

over the stone pavements and hurried them out at the great station.

What a station! Tracks! and tracks!! and tracks!!! Engines! and engines!! and engines!!! It seemed to Teddy that every minute one shot out into the darkness. He only had time to say, 'Oh, mother, the engines are just like our toy engines, painted red and green; and such small wheels, and I can't see the cylinder, and the engineer is all uncovered, and—' when a guard hustled them into a compartment—father arriving just in time to be jumbled in, too—looked at their tickets, slammed the door, locked it, gave a shrill whistle, and they were off.

'What a funny car. It's just like a big packing case with a door and windows at each end. Are they all like this, father?'

'Yes, Teddy, and you'll soon learn why, when you see the crowds that travel and the speed the trains make. This whole train can be emptied in a very few minutes.'

Teddy took his seat at the window, but soon tiring of watching the lights flash out and disappear as they rushed through the darkness, he was glad to put his head down on the pillow the porter had provided, and was soon fast asleep.

He woke to find himself in another station, many miles from Liverpool. A short drive over stone-paved streets and then the 'Welcome Home.' Such a welcome! Teddy never forgot it. Many times he saw in memory, grandmother's great, quiet welcome to her boy, his father.

Even Dandy, the Scotch terrier, looking with keen black eyes through a mass of shaggy hair, grown grey with age, welcomed them with severe waggings of his little tail.

Glorious days followed; days which smoothed out the care lines from Mr. Troop's face, and made him young again; and the color crept back to mother's cheeks, and Teddy was happy.

One morning Cousin Maisy woke him early, 'Can't guess where we're going to-day, Ted; can't guess, can't guess,' and she chuckled.

'Where to?' yawned Teddy.

'Guess, guess, you haven't got such a place in Canada, anyway.'

'Got plenty better,' mumbled Teddy. 'I'll ask Aunt Mary,' and he made a rush for the stairs.

'Don't tell, mother, make him guess all the way,' shouted Maisy.

Soon the trap was at the door. 'Guess, Teddy, guess,' cried Maisy, in glee.

'Jerusalem,' said Teddy.

Over the white road they rolled, in and out among the trees; beautiful green hedges skirted the road; red tiled houses covered with roses peeped out from the green. The little farms, marked off by hedges or stone dykes, looked like so many trim, well-kept gardens; not an ugly fence to be seen.

Soon they came to a row of low thatched cottages close by the roadside.

'Guess, Teddy, guess,' cried Maisy, 'this is your last chance.'

'Bobbie Burns!' shouted Teddy, as he lighted on the stone before the door.

'Oh, he saw, mother; he saw the picture in the window.'

With a feeling of reverence they entered the low rooms. Mementoes of the young poet were everywhere. Poems in his own hand-writing; letters written by him; the room in which, as a boy, he had sat by

the fireside during the long winter evenings, thinking long, long thoughts.

'Mother, was he a very great man?' whispered Teddy.

'Yes, dear, he was a very great man, though he was so young when he died, more than one hundred years ago; but not as great as he might have been. God had given him great gifts, but he loved his own will more than God's, and did the things he wished to do, rather than those he ought. He was full of love, and taught, through his poems and songs, the whole world to love more. But he was weak when he should have been strong.'

Every mother wants her boy to be great, but some know they can only be truly great by being good—good. Is that a sermon, Teddy? It's over.

After a visit to the 'Auld Kirk,' and 'The Brig o' Doon,' of which Teddy knew something. Do you? and a drive through Ayr, which Teddy always associated with Wallace, they turned homeward.

