

asks all, the youngest as well as the oldest, to be His soldiers. Enlisted under His banner, He will provide for us forever. The work He gives us to do can never be destroyed. The Kingdom we help to build up cannot be overthrown. No change of government or dynasty, no crash of revolution, no social upturning can supersede our Leader or undo His work. There need be no fear then of committing ourselves to a losing or hopeless cause; and we cannot doubt the skill, the truth, or the prowess of our Leader. We give our money, if need be we give our lives, to uphold an earthly government. How much more should we be ready to give, to do, and to suffer for Christ and His Kingdom!

Editorial Correspondence.

ROTHESAY.

THIS place, called the Queen of Scottish watering-places, is certainly most beautiful for situation. It lies along the shore of a circular arm of the sea some two miles in diameter, with water enough to float the whole British navy. The view from the esplanade is exquisite. The bold, rugged outline of the Argyllshire hills stretches away to the north and east. The western shore is lined with villas and cottages up to and beyond Ardbeg Point until you reach Port Bannatyne, near the entrance to the Kyles of Bute. Rothesay is the capital of the county of Bute, which consists of the island of that name together with the islands of Arran and the two Cumbraes. Its normal population is about 8500. Its floating population in summer is very much larger, not so much from the numbers who resort to it as a place of residence as from the passing tourists and the swarms of excursionists who find it convenient for a day or two's "outing." At this season of the year it is not unusual for the "Columba" to land a thousand passengers at a time upon the pier, who, after roaming about all day and amusing themselves to their hearts' content with boating and bathing, return to their homes in the evening. The "Columba" is the finest river steamer on the Clyde, and probably in Britain. She is 316 feet long, and attains a speed of 22 miles an hour. She is handsomely fitted up, and

her machinery and appliances for steering and warping into the piers are of the newest and best kind. During the Glasgow Fair week she frequently carries as many as 3000 passengers, I am told. Everything on board is managed with the greatest order and precision. It is like a little floating town with its shops and post-office, where you can procure money orders and despatch telegrams. Rothesay Bay is celebrated in the Scottish song which says:—

"Its a bonny bay in the morning;
Its a bonny bay at noon,
But its bonnier when the sun drops
And red rises up the moon.
When the mist creeps o'er the Cumbraes,
And Arran's peaks are gray,
The great black hills, like sleeping kings,
Look grand roond Rothesay Bay."

Rothesay is noted for strawberries and roses; its mild, humid climate being especially adapted for these. They are produced here in great abundance and perfection. Apart from its beautiful surroundings it has other attractions, chiefly the ruins of the old castle, and the cemetery. Rothesay Castle was a favourite residence of the Stuart kings, and a place of renown long before their time. The original building, supposed to date as far back as 1098, was of circular form, consisting of a court 140 feet in diameter with walls nine feet in thickness and twenty-six feet high, flanked by four round towers. Within this enclosure were a number of separate buildings, including the Royal Chapel, 45x23 feet, the remains of which are still in good preservation and very interesting. The font and basin for holy water are still at the door, and as you examine the remains of narrow Gothic windows and low door-ways, and think of those who frequented this little inner sanctuary in the olden time, it were strange if a feeling of awe did not come over you.

"We stand where kings once fought and
monks did pray,
Hundreds of years ago, who are now in
the clay."

Close to the chapel is an old thorn tree, six feet in circumference at the base, which fell to the ground in 1839, but which still puts forth leaves and blossoms abundantly—"the last lone living thing that knew the castle's glory." There, too, in the middle of the yard, is the old well that supplied the