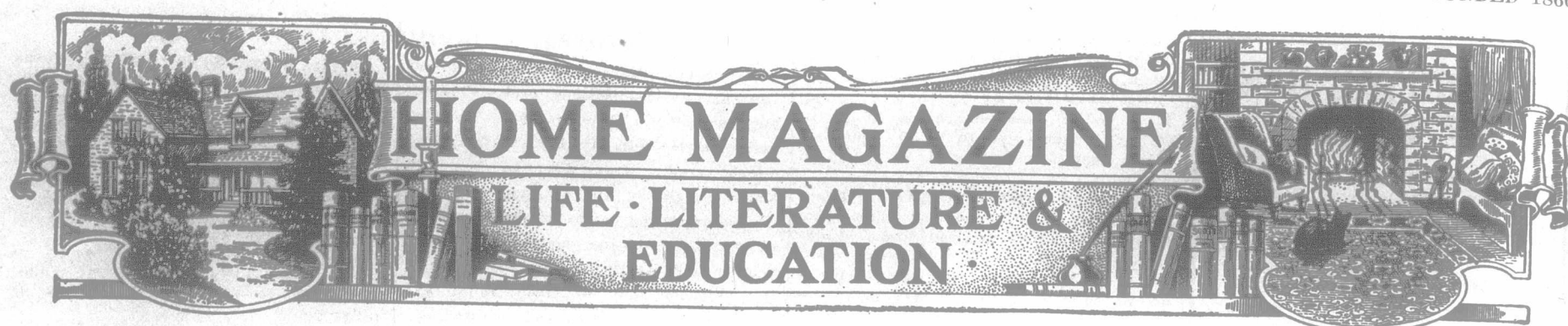




Turn o' the Tide.

By Henry Van Dyke.

The tide flows in to the harbor—
The bold tide, the gold tide, the flood
Of the sunlit sea—
And the little ships riding at anchor
Are swinging and slanting their prows
To the ocean, panting
To lift their wings to the wild wide
air
And venture a voyage they know not
where—
To fly away and be free!

The tide runs out of the harbor—
The slow tide, the low tide, the ebb of
the moonlit bay—
And the little ships rocking at anchor
Are rounding and turning their bows to
the landward, yearning
To breathe the breath of the warm
sweet strand
And rest in the sight of the high hill
land—
To hold their haven and stay!

My heart goes round with the vessels—
My wild heart, my child heart, in love
with the sea and land—
And the turn o' the tide passes through
it,
In rising and falling with mystical cur-
rents, calling
At morn to range where the far waves
foam,
At night to a harbor in love's true
home,
With the hearts that understand!
—The Outlook.

The Associations of The Trossachs.

By Marion Bell.

The trip through The Trossachs, enjoy-
able, as it is, because of the natural
beauty unfolded, is rendered doubly in-
teresting because of the human element
that has been associated with the scenes.
To cast one's eyes about the purple
heights, to peer into the shady nooks
and yawning caves, to hear the song of
the dove as it flits from the shrubbery,
to sail over the calm waters of Loch
Lomond or Loch Katrine, to ride swiftly
over the stony road, bounded on either
side by the lonely moors robed with
their green bracken or springing heather,
to thunder over the stone structures that
bridge the historic burns, makes no com-
mon appeal to the imagination. It is
because the Wizard of the North has by
his creative fancy peopled all these sur-
roundings with people that were very
real and representative in earlier days
that we gaze and gaze and love to linger
o'er these scenes.

The thought that the poet Words-
worth, that worshipper of the beautiful
in Nature, left his charming, native Eng-
lish Lake District, to see the rugged
Highland scenery and sang its charms,
makes one look with interest. He, too,
glided over Loch Lomond and sallied
forth through the picturesque surround-
ings. He, too, tarried at Inversnaid
and saw there the beautiful Highland
girl in her small cabin surrounded by
the gray rocks, and the picture led to
such an effusive outburst, "In truth, to-
gether do you seem like something
fashioned in a dream." The Inversnaid
Falls, not a roaring cataract nor
Niagara-like in its power, also claimed
his observation, for he speaks "of the
fall of water that doth make a murmur
near the silent lake."