But new scenes awaited Teddy. His Uncle Robert lived in a town among the Ochil hills, and there our three travellers went. I must not take time to tell you much of the happy days he and Cousin Bertie spent together. All boys know the kind of days two boys, with the very same day for a birthday, could have. Nor can I tell you of the day spent at Castle Campbell, up the Glen from Dollar, a castle built many years ago, as a place of safety. And a place of safety it truly is, and in a lovely spot. I would like to take you up that glen, to climb with you the steep side of the hill, on which the castle stands, by the one hundred and fifty steps of Jacob's Ladder; to stand with you on the top of the tower, and look down upon the Glen, up which we have toiled; to lead you through the narrow gorge in the rocks, only ten feet wide, the rocks rising sheer above us, over one hundred feet, to stand on the narrow, long foot-bridge and listen to the roar of the rushing torrent and the sound of the wind as it rushes through the chasm; again to lean forward and pluck from the side of the rock leaves for loved ones far away; to—but Teddy wishes to hurry to his favorite castle, and see again the sights he saw there.

Not far from this Glen is a town on the slope of a hill on the main road between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. On the very top of the hill, one side is a precipice, stands a very old castle, one of the most interesting spots in Scotland, and commanding one of the grandest views. In climbing to it, Teddy and his friends had passed by a statue of Sir William Wallace. Teddy had been reading Scottish history, and had read 'The Scottish Chiefs,' and was interested. Near the castle gate stood Robert Bruce. He crossed the draw-bridge, passed under the portcullis, and entered the court. A guide led them step by step to the top of the wall, which surrounded the castle, and on which was a walk, and pointed out to them the great Wallace Monument on Abbey Craig, a hill rising out of the valley of the Forth, not very far from the scene of his greatest victory. Which one? At their feet rose another little hill, called Hurley Hawkie, by James I., when, as a boy, he slid down its sides on the skulls of cattle. Teddy wished to stay and watch some soldiers in kilts, storming this kopje, but the guide hurried them on. Have you guessed the name of this castle? No! He showed them the battlefield of Bannock-

burn, the Castle Park, the scene of the tournaments, jousts and games of many years ago, the scene of the Douglas victory at the games—you remember that, do you not, in the Lady of the Lake?—he took them into the castle and showed them the Douglas room in which William, Earl of Douglas, was assassinated by James II., and his nobles; showed them the pulpit from which John Knox preached, the model of the Scottish crown, and the chair of James VI. Can you guess now.

Suddenly Teddy said, 'Listen, father listen!' and up through the clear air came the sound of the bagpipes. Hurrying down to the castle court they found all bustle. Soldiers in kilts rushing hither and thither, men in uniforms busy. Teddy and his friends took their stand on the tower steps. The pipers piped, the Kilties hurried in and drew up in line. An officer stepped to the front, the music ceased, and the roll was called. Teddy's eyes grew dim as each man, his blanket strapped across his breast, his knapsack on his back, answered to his name, some in clear, ringing voice, others huskily. It was soon over, and then the pipes again, and to the 'Cock o' the North' these two hundred Scotch laddies—only laddies they were—marched through the gates, across the draw-bridge, down to the station, while the walls of old Stirling were bright with the red coats of their comrades who clambered up and sent shout after shout to cheer them on their way to South Africa. Two hundred marched away that day. How many returned?

I cannot take time to tell you of Teddy's visit to Grey Friar's Church, in which Baby Queen Mary, a few months old, was crowned, in 1543, and the Baby boy James VI., in 1567, when the great John Knox preached.

Out in the graveyard they stood long at the Martyrs' Monument, but longest at a long narrow bed, marked only by a Columba cross, where rests one whom the world has learned to love, and who has taught boys that to 'seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness' is true life, and that it is better not to live than not to love. Do you know whose Beautiful House lies there? Henry Drummond's.

But Teddy was tired, and so are you, and we will travel no further to-night.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Some interesting surprises are noted in glancing at the figures showing the number of prohibition counties in the southern states. Kentucky is a standing target for jokes about liquor drinking because of its immense production of whiskey. But it is a fact that of the ninety-four counties of Kentucky only four permit the sale of liquor except on physicians' prescriptions. The big state of Texas, which has a 'wide-open' reputation in the north, has 120 prohibition counties. Georgia leads all of its sister states of the south with 132; Missouri has 84, Tennessee 70, North Carolina 60, Virginia 55, Alabama 50, Arkansas 50, West Virginia 40, Florida 30, and so on.