

Two Dunbarton Castles.

I am sure you will like to see this pretty picture of the gray rock that stands guarding our river Clyde, down beyond Bowling, and on the way to the broadening water that leads out to the world's end. Many a story of older days clings about the steep height; and many a memory of brave Danes and as brave Scotsmen rises in our hearts as we go sailing down in our comfortable steamers, thinking of what easy lives we have to-day, compared with those of our fighting forefathers.

I was one day on board of the 'Madge Wildfire,' a year or two ago, taking charge of a party of 'fresh-air-fortnight' children, who were on their way to Rothesay, and were therefore in high glee, and as restless a company as ever was seen. The boys were all over the place, running races between the deck-seats, and getting into everybody's way. But the captain and the sailors, knowing that they were not often on

in the arms of a motherly little woman only a year or two older than herself.

The rosy-cheeked boy ran downstairs two steps at a time, calling out: ::'Here, you girls, come up and see Dunbarton.'

And of course there was a scamper and a rush as the little feet came up and along to the bow of the boat to admire the double-peaked rock, and the remains of the old garrison. But the rosy-cheeked boy was not satisfied with his numbers. He had been learning Scottish history, and knew all about Wallace and Bruce; and he meant to air all his knowledge to these ignorant little slum-folk, though he was a fine, kindly 'chap,' and not any prouder than most folks we meet.

So down he went to the cabin again, and said to the girl who was holding the sleepy one so gently:

'Come away up and see the old castle; waken her and tell her you can't hold her any longer.'

fishness (who are traitors within the gates), and the invaders of scorn, or bad advice, or false friendship (who climb up the walls of our Dunbartons, and would fain get in to slay our souls). So the little mother was a brave soldier.—'Adviser.'

'He That Believeth Shall Not Make Haste.'

(By Mrs. Jane Eggleston Zimmerman.)

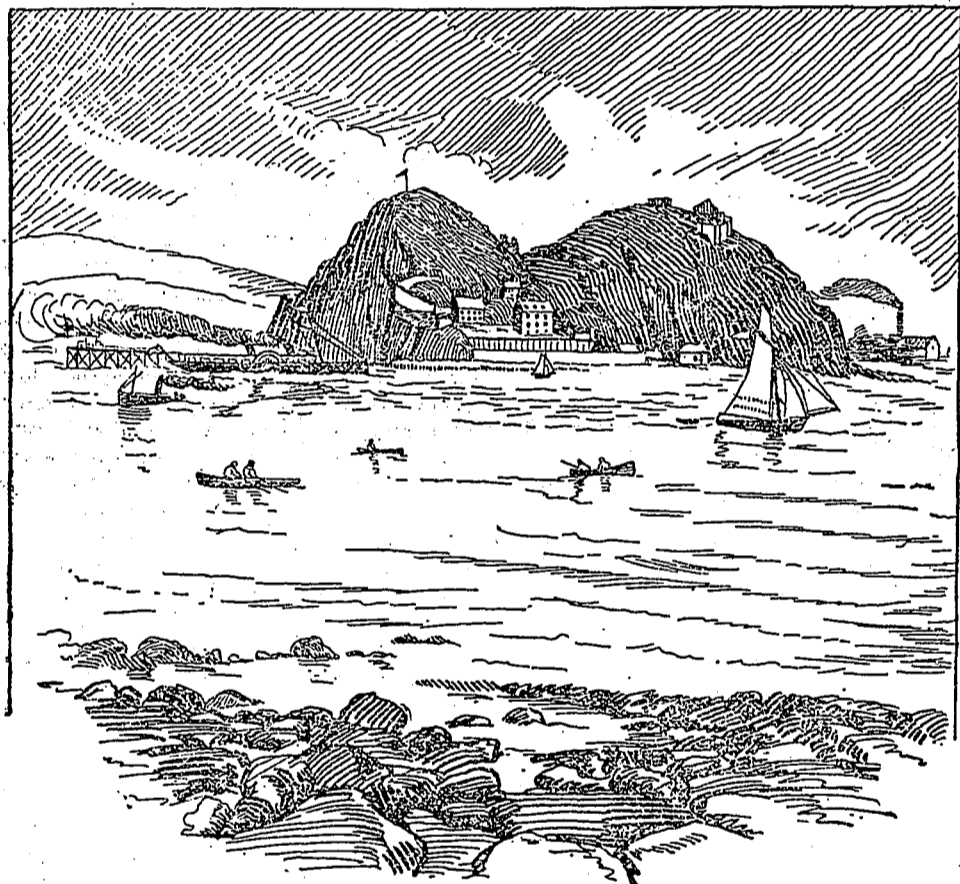
The mail train from the West reaches Uniontown at five o'clock in the afternoon. It is a convenient hour for the villagers who are not driven with business to quit work and gather in the post-office, to await the distribution of the mail.

