

prison, and they talked of many things, to which the soldier listened. He was released later on an order from Kitchener. Some days later Kitchener astonished his chief intelligence office by imparting certain information. How he obtained it no one knew, but long afterwards it came out that Kitchener was the drunken soldier, and he had had himself arrested to find out what the natives talked about among themselves.

Dunrobin Castle.

Lord Ronald Gower, uncle of the present Duke of Sutherland, and at one time M. P. for Sutherlandshire, has a very interesting article in a London magazine on Dunrobin Castle and the Sutherland family. Of the sixth Earl of Sutherland, who was married to a sister of King Robert Bruce, Lord Ronald says:—

"There is still at Dunrobin a trace of Princess Margaret in the old walls which enclose her garden; she appears to have had the love of flowers in her nature, and planted fruit trees among the flowers, as one finds often in the old Scottish houses; and even in those days Dunrobin must have had the supreme beauty and choice of flowers and fruit trees under its old castle walls, and the gardens, which, under my mother's perfect taste, became the most beautiful in the North of Scotland. This Royal marriage proved a sterile one, and none of the blood Royal of Bruce came into the House of Sutherland through this union, although the Sutherlands have, as well as the Gowers, several Royal descents; but I must not rival my cousin, William Harcourt, in parading this accident."

The 15th Earl, who succeeded in 1703, was known, we are informed, by the nickname of John Roy, doubtless owing to his rubicund complexion:—

"It was in the reign of Earl Roy that the wine house in the garden at Dunrobin, now converted into a museum, was built—and there the gentlemen would indulge in their Homeric drinking bouts, which sometimes lasted for whole days and nights, and only ended either with the exhaustion of the cellar, or the total insensibility of the toppers."

Referring to the museum and the Queen's visit in 1872, Lord Ronald says:—

"No one could explain the contents of the Dunrobin museum to the Queen better than Mr. Joass; and it is owing to his great knowledge of early Scottish antiquities, and to his high artistic skill, that the museum has now become one of the most complete and interesting in the North. Mr. Joass informs me that among the contents of this museum, besides the ordinary types of flint and bronze implements from the district, which is rich in the former, the collection boasts of three bronzes which are of great rarity; the one being the only known British example of an anvil of the bronze period, and the other a swivel, which, as far as yet ascertained, is unique."

There are no very remarkable works of art at Dunrobin. One, however, which hangs in the library, is the so-called Orkney portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which is traditionally supposed to have belonged to her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Orkney. Lord Ronald does not think it genuine:—

"The face is a lovely one, and I wish I could take it on faith that this is a genuine likeness of Scotland's hapless Queen; but although such good authorities as Sir J. W. Gordon, Laing the historian, and Woodburn of the Art Gallery all believed in the genuineness of this portrait, I cannot. It is evidently a painting of the time of Charles II; the style of the painting betrays it. In

this library are three genuine and interesting portraits; one of Sir Robert Gordon, the family historian in the days of Mary; a circular portrait on panel of old George Buchanan, the terrible old pedagogue and the tutor of that King of pedagogues, James I; and a portrait of Daniel Defoe, who came up as far north as Dunrobin, when he had been sent to Scotland on a secret mission relating to the Union by Harley."

Lord Ronald records with natural pride that it was his parents who created the new Dunrobin, "not touching a stone of the old building, but practically surrounding it with a palace, and with gardens of perfect beauty of perfect taste, and of exquisite symmetry."

Winter Sowing.

BY REV. EDWARD A. COLLIER, D. D.

The seed we sow in earthly soil
Must in its season scattered be,
Else vain our utmost care and toil,
Nor bloom nor harvest shall we see.
But who, with loving thought aglow,
In hearts a word of kindness leaves,
All times are his, and seed will grow,
And harvest bring its joyful sheaves.

The Carthage of To-Day.

