who had surrounded us at every other part of the castle none were to be seen wending their way in the direction indicated. However, when Canadians and Russians go sight-seeing, they are bound to see all or perish in the attempt. So we turned our steps to the Horseshoe Cloisters, and presently found ourselves in a quiet and pretty green quadrangle, surrounded by low picturesque red houses with latticed windows. A noticeable hush was all around, a relief after the buzz and hum by which we had been somewhat overwhelmed during the previous part of the day. On the broad verandah which ran in front of these houses we saw an elderly gentleman sitting at ease in his armchair reading and smoking. He looked surprised at our advent, but in answer to our apologies for having taken the wrong road, and thus trespassed on his domain, politely showed us the narrow path way which led us in the right direction. And now we stand in front of the Curfew Tower. No one is in sight. We climb the stone steps that lead up to the entrance, and find ourselves in a sort of hall, with doors on either side and some very dilapidated ladder-like stairs before us that seem to stretch up into the roof. We hear voices above, but wait patiently; presently an old man comes slowly down the stairs. Such an old man: slight, short, white-haired and bright-faced. His stoop, the too-usual attendant on age, made him look shorter than he really was. His attire was not striking: no fine uniform nor gorgeous livery.

His oft-washed blueshirt, open loose collar, and well-worn grey trousers did not make him look much like one of the retainers of the Queen of England. Yet this was the keeper of the Belfry. We said we wanted to find the keeper of the Tower and to be shown over the place. "I am he," said he cheerfully, "I'm the keeper, and I'll show you all over in a minute or two, but there is a young officer up there now, with a friend, just wait till they are gone, and I'll show you everything. He often comes to see the old place, but he is going soon. Come and sit in my little room for a minute," and he opened the door to the left and ushered us into a tiny apartment. "What a dear quaint room, and how tiny!" we exclaimed. "Yes," said he proudly, "it's mine: here I have lived for over fifty years, here I was when King William was on the throne, here I was when he died, and here I am still, and I always take care of my own rooms myself," he added, triumphantly, as though the labour of looking after these apartments would require the strength of a Hercules.

We chatted away and looked at all his curiosities, pictures, etc., and found him so merry and the repose so agreeable, that we were quite sorry when we heard the young men come down the stairs and call "John," no doubt to give him a parting tip. "Yes," said he, coming back and resuming his conversation, "I'm old John Halliday and here I've been for more than fifty years, and now if you will come I'll show the old place," and, with his stick in hand, he started in front of us, up the steep stairway, pausing half way up to warn us that one step was very long, another very short, and that a person might easily fall if not accustomed to the queer uneven way. At the first landing we found ourselves in a large room, the whole size of the Tower, lighted by those slits in the wall that were in vogue in olden days and took the place of our modern windows. These ruin-framed peeps at the outer world always delight me, and I go from one to another and take in the different views as if I were in a gallery of *chefs d'œuvre*. At one of these windows stands an old cannon, a curious looking implement of war, captured by Cromwell and placed there by him to help to guard the Tower from its rightful owners. There is also a very old clock, with a long inscription underneath it giving its history, which is most interesting. I wished to copy this to keep as a memento of the place; but time will not stand still even for such a purpose as this, and perforce I give it up. As old John was impatient for us to climb higher, we hastened after him to the top of the Tower. Here he had many anecdotes to relate, and as we stood on the roof and looked down on the narrow streets of Windsor, he told how once, when Henry VIII. was king, a butcher had his stall "just down there," pointing to the buildings below us, and the poor man, too outspoken for the times he lived in or his own safety, was heard declaiming against the king for marrying Anne Boleyn. He was seized, condemned to death and lodged up in this part of the Tower; and our guide showed us a little alcove where he was chained fast to the stone wall. A young nobleman determined to save him from his impending fate, and managed to elude the jailers and get in through a trap door, which the guide showed us; before however he could accomplish his humane purpose, the king appeared on the scene, and the young lord only saved his own life, by disappearing through the trap door, and leaving his humble friend to his fate. The butcher was ultimately hung, and our old friend showed us where the king and queen are said to have stood and watched the murder from one of the other towers. So graphic was old Halliday's description that we almost feared if we turned round, we should see the form of the wretched man dangling from the parapet. With the grim cruelty of the times they hung him from the side of the wall that over looked his own little home, to add, if pos-

sible, one more touch of bitterness to his end. Looking down from the spot on the busy, bright street below, it is hard to realize that not so long ago such things could be. Truly "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn." When we left the upper part of the Tower and were led down underneath to the crypt or dungeon, then indeed we felt more inclined to wonder that the earth did not open and swallow up the perpetrators of the cruelties we heard about.