On a chilly, rainy afternoon in the late autumn the usual crowd waited about the closed window. The students from the college, which, as its managers advertised, was 'beautifully located at Uniontown, on the banks of the picturesque Shawnee,' stood about the room in groups, discussing the fairness or unfairness of the awards in last night's prize contest. Business men waited for the evening paper, walking about, impatient at the delay, caused by the distribution of the mail. Not that there was any real hurry. The market-price quotations would not affect the value of the gallon of molasses which Mr. Robinson's clerk was at that time drawing for old Mrs. Dutton, nor yet the box of matches which Widow Smith's little girl stood waiting to buy, when Mrs. Dutton's boy should be served. Butter and eggs would not come in before Saturday, and this was but Tuesday. Young girls, whose overskirts betrayed unmistakably the rural dressmaker, or home construction, chatter laughingly together, with heads sedulously turned away from the groups of college young men. What good times those girls were having, without so much as wishing for a moment that the young men should share them. Still, it was nice to have the young men stand by, and look longingly after them. The fun would have lost its zest lacking that feature.

In the furthest corner of the room, nearest the door, whose draughts made her shiver, stood an old woman, quietly waiting. She had no need to be in haste. She has waited thus every week day for five years. There is always the same answer for her at the clerk's window. There is never the letter for which she asks. In all the five years no letter has come for her. She turns away. She is used to the disappointment. She has only to go home once more, and, asking God to send her the tidings her heart longs for, wait patiently till the next mail comes.

'He'll repent! Aye, that he will!' she says to herself, as she passes out into the street and walks homeward with feeble steps, wrapping her thin shawl about her. 'He'll repent some day,' she repeats, 'God's promises are yea and amen. "Ye shall ask what ye will" — the blessed Lord himself said the words, I'm no forgettin' that — "an' it shall be done unto you." He'll do it. He'll no' let me die without seein' his salvation.'

She enters her humble door, and, replenishing her fire, busies herself about her evening meal. When that is over, and everything done for the night, she draws from some hidden corner an old stocking. From its depths she pours half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and even cents into her lap, and counts them over for the hundredth time. Slowly has this precious horde grown during the five years of her son's absence — this money which is to bring him home to her when, in his extremity, he shall, at last,



DUNBARTON CASTLE.

shipboard, only smiled, and did not scold even when they were nearly tripped up when casting the ropes ashore at Patrick pier. As for the girls, their delight was too great for many words; and, as they saw the sheep and cows lying on the green meadows near Renfrew, they just said, 'Oh, how bonnie!' and then looked away down the river to see what wonders were coming next. Most of them had little parcels with them, an extra pair of shoes or a warm shawl; and most of them had also 'pieces,' which they began to eat almost as soon as their journey commenced, for they evidently thought themselves great travellers, and far far at sea even at Clydebank.

When the steamer came down past Erskine ferry, one of the sailors said to a rosy-cheeked boy (not of the fresh-air-fortnight party), 'There is Dunbarton castle, you can go downstairs and tell the girls to come up and see it.' For some of the smaller girls had imagined they were seasick, and were nursing each other in the cabin below; and one had taken tooth-ache, and was lying half-asleep after a 'good cry,' and nestled

'Whisht!' said the little mother, 'she's been awful ill wi' the toothache.'

'Never mind,' said the boy, 'your arms will be stiff by this time. You are a big fool to sit here all day.' (You see, this boy was not too polite, but he meant no harm.)

The girl gave a wistful look at the tear-stained face of the sleeper. She was tired and her arms were sore. But she did not move. Not an inch. And she only shook her head at the boy, who ran laughing away, thinking what strange beings some girls are.

And then he pointed out with pride the ruins, and the place where the invaders climbed and got an entrance; while the 'fresh-air,' stood around with open mouths wondering where this boy got all his knowledge.

But down in the quiet cabin the little mother kept her Dunbarton Castle bravely against her own wishes and the ridicule of others. For 'he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' says the old book; and we all need to 'hold the fort' of doing right against the invaders of sel-