



DOVER AND ITS CASTLE.

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The city of Dover is situated about seventy-two miles from London, England, in a main valley of the Chalk Hills, corresponding with the opposite cliffs between Calais and Boulogne. Its dominant object is the Castle on the east heights. Within its walls stands the Roman Pharos; the Romano-British fortress church, forming a primitive Christian relic, unique in Christendom; some remains of a Saxon fort; and the massive keep and subsidiary defences of Norman building. These ancient works provide for a garrison of 758; but they are now covered by the superior site of Fort Burgoyne, a position of great strength for 221 men. The western heights, where is still the foundation of a consort Roman Pharos, forms a circuit of elaborate fortifications, with provision for 3,010 troops. Between these and stretching inland lies the town.

The Dover Cliff rises precipitously to a great height above the sea. It was the white face of these chalk cliffs that gave

to Britain in the olden times the name of "Albion," from the Latin word *Alba*, white. The following is Shakespeare's vivid description of the view from the cliff to the waves beneath:

"Here's the place:—stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the
midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles; halfway
down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—
dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his
head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring
bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a
buoy,
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumbered pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no
more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient
sight
Topple me down headlong."

LITTLE GERTIE.

BY RAE FURLANDS.

Little Gertie was an orphan. Her papa had gone home to God when she was only two years old. She was nearly seven now, and her mamma had just been gone a week.

Gertie had no brothers or sisters, but knew nearly all the little children on the street.

Aunt Emma, who had been caring for Gertie since mamma was taken ill, now said she must go home, and as Gertie could not be left alone, she must go with her.

All her playmates were sorry to part with their gentle little friend, and some of them cried when they wished her "Good-bye," and the fathers and mothers said, "We are going to lose our little peace-maker."

This was true. Gertie was so gentle and loving that unkind words and angry looks could not stay where she was. No wonder her friends both big and little wanted to keep her.

In Aunt Emma's room there were nine boys and girls, each of whom wanted his or her own way almost all the time. This of course made constant quarrelling. Poor Gertie felt very badly about it, and often wanted to go off to a little corner all alone and cry.

But after a while her cousins began to watch the little girl who was so willing to give up her own way in order to please others, and sometimes one or the other would follow her example. Each time they did it made it a little easier for the next, and as the days passed on there were more often kind words heard and sunny faces seen.

Then the tired look began to disappear from mamma's face, until at last it was as if they were all made over into a new family. Uncle said, "We were all sick when Gertie came, but her gentleness has made us well."

Would you like to hear what sort of questions the schoolboys had to answer nineteen centuries ago? Very well, you shall. A rabbi, who lived nearly twenty years before Christ was born, set his pupils thinking by asking them: "What is the best thing for a man to possess?" One of them replied, "A kind nature;" another, "A good companion;" another, "A good neighbor;" but one of them, named Eleazer, said, "A good heart."
"I like your answer best, Eleazer," said the master, "because it includes all the rest."