When man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den.

We saw little tiny niches in the wall, with hardly room to kneel in, where the condemned criminals spent the last sad night of their lives. There was the spot where the tortures were used: the thumbscrew, the rack and that most agonizing of all, the drop of water, when the unfortunate victim was compelled to stand for hours, with the water, drop by drop, falling on his head, till it seemed to burn into his very soul. Now, the crypt looks harmless enough, but one can imagine the horrors of the "good old days," when chained fast to the wall, in darkness, dampness, torture, and starvation, a high-born Lord or humble peasant dragged out his days, thanking God for the death that was the only end of his misery. We were not sorry to ascend once more to the bright light of day. Our tour of the place was ended, and we bid farewell to our garrulous old guide, pressed some shillings into his not unready hand and turned away. He followed us to the gateway to say, "Good-bye," and, "Young ladies, when you go back to Russia and to Canada, don't forget old John Halliday, and when you come back again, be sure and look for the old man." It had pleased him greatly to think we had come from such distant lands to visit his dear old Tower.

Yes, old John, you may have had visitors since that bright August day, but I venture to say none more enthusiastic than we were. To use a quaint phrase, "We think long of that day."

Poor old man, I wonder if he is still there; he was hale and hearty, and, though ancient, like the Tower of which he was the loving guardian, seemed to think he would be there for ever, ready at any time to welcome us back. Regretfully we turned away from Windsor Castle, took a short walk through the town, a hasty little refreshment at a confectioner's shop, from the windows of which we could still see our friend, the Curfew Tower. Then we had to run for the train, and so away from Windsor, with a glimpse at Eton as we whirled by in the train to London.

But as one of our party said: "It had been a day without a flaw," and will be always a specially bright bit in our recollections of our English trip. Perhaps this little sketch of the Curfew Tower with its crowd of historic memories may induce some visitor to turn his steps towards it when he goes to Windsor Castle. He will, no doubt, be as pleased as we were. I only hope he may still find the same dear old man to act as his guide, philosopher and friend.—*M., in The Week.*

THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

Light moves with the amazing velocity of 185,000 miles a second, a speed a million times as great as that of a rifle-bullet. It would make the circuit of the earth's circumference, at the equator, seven times in one beat of the pendulum. For a long time light was thought to be instantaneous, but it is now known to have a measurable velocity. The discovery was first made by means of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Jupiter, like the earth, casts a shadow, and when his moons pass through it, they are eclipsed, just as our moon is eclipsed when passing through the earth's shadow. Jupiter's shadow far surpasses in magnitude that of the earth. His moons revolve around him much more rapidly than our moon revolves around the earth, and their orbits are nearly in the plane of the planet's orbit. Consequently they all, with the exception of the fourth and most distant satellite, pass through the planet's shadow, and are eclipsed at every revolution. Roemer, a Danish astronomer, made in 1675 some curious observations in regard to the times of the occurrence of these eclipses. When Jupiter is nearest the earth, the eclipses occur about sixteen minutes earlier than when he is most distant from the earth. The difference in distance between the two points is about 185,000,000 miles, the diameter of the earth's orbit, or twice her distance from the sun. It takes light, therefore, sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, and half that time to span the distance between the sun and the earth. Light is thus shown to travel 185,000 miles in a second, and to take eight minutes,—or more exactly, 500 seconds,—in coming from the sun to the earth. It follows that we do not see the sun until eight minutes after sunrise, and that we do see him eight minutes after sunset. When we look at a star we do not see the star as it now is, but the star as it was several years ago. It takes light three years to come to us from the nearest star, and were it suddenly blotted from the sky, we should see it shining there for three years to come. There are other methods of finding the velocity of light, but the satellites of Jupiter first revealed its progressive movement.—*Youth's Companion.*

LADY ABERDEEN opened a great bazaar in Holborn to provide funds for the development of the continental mission and other schemes of the Sunday School Union. Stalls were furnished from every quarter of London, by several provincial towns, and also by Germany, Holland, Sweden and Switzerland.

British and Foreign.

THE converts in some parts of India are doubling every five years.

CANON COOK, of Exeter, the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary," is dead.

A PROJECT is on foot to erect a new Free Church in the Barnhill district of Inverness.

THE Rev. Wm. Robertson, B.D., of Sprouston, is a candidate for the chair of Church History at Aberdeen.

THE copy of the Confession of Faith that was signed by Charles II. on his coronation at Scone brought \$675 at a sale in London.

THE Rev. R. Lawson, of Maybole, is endeavouring to rent a grass field near that town to serve as a recreation ground for the townsfolk.