A railway now runs to Carthage from Tunis. The summer palace of the Bey may be visited, but superficially. A walk through the courtyards is allowed, surrounded by thickly latticed windows, but one may not stand still within the precincts. Not on the direct road to Carthage, but easily reached during the same drive, is the museum at Bardo, opened in 1888 in the old harem adjoining the Bey's public palace, and full of most interesting results of recent North African excavating. Catalogues can hardly keep pace with discovery and additions, so that of many beautiful things a verbal description by the intelligent attendant comprizes all available information. Especially rich in mosaics, the museum contains room after room filled with fine examples of wall and floor decoration, those found in Suza (Hadrumetum) being generally in a better state of preservation than the Carthage remains. The ancient inhabitants would seem to have pleased themselves by reproducing with their bits of colored stone many familiar scenes; and so "fishing," with men and boats and nets, a seashore banquet, quite elaborately worked out, the "chase," with dogs, hunters and flying game, appear. In 1897 a very large pavement design was discovered near Zujhrin, representing the signs of the zodiac in a circle, surrounded by the seven days of the week. In addition to the earlier mosaics, there are many exhibiting Christian designs, but mosaics by no means comprise the chief wealth of the museum. Hundreds of puny lamps of earthenware are gathered simple but showing graceful forms and decoration, weird masks with ingenious varieties of contortion in the features, tear vials and water jars, and fine bits of sculpture. Three statues have been recently excavated together at Carthage, perhaps the most beautiful at Bardo. The central figure in this exquisite group is thought to be a Ceres, and is more perfect than the others. A few fine relics in gold and silver are shown, and altogether the Musée Abou would be an enthralling spot for months of study.

Martyrdom has tracked the church from age to age. Last June, when excavations were made in an Augustinian convent at Santiago, Chili, a number of calcined human skeletons were found, mute evidence from a past generation of what was done in secret, when the Spanish Inquisition no longer dared to burn heretics in public.

The Power of Love.

A little girl was standing one day at a railway station, holding her father's hand. It was a busy scene—some hurrying for tickets, some looking after their luggage, and all too much taken up with their own affairs to pay much attention to other people.

But there was one man there whom nobody could fail to notice, for he was a prisoner handcuffed between two policemen, who were keeping a firm hold upon him. I do not know what crime he had been guilty of, but he had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and was now on the way to the place of his imprisonment. He was a dark, desperate-looking man, with the wickedness with which he had spent his life stamped upon his face. If ever a man were beyond the power of love, you would have said he was. Ah! we none of us know what love can do.

The little girl I have mentioned caught sight of the prisoner; a wide gap, you might have thought, between her life and his, yet was there something that could bridge it over. She let go her father's hand, tripped across the platform, and looked up into the man's face. "Man, I'm so sorry for you," and ran back again with her eyes full of tears. The criminal made no answer, nor made any sign that the love of this childish heart had touched him; he seemed to look even darker than before.

A minute passed, and then the little girl was at his side again, with another look and another word for him. "Man," she repeated, "Jesus Christ is sorry for you." Then the train came up, the passengers all got in, and the man and the child met no more.

But was it all over? Oh no. The prisoner had been so violent and troublesome that notice had been sent to the warden where he was going that he would have a hard task to keep him in order. But instead of that he found that he gave no trouble whatever. He was quiet and subdued; showed no signs of ferocity, and was often of an evening reading his Bible. It seemed very unaccountable, and the warden at last sought an explanation. Ah! have you guessed? It was the loving sympathy of the little child which broke his heart, though he was then too proud to show it outwardly. God, by His Spirit, had sent those simple words to wake up the memory of a dead mother—of long past days.

It was years since anybody had spoken to him like that. It brought back to him all that she used to teach him when he was a child at her knee. "And oh, sir," he said, in broken accents, "I could not rest until I had found my mother's God; and now, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I'm saved I'm saved."

We think it a beautiful picture—a young heart in its simplicity pitying one so depraved and outcast. But her love was but a drop out of an overflowing fountain. The love of Jesus is that fountain; let it lead us to think about that. There is no earthly love like His. "Greater love hath no man than this, than a man lay down his life for his friend."

Dean Hole recently told a capital story of two Indians dining in England for the first time, when one of them took a spoonful of mustard, which brought tears to his eyes. The other said: "Brother, why weepest thou?" and he replied: "I weep for my father who was slain in battle," and he passed the mustard. The other then took a spoonful, and he had a tear trickling down his cheek. Said the first Indian: "Why weepest thou?" and he replied: "I weep because thou wast not slain with thy father."