The great popularity of The Trossachs
trip, however, is not due to Words-
worth's advertising, but to the interest-
ing and widely read narrative poem,
"The Lady of the Lake," which makes
Loch Katrine and its vicinity brimful of

interest. It was in that region that the
drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snow-
doun was enacted. We see Ellen's Isle,
and look for the Silver Strand where the
royal wanderer first saw Ellen. We peer
amid the copsewood for the lodge, but
the guide tells us it was burned down.
The guide points out the projection of
land, which forms

A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.

We listen for the sound of the bugle,
thinking that perhaps, like Fitz-James's

delay, for, when one of the sor-
row-stricken occupants heard the mar-
tial call he obeyed and hied on. Coilan-
tole's Ford, nothing wonderful in itself,
for it is the place where Loch Vennachar
contracts into the river Teith, but it
marked the limit of the chieftain's
"passport," Clan Alpine's outmost guard,
and it was here that he challenged the
mysterious stranger.

"The chief in silence strode before
And reached that torrent's sounding
shore,

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,



A Bit of Trossachs Scenery.

horn, it might call forth a damsel in a
light skiff. Everywhere we try to recall
those matchless descriptions of scenery
that Scott has given us that we might
compare them with the realities of Na-
ture. Leaving Loch Katrine, with its
lofty background of Benvenue, the journey
over the modern thoroughfare shows the
Brig o' Turk, where Fitz-James found
himself a solitary huntsman, and the
hills where the Fiery Cross circled. We
look for Duncraggan's huts, where grim
death stepped before the arrival of the
Fiery Cross, but there was no

From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain and ceaseless
mines
On Bochart's the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled."

It was there that the hot combat took
place between Fitz-James and Rhoderick
Dhu. Pursuing the road which skirts
the side of Ben Ledi, we soon came to
Callander and have lost the association
of Fitz-James.

Thus does the intricate cluster of



Inversnaid Falls, from Loch Lomond.

poetical associations make The Trossachs
trip an interesting one.

The Windrow.

The celebrated scientist, Camille Flam-
marion, has discovered that red light
hastens plant-growth, while blue arrests
it. The discovery is likely to be of
much use to greenhouse men in keeping
up a succession of choice fruit and
flowers.

Dates grown in Arizona and ripened
artificially will soon, it is expected, be-
come an important article of commerce
in the United States. A new process of
incubation for ripening the fruit, invent-
ed by Prof. Geo. F. Freeman, is being
used

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, writing in the
London Daily Mail, advocates a Wo-
men's Parliament for England, as a
stopper to suffragette outrages. Women
would then, he argues, obtain their
"rights," as the petitions of such a
body would be irresistible.

The farmer driving his well-greased
waggon to market, says London Times,
little thinks that he has used wool-oil
as a lubricator. Yet in many cases he
has. The Lancashire wool-comber and
washer saves the suds in which his wool
is washed, runs it into vats, where it
can be pressed under heat, and casks the
resultant oil for shipment, chiefly to
America, where it is used as axle-grease.
The cake that remains is sent to the
Continent, where it is valued as ferti-
lizer. Thus does modern industry re-
duce economy to a fine art.

It is not long since women in India
were kept in abject degradation, but the
indications of the past few years show
that their emancipation has practically
arrived. There are to-day no fewer than
fourteen women engaged in police work
in connection with the Criminal Intelli-
gence Department of the country, and
some of the Hindus are urging the
British-Indian Government to follow in
the steps of Chicago and establish
separate courts for women. Recently a
Mohammedan lady, Halimumissa Begum,
has been appointed inspectress of Mo-
hammedan girls' schools in Bengal.

(Continued on page 1383.)

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Pass on the Good Tidings.

He that heareth, let him say, "Come."
Rev. XXII., 17, R. V.

"Take my lips, and let them be,
Filled with messages from thee.

F. R. HAVERGEL.

I have read that sometimes when a
caravan is crossing the desert a man is
sent ahead and another soon after, then
another and another. These keep al-
ways within hailing distance of one an-
other, searching for a spring of water.
When one of these scouts finds the life-
giving water, he shouts "Come!" The
welcome shout is passed from one to an-
other, until the whole caravan hears
the good tidings and hurries to the
spring.

We are travelling through the wilder-
ness, and the way is not easy for any
of us. Hearts are very thirsty for sat-
isfying peace and lasting joy. The
springs of earthly happiness are eagerly
drunk, but these springs often fail, and