THE Rev. D. Macdonald, of the New Hebrides, has published an interesting volume entitled "Oceania. Linguistic and Anthropological."

MR. ALEXANDER SCOTT, an active elder of the Auchterless Free Church congregation, has died in his sixty-third year; he amassed a fortune in Nova Scotia.

THE Rev. J. Duncan, of Abdie, was entertained to dinner and presented with an illuminated address by Cupar Presbytery on attaining his ministerial jubilee.

It is a curious fact that the number of relics of Mary, Queen of Scots, known or said to exist, exceed ten times over those attributed to her grandson, Charles I.

LUZZATTI, a Jew and member of Parliament at Rome, is one of the best social economists of Italy. He has founded saving banks and co-operative associations.

THE Rev. Ewen MacEwen has passed peacefully away at the age of sixty-eight in the manse at Edderton, of which parish he has been minister for twenty-two years.

AN organ, the first in any Free Church in Aberdeen, was opened recently by Dr. Peace, of Glasgow, in Queen's-cross Church, of which Rev. George A. Smith is pastor.

DR. ROBERTSON SMITH is said to be threatening legal proceedings against the *Scots Observer* for its adverse comments on the editing of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

THIRTEEN legislatures were represented at a conference of members of parliament, held in Paris on 29th and 30th ult., to discuss questions of international arbitration and disarmament.

PRINCIPAL RAINY and his wife enjoyed excellent health on their voyage to Australia. During the passage he conducted service on board, and at Colombo visited Mr. Burne.

AT Herrnhut in the Moravian Church the women occupy the area, while the men are in the gallery. This is exactly reversed in the Greek Church, from which the Moravians profess to be descended.

AT a meeting at Lord Aberdeen's residence in Grosvenor-Square a large sum was promised in support of the movement for conducting Sunday services in music halls and other places of entertainment.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON describes the commission on Sunday closing in Wales very neatly: None of the commissioners speak Welsh. It is composed of two lords, two legal men, and a Christian at large.

ON Nguna, in the New Hebrides, where Mr. Milne laboured seven or eight years without the least encouragement, there are now 360 members in full communion. Last year 120 adults and fifty seven infants were baptized.

SIR JOSEPH BOEHM, the first sculptor ever made a baronet in Great Britain is a Hungarian, not a German, and has resided in London for about thirty years. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Carlyle, who held him in the highest regard both as an artist and as a man.

THE ever-widening breach between Italy and the Papacy is the subject of a striking paper in the *Nuova Antologia* by Raphael De Cesare, one of the ablest writers on politico-ecclesiastical questions in Italy. He thinks it probable that in the event of war the Pope would leave Rome.

THE late Professor John Christie, while minister at Kildrummy, printed leaflets containing skeletons of the sermons which he preached. These were distributed fortnightly in the pews, each leaflet containing the outline for the day on which it was issued, and for the following Sunday.

THERE are ninety-one students in the London School of Medicine for Women; and thirty-five of these are reading for a London University degree, one of the stiffest ordeals in the profession. Lady Dufferin hopes to have many recruits from this school for India, while Mrs. Garrett-Anderson takes the interest of a pioneer in its progress.

THE Pope at his last consistory gave the red cap to three new cardinals. Two of these were Italians, as Leo insists on keeping the number of Italians in the sacred college equal to that of all other nations taken together. The practice is still continued of always leaving two places vacant from a superstition that if the number were complete the actual pontiff would immediately die.

MR. MACASKILL, in Dingwall Presbytery, while approving of the vote given by the representatives of the Presbytery against the appointment of Dr. Marcus Dods, found fault with them for raising no formal protest. On his suggestion it was unanimously resolved to appoint a committee to take action as shall enable the people to express their views and feelings on the subject in some competent form.

THE Rev. Robert Hill, M.A., of Free St. Luke's, Glasgow, has received a call from the Foreign Mission Committee to the South African Mission, and to the vacancy in Lovedale institution. The Committee express the belief that Mr. Hill is specially fitted for the appointment by missionary zeal, spiritual success, literary and educational qualifications, administrative experience and business habits.

MR. GEORGE CADENHEAD, advocate, Aberdeen, a few years ago was appointed to prepare a report on the action brought by Rev. Joseph Henderson and others, against Aberdeen town council to have it declared that the ministers of Greyfriars and St. Clement's are beneficiaries under certain mortifications, and that funds which ought to have been devoted to the endowment of these churches have been diverted to municipal purposes. Mr. Cadenhead now submits his report in ten columns, along with an account of \$12,500, of which about \$2,500 is for outlays. Neither of the parties, it seems, care to touch the report.